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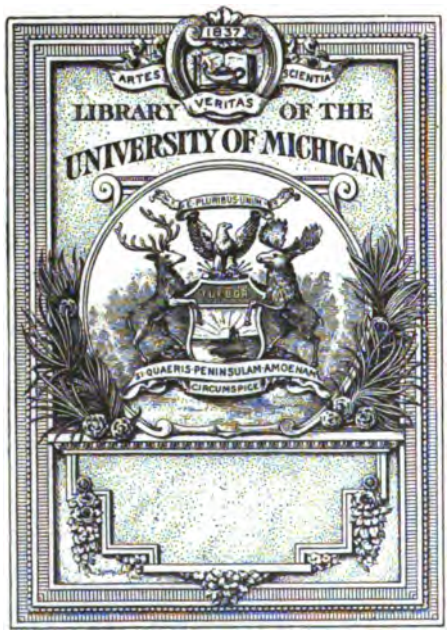
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THE MONTHLY

CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR.

M DCCC LVII.

JANUARY—DECEMBER.

"IF GOD REVEAL ANY THING TO YOU BY ANY OTHER INSTRUMENT OF HIS, BE AS READY TO RECEIVE IT AS EVER YOU WERE TO RECEIVE ANY TRUTH BY MY MINISTRY; FOR I AM VERILY PERSUADED—I AM VERY CONFIDENT THE LORD HATH MORE TRUTH YET TO BREAK FORTH OUT OF HIS HOLY WORD. FOR MY PART I CANNOT SUFFICIENTLY BEWAIL THE CONDITION OF THE REFORMED CHURCHES, WHO ARE COME TO A PERIOD IN RELIGION, AND WILL GO AT PRESENT NO FURTHER THAN THE INSTRUMENTS OF THEIR FIRST REFORMATION. THE LUTHERANS CANNOT BE DRAWN TO GO BEYOND WHAT LUTHER SAW; WHATEVER PART OF HIS WILL OUR GOOD GOD HAS IMPARTED AND REVEALED UNTO CALVIN, THEY WILL RATHER DIE THAN EMBRACE IT. AND THE CALVINISTS YOU SEE STICK FAST WHERE THEY WERE LEFT BY THAT GREAT MAN OF GOD; WHO YET SAW NOT ALL THINGS! THIS IS A MISERY MUCH TO BE LAMENTED."—*Robinson's Advice to the Pilgrim Fathers.*

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THE MONTHLY

CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR.

JANUARY, 1857.

The Poetry of the New Year.

Charles Lamb says, 'Every man hath two birthdays; two, at least, in every year, which set him upon revolving the lapse of time as it affects his mortal duration. The one is that which, in an especial manner, he termeth *his*. In the gradual desuetude of old observances, this custom of solemnizing our proper birthday hath nearly passed away, or is left to children, who reflect nothing at all about the matter, nor understand anything beyond the cake and orange. But the birth of a new year is of an interest too wide to be pretermitted by king or cobbler. No one ever regarded the first of January with indifference. It is that from which all date their time, and count upon what is left. It is the nativity of our common Adam.'

I interrupt Elia to make two remarks. First—he commits a bachelor's mistake—(Oh! let us speak softly of this noblest of celibates! Gentle reader, learn, if you know it not, the pitiful story of the single blessedness of this gentle creature)—when he says children think nothing of their birthdays beyond the cake or orange. The visitor, the friend, nay, the brother, may fancy so, if he have, as most likely he has, forgotten his own childhood. But I appeal to Fruitful Vines who read this, and Spouses whose Olive-branches are growing into inquisitiveness, whether, at such sacred moment as the lull of a Sunday evening twilight, a child doth not sometimes put questions concerning himself and his advent which awaken 'thoughts that do lie too deep for tears?' Second—I wish to ask, in passing, why *all* human intellects seem to have hit upon the king and the cobbler as the natural types of antithetic condition in life? Unless my memory fails me, this idea runs through literatures where the alliteration is lost; so that it is no answer to say that king suggests kobbler as peer does peasant. Let us take up with Elia again: 'Of all sound of bells (bells, the music nighest bordering upon heaven), most solemn and touching is the peal

which rings out the old year. I never hear it without a gathering-up of my mind to a concentration of all the images that have been diffused over the past twelvemonth; all I have done or suffered, performed or neglected, in that regretted time. I begin to know its worth, as when a person dies. It takes a personal colour. Nor was it a poetical flight in a contemporary, when he exclaimed,

"I saw the skirts of the departing year."

The elders with whom I was brought up were of a character not likely to let slip the sacred observance of any old institution; and the ringing out of the old year was kept by them with circumstances of peculiar ceremony. In those days, the sound of those midnight chimes, although it seemed to raise hilarity in all around me, never failed to bring a train of pensive imagery into my fancy. Yet I then scarce conceived what it meant, or thought of it as a reckoning that concerned me. Not childhood alone, but the young man till thirty, never feels practically that he is mortal.'

So far Elia. I envy him, I envy any man, the retrospective grasp of faculty which can faithfully bring back the personal events of a year that is gone; all that one did, suffered, neglected. For my part—and, I doubt not, I here put down a common experience, although

'No compound of this earthly ball,
Is like another all in all'

—in any effort to revive the past, I am generally tantalized by images of the most trivial things of the period, to the utter exclusion, or worse, to the degradation, of the solemn background upon which the trifles were painted by the finger of circumstantial phantasy. It is as if, when I called upon Imagination to show me the terrors of the Eleusinian pageantry, she put me off with a performance of Marionnettes. Something of the same kind happens, I believe, to minds of a certain order, when they attempt to realize an approaching future of great moment. On the night before the wedding, Sir, I am bold to aver, you saw not your crowned bride, with a tremble on her beautiful lips, and a light in her waiting eyes; all you could do would not bring her. No, your 'perspective' was 'blotted' with the cockade of the postman who brought you a newspaper yesterday, or the forewheel of the twopenny omnibus which crushed a tin kettle in your sight six months ago. With the observation that painters and poets who avowedly aim to represent events as remembered too often neglect this fact in psychology, I pass on.

Well-a-day! You begin to think that all this has as much to do with the Poetry of the New Year as Jenkinson's cosmogony with the Vicar's remark, or Knickerbocker's with New York. But if you conceive me a man to cut down or to stretch his matter to suit the impertinent Procrustes-bed of a title, you are labouring under a delusion, which I recommend you to shake off at once, to prevent misunderstandings. However, it is all about bells, and if I were to glance off to Muscovy and set Tsar-Kolokol a ringing, I insist that,

considering New Year's Eve is the great chiming-time, all the world over, you ought not to complain. However, I spare you that, and invite your attention at this period of the common birth-day to an Association little known to the general public, but of which I and some other choice spirits are members. For full particulars I refer you to the 'Clovernook' of Mr. Douglas Jerrold; but the scope and design of the Institution will be sufficiently clear from the questions which are put to every candidate for admission into THE TWENTY-FIVE CLUB, and from the vow of the neophyte, both which I shall quote. First, the questions:—

'1. ARE YOU OLDER THAN FIVE-AND-TWENTY?

'2. Will you ever, forgetful of what you owe to yourself, and to the beauty, benevolence, and everlasting spirit of nature,—will you ever, wantonly, ignobly, and most foolishly consent to become more than five-and-twenty, even though your face should be wrinkled like windblown water, your hair white as the surging sea?'

Mind, you may be as old as 'Old Jacob Townshend' (of venerable sarsaparilla renown), and yet join this club. 'Whom the gods love die young,' is, believe me, Sir, or Madam, a mistake—decidedly a mistake. 'Whom the gods love *live* young,' that is the divine formula of life. Recognise it, understand it, and then listen to the adjuration of the neophyte of the TWENTY-FIVE CLUB:—

'You promise, and especially promise from this day,—never to grow a day older than the days that make five-and-twenty years, the only reasonable time of life of man?

'This you promise,—that your eyes may still behold the same beauty in the stars? that your heart may still beat with the rising sun, and melt when he is setting in his tent of glory?

'This you promise,—that you may have eyes and ears for the world of beauty and gladness that encompasses you; no beauty fading, no sound of gladness growing dumb?

'By the ever-springing loveliness of flowers—by the ever-sounding music of the birds—by the rivers and fountains—by harvest-time, and by the season of fruits—you promise to remain spiritually fixed at five-and-twenty?

'"I promise," said the candidate. And as he spoke, he laid his hands upon the fruits and flowers, and emptied the crystal goblet to solemnize the compact.

'Be ever steadfast, and be ever five-and-twenty! The eyes fail; the back bows; the hair is whitened; youth departs from every joint and every organ—but the heart, if the owner wills it—the heart is ever young.'

O friend! have you listened to that? While you listened, was there an undertone of solemn thought in your soul, which whispered of 'youth renewed like the eagle's;' of the unwithering leaf of the tree which is planted by the stream that makes glad the City of God; of the serpent-wisdom and dove-innocence of the Child of the Kingdom? Then let us take up a song together, while the clock with its advancing finger, and pendulous tongue heard above the occasional pulsations of the dying fire, measures off the last hour of the one thousand eight hundred and fifty-sixth year of the Grace of Our Lord. True, those clamorous bells give me pain; but it will not be any the heavier for being shared by you, and you, and you—besides my own proper circle, who may watch with me. Is your heart in tune? 'RING OUT,' then, I say:—

'Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor;
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out, my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be!'

Great was that critic—by the way, he wrote *in* 'The Critic'—great was he, who tauntingly asked, after this fine chaunt, 'Who, Alfred Tennyson, tell us, if you can, who is "the Christ that is to be?"' He might have spared his question. Our Lord is Jesus, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. But He is seen, like the sun, from different points, and through different atmospheres. If Tennyson had written 'Ring in the Sun that is to be,' meaning to-morrow's, would he have been guilty of intimating the supersession of that primeval lamp which lighted new-born Eve to her lord—waited to dip behind Gibeon—flashed triumphant splendour on the unlifted spear of the ghastly Assyrian—and lay 'from the sixth hour unto the ninth,' quenched in the shadow of the hand that smote the Holy One? No critic would dream of such a thing. And how one writer challenging another for such an expression from the Christian stand-point could have forgotten 2 Cor. v. 16, is utterly beyond my comprehension. To Paul himself, were there not two Christs—the 'Christ after the flesh,' whom he there abjures, and God's 'crucified Christ,' ordained from before the foundation of the world?

But—and this thought is not an agreeable one to a poetic mind—

the new year of the calendar is not the new year of the poets. See how beautifully Shelley puts this :—

'Orphan hours, the year is dead,
Come and sigh, come and weep!
Merry hours, smile instead,
For the year is but asleep;
See, it smiles as it is sleeping,
Mocking your untimely weeping.

As an earthquake rocks a corse
In its coffin in the clay,
So white Winter, that rough nurse,
Rocks the dead cold year to-day;
Solemn hours! wail aloud
For your mother in her shroud.

As the wild air stirs and sways
The tree-swung cradle of a child,
So the breath of these rude days
Rocks the year—be calm and mild,
Trembling hours; she will arise,
With new love within her eyes.

January grey is here,
Like a sexton by her grave;
February bears the bier;
March with grief doth howl and rave;
And April weeps—but, O ye hours!
Follow with May's fairest flowers.'

Yes! the funeral of a Dead Year is a matter of moment, of leisurely pomp, and patient ceremony. January is only the sexton or grave-digger—many-vested, and double-faced* for either laughing or crying, like his typical congener in Hamlet; February has to come with the bier; March is the loud-voiced professional mourner; April the 'fool of nature,' who 'sheds some natural tears, but wipes them soon.' Let all things be done decently, and in order. 'Why so hot, little Sir?' 'Respect the *naturlangsamkeit*' of Time! If you are bent upon hurrying him for what he brings, hear how solemnly he can bespeak your impatience :—

'Mourn, O rejoicing heart!
The hours are flying,
Each one some treasure takes—
Each one some blossom breaks
And leaves it dying;
The chill dark night draws near,
Thy sun will soon depart,
And leave thee sighing;
Then mourn, rejoicing heart,
The hours are flying!'

While still more strongly to impress the lesson upon eager-handed

* I do not make this paper a *rifacciamento* of what is to be found in Hone's 'Every-day Book,' and has been dragged through all the periodicals immemorially —but I suppose almost every one knows that January takes its name from the Roman god Janus, whose two-sided face indicated his knowledge of past *and* future; or—— ?

Passion, he turns benignantly to Patience, counting the slow clock-tick on her pallet of pain, saying—

'Rejoice, O grieving heart!
The hours fly fast;
With each some sorrow dies—
With each some shadow flies,
Until at last
The red dawn in the east
Bids weary night depart,
And pain is past.
Rejoice, then, grieving heart,
The hours fly fast!' *

Be sober, then; be vigilant. Yet not weakly regretful of the past, or wickedly curious of the future. Think not too much of an odd trick lost or won. The stakes of the great game are in safe hands. From George Herbert suffer the word of admonition—

'Thy life is God's, thy time to come is gone,
And is his right.
He is thy night at noon: he is at night
Thy noon alone.
The crop is his, for he hath sown.

Only the present is thy part and fee,
And happy thou,
If, though thou didst not beat thy future brow,
Thou couldst well see
What present things required of thee.

They ask enough; why shouldst thou further go?
Raise not the mud
Of future depths, but drink the clear and good.
Dig not for woe
In times to come; for it will grow.

Either grief will not come; or, if it must,
Do not forecast;
And while it cometh, it is almost past.
Away distrust,
My God hath promis'd; he is just.'

'Our God is just!' But is He not the Lord of Beauty as well as of Right? Is not the Earth His, with her thousand rejoicing Isles, and the fulness thereof? And are not 'all things' yours? I shall not think well of you, unless you long for the New Year which is really new, the new year of the poets, when the Lord of Beauty visits the Earth with whispers of love in the south wind, and intimations of his bounty in the warm touch of the broadening sunshine. Call her, then, the 'sweet New Year,' from afar, singing or saying, after Tennyson—

'Dip down upon the northern shore,
Oh, sweet new year, delaying long;
Thou dost expectant nature wrong.
Delaying long, delay no more,

* I *believe* William Allingham to be the author of these verses, which I copy from 'Household Words.'

What stays thee from the clouded noons,
Thy sweetness from its proper place?
Can trouble live with April days,
Or sadness in the summer moons?

Bring orchis, bring the foxglove spire,
The little speedwell's darling blue;
Deep tulips dash'd with fiery dew,
Laburnums, dropping wells of fire.'

Enough! We have reached the sober certainty of a New Year. The old things are really lying far behind her; the flowers are peeping out far around her; the golden months stretch far before; and if she still occasionally shows herself

'Mindful of disaster past,
And shrinking at the northern blast,
The sleety storm returning still,
The morning hoar and evening chill,'

of you we hope better things than such unintelligent shows of 'the soul that is in nature'—

'Let the dead Past be crucified;
The Past for all is full of pain;
Time shall not slay, nor Death divide,
Now Christ the Lord hath risen again.

To-night within the tomb He sleeps,
And hides our sinful lives away;
And all the morrow silent keeps—
Arise! oh, glorious Easter day!

The anchor'd Hope of all this earth,
The golden April hours will bring;
Flowers to the woods, to souls new birth,
And to the heart an inner spring.'*

Now, then, is your time for action. There is no proper time for idleness, indeed; but if the spring of the year brings to your heart an 'inner spring,' which is the poetic, and perhaps natural hypothesis, doubtless you will then seize the moment to set a firmer foot upon the Ladder of St. Augustine,† for, you know,

'We have not wings—we cannot soar—
But we have feet to scale and climb,
By slow degrees—by more and more—
The cloudy summits of our time.

The mighty pyramids of stone,
That wedge-like cleave the desert airs,
When nearer seen and better known,
Are but gigantic flights of stairs.

The distant mountains that uprear
Their frowning foreheads to the skies,
Are crossed by pathways, that appear,
As we to higher levels rise.

* 'Gabriel.' By Bessie Rayner Parkes. J. Chapman.
† Longfellow.

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

Standing on what too long we bore,
With shoulders bent, and downcast eyes,
We may discern, unseen before,
A path to higher destinies.

Nor deem the irrevocable past
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
If, rising on its wrecks at last,
To something nobler we attain.'

Nor,—conceive what design you may for your own good or the world's,—hold yourself bound to creep on hands and feet, because you cannot fly. Patience is good, but not pusillanimity. 'There is,' says Lord Bacon, 'some nobleness in *excess*, which, like an eagle, claims kindred with the skies, but *defect* is a base reptile which crawls upon the earth;' therefore, strike the iron of occasion while yet hot, with the strong hand of application, and be not only (what Lord Brougham recommends), 'a whole man to one thing at a time,' but a prompt and courageous man to whatever you design to accomplish:—

'Lose this day loitering, 'twill be the same story
To-morrow, and the next more dilatory;
The indecision brings its own delays,
And days are lost lamenting o'er lost days.
Are you in earnest? Seize this very minute!
What you can do, or think you can, begin it!
Boldness has genius, power, and magic in it!
Only engage; and then the mind grows heated;
Begin it, and the work will be completed.'

I know full well you need help in your work, great or small. I know how hard it is to *keep* a height once gained. I know what storms of passion and folly blot, too often, the fairest spring-time of the soul. Shall I provide you with a Litany that will meet your case?—

'THOU, who dost dwell alone—
Thou, who dost know thine own—
Thou, to whom all are known
From the cradle to the grave—
Save, oh, save.
From the world's temptations,
From tribulations;
From that fierce anguish
Wherein we languish;
From that torpor deep
Wherein we lie asleep,
Heavy as death, cold as the grave;
Save, oh, save.
* * *
From the ingrain'd fashion
Of this earthly nature,
That mars thy creature.
From grief, that is but passion;

From mirth, that is but feigning;
From tears, that bring no healing;
From wild and weak complaining;
Thine old strength revealing,
Save, oh, save.
From doubt, where all is double;
Where wise men are not strong;
Where comfort turns to trouble;
Where just men suffer wrong;
Where sorrow treads on joy;
Where sweet things soonest cloy;
Where faiths are built on dust;
Where love is half mistrust,
Hungry and barren, and sharp as the sea;
Oh, set us free.
O let the false dream fly
Where our sick souls do lie,
Tossing continually.
O where thy voice doth come
Let all doubts be dumb:
Let all words be mild:
All strifes be reconcil'd:
All pains begnil'd.
Light bring no blindness;
Love no unkindness;
Knowledge no ruin;
Fear no undoing.
From the cradle to the grave,
Save, oh, save.'*

And now, no more solemn word remaining to be said, I think we will part. Yet stay! 'Soft you, a word or two before you go.' Your little girl, Maria, there, has not understood half what we have been talking about. She ought to have a New Year's Gift, like you and me, for all she is so little. Come hither, Maria, and listen to me; and do not puzzle over the first verse, for, whether I have ever kissed your forehead or not, I have often wished you well (among little girls in general, of whom I am very fond), so it is all true:—

'Maria! I have every good
For thee wish'd many a time;
Both sad, and in a cheerful mood,
But never yet in rhyme.

To wish thee fairer is no need.
More prudent, or more sprightly,
Or more ingenious, or more freed
From temper-flaws unsightly.'

(Maria, will your conscience bear all that?)

'What favour then, not yet possess' d,
Can I for thee require,
In parents' love already bless'd
To thy whole heart's desire?

None here is happy but in part;
Full bliss is bliss divine;
There dwells some wish in every heart,
And, doubtless, one in thine.

* Matthew Arnold. Poems. Second Series.

That wish, on some fair future day,
Which Fate shall brightly gild
('Tis blameless, be it what it may),
I wish it all fulfill'd!'*

One of the wishes I might, perhaps, venture to form for Maria is, that she may never read Sir John Suckling; indeed, she is not likely to fall in with his writings. But if any one should ever happen to mention him in her presence, she can say, if she reads what follows, that she once tasted his quality, and did not like it overmuch. This is the sort of New Year's Ode that passed for the right thing two hundred years ago, with a king's name atop:—

'ON

NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1640.

To the KING.

Awake, great sir! the sun shines here,
Gives all your subjects a New Year,
Only we stay till you appear;
For thus, by us, your Pow'r is understood;
He may make fair days, you must make them good.
Awake, awake,
And take
Such presents as poor men can make;
They can add little unto Bliss,
Who cannot wish.

May no ill Vapour cloud the Sky,
Bold Storms invade the Sovereignty;
But gales of joy, so fresh, so high,
That you may think Heav'n sent to try this Year
What Sail or Burthen a King's mind could bear.
Awake, awake, &c.

May all the discords in your State,
Like those in Musick we create,
Be govern'd at so wise a rate,
That what would of itself sound harsh, or fright,
May be so temper'd that it may delight.
Awake, awake, &c.'

Great George our King—of that ilk the second, and, perhaps, the stupidest—once said, in reply to a hint that some poor bard wanted pecuniary assistance, 'If beebles vill be Boets, dey must sdarve.' Suckling has written pretty verses, but that ode unquestionably belongs to the class of poetry that ought to be left to 'sdarve.' But I must not grow splenetic of pen to-night. Is it not the eve of the common birthday, as Elia calls it? Friend! The Old Year is going fast. . . . 'Ring out, wild bells!' . . . *Vale!* . . . she is going! . . . *Vale!* . . . she is gone. . . . I wish you a

HAPPY NEW YEAR.

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* Cowper. 'The Poet's New Year's Gift.'

Religion in History.

FROM THE GERMAN OF DR. K. J. RITZSCH.

If we examine the words of the apostle Paul, '*When the fulness of time was come, God sent his Son*,' we shall find them, considered historically, of incalculable importance. In our age, even philosophy has said, 'history has there its terminus and starting point.' The general division of history must be into the periods before and after Christ; and that not merely because the actual commencement of the world's history cannot be determined. Of all the religious books of the old world, the Bible is the only one which contains an outline of the history of the world in its connexion with religion. Not only does it connect the period from Abraham to Moses, as well as the law itself, with a *chronological history of man from his creation*, and trace the history of the peculiar people of God in the light of *divine* history of the world, but prophecy, the gospel and apostolic predictions, all point to *historical* circumstances. The apostle Paul especially, with his glimpses of distant ages, past and to come, proves himself to be a great historian. The biblical history describes it as *an act of God* that the human race was divided into *nations* and *tongues*, each following its peculiar destiny. It refers to the principle of expansion which history proves to have been characteristic of Japheth. It treats of the movements of the nations, reckons the civilized kingdoms of the earth which follow each other, till the kingdom of Christ distinguishes between resistance and adhesion, the powers of *superstition* and of *unbelief;* and when the kingdoms of the world shall have become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ, still sees a remnant of *brute force*, through which a vain resistance to the Christ of God will be repeated again and again, till it is finally exhausted.

But there are still great diversities in the interpretation and application of prophecy, and we are not to have a scientific history of the future of the kingdom of God. Faith and experience are to be left unfettered. At the same time the Scriptures do treat, not merely of history, but of the source and issue of its events, of the beginning, middle, and end, and of the great law that the design of all, be the process slow or rapid, is to work out *religion* in this separation and reunion of the nations.

The question, however, still presents itself, whether the course of history, so far as we are acquainted with and understand it, furnishes any evidence of the existence and operation of such a principle, sustaining, guiding, and arranging the progress of events; whether it be really a fact that tribes and occurrences have gained importance in the history of the world in proportion to their importance, negatively or positively, in connexion with the Church of Christ. Should we not rather be correct in saying, that the only points to be regarded are culture and morality, the complete and harmonious development of all that is truly human, including, of course, religion, or, indeed, first of

all, the gradual organization of a league embracing all nations, having for its object the promotion and interchange of the blessings of civilization?

We venture to give to this a negative reply. Undoubtedly the *religion of nature*, whether passive or active, amongst cultivated nations, only furnishes occasion for science and morality to rise higher, and use it simply as a lever; but this is not the case with *religion—truth*, with an active regenerating religion. By this the powers of civilization are awakened when found dormant, or quickened when they have expired. By this alone is an inexhaustible supply provided for culture, science, and art to work upon, whilst morality and all the bonds of social life are strengthened and secured. This it is, which more than all the powers of war, commerce, conquest, and emigration, is promoting every day the formation of a bond of human brotherhood, embracing all nations and all quarters of the earth. And, therefore, all events, and even all obstructions, all progress, and all rest, must subserve the working of this power, whether the great actors are conscious of it or not. In this sense, then, we speak of the religious character of history, of its religious motives; and describe religion as the one great moving, regulating, and moulding power—the history of the world.

I. The history of the first important epoch is confined to the shores of the Mediterranean Sea, and shows the training and intercourse of the civilized nations of the so-called old world, whose maritime position made them approachable for the purposes of trade, colonization, conquest, and war. Even Africa, though destined for an incalculable period to be condemned to a state of servitude, and excluded from history, was represented in the affairs of the world by Egypt and Carthage. It is true that these nations were not originally African, but so far as their national existence, their power and civilization were concerned, were plants of Asia. Egypt introduced an Indian element—Carthage was of Phœnician origin. The existence of the latter power, great as it was, was so transient that its mission seems to have been to stir up the Romans, in order that its fall might furnish them with the opportunity of *rounding off* the last great empire of antiquity towards *the south west, with a considerable portion of Africa*, which afterwards seemed as a connecting link between the East and West. The importance of Egypt, however, gradually dwindled away, except as a place of commerce and barter for the produce of the East, and of classic lands, for all that it produced from its own bosom, was merely a contemplative and world-renouncing mode of life. The classical tribes remained, and so much of the results of more ancient times as was retained in the unity of the Roman empire, which Augustus had brought to completion. The kingdoms of Asia devoured one another. The last of them was absorbed in the Macedonian, the Macedonian in the Roman. In this Pantheon all the gods took refuge; into this ocean all nations flowed, with the exception of the coy and unconquered tribes on the northern and eastern boundaries. But in our sense of the word these tribes

either had not yet acquired or had lost their importance in the history of the world, just as at the present time there are extensive tribes, having their own history no doubt, but which are making no essential contributions to the history of the world.

If now the relation which the gospel assumed to the emperor, who reckoned the Jews as his subjects, and, therefore, numbered Christ amongst them, pointed to a time when Christ should take possession of the Roman empire, and thus religion obtained its rights, it seems to us that the history of the world before the birth of Christ must be left out of our theme. Up to that time the Grecian and Roman mind seems to have taken advantage of the Asiatic. The process was somewhat as follows:—The Asiatic world, by means of Phœnician travellers and colonies, or else through Egypt, supplied the first elements of civilization, both material and spiritual, such as writing, modes of reckoning time, and an abundance of mythical stores. But the Greek *remodelled* it all. For him man was the measurer of all things. The human form and its beauty he sets forth in his deities. Human thought was truth, in his estimation, and civil liberty and social ties the source and end of morality. Religion was, indeed, a common possession; but aristocratic learning looked upon it as a symbol; the State used it as a tool; it never inspired its efforts to extend and colonize. What the Greeks carried towards Sicily and Italy on the one side, and towards Thrace and the Euxine on the other, was civilization and the arts; the means employed were the wisdom of the State and the world. 'From the gods,' said the Greeks, 'we have *being*;' and the Romans repeated their words; but *well-being* comes from philosophy. And if the Roman State cherished more carefully the ceremonies of religion, it is very certain that the consciousness of its call to rule the world rested not upon religion, but upon civil law and the establishment of peace by national unity. Not only did the Romans not force their gods upon the nations; but they endeavoured, by various means, to entice the local deities to Rome. 'The everlasting Rome' was a poetical and political idea of the age of Augustus, but was never an inherent *religious* thought. Moreover, after it had been uttered, it failed to produce the heroism which such a prediction would have called forth in a nation that felt as sure of its truth as of its own existence. How could prophecy grow out of a religion which suffered philosophy to gain the mastery? The reformers of Greece were not prophets, but philosophers; and when the philosophers of Rome failed to satisfy the wants of the people, they fell into the hands of the so-called mathematicians, or else into those of the priests of Isis, with their traffic in mysteries. This phenomenon in Rome and other cities of the empire has been said to furnish proof of the power of the religions of antiquity to spread and renew their youthful vigour. But the fact is, that the migration of the mysteries of the Attic Ceres, the Egyptian Isis, the Phrygian Cybele, and the Persian Mithras, and their settlement in Rome, as well as the extent to which they gained proselytes from the ranks of the great, prove quite the opposite. They show that neither

the public religions of the cities, nor the irreligious wisdom of the world, could always satisfy the deeper necessities of either Roman or Greek.

For a long period, even after the commencement of the Christian era, vain attempts were made to revive the worship of the gods; a kind of natural philosophy was engrafted upon it; but these mysteries could not resist the mysteries and revelations of Christ, notwithstanding the bloody persecutions to which the latter were exposed. These also had travelled, it is true, from the heart of a civilized nation, but how different their future, as well as their origin in the past. The people of Israel had reached to their position in history, not by science or art, not by commerce or conquest, but by *religion alone.* Nor was their own history merely founded and moulded by this power. For the sake of religion they came into existence; by religion they reached an heroic age, and sometimes attained to political greatness. All their state organization was directed to subserve their religion; whereas, among the Greeks and Romans, religion was only subservient to the state. Beyond all example they continued to rise, after they had been for a long period, more or less, tributary and subject to foreigners; and when robbed of their religion, and insulted by the introduction of Grecian idolatry, by a half-witted Syrian king, the *religious enthusiasm* of the Maccabean family raised them to an eminence of political independence and grandeur, which attracted many ambassadors from foreign powers to Jerusalem. It was now for the first time that Judaism was properly understood to be the religion of a supernatural God of holiness, who was worshipped without images, and the favours which the Jews at that time enjoyed in their dispersion may principally be traced to this.

The contrast between Jew and Gentile, before the distinction was swept away by Christianity, had an importance in the history of the world of far longer duration than that between Greek and Scythian. The Jew could place by the side of Roman laws an outline of laws much more imperishable, and by the side of Grecian philosophy a prophecy which he held in *the name of the whole world.* The Jew knew that the religion of his God, who then suffered all nations to *walk in their own ways*, would bring them all into subjection to the kingdom of his name. But before an actual commencement was made by the mission of Paul, the way had been prepared in the history of the world, by the introduction of the light of revelation into Corinth, Rome, and Ephesus, through the medium of the Jewish synagogues. Christianity traversed the same roads. The Jew is wrong in his opinion that all nations will become Mosaic, and find life and salvation in the books of Moses; but his hope may be translated into truth. How are we to explain the fact that the language of Greece, which then ruled the civilized world, learned to speak in Eastern style in the Greek version of the Bible? How was it that the Roman historian, in the very same work in which he spoke so disparagingly of the rude customs and gloomy ceremonies of the

Jew, expressed such admiration of his exalted religion? And how can we account for the testimony given by Roman satirists, even when they are ridiculing the habit of observing the Sabbath and visiting the houses of prayer, to the undeniable fact that so many Romans and Greeks of both sexes were wearied with the ancient traditions, and conscious of their inability to satisfy the deep necessities of their souls? In the Acts of the Apostles they are called men that feared God, the devout, and it was they who formed the first nucleus of the Pauline Christian synagogues. Salvation is of the Jews.

This then was the result of ancient history. Nations endowed with strong susceptibility of mind, as the result of classic culture, had been united in *one empire*, and thus the way had been opened for the spread and reception of Christianity. Still more the *forms of thought and language* were prepared to receive the new truth which was about to be poured into them. And, what is of greater importance still, there existed as the result of ideal thought and speculation a mass of *problems* on the most important subjects, which Christianity alone was able to solve. This process is especially apparent in certain men, as, for example, Clement of Rome, Justin, and others, whose strivings after truth went far beyond the limits of the schools of philosophy.

Learning and religion seek each other, and avoid each other too. The former in its worldly shape and fancied self-sufficiency had to become weak and decay. And only so far as it became a servant of the Church was it possible for its language, its literature, its essence, its true worth, to be perpetuated and transmitted to wider circles in later times.

II. The course of history has always been towards the *West*. The *smallest* quarter of the globe, in which was the central point of the ancient empire of the world, has become the most productive source of human development, and after the lapse of a thousand years, is beginning to send forth to all the Indies the fruits of its culture. *But how did Europe grow to what it is?* The answer will help us greatly in our inquiry into the *religious forces* at work in the history of the world. For who does not think at once of the mutual relation of the Imperial and Papal powers, of the conquests of Islam or the Crusaders, and still more of the spread of Christianity among the German, Celtic, and Sclavonic tribes, and the prominence of the history of the Church in the general history of the middle ages?

Let us look, in the first place, at the *migrations* which took place from the east and north towards the west and south. It was not till they had ceased that the nations settled again into the forms they were to maintain in the general history of the world. The reasons of this *impulse to wander* are to be traced partly to actual want and a spirit of avarice, but partly also to *secret causes*, which Providence did not reveal till later times. The Goth Alaric confessed, when standing before the gates of Rome, that he was urged forward by some unknown hand. The Christian writers of the fifth century

speak, it is true, of the judgment of God, which the degenerate Romans had brought upon themselves. And they deduce a long series of proofs, showing that devastating feeling and hatred of civilization are made the instruments of God in the punishment of his house. Huns and Mongols, they say, became to the Christian what the conquerors of Asia had formerly been to the Jew. Attila knew this, and called himself God's scourge. But what further explanations do these church fathers give of the judgments of God? They not only extol the fear of God and the magnanimity which distinguished the Goths, but they say, 'Ye Christians of Marseilles, Aquitania, and Carthage, *have to learn from the barbarians what virtue, temperance, and chastity are.*' The Goths for the most part wandered southwards, and brought with them the greatest susceptibility for every thing valuable that existed there. Urged on from behind they sought for settlements. They were glad to trade, and showed themselves amicably disposed. Only when they met with treachery did they put forth their strength in war. Their Christianity, like that of their first teacher and bishop, was sectarian in its character, but they treated the orthodoxy of Italy with the greatest respect. And in many respects they proved themselves greater friends of peace, and better protectors of civilization, than the emperors of Rome. With regard to the *susceptibility*, which Germanic tribes brought with them from the North and East, the deepest rooted, and most important feature is the earnest longing for an *actual redemption*, *regeneration*, and *resurrection*, which characterised their religion, far beyond that of any other untutored race. Their mythology sets forth a conflict between good and evil, containing far more of the elements of moral truth than are to be found in the Persian religion. Baldur among the Æsir is Justice and Piety, and he is overcome by the stratagems of the wicked one. Through the intervention of the mediating principle he returns to life by a resurrection, and at the same time a complete renovation of the world occurs. This is heathenism no doubt, but of a select description. May not the eagerness with which the Germans grasped at the sacraments, of redemption from sin and death, which they met with in Rome, have proceeded from this religious predisposition in the wild olive-tree?

If we inquire further, how the north and south, the east and west of Europe became acquainted with each, and entered into reciprocal relations, and how Europe acquired an eastern boundary, we shall no doubt be referred to wars and conquests, to the voyages and colonies of the Normans, and to the great commercial league which united the cities, but all of these movements coincided with the *spread of Christianity*. The discovery of the east and north but especially of the latter, kept pace with the progress of Christian missions, and proceeded from one bishop's post to another. The greatest extent ever reached by the new Roman empire, under the Frank and Saxon emperors, corresponded very nearly to the limits of the spread of Christianity. Otho I. only *Germanized* the Sclavonic tribes as far as they were *Christianized*.

The Roman patriarch and emperor stood equally in need of each other, as was clearly manifest in the next century, when the unity of Europe was chiefly established. The former, forsaken on the Grecian side, stript of his dignity in Illyria and Dalmatia, and with his position shaken by factions even in Rome itself, looked all the more earnestly towards the West and North. On the other hand, the new dynasty of the Franks, and the conquests in the North, could only be maintained by a *religious consecration* in the former case, and the adoption by the Franks of the orthodoxy of Rome, and in the latter by the *mission* of the Anglo-Saxon *preachers of Christianity*, who either preceded or immediately followed in the steps of the conquerors.

Again, when we find the union thus established between the German tribes and those which were pervaded by a German leaven followed by the growth of civilization, the question arises, What was the peculiar nature of this civilization? how did it arise? whence did it derive its impulse? by what means and institutions was it sustained? It was certainly of no little importance that certain Christians, learned men and bishops, in Italy and Spain, made extracts from classical literature, and circulated them, together with the works of Augustine, Jerome, and Gregory; and that Italy remained generally open to the Germans. But whoever opens a history of the schools, and collects all the testimonies to the earnest demand for education which characterised the monasteries and the court of Charles, and spread from these to others, will not fail to discover that this excitement, by which all ages and both sexes were urged on to learn to read and write, and to the study of Latin, arose from a *strong desire to read the source of the knowledge of salvation*. It was because the Bible, the words of redemption, were to be read in the Latin tongue, that Latin was so eagerly learned.

In the cultivation of the field and the clearing of the forest, the example was set by the *monastery*, as much as in the cultivation of learning and the clearing of souls. And this lasted for centuries. Through the first half of the middle ages, to live according to the rules of an order, or under an abbot, was synonymous with leading a religious life; outside the cloister lay the world. Christianity, as essentially supernatural, had still to manifest itself in the renunciation of the world. According to the original rules of St. Benedict, one portion of the monks devoted their attention to books, another to handicraft and gardening. The beneficial results of this were not confined within the walls. Out of monasticism, undoubtedly in itself a dangerous and presumptuous form of Christianity, two other forms, more ancient and more genuine, proceeded, the *missionary* who did not shrink from being a *martyr* of his faith and love. The missionary scattered seed, in every sense, in a fruitful soil already prepared. The strongest impulse from within, of which true religion was the soul, urged them on to diligence and care, without which it would have been impossible to secure such prosperity as was indispensable to the permanent establishment of religion.

The civilization of antiquity, which was founded upon *natural*

religion, but had outgrown it, had been secretary for true religion; and the Christian religion could not take root in the mind of the Germanic race without sending forth new shoots, and giving a new impulse to learning, art, and morals.

Allow me to dwell for a moment upon a few of the distinctive marks of the culture which ensued. Reflect, in the first place, upon the *great work which religion had to accomplish*, before peace and order were sufficiently established for the first elements of true culture to thrive. The hard, paternal authority which characterised the laws of the Germanic race, would not have yielded so readily to the requirements of a commonwealth, had it not been softened down by belief *in the kingdom and mercy of God*. The protection and comfort afforded by the spiritual power to those who were oppressed with worldly fetters, became in its turn the source of a voluntary submission to natural authority. Where the natural temperance of the home-life of the Germans had not been corrupted by contact with a Roman element, Christianity had no conflict to dread with refined immorality or wickedness; but, on the other hand, it met with the more fearful opposition from the lawless, rude, and cruel sensuality of the great; and had not the sacrament of penance developed itself with the greatest energy, and eventually received the protection of the kingdom, the fermentation and confusion of the Carlovingian era would scarcely have left a remnant of the seeds of civilization.

As far as the *learning* of the West is concerned, *religion* saved even those centuries which are distinguished as the 'dark' ages from being unproductive. Ancient philosophy had been occupied with the universe, and with certain practical problems of government. The monk, whose studies embraced the whole of the scholastic culture of the times, had before him his liturgy, some homilies, and his creed. This Latin he had to learn and to teach. At first he was concerned with the meaning of words. In this research he was supported by tolerable aids, but the soul of all his exertions was an ardent longing to investigate the great matter, the foundation of all sacraments. One was urged on by the desire to comprehend and demonstrate every part of his faith; another had greater reverence for mysteries, and restrained his thoughts and fancies that he might at length know the truth, and proceed from step to step of self-denial as the only way to make room for the entrance of light from God. Both of these tendencies could, to a certain extent, be reconciled. But the sacred tradition itself presented discrepancies. Yet as the discrepancies between the one and the triune in God, the duality of natures and unity of person in man, had been solved by peculiar distinctions, so did the faith which they possessed provide for every question or doubt that might arise a similar solution, until the whole collection of solutions to inquiries could be built up into one complete system. Now and then fresh sources of ancient learning were opened up, and former errors had to be adjusted. Classical philosophy presented, it is true, a miserable appearance; but, as the *handmaid of theology*, it was honoured for the sake of the mistress. An effort was next made to trace all human

knowledge to its organic connexion with the divine. The soul which had been banished from the paradise of God, sought, as soon as it had found redemption, to return home through the stages and regions of different sciences to the divine source of all knowledge. And this was the origin of the learning, mysticism, and scholasticism, of those times, which in all their phases were associated with *religion*.

It was the same with *art*. At the foundation, there lay the principle, 'thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image,' and in these words, which seem to proscribe every species of art, there was contained the mainspring of art-creations of every kind. The tender, heartfelt lyric of the Psalms was the first proof of this. It is true that Christianity follows this first negation by others; the historical character of the life of Christ destroys the power of fable—the crucified One is opposed to a sensuous repose in the enjoyment of art—and Christianity could not allow of an artistic celebration of salvation, till, by witnessing unto death, it had overcome the world. Moreover, the degeneracy or unconquered worldliness of European Christians opened the way for a renewal of heathen art, and that the more readily, on account of the points of contact offered by the mythological character of the worship of saints, and the sensuous manner in which the sacraments were celebrated. Yet, at the same time, the way was first opened which is leading on from childish commencements to complete perfection. The first attempts at drawing, painting, or poetry, as found in the simple matin and vesper hymn, were the early indications of subsequent completeness. The event set forth by the simple cross was in itself too grave to need anything to represent it to the eye. But this was not the case with the deep feelings which it enkindled, and which strove for utterance, and attained it in those Latin songs that have furnished the measure and the classic forms of the national poetry of the West. But most of all do we see the influence of religion upon art when we look upon the achievements of architecture, the queen of the ecclesiastical arts in the middle ages.

III. When the Church forgot her office to minister to the Christian culture of the people, and selfishly regarded her own supremacy as the great object to be aimed at, she soon suffered the consequences of the reaction. After the fourteenth century, the scales fell more and more from the eyes of kingdom, nation, and school, and their own divine rights were seen. Hence religion was still far from losing its power in the history of the world. Not only did the Papacy still continue a symbol of the catholic unity of Christendom, but faith, religion, the gospel itself, was the rock on which the overbearing power of the Church foundered. Various attempts to effect a revolution in the Church were successfully resisted; but after the religious earnestness of German mystics, especially, had learned, instead of breaking down the institutions of the Church, to use them only as aids and defences to inward growth in Christ, and after the weapons of an inquisition, which had been directed against a series of witnesses for the truth, had been blunted, there grew up in the heart of Europe a reformation, which originated entirely in personal Christianity, and thus a new era began.

The *Reformation*, which began in Wittenberg, and proceeded from the strong testimony to the truth which was borne in Worms and Augsburg, overran the whole of Europe, and passed from the Germanic tribes into the very heart of the Roman and Sclavonic nations also. The different results of this agitation—the success of counter-reformations in some cases—the victory of the Romish or Protestant party in others—and the conclusion of a public treaty in others—altered and moulded the condition of kingdoms and peoples. What a space in history is occupied by the *religious civil wars* of France, Germany, and England! Where the reformation of the Church was entirely suppressed, the most bloody revolutions broke out afterwards; and the injuries they inflicted have not yet been healed. The origin of a *great maritime power* of the seventeenth century is to be traced to the successful struggles of a German tribe upon the coast in the cause of *religious liberty*. The independence of the states and nations of Europe has, with few exceptions, been sustained. Monarchies built on conquest have been of short duration. The enterprise of Charles V. completely failed. On the other hand, the ecclesiastical cosmopolitan plans of the Jesuits met with great success; and through their aid Ferdinand II. and Louis XIV. were able to threaten most powerfully the liberty of Germany and Europe. But the men and the nations by whom the most strenuous opposition was offered, were all of them such as were *sustained by the energy of evangelical faith; e.g.*, Gustavus Adolphus, the great elector, Holland and England.

In the course of modern history, with many divisions, there has always been a certain *European Christian unity*. And whilst the Germanic element has mixed with the Roman and the Sclavonic on the borders, the separation has always resulted chiefly and inevitably from the fact that these three elements have been the representatives of three different churches. Thus, in all the great events, and in the general condition of Europe, religion has continued to the present day the most passive, and yet the most active, of all co-operating causes. We have not space to follow this sketch much further. But there are two points to which I must refer—the relation of Europe to the other quarters of the globe since the Reformation, and the peculiar impulse given by the Reformation to the progress of civilization. The force of religion in both respects is discernible enough, though not properly appreciated.

No doubt exists in the minds of Christians that the course of the world's history will issue in a more perfect union among the different portions of the earth, and the people inhabiting each separate portion, and that those who have been 'made of one blood' will be brought into close association, and formed into one family, by the spread of that name 'which is above every name.' This task has fallen to the Europeans since the time when the passage to the Indies was opened and traversed. The Pope had allotted new-discovered worlds—the sun never set on the empire of Charles V.—when *Erasmus* called upon the clergy to forget their petty disputes, and go forth in crowds as *evangelists*, and enlighten the darkness of the heathen. Fifty years

afterwards, the impulse to this was much greater, for the Romish Church hoped to make up for its losses in Europe, and take possession of a fresh territory by means of the naval power and settlements of the Spanish and Portuguese. The name of St. Xavier stands first in these enterprises. The gold fever had almost exhausted the West Indies—Aztecs and Caribs were nearly exterminated by the severity of their oppressors—when a few monks began to resist these proceedings in the spirit of Christian kindness; and their efforts were not without success. Step by step, too, the Romish powers were forced from their supremacy over the sea; the Germanic and Protestant powers deprived them, to some extent, of their Indian possessions, and considerably widened the circle of European settlements; whilst Dutch, English, and Danish trading companies introduced the religion of their homes into the conquered islands or cities in which they fixed their abode. The eighteenth century witnessed the circumnavigation of the globe, and discoveries in the Southern Seas. These enterprises were scientific, but how were the discoveries completed? To what do we owe our thorough acquaintance with the ethnography of Southern India? How has it come to pass that European civilization converses with the heathen of every quarter of the globe in their own tongue, and that the heathen can read and write his own language? By what channel did Europe send them, not only something better than gunpowder, spirits, vices, and epidemics, or mere toys, but the best of all gifts? Who taught the Esquimaux to sing psalms? put an end to war and murder among the New Zealanders? inoculated the most depraved races with the germ of true civilization? covered the Antilles with congregations of Christian negroes? and introduced the customs, the temperance, the marriage, the education, the church, and the citizenship, of Europe, into so many of the islands of the sea? This was never the work of trading companies. On the contrary, they often opposed it most strenuously, till even they were at length compelled to admit the beneficial results. Nor was it accomplished by the Cooks, the Bougainvilles, the Lapeyrouses, in the spots at which they landed. But every one knows that at first the *Moravians*, and, during the period of the French revolution, the *English*, were imbued with an evangelical *missionary spirit*, and that these are the fruits. Thus we are brought back to movements within the invisible church. And if we ask for the origin of these, we find it in the earnest inquiry of minds newly touched by Christ. How can I show my gratitude to thee who hast done so much for me? In a church life, which looks not at numbers, but regards it as a great reward to save one immortal soul; in faith in the works of the Messiah, 'the blind see,' &c.; and in a renewal of the acts of the apostles. Here we may grasp with our hands, as it were, the fact that the course of the world's history is associated with religion in both its origin and ultimate aims.

If we look at North America, where the nations of Europe have settled as in a second home, we find truly a fruitful history already, and prospects of a much richer still. And the first emigration thither

was dictated far less by commercial considerations, than by civil and *religious interests*. Weary of oppression and resistance on the part of the Stuarts and their opponents, pilgrim-companies of Independents sought there an asylum for the maintenance of religion. What Vinet longed for—that Protestantism might be driven into the desert, and there, free from all connexion with the State, examine itself, and renew the vigour of its youth—was realized then, and continues still.

But how has *religion* been able to maintain its *authority*, and continue a blessing to the earth, when the *Church* has been gradually losing *force*, and the Reformation has delivered personal Christianity from a specific priesthood, and opened up the divine foundations of the State and family, of science and of labour, and has taught mankind to seek and find the true centre of gravity and point of union, not in Rome, but in the gospel of Christ? Force oppresses; authority sets free. Authority is not weakened, but increased, by the maintenance of liberty. Otherwise, the gospel could never stand higher than the law. The government of the world would, from the first, have been nothing, had it not been exercised over intelligent beings and free agents. Unless the truth conquers by itself, unless grace and truth conquer, there can be no grand and final victory.

We cannot imagine that religion will ever have to be ashamed of, or to shun any branch of culture of which it has sown and fostered the seeds, and which either is an instrument and ornament of its life, or from its nature can become so. It is true that the Reformation has established so wide a distinction between the individual and the congregation, the Church and the State, knowledge and faith, worship and art, that each has become conscious of its independent existence, and not only separation, but opposition has been the result. Yet, such distinctions promote the unity of the kingdom of God. The different members stand in need one of another.

One question still remains: How can a kingdom which is divided stand? How can we speak of any single operation and government on the part of religion in the history of the world, when there are so many churches and sects, each asserting against the rest its divine right? We must here consider, that although religious quarrels and wars have been, are, and always will be, the most painful and most disastrous, they are so because religion is felt and known to be the all-controlling power in the life and actions of men. And thus we return to the point from which we set out, to the certain and determinable future of Christianity in the future history of the world, especially to the problematical condition of anterior Asia (not to speak of inner Asia and of Africa); to the decided vocation of Europe to open up that land to the influence of its own Christianity; and to the thousand years' sleep of the Eastern Church, which cannot be perpetual. Who will unite the churches of the West in at least a preliminary effort to perform this work of peace? The binding power of Christ is not yet exhausted, any more than his power to judge and divide. The outward forms of Christianity may be many. The gospel, which is moulded into these forms, is one, and unites them all.

If it be true that the liberty of Eastern Christianity cannot be secured without an appeal to the sword, it is at least certain that the final victory must be achieved by a crusade without the sword, and with the gospel alone. But before this is accomplished, a stronger feeling of Christian union must be aroused in the European nations themselves. All is yours, whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come; all are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's.

Modern Fables.

FROM CHRISTIAN FABLES, PARABLES, ETC. BY HERR PASTOR D. VON MAGDSTEIN.

NO. I.—THE ASS AND THE WOODBINE.

A DONKEY was lazily picking the thistles and other rough herbage that grew beside a garden hedge, and a goose was nibbling the grass hard by. A beautiful honeysuckle grew in the hedge, and filled the air with its delicious scent. 'What a useless thing you are,' said the ass to the woodbine; 'what do you do in the world? I wonder the gardener does not grub you up.' 'And why, O ass?' asked a goldfinch, that had nestled among the leaves of the woodbine; 'and what do you pride yourself upon, I wonder?' 'I? Why, I can bray, to be sure.' 'And does not the woodbine perfume the air, and fill all the neighbourhood with fragrance?' 'Fragrance! What is fragrance?' asked the ass, and sniffed at the flower, and jerked out his heel at it; 'fragrance! pshaw! one can't see fragrance, can't eat fragrance, can't carry fragrance to market, can you? Now I make a noise in the world; I make myself heard; I do.' And forthwith he lifted up his voice with such effect, that the goldfinch flew away, saying to the woodbine, 'Good bye, love! I'm sorry for you, but how can an ass appreciate a sweet thing like you?' The flower blushed, and breathed forth more odours. The goose now came up and taunted it, encouraged by the ass, and said, 'You silly thing, you, why don't you speak? Why I am better than you. I too make a noise in the world; I can hiss.'

Mem. (To my translator.) There can be no use in putting this into English, for in Christian England, I am told, they have neither donkeys nor geese.

NO. II.—THE REWARD OF EARNESTNESS.

Johann Ernst was inducted as the master of a school in which mathematics professedly constituted a prominent element. Ernst found that the scholars had for the most part merely committed the demonstrations to memory, and so rattled them off on show days, memoriter, glibly enough. Now the ready fluency of the scholars gratified their parents and the trustees very highly. But Ernst

forbade the use of the familiar letters of the alphabet, and substituted figures, whereat most of the scholars were stumbled at once, and found almost every problem a *pons asinorum;* so that their parents were mortified, and the honourable trustees very angry; and they said that Johann Ernst was either ignorant of the first principles of mathematics, or else he was insidiously introducing quite a new system, calculated and intended to undermine Euclidism! So poor Johann was discharged. And as the boys hooted him away from the play-ground, the trustees granted them a whole holiday.

Mem. I dedicate this to our worthy English friends.

NO. III.—'SANCTA SIMPLICITAS' WITH A ?

Hans Dümmling, the little son of Christian Wahrheit, had never seen his father in any dress but one, all his life. Hans was very fond of his father, and believed he should know him anywhere, or in any disguise, and said that even in the dark he could tell him from a thousand. One evening, the good house-father had arrayed himself in a quite new costume, and so opened the door, as usual, and came in where his family was sitting. But our dear little Hans shrieked out in terror, and, shutting his eyes, and stopping his ears, rushed blindly by him to the door, and cried out, Fire! Thieves! Murder! Mad dog! and could not be pacified till his father had put on the old dress again. Thou clever little Hans!

Mem. There are no Hans Dümmling's in happy England, I hear.

NO. IV.—PIG-STYES FOR EVER!

A pig-stye was built in a day. The carpenter whistled as he fenced it in; it was soon pitched by the stonemason, and roofed over by the bricklayer, and finished out of hand; and at night a sow ready to farrow was put in, and next morning there were nine or ten little squeakers announcing their advent into the world. At a little distance there was a cathedral being slowly erected. But as year after year rolled on, and litter after litter went the way of sucking pigs in general, the completion of the cathedral seemed still distant, nor could its progress be seen by the eyes that twinkled over the trough. The pig-stye was never weary of expressing its wonder and disgust at the time it took. 'Why,' said the stye, 'here was I built in a day! Ah, the builder worked with a will to erect me—but that cathedral—pish!' and the pig-stye listened to the noise within, and deemed it sweet music indeed. Certainly, it must be confessed that cathedrals, temples, and palaces, do take more time to build than pig-styes, and cow-sheds, and rabbit-hutches.

Mem. If now there were Christians that could not distinguish between pig-styes and cathedrals!

Outward Religion—A Chapter in Scriptural Philology.

'The causes of superstition are pleasing and sensual rites and ceremonies; excess of outward and pharisaical holiness; over-great reverence of traditions, which cannot but load the Church.

'Superstition, without a veil, is a deformed thing; for as it addeth deformity to an ape to be so like a man, so the similitude of superstition to religion makes it the more deformed; and as wholesome meat corrupteth to little worms, so good forms and orders corrupt into a number of petty observances.'—*Bacon. Of Superstition.*

In the following passages, we request the reader to notice the words in italics :—

1. 'My life and conduct from my youth, as it was at first among my own nation at Jerusalem, is known to all the Jews. They know me of old (I say) from the beginning, and can testify (if they would) that following the strictest sect of our *religion*, I lived a Pharisee.' (Acts xxvi. 4, 5.)

2. 'If any man among you seem to be [rather, thinks that he is] *religious*, and bridleth not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, this man's *religion* is vain. Pure *religion*, and undefiled, before God and the Father, is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself [oneself] unspotted from the world.' (James i. 26, 27.)

3. 'Let no man succeed in his wish to defraud you of your prize, persuading you to self-humiliation, and *worship* of the angels, intruding rashly into things which he has not seen, puffed up by his fleshy mind,' &c. (Col. ii. 18.)

4. 'If, then, when you died with Christ, you put away the childish lessons of outward things, why, as though you still lived in outward things, do you submit yourselves to decrees ("hold not, taste not, touch not"—forbidding the use of things which are all made to be consumed in the using) founded on the precepts and doctrines of men? For these precepts, though they have a show of wisdom, in a *self-chosen worship*, and in humiliation, and chastening of the body, are of no value to check the indulgence of fleshly passions.' (Col. ii. 20—23.)

In these passages, thus classed together, we have the same word now translated *religion** (in No. 1 and No. 2), and now *worship* (in No. 3): the cognate adjective rendered *religious* (in No. 2); and a compound substantive rendered *will-worship* [for a *self-chosen worship*] (in No. 4).

Now, it must be evident at the first glance that *religion* and *worship* are not the same things; and that it is unlikely that the same word

* In the passages from the Acts and Colossians I have given Conybeare and Howson's version; in the other from James, the common English translation. In respect, however, of the word to be illustrated, there is a difference only in that the English version gives us the unintelligible translation, 'will-worship,' in Col. ii. 23

can express two such different notions. We feel persuaded that, however plain and clear the other passages may be in the English version, or whatever meaning the reader may attach to the term *will-worship* in one of them, no serious and thoughtful mind ever reads or recalls the statement of St. James, that to visit the widowed and fatherless in their affliction, and to live a life of moral purity and honour, constitutes pure and uncorrupt religion in the eyes of God. For is this any more than the Pharisee required, or anything more than the corrupt doctrine of the sufficiency of good works asserts? And does it not oppose the whole teaching of the New Testament, that pure religion and undefiled consists in the purity of the motives, the sanctity of the heart, and the good government of the affections? And is not a moral life and outward observance of religion, when it only covers rottenness and corruption, even more abhorrent to God than the union of a profligate life and a profligate heart? The truth is, there are two sides to religion; the internal, which is the answer of a good conscience toward God, purity of heart and holiness of motive; and the external, which is an outward and strict observance of the rites and ceremonies of religion, 'the outward service,' 'the rites, ceremonies, and ceremonial vestments.'*

And this last is what was meant by the Greek original, and what was meant by our word *religion* also, when King James's translators used it; but now it corresponds better to what we call *worship*—this meaning, when used by itself, rather what is external in the conduct, than what is internal in the heart.

But now to say a few words about the passages quoted above individually, and first of that from St. Paul's speech in the Acts of the Apostles:—

1. What word could be fitter to express the Jewish religion, than one which looked rather at the compliance with outward ordinances —the external *cultus*—the many ablutions, and washing of dishes?— and he who best performed these was, in the eyes of his nation, the most religious Jew. And such was the Pharisee; and such was Saul of Tarsus. And here was the secret of the long contest between expiring Judaism and the new religion of the heart, where he that would worship God must worship him in spirit and in truth. The Jew, who, from his cradle, had been accustomed to the sacrifices, observances, rites, and covenants, could or would not understand that the only sacrifice now required was mercy and love; the only ordinances were the two simple ones of baptism and the Lord's Supper; that the only covenant was a covenant of grace!

2. And thus, 'the chief representative of the purely Jewish Church, James the Just,' finds it necessary, in his address 'to the twelve tribes which are scattered abroad,' to state broadly an emphatic caution that his brethren should learn that the worship now required of the Jew was no longer in the letter, but in the spirit; that 'morality itself is the service and ceremonial (*cultus exterior*) (θρήσκεια)

* Coleridge 'Aids to Reflection.' Aphor. 23.

of the Christian religion,'* for 'he knew that with the mass of his readers forms were everything, and morality nothing; that he was addressing a nation, which "strained at gnats and swallowed camels;" which "cleansed the outside of the cup and platter, but within was full of extortion and excess;" which made its boast in the law, and yet through breaking the law was a dishonour to God.'† And, therefore, he gives them a test, that that man's outward devoutness is naught who gives loose rein to his tongue; that the fruit of true devoutness, the pure and uncorrupt service of God, is to visit the widow and fatherless in their affliction, and to keep oneself undefiled from the world.

3. Into a somewhat similar state the Church at Colossæ seems to have fallen when St. Paul wrote his epistle to them. Some false teacher had urged them to the Jewish observances of meats and drinks, of feast-days, and new moons, and Sabbaths: had been inculcating self-humiliation‡ and asceticism, joined with angel-worship, and, perhaps, celibacy.

4. All which ceremonial and superstitious observances St. Paul designates as a 'self-invented, arbitrarily-contrived worship.'§

E. S. J.

Brother and Sister.

In one of the large towns on the western coast of England there is a burial-ground for strangers. It stands on the higher part of the town, overlooked by a sweeping crescent, commanding a good view of every part of it. It is, indeed, quite surrounded by buildings, and stands like a city of the dead amidst the dwellings of the living. 'But why,' asks the reader, 'could not these strangers have found their last resting-place in the ordinary grave-yards of the place?' It happened that this town, or, at least, a neighbouring suburb of it, was a favourite resort for strangers at all seasons of the year, but particularly in the winter; and amongst the crowd of visitors, many were invalids, who came to catch the sea breezes that swept over the neighbouring elevations. As always happens in these places of resort, many and many a one came there to die. A few fresh breezes seemed to promise a health that never came, and a few sunbeams fell upon their path,

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* Coleridge, as above.

† A. P. Stanley's 'Sermons and Essays on the Apostolical Age,' p. 310.

‡ 'That is to say, the false teachers in the worshipping of angels strove after a humility, false in so far as they thought they durst not venture to approach the supreme God himself; in like manner as the adoration of angels and saints in the Romish Church is usually justified.'—Olshausen's 'Colossians,' p. 364. English Translation.

§ Or, 'a self-pleasing, hypocritical worship.'—Olshausen, p. 371.

only as a promise of a brighter light above. So many were the sick sojourners at B——, and so great the number of the dead, that the ordinary burial-places were speedily filled; so this little spot of ground was set apart for dead strangers. There they rest! They came from many a distant place, perhaps many a distant land, only to meet in death. A few trees were scattered here and there on the ground, and the walls were thickly covered with ivy. In one corner the trees clustered more thickly, and even in winter time, when the leaves were off the trees, that corner looked darker and more concealed. The wind, as it moaned solemnly over the strangers' resting-place, seemed there to utter a deeper sound, as though a sadder story hung about it. It gathered up the leaves, and hurried them in wild processions to that darkened spot. They used to stay in broken, ever-restless heaps, upon a grave, and beat against a gravestone on which was inscribed, 'In memory of Arthur K——, from the Vale of the Taff, who died in this town on a visit to restore his health, May, 1846. Aged 24 years.'

Very often, in walking on the terrace overhanging on a summer evening, I saw a lady in deep black standing at the grave of Arthur K——, as if in sad, and sometimes weeping, meditation. On a nearer view, she looked to be about twenty-two years of age. Her face had an habitually pensive, not to say melancholy, expression, while the white, well-turned features, and rich black hair, made the shadow darker that rested there. I often wondered, as I saw her come and go, whether she had many friends in the world, for she always came alone, and there was a look of solitude about her that seemed to mark her as a lonely pilgrim on life's highway. Some eighteen months after this I met this lady in company I could never have expected. I had taken my passage on board an American liner for the far West, in the hope of recruiting my then shattered health, and among the cabin passengers I instantly recognised the pale, lonely creature I had seen in the strangers' burial-ground. Ship passengers must be companions, and so by degrees I got into pretty free conversation with her. I did not, however, venture to mention the circumstances under which I had before seen her, or, indeed, that I had seen her at all, for my own experience told me that words about our deepest troubles must be the words of a *well-known voice*. Events, however, soon happened, which made our hearts all beat together. For four long days a terrible storm swept over the seas, and our bark danced like a toy upon the white and foaming breast of the Atlantic. We were too heavily laden for the terrible strain, and we sprung a leak, which proved so large and unmanageable, that the captain informed me that the ship must founder. We were eight hundred miles from land, and had no boats to save us. It was in the speedy prospect of a grave in the Atlantic, and before a friendly sail appeared in the far distance, like an angel of mercy, with its wings spread to the favouring gale, that my new friend communicated to me the story of her life. It was at the grave of her brother that she used to weep, and she gave me Arthur's history and her own, so full of touching

incident and tender recollection, that I am about to give it, as well as I can remember, in her own words.

'Arthur and I,' she said, 'were two only children, and both orphans. My father died before I was born, and my mother when we were both quite young; but still I have a vivid recollection of her gentle, earnest manner, and motherly care of us. I remember with how tender a grace she used to teach us lessons from the Holy Book. I never used to think that religion was gloomy or dull, but that it must be a bright and happy thing, for mother was always so cheerful and kind. Yes!' said my companion, her face brightening with an expression I shall not soon forget, 'she first taught me lessons of beauty by the music of her song, and of holiness by the fervour of her prayer! Before I was seven years of age she died, and then I made my first acquaintance with death. All I felt of it then was, that *it took her away from me;* and when they told me I should never see her more I sobbed bitterly. I have a dim recollection of strange faces about the house, and one day of our being taken into the churchyard to see our mother's grave. It was so solemn a mystery that I dared ask no questions; but Arthur and I kept very near together, and some time after, when a winter storm fell heavily, and left great drifts of snow upon the ground, we shuddered as we thought how cold mother's home must be in the churchyard. Not long afterwards, we were removed by our uncle and aunt. They had received my mother's dying commission to take charge of us, and most faithfully and kindly they fulfilled her wishes. Our new home was near the Garth mountain, at the entrance to the beautiful Vale of the Taff, and happy were the years we spent there. How well do I remember going together to the top of the mountain upon a clear, fine day, and looking at the Bristol Channel, stretching through the land like a line of light, and bearing on its glowing breast a hundred ships, speeding their slow way to far-off lands! Near our house, and at the bottom of the mountain, was a large foundry, to which many a day we used to resort to watch the white and burning glow that filled the valley with its gleam, and the streams of molten metal that, like burning lava, poured from the furnace mouth. My aunt was a quiet, motherly woman, and always very kind to us. My uncle was a farmer, rough in voice, but kind at heart, and often cheered our little circle with many a funny story and many a merry laugh, ringing up the open chimney with a clear, fresh sound. We had both of us a little property left in the care of my uncle, which was to be employed in our education until we were of age. My brother had always a great wish for the medical profession; and after he had received a good training at a neighbouring school, when he was about eighteen, it was resolved to send him to London to enter on his medical studies. I was to remain at home to be a help and companion to my uncle and aunt. Arthur had grown up a handsome fellow, and I was really proud of him, but I saw that his qualities would expose him to much danger in his new life. He was manly, generous, and free-hearted, full of power in mind and movement, with free, graceful manners, making me certain that what-

ever road he took in life he would leave his footmark on it. There was, however, a certain recklessness mingled with all this, that made me feel as if it were uncertain which it would be. He loved me very tenderly, and was full of kindness, and that seemed to bind me to the brighter side. I had another cause of anxiety besides this. His face was fresh and fair, although his hair was dark, and often a vivid flush would overspread it, and immediately afterwards he would look pale and deathly. I was not much skilled in the symptoms of disease, but I remember that his blooming look, so soon succeeded by a deathly palor, made me think of those flowers bright in the light of a spring morning, that wither in the evening cold. At last the time of parting came, and with many counsels from my aunt, and how many caresses and tears from me! he set out for London. I accompanied him as far as Cardiff, where he took boat for Bristol. I saw the steamer hurry him away through the narrow channel, with the mud banks on either side, and gazed on it long, until it became a black and shapeless speck, nearing the other shore. I cannot give you his history in London as a medical student, for I do not know it. My only means of judging were by his letters, and these I keenly scrutinized, not with the cold eye of a critic, but with the loving, yet anxious glance of an only sister. For a while his letters were all I could wish, full of brotherly affection, and contained a straightforward account of himself; while their free and dashing criticisms, and broad humour, made me feel I had not mistaken his powers. Here is a copy of a very short one:—

'"My dear Sister Nell,

'"You cannot think what a change in my life town seems to have made already. How different my street walks to our quiet rambles on the Garth side and in the Taff Vale. As to noise, I used to think nothing could equal the ring of the forge hammers up the vale and round the mountains, but Cheapside beats even that. I have some pleasant fellows for companions, and we spend pleasant evenings. Sometimes, perhaps, I wish we had a little more of the *real* ether, but everything is artificial here, and we must make the best of it. I do often long for a stroll up the rocks at South-point, and, above all, for sister Nelly at my side.

'"I am, your ever affectionate Brother,
'"Arthur K——"'

'Months rolled on, and there was no change in the brotherly affection of his letters, and I was looking anxiously for Christmas, for then he was to pay us a visit. Before that time, however, there came a letter which distressed me beyond measure. It altogether lacked his usual vigour and freshness; both the hand-writing and style were loose and faltering, and the news it contained was unsatisfactory and evasive. The agony it caused me I cannot describe. I knew that if my brother once gave way to dissolute habits, he was ruined, for, as I said before, I was sure that on whatever path in life he trod, he would leave his footmark. His means were not large, and once over the bounds I feared he would grow reckless. What could I do? He

was the only being in the world for whom I cared to live. My mother's gentle way had bound me so closely to him at first, and at her grave, that tie became a fetter. I wrote to him a long letter, in which I gave full expression to my anxieties as well as to my tender love. I employed all the arts I could devise to make him feel how our lives were wrapped up together. I told him how we had received together our mother's fond and earnest teaching, and how it had been consecrated by her parting blessing; how, too, we had gone together in the wild snows of winter, and the fresh light of spring, to look at her grave. I knew he loved mother tenderly, and I hoped to make the remembrance of her freshen his love to me, for whatever else in Arthur was wrong, I always felt I could trust his heart. With much anxiety I awaited an answer to this letter; but, alas! an answer never came. Week after week I waited, until anxiety changed into despair. What could have happened? He never failed to write at least once a fortnight, and now nearly two months had elapsed without a letter. At length we wrote to the person at whose house he lodged, and you may imagine the distress which the answer brought to us. It informed us that he had left there about a month since, and had gone they knew not whither. They understood he had got into difficulties, and must leave both his present home and his profession. We were informed, further, that many of his friends had inquired anxiously after him, and some were apparently seeking him further. And now, what was to be done? We had relatives in London, whom we knew Arthur occasionally visited, and to these we wrote, but could get no information, for he had long ceased to visit them. They, however, kindly undertook to make every effort to find him, but the hope of their doing so seemed too slender to lean on. After much conjecturing and planning, I resolved to go to London myself, to seek my only brother. I stated my resolution to my uncle and aunt, and though they said what they could to dissuade me from it, yet they did not eventually withhold their consent, for they saw that hopeless pursuit could not be more wearing than the grief which was hourly wasting me, and so I started for London, all alone, in search of my poor, lost Arthur. Oh, what a journey it was! The ships that I had so often seen from the Garth top, gliding so gladly in the sunlight, bound for some stormless shore, now, as I crossed the channel, seemed to my gloomy soul as if beating heavily away, never more to return. I took the train at Bristol for Paddington, and towards evening arrived in London. I will not stay to describe my feelings as I passed through the streets on the way to my brother's lodgings. One thought was uppermost—how is it possible to find him? The maze of streets, and throng of passers by, seemed completely to crush the little hope I had dared to cherish. In picturing my search to my mind, I had sometimes thought of Arthur as calling to me for help, but how, thought I, could I hear his voice in the midst of this everlasting roar! I arrived at my brother's lodgings, where I had announced myself by letter. I was kindly welcomed, but heard no more news of Arthur. I have said before, that I had friends in

London, and they were most willing to have given me a home, but I resolved to take up my quarters at the lodgings, for I thought I should be more likely to come upon his track there. Perhaps I reasoned, he may some day call here himself, or some friend who may know where he is to be found. I must not forget to introduce here the daughter of my landlady, a quiet, loving, little creature, yet full of courage and determination, who offered to share the toil and peril of my search. How could I accept it? Yet it was pressed so earnestly—and she would be so useful as a guide—that I could not refuse. I cannot describe all our planning and search. We began by searching out all his old haunts, and questioning his old companions, but all in vain. They were as ignorant as I about his present position. In despair, in this direction, we took to going into crowded thoroughfares, and standing at corners eagerly watching the busy throng that passed. Towards six o'clock we often went to the great hall of the Post Office, each taking stations, one at the great door, and one at the side entrance. I suppose it was a vague idea that he must write some letters, and there being a crowd of faces, led us here. Yet, who could he have to write to, if not to me? Oh, what weary journeys and despairing watches! Sometimes beside the doors of theatres, but not one face among the glittering crowd was his! Sometimes in the dirty lanes of St. Giles's, looking for him earnestly among the rags and filth of London. One evening, when we had been out all day, standing at the piers, looking at the crowds that thronged the steam-boats, Mary (my kind companion) and I were lying down, too tired to sleep; she began telling me of some of the strange places by which the Thames sweeps in its daily ebb and flow. In incidentally mentioning some spot, she let slip the words "hard by the bridge of suicides." "What is that?" I cried, while a horrible thought, for the first time, took possession of my mind that, perhaps, his grave might be near it. She could not resist my excited questioning, and was obliged to tell me all she knew about it. How many poor creatures, worn and weary with the terrible hardship of their lot, were swept away in its tides! Her voice ceased from weariness, and I fell into a troubled sleep, and dreamt a terrible dream. I saw in my dream a black and stormy sea, and from some steps, that strangely rose from its very midst, I saw poor Arthur, with a wild cry, fling himself into its dark and foaming waters. I cried aloud, and the cry awoke me and Mary too, and we were both too excited to sleep again that night. Let us go, I said, to the bridge, and watch. It was nearly twelve o'clock when we passed into the street, and made our way to Black-friars. What a terror seized me as I neared the river; a thick November fog hung over it, and the lights upon the bridges bleared red and dim through the mist. We passed rapidly on until we came to the Surrey side; then, turning sharply to the left, came to the steps that led to the water. It was very dark, and we walked down, step by step, with trembling awe. The sounds upon the bridge seemed strange and unearthly, and every distant cry like

the shriek of a suicide. We went down to the water, and sat on the steps; no one was near, and the solitude and silence seemed awful. There was no light upon the waters, save the reflection of some wandering lights upon the shore, that could scarcely reach the river through the fog, and the bridge lights, that dipped with every fading wave, and rose upon the next, gleaming for a moment with a fiery glow upon its crest. I pictured many a worn, despairing creature, shrinking from the great world above, to find rest from its cruelty in these waters running darkly and swiftly by, and my soul cried out in agony, Was *he* amongst them? Have these cruel waters borne him away, and where have they carried him? The river ran hard against the bridge pier, and, rushing fiercely round the sharp angle, left on the air a low, moaning murmur. Mary and I sat for a while in perfect silence, until, at length, she said, "It is of no use staying here, let us go." We came again on to the bridge, and walked along a broad highway that led to the meeting-place of several other roads. We were in no mood to go home that night, so we wandered on through many streets and bye-lanes. I cannot describe the sounds and sights we witnessed as we passed through some of the lower kind of neighbourhoods. Cookshops were, at midnight, steaming with hot dishes, and squallid, hungry creatures were looking in longingly, while in the streets the noises were so great, and screamings so loud, that I could imagine a troop of fiery demons let loose upon the wicked city in the darkness! We wandered all night long, until tall spires and chimneys began to show themselves in the grey dawn. The morning broke cold and cheerless, and a thick London fog hung over all; yet it was a morning long to be remembered. I cannot tell you our route, but I know that after dawn we passed over Westminster-bridge, came along the Strand, and through Covent-garden. Just as we were turning the corner I saw, a little way on before, a young man, ill-dressed and dirty, with a slouching gait. He had on his shoulder a leathern strap, on which were strung some pewter pots, and moved slowly along as if breathing heavily. He turned up some steps to knock at a house door. It was Arthur! In a moment he was in my arms, and the love pent up through all my weary watching burst forth. He was deeply moved, and murmured the old word Nelly, but yet seemed to dread my touch.

'"Keep away," he cried, "I am not your brother now."

'He grew calmer, and we walked along together slowly. I had time to look at him more leisurely, and was shocked to see how altered he appeared. All the old brightness was gone, and he looked wan and worn. He said he must go on with his work, but promised me to come to his old lodgings that night, and gave me his present address. It was at a public-house in Covent-garden. Alas! that I ever left him; he never came. Almost distracted, I went the next morning to the address he gave me, and heard from the landlord that he came home, looking very sad and pale, and said, "The ladies have found me out, and I must go." A few more weeks of weary search, and I went back to Wales in despair.

'The next spring and summer passed, and I was still a lone orphan, mourning for poor Arthur as for a dead brother. One morning, in the beginning of autumn, found me sitting at the window of our house upon the Garth side. It was a splendid morning. The mountain towered grandly up behind us, and its brow was clear, for not a shadow rested anywhere. The old castle on the other side of the valley, half-way up the mountain, stood boldly out in the trees, as in the days when the banner of Llewellyn streamed from its turrets. All was so bright and still, that the calm morning air seemed to steal into my heart, and take away, at least, the sting of its care. I was watching the steam from a train shooting swiftly through the valley, and saw it stop, as usual, at the station near us. In a few minutes more, I saw a feeble, worn-out, ragged figure, climbing with difficulty the stile in the field fronting the house. I could not mistake it—it was Arthur. I ran across the field to meet him, but my heart misgave me as I went; my poor lost brother! he received me so tenderly, and said in the softest tones,

'"Dear Nelly, I am come home to die. Will you be with me till the last?"

'It was too true—he need not have told me. The rattling breath and skeleton form told the tale. I need not prolong the story; he was recommended freer air than we had, and he went to B——. At first he seemed to revive a little, but it did not last long. One evening we went out to see the sun set upon the Channel, and our old mountain home, which was clear in the distance. Dear Arthur was calm and happy. The sharp discipline of sickness and sorrow had not been in vain. He had learned to lean, like the 'beloved disciple,' upon the bosom of the 'Man of Sorrows;' and I saw, with inexpressible joy, that while his body was daily shrinking, that there was an inward life 'waxing stronger and stronger.'

'"Look, Nelly, look!" he said, "how it gleams upon the Garth-top, and fringes its wooded gorge with fire! How I wish I could hear the ring of the forge hammers round the mountain!"

'It was the last sunset he saw, and that day week, the same beam fell upon his tomb in the strangers' burial-ground.'

What we Want.

Again and again do we hear the inquiry raised by the more thoughtful and devout, 'To what must we attribute the comparative want of success which marks the declaration of Divine truth? How is it that in every sect the cry of complaint, rather than the song of victory, is heard? Whereas in apostolic times multitudes were effectually brought under the influence of Christianity in a single week or month, few denominations can now boast of multitudes being added

to their number in a whole year. What is the secret of this sad contrast between ancient and modern days?' Perhaps this is a question not altogether easy to answer. We may, however, perchance do something towards a solution of the difficulty by giving our readers a clue to, at least, one of the causes of the confessedly slow progress of religion in our land.

It may be well just to clear the way by noting what we conceive are *not* the causes to which we refer. The non-advance of godliness, then, cannot be referred to the gospel. It is, as it ever was, 'the power of God unto salvation;' it has lost none of its gentle might; it is yet the great medium through which love is kindled upon the altar of every heart into which it is admitted. Neither must we look to the absence of Divine influence as the cause of the tardy pace at which religion pursues its way. Can it be any other than derogatory to the Great Supreme, who is 'not willing that any should perish,' and opposed to the express declarations of his word, to imagine that he arbitrarily withholds the influences of his Spirit from the preaching of his truth? We think not. To us it argues a very imperfect and unscriptural view of God's character to limit thus the operations of Him whose 'tender mercies are over all his works.' Nor would we altogether ascribe the evil deplored to ministerial inefficiency. This is a favourite plan with many. The 'short and easy method' now is to lay all the blame on ministers. We do not deny that there is room for improvement in this profession. Unquestionably, a want of deep thought characterises too many sermons—an absence of adaptation to different classes of hearers is to be found in some discourses—and deficiency of interest in efforts made for the social and intellectual weal of the world is to be found in some Christian teachers. Albeit, careful investigation will, we believe, show that the ministry of our land consists, on the whole, of a class of earnest, persevering, devout men. Leaving the Church and its agencies, are we justified in fixing upon the endeavours of infidelity as the secret of our want of prosperity? We think not. Its progress is more apparent than real. The last new phase has been pretty well canvassed, and its fallacies exposed. What, then, is the cause of our comparative failure? We do not wish to speak dogmatically, especially as the subject is a somewhat difficult one. Still, we venture to say that we believe one of the grand causes of our lack of success is *the absence of embodied Christianity*. There is not enough living out of the truths and principles laid down by the Great Teacher. Doctrines we have—we want more deeds.

Let us not be misunderstood. Nothing is farther from our wish than to make the picture darker, and the scene more gloomy than it really is. It cannot be denied by anyone who will look around him intelligently, that Christianity is becoming more and more a vital power—a living force in the world. Perhaps, at no previous period of English history have its truths exercised a greater influence in society at large. Their permeating effect is becoming wider every year. Look at the political world. The leading journals of the day may sometimes be found to ask of a certain measure or a given statute,

'Is it Christian?' Look at the literary world. The most popular poets are they who do homage to Christianity. Our first bards, Tennyson, Bailey, Mrs. Browning, Alexander Smith, are not ashamed of casting their crown of poesy at the feet of Emanuel. Look at the philanthropic world. The disinterested labours of her, who, with looks of love, voice of music, and gentle step, trod the hospitals of Scutari that she might stanch the wounds and cheer the hearts of Britain's stricken warriors, is one out of numerous examples of benevolence, stimulated by the truth as it is in Jesus. These are cheering signs, and we acknowledge them with gratitude. At the same time we cannot close our eyes to the want of harmony between profession and possession, word and deed, which marks so many avowed disciples of Christ. How often do we hear of men who take a conspicuous part in the exercises of the Sunday, stooping to meanness and trickery on the Monday. How frequently do we see those who hold office in our churches, and 'love the uppermost seats in the synagogue,' as avaricious and penurious as those who make no boast of religion. Not seldom do we come in contact with those whose commercial transactions are marked by breaches of honour and high principle, but who are careful to let you know that they belong to what they cantingly term, 'the Lord's dear people.' When lookers-on observe this in those who are nominally Christian, they must be inclined to say with Ophelia:—

> 'But good my brother,
> Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
> Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven,
> Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
> Himself the primrose path of dalliance takes,
> And reeks not his own read.'

Is not all this having an effect? If so, is not that effect on the public mind injurious to the last degree? Surely though these facts are disagreeable things, they should be taken into account when we endeavour to discover what are the hindrances which clog the wheels of the gospel chariot. Too long have we been afraid of looking the evil fairly in the face. We have been searching for the foe, but have forgotten that it is possible he may be very near us. We have been wandering over the domains of others in quest of the enemy, when all the time he has been in our own home. 'A man's foes shall be they of his own household;' words prophetic in a two-fold sense. The Church's foes are they of her own household. Her avowed champions are too often, whether they know it or not, her most formidable stumbling-block.

Nothing is so pervasive and contageous as the power of example. It is difficult to assign limits to it. Just as light forces itself through the minute crevices of unopened shutters and closed doors, as well as pouring through windows intended for its entrance, so the effect of a godly life is felt by all who behold it—both the mentally and morally, great and insignificant. It makes itself felt and seen where we least expected; it travels beyond the regions which our most

sanguine hopes had fixed as its territories. And as a truth placed before us in the abstract is less quick in reaching the heart than if associated with, and illustrated by, individual and collective experience, so truth spoken is not so potent in its results as truth lived. 'A good man among the good, is as one of the drops on which God paints the rainbow; for good men are to the world its rainbow of divine promise and hope; and *the goodness of no man is lost.* Every raindrop does its part in dissolving light into cloud; and though we may seem to ourselves like those drops which, falling near our window, make to us no part of the bow, yet we too have our brightness and place, forming part of the arch as seen by some—that arch which the hands of the Most High have blended.'* In view of our theme, let us glance again at our Lord and Master. The multitudes flocked around him willingly; 'the common people heard him gladly.' Wherefore? Doubtless his wondrous miracles, and his yet more wondrous teachings, were magnets which attracted the joyful crowds. But was this all? Had not his life a great share in accomplishing the marvellous result? Assuredly it must have had. His deeds, as well as his declarations of love, his works as well as his words of mercy, not merely his avowals, but his acts of compassion, riveted the popular gaze, and won the reverence of hundreds. He embodied his grand lessons; he incarnated his divine truths. It was his strange, eventful *life*—humble, but not servile; pure, but not ascetic; fervent, but not fanatic—that exercised such a talisman-like influence on the world. It was his life, in which a power which controlled the forces of universal nature, and a wisdom which caused him to speak as never man spake, were employed by a love whose depths we cannot gauge in securing the interests of humanity, that secured the esteem and made captive the hearts of so many. There is an important teaching for us here. If we would have more of a Saviour's usefulness, we must live more as he did. Only let the Church be 'great in deed as it is in thought,' and it will ere long acquire an influence in society to which it is now a stranger. Respected reader, be this your endeavour —*to live well.* Men take their views of Christianity from avowed Christians. If the latter display littleness of aim, meanness of spirit, and selfishness of life, the former cannot but sustain an injury. If you would see the name of God revered, and the gospel of God triumphant, you must show by yourself the inexhaustible power of divine truth. In the mart, the market-place, by the fireside, act on the principles, from the motives, and in the spirit of Christianity, and though you may never open your lips in direct appeal on behalf of religion, your whole career will have a noble power for good in society. We have not all learning which we may devote to Christ; we have not all wealth which we can pour into his treasury; few of us have genius which we may consecrate to his service; but we all of us have lives whereby we may honour him and accelerate the progress of his truth. Though we be poor, unknown, illiterate, we

* Rev. T. T. Lynch.

may thus be real benefactors of humanity, and loyal subjects of the great king. Well said the lamented Talfourd,

> 'The coarsest reed that trembles on the marsh,
> If Heaven select it for its instrument,
> May shed celestial music on the breeze,
> As clearly as the pipe whose virgin gold
> Befits the lips of Phœbus.'

T. R. S.

The Intercourse of Sympathy.*

By T. T. Lynch.

In intercourse, we present, as to travellers or our friends, water, and wine, and fruits, and these with a welcome; and not till we become both givers and receivers of such good gifts do we know the honour and joy of our nature. From what we are, and have been, comes what we thus bestow. Our words, that are as the fresh cool water, how wonderful are these. From the spring of our thought there outflows a plentiful stream; but this has risen from dark, unknown depths, and has passed through many strange and secret windings. It consists, too, of drops that fell in summer showers, and of melted snow from off the cold mountains, and even the morning and evening dew have contributed thereto. How often is this pure, sparkling water, from such a stream, better than our spiced wines cunningly prepared, though of these, too, we may sometimes have need! In order to become wisely and spiritually social, we must have power to subordinate our own present mood, and must have generous allowance for the various and varying moods of others; must also practically recognise this truth, that the transient is not therefore unreal, and that the real may yet be transient. And still farther, for the highest intercourse no man is worthily fitted who has not known something of travail of soul. What weeping or sadness such a man may still find necessary, will be private, or chiefly so; and with washed face and clear eyes will he confront the world, joining heartily in solid investigative discourse concerning science, literature, and religion; or in lighter discoursings of music, fashion, and the east wind. But he will not forget or disavow the reality of the grave and sad. These will be sacred to him. He will image to himself sadness as the mother of joy, who dies in giving birth to a son—whose holiest nature is transfused into his—whose memory is hallowed with tenderest love—and whose spirit beatified, as the guardian angel of the babe says, reversing ancient words—'Call me no more Mara; call me Naomi,

* Perhaps it is only right to mention that this article has appeared in print before. It will hardly, however, be known to the readers of the 'Christian Spectator;' but if it were, they will, we are sure, agree with us that it is worth printing a second time in ten years.—Ed.

for the bitterness is past, and the Lord hath dealt bountifully with me.' He will thus understand and think rightly of what is deep, tender, and delicate, in human emotion and experience. No such man expects his brother to come knocking at his door for sympathy, like a beggar for pence. Sorrow is of a womanly, retiring nature; it will not seek, but must be sought—it is modest as a maiden—and its veil is silence. It must be treated with gentleness and respect. Oftentimes we have not the will to speak of what is within us, vexing and darkening our heart, though we would that it were known; and when we have the will, the power fails us. We are possessed as by a dumb demon, whose tyranny is yet held by such a law, that if keen, compassionate eyes discover the bondage, the demon rends us sore and departs; the string of our tongue is loosed, and we speak stammeringly. Whilst thus possessed, as we walk among our brethren, our heart moans unheard, crying for deliverance, as if it said, 'Look upon me—consider me; I beseech you cast out this dumb spirit.' Happy the man whose presence is as morning, and whose voice is as a fountain; who, knowing that sadness is hidden, accounts the joy of relieving it as the finding of hid treasure. It is said that wise men make more opportunities than they find—certainly men of a wise benevolence do so; and he who makes opportunities will acquire new power of finding them. He will see through disguises, and guess at hiding-places. His name will be imprinted on his brow; and from him will his nature send forth beams. Withered spirits at his approach will be as Aaron's rod that budded; and hearts opening to him, as flowers to sunshine, will disclose the beauty and delicacy that lies deep within them.

If we would truly sympathize with others, we must beware of hastily estimating the manner and degree of their trouble. Often it is unwise and cruel to speak of this as light, and readily to be borne; and when this is true, it is a keen-edged truth, to be used surgically and with much skill. But often it is very far from true, and is felt bitterly as an undeserved reproach. Agony may be endured with a calm face, yet is it agony. Grief may be in the heart as a rotting, gnawing cancer, while the brow is serene, and power is throned thereon. Let not the cheerfulness of endurance deceive us, for they who bear most bravely often feel most keenly. Comforters must come as inquirers, not judges; come to bestow consolation, not criticism. Coming thus, let them believe in their own power. If their sympathy be but modest and genuine, it is certain to be serviceable. Their words may not be adequate, but they will at least be intelligent. Sorrows, like joys, have such wonderful affinity and resemblance, that if we have profited by our own limited experience, we are fitted to observe and understand very widely. The heart will teach the mind, and thus will the tongue be furnished with suited and comforting words. Truth and love expressed in words, are not only the meat and drink of the spirit, but its medicine also. The invisible spirit is ministered unto by that which is like itself. Thought is the invisible air of life, and words are this air as wind, blowing with coolness and

fragrance upon the hot brow. When a gift is needed, or the labour of the hand required, and there is power to bestow these, but it is not done, then only words become valueless. If the mouth testify for the heart, and the hand against it, the witness of the hand is greater, and will be believed. When the tongue fashions words, and the heart gives spirit to dwell therein, they come forth as living things; but words, into which the heart has not breathed, roll from the mouth 'dead corpses.' Living words are a better gift than any material one; but he who *will* not regard plain vulgar needs, cannot relieve higher ones, and may therefore begone with his 'dead corpses.' Nothing is more surprising—and this, like many of our surprises, should be as a hint for grateful and jubilant devotion—than the very great effect of very simple things upon a saddened and darkened spirit. Slight incidents, but especially the mere utterance of a kind saying, will, like a sudden gleam of sunshine, change the great face of things in a moment. A word strikes, as the first quickening beam of love, through the dark winter that enfolds the torpid but waiting heart. Drowning men catch at straws, it is said; but men drowning in the deep tossing sea of their own thoughts not only eagerly seize these 'straws,' but are truly borne up thereby. Every true-hearted man does, in the form of simple words, carry such straws with him, which he may throw hither and thither, and they shall perchance save his brother. So wonderful is the power of words, that it seems sometimes even magical or miraculous. Christ spoke, and the sea was calm; and if his living Spirit be in us, we have power over dark waves of doubt and grief—we speak, and they are still; also, the dimly-seen spirit of fear changes into the spirit of help and consolation, and our brethren's alarm vanishes.

In all our intercourse, let us remember that, with our words as with our face, the effect depends upon the general expression. Eloquence of speech and beauty of countenance are gifts of God; yet, as our heart is, so will our face and so our speech be. Of some countenances you may say—See but the face, and you trust the man. How truly, also, may we say of some men's speech—Hear but the words, and you will know the heart. Frigid indeed, and incomplete, would intercourse be, if men and women met socially always with veiled faces; yet we often meet and discourse with veiled hearts. The open face of man answers to the open face of his friend; and when, by free speech, we unveil our own heart, our brethren will unveil theirs; then will there be answering hearts, answering faces, answering speech. We ever draw near to, and appropriate true love, as by instinct. The warm beams of love melt the ice of constricted thought; it flows forth freely in speech as a stream, and the burdened soul is eased. Men of sincere, compassionate, thoughtful nature, will often be surprised at the sudden bursts of confiding utterance with which they are honoured. Upon them, those in need of counsel or consolation will, with gladness, and often suddenly and passionately, throw themselves. Every true man's heart may be in measure what the heart of Christ was and ever remains—as the many-chambered

caravansary of God, wherein the chilled and weary wayfarers of the world find warmth and refreshing. And not alone in ordinary sorrows do men need the hospitable shelter and entertainment of a brotherly heart. There are few who do not yearn after a confidence, who would not find in another an answer to their own spiritual strifes and moral perplexities. Men long for some one to help them to tell their own tale—one to whom they can utter those brief, abrupt words, which are as the disclosure to view of that dim, hidden chamber, wherein the candle of the Lord burns, and in which the spirit sits, musing retiredly. Every man, too, of any real worth, dwells in the world, at some or other period of his life, as a forlorn stranger, in diligent search for his spiritual kindred. It may be that a man has had no opportunity to utter such speech as is the most valuable and characteristic product of his mind, because he has not had intercourse with persons who could receive his utterances. The full worth and depth of a man's nature can be shown, at least in glimpses, by intercourse, but not by intercourse with any man, at any time. It is very difficult fully to open heart and mind to another, and so it often happens that a man never gives, by intercourse, a true and complete idea of what he is. If he ventures the utterance of any one of his deep things in the presence of a person whose nature has no like susceptibility, the manner in which it is received brings almost a death-chill over the spirit, or blind, cold words of argument strike upon the face, like a sleet shower from the east on a spring morning. Yet, although this is true, let no man suppose that he is just the person whose depths are unsounded. To what may be deepest in us, others have ever something to correspond. Acting on this belief, we shall find much more in other men than, from careless observation, we could have at all supposed. If we have true souls, and really speak to men out of a fulness within us, so speaking as to show that we care not ourselves to be honoured as the vocal, but rather would aid and relieve the dumb, we shall find many who will delight us with proof that they have a fulness of their own; and if the depth of our own fulness be not known to these, neither is the depth of theirs to us. To offer a man a draught from the fountain of our own heart, and to take one from his, in this interchange there is delight and refreshment. A very humble person may have a true heart-fountain, as streams most fresh and pure rise in lowly places, and flow cleanly among rough stones; and he whose understanding is as the sea, will find often the great tide of his thoughts salt water, with which he cannot quench his thirst, and be ready to accept, with much joy, a cup fresh from a rivulet. The speech even of those who cannot understand us, and our own speech to them, will often greatly invigorate and relieve us, if the men have but real hearts. It is not difference of strength that makes a chasm between the spirit of one man and another—falsehood is the black gulf that yawns between men and separates them. If the sea should sphere itself into a globe, a dew-drop would blend with it, but oil would hold aloof. The weak often, and in all things, help the strong; and the simple faith of unreasoning piety may often

afford comfort and hope to the man who, with larger reasoning faculties, is exhausted with the buffetings of these strong winds that blow upon the great mountains of thought. Such a reasoner, however, is not thus buffeted in vain. As one who has striven with the 'power of the air,' perhaps, also, with waves and fire, he will have a front that inspires assurance—eyes that kindle aspirations. In him will many confidences be reposed. He will become a discerner of spirits, and will say to many an evil one—'Come forth!' In his ordinary intercourse, he will unclose many a sealed fountain, and in special seasons his voice will be as the 'sound of abundance of rain,' after a time of drought and famine.

With respect to intercourse—as in regard to many other things—there is a remarkable inter-dependence between what is ordinary and what is uncommon. Free, light-hearted, ordinary speech, is necessary so to vivify and humanize a man's mind, that he shall be prepared for confidential intercourse, whilst such intercourse again is needed to give healthiness and purity to ordinary conversation. In general intercourse, we learn the varied and complicated morality of common life unconsciously, just as we learn our mother tongue. So must we learn, if we would have ease of manner, but not so alone, if we would have truth and correctness. Great is the value of common intercourse, when healthy, cheerful, and varied. Often, in disease or weariness of the soul, such intercourse affords the only refreshment and remedy; and gaiety comes like a wind to disperse the mists that have been engendered by solitude and sorrow. Rough, strong winds of externality, disperse the miasma that broods over a morbid mind. There is a kind of sentimentalism which is the scrofula of the mind: it is disease, not depravity. In itself it disgusts; but the afflicted one is to be pitied. Want of fresh air infects the body with such disease; want of fresh, invigorating activity, of work, mirth, and discourse, affects the mind with it. We may almost weep for those who cannot laugh. It seems, therefore, a beautiful moral mechanism, that men of much humour have so often times of deep sadness, for thus the best mirth is never false and cruel, but in rousing and cheering, teaches and consoles.

Even if the laughter of the wisest is sometimes but as the 'crackling' of a passing blaze, it is the crackling of burning 'thorns,' that are now, in perishing, giving out light and heat for a few moments, instead of vexing for hours and days the bosom whose diseased growth they were. Often we laugh over our follies, and they are gone. Yet sometimes, in the remembrance of mirth there is sadness. It was as a wind 'that passeth and cometh not again;' and the smile on the face was but as moonlight on a prison window—you saw not into the room because of the brightness—but within were chains. We say this, because it is true; yet who is there that is not the better for a smile, much more for an hour's innocent mirth? Great laws of wisdom govern our lightest intercourse and its influences. Mirth is as truly a divine thing as

meditation; and good-humoured nonsense is a wild festooning plant, in the broad, sunny paradise of our spirit. Light on a bubble is true light—even the light that illumes the world; its delicate, changeful colours result from the action of great general laws, and such laws may be discovered, or if known, better comprehended, by observing these bubbles, and experimenting on them and their colours. It were well if our highest, our religious intercourse, were as natural and innocent as our mirth often is. Much of our religious conversation is as mischievous as it is repulsive. Religion in the heart is like love; a great deal may have been felt, though very little has been spoken. Both long to utter themselves. Both speak, when they do give an utterance, in words which are as light—not for themselves, but for what they reveal. Speech becomes as a lamp, discovering with its small bright flame, wide replenished spaces, that silence, as the darkness, concealed. There are persons of the truest religious spirit that are quite incapable of talking their religion: they can only look it, act it, and acknowledge it. You see their religion in their life, and not in itself, as you see their life in their action, and not as separate therefrom. They know that the heaven is deep, blue, and very beautiful, and they delight greatly to look upon it—but that is all. They cannot discourse to you of things great and wonderful, though their spirit is filled with their influence. This is especially true of women; the spirit of religion looks forth calmly from their eyes, and streams from them as silent, unseen, but powerful electric energy. Yet speech concerning religion is essential; and words of piety should be found among common words like flowers that grow hidden among leaves; they are modest, and obtrude not on the eye: yet, raise the leaves, and there they are, the true product of the plant, and its adornment; in them, also, the seed is nourished.

Lights of England in the Dark Ages.

ALFRED THE GREAT.

MODERN criticism makes strange havoc sometimes with our popular notions of history and its great personages. Not to travel beyond our own national records in search of instances, how shorn of his lustre does Richard the Lion-hearted appear in the pages of Pauli; whilst, on the other hand, that bloated tyrant and wife-killer, Harry the Eighth, has been transformed from a black-a-moor into a decently white, or, at worst, whitey-brown Christian, under the assiduous washings of Mr. Froude. 'In spite of "Ivanhoe," it is beginning to be pretty well known that the mirror of chivalry in his day was a bad son, bad brother, and bad king; a bad husband, too; and, most probably, not a bad father, only because his wife did not present him with that

name at all." Such is the acknowledgment wrung from 'Fraser's Magazine,' in a recent review of Pauli's 'History of England,' which the 'Times' has asserted is, although written by a foreigner, the only reliable one in existence. Of the success likely to be met with by Mr. Froude in his attempt to re-habilitate in the public estimation the royal sensualist and iron-fisted despot, whose memory Protestants and Papists have hitherto vied with each other in execrating, it would be premature to speak. But certain it is, that that gentleman has pointed out a very remarkable divergence between the contemporary and the posthumous judgments pronounced on Henry. That he was a most popular king must be taken to be sufficiently proved, and the fact is one, which, on the supposition that he actually was the monster he is usually represented to have been, imperatively demands explanation. Into the merits of the question as to how the discrepancy is to be adjusted, we, of course, cannot enter. It is sufficient for our purpose to observe that the traditional notion about the bluff old Tudor is in some degree of peril in consequence of the most recent researches. Need we remind the reader, too, that, in spite of Shakespere, it is now pretty certain that the usurper, Richard III., however morally deformed he may have been, was not, after all, a crook-backed dwarf, but a rather handsome man? Or that Cromwell, to adduce a case of the opposite kind, whilst he really had a wart on his face, as Carrion Heath and the rest of his covey malignantly croak, so far from being the consummate hypocrite they make him, was, rather, the most earnest man of the most earnest generation England has ever seen?

In view of facts like these, one naturally gets somewhat nervous as to the results of the searching scrutiny to which science persists in subjecting the reputations of our great national heroes. We look with suspicious eye upon the iconoclasts who have forced an entrance into our Walhalla, and we anxiously ask what venerable statue they are next about to smite with their remorseless mallet. Or we get indignant and restive, and demand their authority for wielding with such pitiless vigour the hammer of Thor. Helpless and vain, however, are all such protests against the alarming negative tendencies of the age. Our outcries should be directed against those who minted the lies, not against those who detect them. Falsehood can never grow into truth by any length of prescription; whilst, on the other hand, truth *may* grow into falsehood by amalgamation with it, and only by separation from the base alloy can it become truth once more. Hence, all really honest negative criticism, whether in history, theology, or what not, is, from a natural necessity, positive at the same time. By banishing the base coin from circulation, it brings about the revival of public confidence, and dissipates that scepticism which interfered with the passing of sterling money.

The fame of ALFRED has happily come forth unscathed from the ordeal to which it has been exposed. The best monograph upon the subject happens to be from the pen of Pauli himself, and it is some relief to find that this severe, but masterly, critic, so far from

grudging our Saxon Charlemagne the traditional title of 'the Great,' hitherto universally accorded to him, furnishes us stronger reasons than ever for our national complacency in 'England's darling,' as the chroniclers affectionately style him. 'The Truthteller' was fortunate in finding a contemporary biographer, worthy the task of depicting one who had earned for himself so honourable an appellation. This was the pious and learned Asser, a monk of St. David's, whom Alfred lured from his cell, for the sake of his instructive conversation, and afterwards elevated to the see of Sherborne, in Dorsetshire. His 'Life of Alfred' has suffered somewhat from the hands of interpolators, but not to such an extent as to render it impossible to sift the chaff from the wheat.

Of KING ALFRED, the brave liberator of his people from the Danish filibusters, and the wise legislator, many of whose political institutions are still in vigour, it does not fall within the scope of this brief paper to speak. ALFRED, the Founder of English Literature, as with the strictest justice he is entitled to be called, is its topic, and with Guizot the Younger for our guide, who devotes to this branch of the subject full the half of his beautiful little work, 'Alfred le Grand,' which has just come to hand, there will be lack of space rather than of matter. If we prefix the briefest possible summary of the leading occurrences of his life and reign, it is simply with the view of furnishing a chronological thread on which to string the narrative of his heroic labours as the Educator of England.

ALFRED, the youngest of the four sons of Ethelwolf and Osberga, was born in the royal residence at Wantage, in Berkshire, on the 25th of October, A.D. 849. His father had then sat nine years on the throne of Wessex, to which all the other Anglo-Saxon kingdoms had been subjected by Egbert, in A.D. 828, who dying bequeathes the sovereignty to his son Ethelwolf, in A.D. 838. Ethelwolf was a weak prince, but Osberga was a woman of eminent piety, and to her Alfred was probably, in some measure, indebted for the decided religious bent which his character took. He must have lost her, however, before his seventh year, for in A.D. 856, his father, on his return from Rome, whither his youngest son had accompanied him on pilgrimage, married Judith, the eldest daughter of the Frankish king, Charles the Bald. This journey to the metropolis of the world must have made a deep impression upon the susceptible mind of the young prince, which had already begun to open under the fostering care of his mother. How early he manifested his unquenchable thirst for learning is proved by an anecdote which Asser thus relates: 'On a certain day his mother was showing him and his brother a Saxon book of poetry which she held in her hand, and said, "Whichever of you shall the soonest learn this volume by heart shall have it for his own." Stimulated by these words, or rather by the divine inspiration, and allured by the beautifully illuminated letter at the beginning of the volume, he spoke before all his brothers, who, though his seniors in years, were not so in grace, and answered, "Will you really give that book to one of us, that is to say, to him

who can first understand it, and repeat it to you?" At this his mother smiled with satisfaction, and confirmed what she had before said. Upon which the boy took the book out of her hand, and went to his master to read it, and in due time brought it to his mother and recited it." ' Asser adds, that after this he learnt the devotional hours of the Roman ritual, and certain psalms, although it was not until his twelfth year, so great was the scarcity of instructors at that time, that he was able to acquire the art of reading. A beautiful prayer of Alfred's own composition is preserved at the close of his translation of the treatise of Boethius, 'On the Consolation of Philosophy.' It runs thus: "O Lord God Almighty, the Creator and Sovereign of all the creatures! I beseech Thee, by thy great mercy, and by the sign of the Holy Cross, and by the virginity of the blessed Mary, and by the obedience of the blessed Saint Michael, and by the love of all the saints and by their merits, guide me better than I have hitherto known how to guide myself in the way of thy will, and to the salvation of my soul; teach me to press after these things earnestly; and strengthen me against the temptations of the devil, and root out of my heart all impurity and falsehood, and defend me against mine enemies, visible and invisible, and teach me to obey Thee, so that I may come to love Thee above all things, with a pure body and a pure mind; seeing that thou art my Creator and Redeemer; my succour and peace; my trust and hope. To Thee be praise and glory, both now and for evermore! Amen.'

Ethelwolf died in A.D. 858, and Alfred's brothers all successively mounted the throne; first Ethelbald, then Ethelbert, and, lastly, Ethelred, who, in A.D. 871, died of the wounds received in battle against the Danes, leaving the crown and these terrible pagan enemies of the Saxon name as a legacy to his successor. Alfred was at that time twenty-two years of age, and two years before he had married Ealsworth, a daughter of the royal line of Mercia. His thirty years' reign, till his death, in A.D. 901, was an almost unbroken agony against the heathen invaders, with whom, in the very year of his accession, no fewer than eight pitched battles were fought, with very varied success. Scarcely had he seated himself upon the throne when he was fain to purchase from them a treacherous peace in favour of Wessex, leaving them to consolidate their power in other portions of the Heptarchy, which they had no sooner done than they flung their obligations to the winds, and threw themselves afresh upon his dominions. Again he endeavoured to bind them with the green withs of a treaty (A.D. 876), which they broke the very next year, and pressed the young king so hard, that he was compelled to lay aside his regalia for a time, and to seek a refuge in an almost inaccessible island formed by the river Parret, in Somersetshire (A.D. 878). This first seven years of his reign afforded but little promise of the glory which gilded the remainder. Hints are thrown out of his having ruled oppressively, and even of his having been addicted to occasional debauchery; and these things, together with his ill-success

against the enemy—itself traceable in great measure to his own want of generalship, and especially to his omissions to improve his victories —made him unpopular with his subjects. Hence his inability to raise fresh troops for the war, and his Hegira. His flight to the marshes of Athelney may well be so termed, for no less truly than in the instance of the Arabian prophet was it the turning-point of his life. It was when he was reduced to become the guest of the poor neatherd, whose wife, for allowing the cakes to get overbaked, scolded him in true Zummersetshire style—

> 'Ca'sn thee mind the ke'aks, man, an' doossen zee 'um burn?
> I'm boun thee's eat 'em vast enough, as zoon as 'tiz the turn,'

that he began to learn wisdom from adversity. No less as a Christian than as a man, and as a king, as Asser sufficiently intimates, was this the crisis of his destiny. It was in these dreary solitudes that the choice of our Saxon Hercules was made. He plunged into himself and rose redeemed. This is the truth at the bottom of the fable that during his retreat Christ appeared to him in the form of a poor beggar, with whom he shared his last loaf. With the inward change came hopes of his regaining his position as the shepherd of his scattered and suffering people. Not a few of his nobles, with their followers, resorted to him in his hiding-place, and with their help he fortified the island, and made it the centre of an active guerilla warfare against the Danish marauders. Soon the fire of patriotism, thus kindled, spread farther, and the Saxons, who had meanwhile learnt by painful experience that the foreign oppressor's little finger was thicker than Alfred's loins, became ripe for a general summons to rally round their king at Egbert's Stone, in Selwood Forest. The decisive victory of Ethandune was the result (May, A.D. 878), and a fortnight afterwards Guthrum, the Danish king, consented to receive baptism, and to settle peaceably in the tract of country assigned him. Subsequently to this, fresh swarms of these 'locusts of the Baltic,' as they have most aptly been styled, alighted on our shores, but they found no ally in Guthrum, who had now learnt honourably to keep an oath; and until the descent of the pirate Hastings, in A.D. 893, they did not again seriously endanger Alfred's throne. Even then they did not ultimately triumph, for by that time our great monarch had organized an efficient navy for the defence of the coasts, and by his wise legislation had compacted his people together so as to be strong enough to withstand the shock.

It was not until A.D. 885, during the respite offered him by a victory over one of these desultory invasions, that Alfred could find leisure to undertake the gigantic task of the intellectual elevation of his people. Thanks to the 'locusts' he had, like Miss Ophelia, when invited to assume the charge of Topsy's education, virgin soil to work upon. The northern savages had, indeed, made *tabula rasa* of the culture introduced by BEDE, and his forerunners and successors. Whithersoever the 'Raven,' their dreadful standard, had winged its way, it had verily proved itself the bird of night. Around it

clustered, as the flower of the barbarian host, a sacred band of fanatics, who styled themselves *the Bears*, and made that shaggy brute their ideal. Fed on raw flesh, they rushed naked into battle, gnawing their bucklers, and lashing themselves into fury like wild beasts. They massacred with enthusiasm, snatched babes from their mothers' breasts and tossed them from spear to spear. When their blood was up, they never relinquished the game of carnage till they fell down exhausted, and their wearied limbs refused any longer to minister to the monstrous pleasure. The religious houses, where they were sure to find church-plate to steal, books to burn, and monks and priests to torture, were the favourite prey of these bears from the Scandinavian forests. Hence, we cannot wonder at the affecting contrast which Alfred, in the introduction to his translation of Pope Gregory's 'Pastoral Rule,' finds himself compelled to draw between the former and the present literary condition of the kingdom. 'I have often thought,' he says, 'of the wise men who lived in England not very long ago, as well laymen as priests; of the zeal which animated the Church for learning and science; and of the men who used to come from foreign countries to seek here the same instruction which we now cannot acquire save from foreigners, if we still desire to possess it. It has been so completely neglected by our people that when I began my reign, very few persons on this side the Humber understood their prayers in English, or were able to translate into English a Latin epistle; and I suspect there were not more such persons on the other side of the Humber. They were even so few in number, that I do not remember to have found at that time a single individual south of the Thames who was able to do that of which I have spoken.' Thus low had the country sunk which, at the commencement of the eighth century, as Guizot the Elder observes, took the lead of all European civilization. The land which had adopted Theodore of Tarsus, and Adrian, and which, besides producing Bede, Aldhelm, and Ælbert, together with learned ladies—even such as Chunihilda, Berathgit, and Eadburg — had presented to Germany its apostle Boniface, and to France its Alcuin and John Scotus Erigena—could not show a single man of letters south of the Thames.

Alfred, however, was a hero, and he was not disheartened. He began to gather together on the hearth of his palace the scattered embers of the sacred fire, and it soon began to glow and to diffuse its genial warmth once more. 'He would avail himself,' says Asser, 'of every opportunity to procure coadjutors in his good designs, to aid him in his strivings after wisdom, that he might attain to what he aimed at; and, like a prudent bird, which, rising in summer with the early morning from her beloved nest, steers her rapid flight through the uncertain tracks of ether, and descends on the manifold and varied flowers of grasses, herbs, and shrubs, essaying that which pleases most, that she may bear it to her home, so did he direct his eyes afar, and seek without that which he had not within, namely, in his own kingdom. And God at that time, as some consolation to the king's benevolence, yielding to his complaint, sent certain lights to

illuminate him, namely, Werefrith, bishop of the church of Worcester, a man well versed in the Divine Scripture, who, by the king's command, first turned the books of the Dialogues of Pope Gregory with Peter, his disciple, from Latin into Saxon, and though sometimes putting only sense for sense, rendered them with clearness and elegance. After him came Plegmund, a Mercian by birth, archbishop of the church of Canterbury, a venerable man, and endowed with wisdom; Ethelstan also, and Werewulf, his priests and chaplains, Mercians by birth, and erudite. These four had been invited out of Mercia by King Alfred, who exalted them with many honours and much power in the kingdom of Wessex, in addition to the privileges which Archbishop Plegmund and Bishop Werefrith enjoyed in Mercia. By their teaching and wisdom, the king's desires increased unceasingly, and they were gratified. Night and day, whenever he had leisure, he commanded such men as these to read books to him; for he never suffered himself to be without some one of their number, wherefore he acquired a knowledge of every book, though of himself he could not as yet understand anything of their books, for he had not hitherto learned to read anything [in Latin]. Moreover, the king's commendable avarice could not be contented even with this; wherefore he sent messengers beyond the sea to Gaul to procure teachers, and he invited from thence Grimbald, priest and monk, a venerable man and a good singer, adorned with every kind of ecclesiastical learning, and of good morals, and most erudite in holy Scripture. He also obtained from thence John, who also was a priest and monk, a man of most vigorous talents, and accomplished in all kinds of literary acquirements, and skilled in many other arts. By the teaching of these men, the king's mind was much enlarged, and he enriched and honoured them with much influence.' Plegmund, on seeing his native country, Mercia, overrun by the Danes, had withdrawn to a secluded island in Cheshire, just as Alfred himself had found a retreat in Athelney, and there gave himself wholly up to study. But the king soon discovered the modest scholar, and upon the death of Athelred (A.D. 890), who also was one of Alfred's literary favourites, elevated him to the primacy of England, as intimated in the above extract. Of the two English monks brought from France, whither they had perhaps fled from the storm, John, the old Saxon, as he was called, to distinguish him, perhaps, from the famous John Scotus Erigena, with whom some writers have nevertheless confounded him, was an inmate of the celebrated monastery of Corbie, and Grimbald was provost of St. Omer's. All of them, together with the rest of those mentioned in the passage, were well worth the pains taken by their royal patron to draw them from their obscurity, and richly deserving of the honours he heaped upon them. Of Asser himself nothing as yet has been said. He also was one of the diamonds which had long shone unseen, but which Alfred drew from the darkness of the mine, and cherished as the brightest jewels of his crown. In a cell of the monastery of St. David's, amongst the simple Britons, whose remoteness and whose mountain fastnesses had proved

a breakwater to them against the Danish deluge, was found quietly pursuing his studies the bosom companion and faithful biographer of Alfred. He himself gives the following account of his introduction to court and first interview with the king:—'In these times, I also came into the land of the Saxons out of the farthest coasts of Western Britain; and when I had determined to go to him through many intervening provinces, I arrived in the country of the Saxons, who live on the right hand, which in Saxon is called Sussex, under the guidance of some of that nation; and there I first saw him in the royal residence, which is called Dene. He received me with kindness, and in the course of other familiar conversation, he eagerly asked me to devote myself to his service, and become his friend; to leave everything which I possessed on the left or western bank of the Severn; and he promised that he would give more than an equivalent for it in his own dominions. I replied that I could not incautiously and rashly promise such things; for it seemed to me unjust, that I should leave those sacred places in which I had been bred, educated, and received the sacerdotal crown, and at last ordained, for the sake of any earthly honour and power, unless by compulsion. Upon this he said, "If you cannot accede to this, at least let me have your service in part; spend six months of the year with me here, and the other six among the Britons." To this I replied that I could not even promise that easily or hastily, and without asking advice of my friends. At length, however, when I perceived that he was anxious for my services, though I knew not why, I promised him that if my life was spared I would return to him after six months, with such a reply as should be agreeable to him, as well as advantageous to me and mine. With this answer he was satisfied; and when I had given him a pledge to return at the appointed time, on the fourth day we left him and returned on horseback towards our own country.' It was no fault of Asser's that he did not fulfil his engagement. He was taken dangerously ill on his way home. 'After our departure,' he continues, 'a violent fever seized me in the city of Winchester, where I lay for twelve months and one week, night and day, without hope of recovery. At the appointed time, therefore, I could not fulfil my promise of visiting him, and he sent messengers to hasten my journey, and to inquire the cause of my delay. As I was unable to ride to him, I sent a second messenger to tell him the cause of my delay, and to assure him that if I recovered from my infirmity, I would fulfil what I had promised. My complaint left me, and by the advice and consent of all my friends, for the benefit of that holy place, and of all who dwelt therein, I did as I had promised to the king, and devoted myself to his service, on the understanding that I should remain with him six months in every year, either continuously, if I could spend six months with him at once, or alternately three months amongst the Britons and three amongst the Saxons.' A British chieftain in the neighbourhood, named Hemeid, kept the monks of St. David in constant terror by his plundering raids; and it was in the hope of securing, by means of Asser's influence with Alfred, the king's

powerful protection against this troublesome enemy, that they consented the more easily to this arrangement. 'It was thus,' the learned man adds, 'that I gained the friendship of this great king. For those who desired to find therein a means of increasing their secular authority were not deceived in their expectations, nor those who wished for riches, nor those who valued, above all, his dignified and august familiarity, nor those who were ambitious of all these advantages together. But all from every quarter gained his love and protection, even as the king and his subjects sufficed for their own protection. When, therefore, I had come into his presence at the royal residence called Leonaford, I was honourably received by him, and remained that time with him at his court eight months, during which period I read to him whatever books he chose of such as he had at hand; for this is his most common custom, both night and day, amid his manifold other occupations of mind and body, either himself to read books, or to listen whilst others read them. And when I frequently asked his leave to depart, and could in no way obtain it, at length when I had made up my mind by all means to demand it, he called me to him at twilight on Christmas eve, and gave me two letters, in which was a long list of all the goods and chattels which belonged to two monasteries called, in Saxon, Ambresbury (Amesbury, in Wilts) and Barnwell (in Somersetshire); and on that same day he delivered to me those two monasteries, with all the things that were in them, and a silken pall of great value, and a load of incense, enough for a strong man to carry, adding these words, that he did not give these trifling presents because he was unwilling hereafter to give me greater; and, indeed, in the course of time, he gave me, beyond my utmost expectations, Exeter, with the whole of the diocese belonging thereto in Wessex and in Cornwall, besides gifts without number every day, in every kind of worldly wealth, which it would be too long to enumerate here, lest they should weary the reader. But let no one suppose that I have mentioned these presents in this place for the sake of glory or flattery, or to obtain greater honour. I call God to witness that I have not done so; but that I might make known to those who are ignorant how profuse the king is in giving. He then at once gave me permission to ride to those two rich monasteries, and afterwards to return to my own country.'

The monasteries were, at that epoch, the chief, if not the only centres of culture and learning, and in placing at their head such men as Asser, ALFRED consulted the true interests of his people. Of more than a few such Pharoses in the midst of the surrounding darkness he was himself the founder; and he did all in his power to promote their establishment by others. The touching reminiscences connected with his own exile at Athelney, led him to fix upon that island as the site of a foundation of the kind, which reared its head amidst the surrounding marshes, a monument of royal magnificence quite uncommon in those times. This religious house was duly provided with teachers allured from the Continent by the king's boundless liberality; and to these were entrusted a large number of youths, both of home

and foreign birth, who were destined in turn to become the teachers of others. Amongst the novices Asser mentions his having seen a young Dane, and he observes that this was not the only one of that nation whom the king had thus snatched from barbarism, and designed to be a missionary of civilization.

Before we quit Athelney, another anecdote illustrative alike of his gratitude for the asylum he had found there in the days of his deepest humiliation, and of his insight into character, and watchfulness for every germ which could be fostered into good, must be given. He had remarked in his rustic host, Denewulf, the neatherd, whose cabin had sheltered him in his distress, the slumbering sparks of an intelligence of no mean order. He, therefore, had the man educated; and so well had the king divined his latent capacities, that he at length found him worthy of being elevated to the see of Winchester. The story may not be literally true, but it would never have been invented of Alfred, had not his life presented similar traits. A still more romantic story is told of his having once, whilst hunting (of which sport he was passionately fond), been touched by the cries of an infant, and on its being found by his courtiers in an eagle's nest amongst the rocks, having had it baptized and educated. He called it *Nesting*, from the strange cradle in which he had discovered it, and the youngster, so the story runs, afterwards rose to a distinguished position at the court.

The king himself was the most earnest disciple of the circle of learned men whom he had gathered round him for the purpose of enlightening his beloved Saxons. Asser relates many charming traits of the deep interest with which he pursued his own mental self-advancement—and this, notwithstanding he was ever exposed to the paroxysms of a most painful disorder, which incessantly tormented him day and night from the twentieth to the forty-fourth year of his age. 'On a certain day,' says his biographer, 'we were both of us sitting in the king's chamber, talking on all kinds of subjects as usual, and it happened that I read to him a quotation out of a certain book. He listened to it attentively with both his ears, and addressed me with a thoughtful mind, showing me at the same time a book which he carried in his bosom, wherein the daily services, and psalms, and prayers, which he had read in his youth, were written, and he bade me write the aforesaid quotation in that book. Hearing this, and perceiving his ingenuous goodwill, and devout desire of studying the words of Divine wisdom, I secretly gave thanks to Almighty God, who had implanted such a love of wisdom in the king's heart. But I could not find any empty space in that book wherein to write the quotation, for it was already full of various annotations; wherefore, I made a little pause, principally that I might stir up the bright intellect of the king to a more lofty acquaintance with the Divine testimonies. Upon his urging me to make haste and write it quickly, I said to him, "Is it your pleasure that I should write that quotation on some leaf apart? For it is not certain whether we shall not find one or more other such extracts which will please you; and if it

should so happen, we shall be glad that we have kept them distinct." "Your plan is a good one," said he; and I accordingly made haste gladly to prepare a sheet, in the beginning of which I wrote what he bade me; and on that same day I wrote therein, as I had anticipated, no fewer than three other quotations which had pleased him; and from that time forth we daily talked together, and found out other quotations which pleased him, so that the sheet became full, and deservedly so, according as it is written, "The just man buildeth upon a moderate foundation, and by degrees passes to greater things."' Thus, like a most frugal bee, he flew hither and thither, asking questions as he went, until he had eagerly and unloiteringly gathered many various flowers of the Divine Scriptures, with which he plentifully stored the cells of his mind. Now, when that first quotation was copied, he was eager at once to read and to translate it into Saxon, and then to teach others. Even as we read of that happy robber, who recognised his Lord, the Lord of all men, as he was hanging on the blessed cross, and saluted him with his bodily eyes only, because his other members were pierced with nails, cried, "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom;" so it was only at the end of his life that the king began to learn the records of the Christian faith. Inspired by God, he began to study the rudiments of Divine Scripture on the sacred solemnity of St. Martin (Nov. 11, A.D. 887); and he continued to learn the flowers collected by certain masters, and to reduce them, as he best could at the time, into the form of a book, although of a miscellaneous character, until it grew to almost the size of a psalter. This book he called his ENCHIRIDION, or MANUAL, because he carefully kept it at hand day and night, and found, as he told me, no small consolation therein.' ALFRED beginning the study of Latin when nearly forty years of age, is a fine spectacle to contemplate. It is much to be lamented that his 'Commonplace Book,' or *Hand-boc*, as he must have styled it in his native Saxon, has not reached our times. There is reason to believe that it was not merely a collection of Bible texts, as might be too hastily inferred from Asser's account. From the tenor of some fragments cited from it by William of Malmesbury, it must also have contained, as Pauli observes, original and selected passages relative to the national history, and especially that of Wessex. Some of these may have survived in that venerable work the 'Saxon Chronicle,' the earliest author of which composite work must have lived in Alfred's times. That Alfred's love to Anglo-Saxon poetry, which was mostly of a historical character, was kindled from his earliest childhood, we have already seen.

Of Alfred's family, and of his anxiety for their mental cultivation in association with the young nobles of his court, no less than for his own, Asser gives the following account:—'The sons and daughters which he had by his wife Ealhswith were, Ethelfled, the eldest, after whom came Edward, then Ethelgiva, then Ethelswitha, and Ethelwerd, besides those who died in their infancy, one of whom was Edmund. Ethelfled, when she arrived at a marriagable age,

was united to Ethered, earl of Mercia; Ethelgiva also was dedicated to God, and submitted to the rules of a monastic life. Ethelwerd, the youngest, by the divine counsels and the admirable prudence of the king, was consigned to the schools of learning, where, with the children of almost all the nobility of the country, and many also who were not of noble birth, he prospered under the diligent care of his teachers. Books, in both languages, namely, Latin and Saxon, were read in the school. They also learned to write; so that, before they were of an age to practise manly arts, namely, hunting, and such pursuits as are befitting noblemen, they became studious and accomplished in the liberal arts. Edward and Ethelswitha were bred up in the king's court, and received great attention from their attendants and nurses; nay, they continue to this day, with the love of all about them, and showing affability, and even gentle manners towards all, both natives and foreigners, and in complete subjection to their father; nor, among their other studies which appertain to this life, and are suitable for noble youths, are they suffered to pass their time idly and unprofitably, without learning the liberal arts; for they have carefully learned the *Psalms* and the Saxon books, especially the *Saxon Poems*, and are continually in the habit of making use of books.'

Of Alfred's similar endeavours in a still wider sphere, and of the measure of success with which they were crowned, it must be reserved for the sequel to speak.

J. J. C.

(To be concluded.)

Poetry.

SUNSET.

It was an autumn sunset, and the sky
Was tinged with pink, just deepening into red,
So bright, so lovely, so serene—it seemed
That heaven's own roses there their petals shed.

And slowly up against the sky there came
Clouds, whose soft drapery was so white, so pure,
The scene seemed my whole spirit to inflame
With reverence for the God who made them. Sure

I thought, a company of angels bright
Have passed from earth to heaven through the air;
Themselves invisible to mortal sight,
I yet can see their white robes floating there.

The sunset melted, and its parting rays
Fell on a little cottage, where a child
Lay dying,—fading fast away—the gaze
Of whose sweet face, so earnest, yet so mild,

Was fixed, now on the sunset's gold and red,
Of which she caught bright glimpses through the trees;
And now on one who sat beside her bed,
To whom at last she spoke in words like these:—

'Sister! the sun is sinking
Behind the old beech tree;
I've been watching long its setting—
It is the last for me.

And that bright sun, I fancy,
Must be the Father's eye;
The eye that never slumbers;
The eye that's ever nigh.

And the stars are eyes of angels—
Those countless stars above,
That are ever looking on us
With pity and with love.

And I think I fancy rightly;
For we read in God's own word
That as stars shall shine the righteous,
In the kingdom of the Lord.

By day we cannot see them;
They are hidden in the light
Of the sun, whose rays so glorious,
Outshine all things less bright.

Still they're there, and our kind Father,
To show us they are nigh,
With a silver veil at evening,
Hides the glory of his eye.

Then as the moon it shineth,
And the stars gleam bright and clear;
And there's one that looks so loving,
That seems to come so near.

Sure it must be our mother,
Who has been gone so long,
To "reign for aye" in glory—
To sing the glad "new song."

Soon I shall sing it with her,
That glory will be mine;
And, as a little star, may be
By her loved side I'll shine.'

The sun had long since sunk; and when the fair
Bright moon arose upon that little bed,
And poured its radiance on the figure there,
The eyes were closed—it shone but on the dead!

LAURESTINE.

LONGING.

FROM SCHILLER.

Ah! from out this valley hollow,
By the cold cloud ever prest,
Could I but the outpath follow,
Ah, how were my spirit blest!
Hills I see, glad, bright dominions,
Ever young and green for age!
Had I wings, oh, had I pinions,
To the hills were I away.

Harmonies there hear I ringing,
Tones of sweetest heavenly rest;
And the gentle winds are bringing
Balm of odours to my breast.
Golden fruits behold I glowing,
Peeping through dark leaves in play;
And the flowers which there are blowing
Shall become no winter's prey.

Ah, how every feeling pleases
There in lasting sunshine free!
And upon those heights the breezes,
How refreshing must they be!
But I cannot for the river
That enraged between doth roll;
And its waves are rising ever,
That a horror fills my soul.

One light boat behold I heaving,
But no boatman there, alas!
Quick into it, firm believing!
For its sail a spirit has.
Thou must trust and must not tarry;
Thou canst have no pledge in hand;
But a wonder can thee carry
To the beauteous wonder-land!

Record of Christian Missions.

The 'Church of England Monthly Review' is the title of a new literary organ of the Established Church, which has taken the place of the old 'Church of England Quarterly.' In its fourth number, recently published, we find an able and comprehensive summary of the history and present state of missions to the Jews. With the former we need have no concern. When they were commenced, the missions were jointly supported by Churchmen and Dissenters, but the latter, after a time, separated themselves from the Established section, leaving it to work its own way with a heavy debt and a great work. A debt in this instance appears to have been a blessing, for directors and secretaries set themselves so vigorously to work to clear it off, that in a few years they had enlisted the active sympathies of the best section of the Establishment, and increased the income of the Jews'

Society from 6,940*l.* in 1817 to double that sum in two years' time; while its present income is nearly 30,000*l.* With this they have been able to translate the Scriptures into Judeo-Polish, and the Liturgy into Hebrew, to support a number of missionaries, and to endow a bishopric of Jerusalem, which office is at present filled by a zealous and kindly man, well known to travellers, as well as, by repute, to most sections of the Christian Church—Bishop Gobat.

Well, something should be done, and one might almost add, be seen to be done, with such an income, and we are told that no work offers greater encouragement, and none wears a more prosperous face, than that of Jewish missions. Our readers will believe this to be the case when they are told that the demand for the Bible has recently been most strikingly illustrated. 'A great desire,' says a writer on this subject, in a statement recently forwarded to the supporters of this society, 'for the word of God has been excited amongst the Jews, who had previously but little acquaintance with their own Scriptures, and but scanty means of obtaining them. Hebrew Bibles are purchased in hundreds at a time of the missionaries in Poland, for importation to Russia. In Germany, the missionaries find assistance from Jewish teachers in this important work. In many instances, it has been for the benefit of schools, where, instead of the Talmud, Jewish children are now taught from Moses and the prophets. More than once it has happened that a poor Jew, anxious to possess the Pentateuch or the Psalms, went about begging among the Jews until he had obtained, in copper coin, the amount required to purchase the same. Respecting Holland, we are told: "There never was in this country such a thirst after the word of God as recently."'

We all know—thanks be to God—that wherever the word is circulated, it has Divine power. No nation or people can withstand its influence. Through it the consciousness of sin is aroused; iniquity is brought to light; the Redemption is seen; the Redeemer accepted; the man sanctified and saved. So is it the case here :—

'Nothing can be more just,' says the writer, 'than the observation, that "our question, interesting and encouraging as it otherwise may be, ought *not* to be, How many Jews have been baptized? but, What progress has the gospel made among the mass of the Jews?" It is also well known that missionaries are not usually called to baptize converts. This is the proper work of the local clergy. Many of our most devoted, most faithful, and, we may perhaps truly say, most successful labourers, have never had an opportunity to act as pastors of congregations, their especial work being a *preparatory* one. Still, the numerous conversions actually known, attest that the gospel is not preached, nor the word of God distributed, in vain. The baptismal register of the Episcopal Jews' Chapel contains a list of about six hundred and fifty of the Jewish nation received into the Church of Christ by baptism. Besides these, many Israelites have been baptized in different parts of the kingdom, of whom we have no accurate account. Is it no evidence of the Divine blessing on the work in general, that although forty years ago there was not, as far as we know, a single clergyman in the Church of England of the house of Israel, since that time nearly sixty have been ordained in that church? Of these sixty, the majority are now labouring as stated pastors over Christian congregations in this country, some in our colonies, or as missionaries to the heathen, and twelve as missionaries to the Jews. Among the agents employed by

the society, about sixty are believing Israelites. There is good reason to believe that at the present moment there are living in London at least two thousand of the descendants of Abraham, who are united with us in the profession of faith in our blessed Saviour.'

We add to this the testimony of a man whose name will carry especial weight with the readers of the 'Christian Spectator'—Professor Tholuck, of Halle:—

'It is an undoubted matter of fact,' writes this able scholar, 'that more proselytes have been made during the last twenty years than since the first ages of the Church. No one can deny it on the continent; and no one, I am sure, will deny it. Not only in Germany, but also in Poland, there has been the most astonishing success, and I can bear testimony to what has come under my own observation in the capital of Silesia, my native place, where there have been many conversions. In this capital I shall speak only of such individuals as I am acquainted with myself in the profession to which I belong. In the University of Breslau there are three professors who were formerly Israelites: a professor of philology, a professor of chemistry, and a professor of philosophy; there is, besides, a clergyman, who professes the gospel, who was a Jew. In my present station at Halle, there are no less than five professors, formerly Jews; one of medicine, one of mathematics, one of law, and two of philology. I might show that some of the Jewish conversions have taken place amongst men of the highest literary attainments.'

And these conversions are real. 'Out of fifty converts baptized under my superintendence,' says Bishop Gobat, 'only *one* turned back to Judaism.' We rejoice, and we are sure our readers will rejoice, at these statements. That the Jews may be brought into the fold of Christ is the prayer of the universal Church; and if we 'work and pray,' what shall hinder? It is evident that with regard to their conversion to the Christian religion, they are subject to the same laws as other men. Only this we must be prepared for—1. The Jews will never be a working people. 2. When the Jews shall have felt the power of the gospel of Christ, they will lose distinction as a nation. The miracle, and, we may say, the romance, of their present position will then cease, and, as a nation, they will take their place with other extinct races; and so a people, with a history of five thousand years, shall become but a name on the earth.

We have a notice of painful interest this month in the 'Wesleyan Missionary Intelligencer,' in the form of a communication from Kaffirland, detailing the particulars of the massacre of the Rev. James Stewart Thomas, Wesleyan missionary at Beecham Wood. The Rev. T. Jenkins, of Palmerstown, forwards the intelligence as follows:—

'It is my melancholy duty to inform you of an attack by the Pondas upon this station, at about one o'clock this morning. The army came upon the place in three divisions. We were aroused by some natives knocking at the door. I immediately called Mr. Thomas, and, by his desire, turned out the people. I then returned to the house, and finding Mr. Thomas had gone, went in search of him. I had not proceeded far, when I met Davy, who said, "Mr. Thomas has fallen." I quickly ran to the spot, and found him lying on his back, about one hundred and fifty yards from the house, his face and clothes covered with blood. I had him conveyed to the house as quick as possible, and, taking his clothes off, pro-

ceeded to bind up his wounds. He was wounded in three places—namely, one in the back, another in the thigh, and right through the neck, severing the jugular vein. He never spoke from the time he fell, although I repeatedly spoke to him. At a quarter to two o'clock he died. I need not tell you the gulf of sorrow this sad event has plunged us into, nor the feelings this bereavement has spread amongst us.

'Immediately on the receipt of the above, I proceeded to the Chief Faku, to give him the information. He spoke, and said, "I am overwhelmed. This has been done without me; but I shall have the blame of it all. The country is dead, and I am dead; but go home, and I will follow with my men."

'I fear the whole country will be plunged into war, and there is no knowing where it will end.'

The motive of this horrible murder seems to be uncertain; but it is believed that it has been caused by no especial enmity to the missionaries. In proof of this, the editor of the 'Missionary Magazine' states that the chiefs, Damas and Faku, have both expressed their sorrow at the death of Mr. Thomas, and have not only levied fines on the attacking parties, but have expressed a willingness to put the leaders to death—which latter proposition, we are glad to learn, met with the immediate and decided opposition of the missionaries. The event, however, is not the less melancholy. It is thirty years, we are told, since the Wesleyan Society have had to deplore a similar case; and then it occurred on the same missionary field—the Hottentots having, in 1825, murdered the Rev. W. Threlfall while in the discharge of his missionary labours.

In the 'Chronicle' of the London Missionary Society, we find some interesting intelligence relating to the progress of missions in British Guiana. The paper is brief, and so we give it entire:—

'The colony of British Guiana is the only continental colony possessed by Great Britain in the West Indies. It was one of the first fields of labour selected by the London Missionary Society, and we now proceed to furnish a brief notice of its operations there during the intervening period.

'In the early part of this century, a wealthy Dutch proprietor, Hermanus Hilbertus Post, Esq., began to feel very anxious for the instruction of the slaves on his estate, Le Resouvenir; he consulted with the leading planters of the day on this subject, but the idea of teaching slaves, of instructing black Africans, was too ridiculous and too incendiary to be entertained for a moment. Mr. Post could not, however, rid himself of the conscientious conviction that had tenaciously fastened itself on his mind, that he ought to attempt something for the mental and moral welfare of the slaves he owned. After much anxious thought he came to England for the purpose of carrying out his benevolent intention; and having introduced himself and his mission to the Rev. G. Burder, at the old Mission House, Austin Friars, the result was that the Rev. John Wray, the first missionary to that colony, sailed for Demerara in the year 1807, and took up his residence, and commenced his labours on Mr. Post's estate. He was honoured to be the first missionary who showed the despised slaves of British Guiana the way of salvation; by very old negroes he is still remembered as the "Apostle of British Guiana," and Mr. Post as the "God of Corabanna."* At that time there were only two churches in the

* Its Indian name.

colony, one (Lutheran) in Berbice, and the other (Dutch Reformed), on Fort Island; these churches were 100 miles apart. The 150,000 slaves of the country were denied access to all means of religious instruction, under the insane idea that to make slaves Christians would be to make slaves rebellious. "It is a question," said the authorities of that day, "whether Christianity was ever meant to be the religion of men in a savage or slave state. Its doctrines are too refined, its laws too pure, and its ordinances too simple, to amalgamate in any degree with the wild hunter of the woods."

'Those days are happily for ever passed away; but it is well to look back and survey the difficulties missions have had to encounter in every field of labour, and those connected with slavery have been some of the most formidable and most difficult to overcome.

'Mr. Post died soon after the introduction of Christianity into the colony, amidst the sorrow of his people and the respect of all; he died in the faith and hope of the gospel of Christ. True, he was a slave-holder; but it must be remembered that public opinion was not so enlightened on that subject in 1808, as it is at the present time.

'After Mr. Post's death, Mr. Wray removed to Berbice, and laboured there alone from 1813 to 1831, when he was joined by other missionaries, and in 1837, after nearly thirty years of labour in one of the unhealthiest climates of the world, and amidst a complication of perils that would have been fatal to any man but one of consummate prudence, he entered into rest.

'To him succeeded John Smith, the "Martyr of Demerara," who, in a felon's cell, under a false charge of treason, and for which he was sentenced to be hung, fell asleep in Jesus. On the whitewashed wall of his prison-house he had written, not long before his death, "Persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed." That was his last testimony to the power of that gospel which he had so faithfully preached and so exemplarily lived. "Doomed," says Dr. Hamilton, in his prize essay, "to a felon's cell, he is thrown into a pestilential dungeon; for the gospel he is an ambassador in bonds; the keepers before the door keep the prison; all is guarded against rescue or escape; the wards ring to no step, and the cells echo with no alarm; no bolt creaks in its socket, nor gate groans on its hinge; but he has passed through all! The array of captivity contrasts with his liberation. They seek for him, and find him not. He looks down upon the impotence of chains and prisons, while he walks in white and sings of victory."

'The remaining history of our British Guiana mission is too recent to need much detail—slavery abolished; freedom received and its blessings appreciated. But these advantages have been followed by Coolie immigration, and the introduction of East Indian idolatry and vice; Portuguese immigration, and with it an influx of ignorant Roman Catholics; Kroo immigration, and with it the old African fetish, brought back again to the colony whence it had nearly been extirpated.

'In the three provinces or counties, Essequibo, Demerara, and Berbice, into which British Guiana is divided, we have at the present time ten European missionaries, with several native assistants; seventeen churches; 2,800 communicants, and twenty-three schools, with 2,428 scholars. The total contribution from the mission churches throughout British Guiana, in aid of the gospel, amounted, in 1855, to nearly 5,000*l.*

Following this, in the same journal, we have a statement of *obstacles* to the gospel in the 'other Indies.' Our reader will find it to be an old but not a worn-out subject. It is as follows:—

'In a village called Alagapett we saw a small number of Brahmins, who live partly from what they call Government revenue, and partly from fortune-telling and the like. While I addressed the people who had gathered round us, some said, "Why, our gods are supported by you and your Government; see here, these Brahmins get so many rupees a month for going up once a day on yonder hill to carry there a measure of rice, water, oil, flowers, &c., for our Samy. If Government recognise and pay for the maintenance of our gods, how can you say they are nothing, and that worshipping them is sinful?' Let me observe here that almost in every village and in every conversation with the people we have to hear this sad objection. I always try to exonerate our Government by showing them how these props of idolatry came into existence, and why the servants of our Government put their hands to it; but tell them what you please, they believe and tell us oftener than we are inclined to hear, that the collectors pay these moneys out of their treasuries, and that consequently they take interest in idol worship, such as they take in the sale of arrack and the cultivation of the land.'

The writer cheeringly adds, towards the close of his letter:—

'We generally find that the Hindoos themselves, when the origin of caste is explained to them, as it is related in one of their Shasters, feel ashamed and laugh about it. There are also, I believe, but few Hindoos who would regret the destruction of idolatry and idols in toto; many are now too enlightened to worship stones; the bulk of the people do as they are told and are led by their superiors. Those who uphold idolatry are those who derive advantage from it. Myriads would rejoice to see it vanish, and in the same manner the absurdities of caste will die away, if Europeans do not uphold it. Neither of these works of darkness can exist on its own merits before the light of the gospel that has burst forth over India.

'It is sad, very sad, to see how utterly dead in trespasses and sins the heathen of this country are, and how real, disinterested love and kindness are quite misunderstood by them. They will not, and no doubt many, judging from themselves, cannot believe that missionary societies send, and missionaries bring them, the gospel from any other than self-interested motives.'

Dr. Livingston's testimony, as given at the Freemasons' Hall, and in other places, since his arrival in England, is to the same purport; but we all know that this obstruction of incredulity was being removed, the heathen mind is more open to the reception of the gospel than that of the 'civilized' hordes of nominal Christians of our land.

Monthly Retrospect.

GOOD READER,—We have attempted, in another page, to give you the 'Poetry of the New Year;' would that we could as easily and as pleasantly give you its politics! To do the one, the writer had simply to refresh the 'memory of the beautiful;' to do the other, we should have to photograph all the aspects of the odious and the bad. The politics of the New Year are, in truth, not encouraging. Just, for a moment, look at the 'tangled web' of affairs. We are as a ship 'brought to' in a fair wind, with a helmsman who, when the tiller is put into his hands, awkwardly dips his magnificent freight into the bosom of every billow that rolls. As wave after wave breaks over her bows with the noise of thunder, and the splash of a cataract, can you wonder that, as the vessel shakes and trembles as if in conscious terror at her danger, there is not an officer on board who does not think he could steer her better? For ourselves, as ordinary passengers, we sometimes feel as though we would rather there were no steersman at all—that we were left to the beneficent mercy of winds and waves. We should then, at any rate, get *somewhere*, and that, with about half the danger and annoyance with which we are now being taken nowhere. For that, good reader, is the central fact of our present political condition. With a great deal of pother, and a vast parade of management, we are drifting and drifting, while a bracing wind blows from the aft, and a bright sun shines from above. And you will notice, if you take heed, that after the fashion of the Olympian god, when anything is promised to be done, a huge display of fog is commanded. The Downing-street Jupiter is a firm believer in what Mr. Ruskin calls 'cloud effects.' If he did not hide himself people would see that he was doing nothing—or, perhaps, only helping Vulcan to forge, first a hammer to break Prometheus' chains, and, secondly, a new set of fetters wherewith Prometheus might be chained again. For so, to drop both maritime and Olympian figures, is Lord Palmerston acting alike in home and in foreign affairs. Are you promised, without authority, a repeal of Church-rates? Beware you are not caught in the net of a County Police Bill! Are you to have a *Regium Donum* recalled? As the left hand withdraws it, the right holds out an Educational Rate that shall double your burden. Does he promise a new law of summary conviction? He is the very man who lets the summarily-convicted by a 'ticket-of-leave' Act out into the highways and byeways of society. The only law that he appears to be acquainted with is the law of counterpoise. If he dams up one fork of the river, he widens and deepens another to 'make up.' And this he and his associates designate 'statesmanship.'

So at home. Abroad, as we have hinted, he has knocked us against almost every state with which we have ever had friendly relations, so that, at the opening of 1857, scarcely a string of the once well-tuned instrument but harshly vibrates with his false or clumsy touch. America, Sicily, Persia—representative states of three continents—illustrate his 'meddling'

and mischievous propensities. He has brought his country, for a season, into a state the least to be envied of any that she could occupy, that, namely, in which she is despised by the great, feared by the weak, and respected by none. That is to say, we are under the guidance of a political charlatan, who is leading us anywhere that a small personal ambition may attract him. A carrion crow will eat dead flies or dead donkies with equal relish; this carrion statesman has relish for no other food. Rows and quarrels are his natural element. He will probably commence the session of 1857 as he ends the year 1856—in friendship with no political party at home—in cordial relation with no country, free or absolute, abroad. Such is our 'most popular statesman!'

The return of the 'Resolute'—America's Christmas gift to England—has been so happily acknowledged by the 'Times,' that we scarcely need to add a word of humbler thanks ourselves. Yet we would suggest two thoughts that have not yet been expressed—of the chivalry of republicans, and of the unnoticed influence of religious feeling. It is an act of honour, courtesy, and good and gentle breeding, such as the fifteenth century might look down upon and envy. But as the most chivalrous was also the most religious of the ages before the Reformation, so do we think this act to be one springing from a religious influence. No heathen would have thought of it. No man or nation of George the Third or Frederick the Great's ages would have dreamt of it. It is an evidence of the silent, indirect influence of religion upon *humanity*, making it more human, and being more human, more generous, and self-sacrificing.

From the 'Resolute' to the Geographical Society, and from the Geographical Society to Dr. Livingston, are now natural enough steps. The welcome which this distinguished man has received, and the modesty with which he has accepted it, are equally worthy of note. Two honours have been paid to our common humanity. Dr. Livingston has honoured and adorned it by his exploits, showing what man is capable of effecting when under the influence of the highest emotions; and his countrymen have also honoured it in paying voluntary homage to his high character and great services. The welcome which has been awarded to him by men of science, and the high tribute of respect paid by them to his religious as well as his scientific labours, is a proof that such men are never backward to express a heartfelt admiration of genuine religious service. As Wilberforce and Buxton commanded the homage of all classes, so does Dr. Livingston. What the aristocracy of intellect refuses to do homage to is not humility of character, or humble and devoted service in Christ's cause, but to that to which it, in common with all honest intelligences, has a natural antipathy, the bullying and canting religion, which, with the profession of saving some men's souls, will grossly libel other men's reputations, and which, in an assumed holy zeal for sound doctrine, does not hesitate to give sanction and facilities to the practice of the grossest immoralities of the age. In this light we look upon Dr. Livingston as a man distinguished especially in that he so exemplifies the Christian virtues that men who otherwise might have doubted of the reality of Christian influences cannot hesitate to admit it when once they become acquainted with him.

For his scientific attainments, great as they unquestionably are, are but as pendants to the greater ornament of a 'meek spirit,' a devoted heart, and a resolute Christian will. None know the man until they have seen and heard him, and read his journals. All of these we have been privileged to do, and each development of his character has strengthened our admiration and respect.

With deep sorrow we chronicle two deaths, which have renewed in many hearts the griefs of orphanhood. Dr. Harris, in England, and Hugh Miller, in Scotland, have, in the prime of their lives, and in the brightest lustre of their reputations, gone to higher work in higher spheres. It was not our privilege to know either of these now lamented men, but it was our happiness highly to honour them. In Dr. Harris the Christian Church has lost one who was not the least of its servants, yet one who would have esteemed himself as one of the least of the brethren. A man, a gentleman, and a scholar, has in a keen sense been lost to Dissent, which has so few of either, that it could apparently ill spare one who rebuked the ignorance, the discourtesy, and the servility of others by his independent life. For in uprightness, candour, and courtesy, in radiant temper, in profound and varied learning, he has left few amongst us that may aspire to be his equals.

Individual sorrow is seldom corrected or assuaged by the knowledge of general joy and prosperity, yet we notice one or two cheerful facts which may serve to light a little torch of hope, and remind you, reader, of the duty both to weep with those that weep, and to rejoice with those that do rejoice. So, looking past the tombs and the 'trees' of death that stand everywhere before, behind, and on either side of us, let us be glad that the poor on this New Year's-day of 1857 know less of poverty than ever. A bright star of hope this for the year to come. 'Never so few in our workhouses.' So say the Poor Law returns. God the Just and Good put it into your hearts to pray that there may be fewer still when we write of another new year.

THE MONTHLY

CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR.

FEBRUARY, 1857.

Jephson: or, Midnight and Dawn.

A TALE OF INNER LIFE.

CHAP. I.—THE MEETING.

It was a bitter day, that 1st of March, 18—. I shall never forget it, if I live to be a hundred. It was not merely that the cold was intense; for sometimes this is purely invigorating. As when the sky is blue above, and the morning air fresh and bracing; and the hoar frost has gemmed every twig and spray of bush and tree, and every weed and blade of grass by the road-side—aye, and every stone and dead leaf, and straw even, and nature's myriad brilliants glitter like diamonds in the sun; and the hard ground rings under your quick tread; and the boys shout on the slippery pond; and the skater hurries to the lake in the park; and the woodman's axe is heard in the copse; and in the barn the flail comes down with a will; and the carter's boy whistles beside the smoking team; and the brown leaves of the oak rustle, and the lark sings over head—then winter is a brave old boy, and shall have a crown of shining holly, with scarlet berries on the dark leaves of glossy green; and the log shall burn on the hearth, and the misletoe hang in the hall, and the young shall be merry, and the old cheerful, and the thoughtful remember gladly who it is that 'hath made winter.'

But this was a bitter day. The wind was blowing from the east, keenly, cuttingly. There was a sort of moral character about it which you felt, acting on the inner man, as the biting cold did on the outer. You almost, unconsciously, endowed it with a will; attributed design to it. A day unblessed, that had come prowling from some wholly miserable world. A morose possession of the air by blighting spirits, that embodied themselves thus, and breathed in the winds. A harsh, evil presence, felt, though not seen; at whose touch all ungenial sensations crept over you, and filled you with a vague dis-

comfort. Even the dog owned the dreary influence, and drooped his head, and, with a low, short, half whine half growl, coiled himself up on the mat. The very fire was black, and burned sullenly in the grate, every now and then filling the room with gushes of smoke. A day that defies all principles, and all philosophy, save that of goodness. God help the traveller!

Outside, the snow was falling thick, darkening the sky, and not the thing of beauty it ought to be. Now driven straight and fast by the keen, slant winds; then caught in endless whirls and eddies, and tossed to and fro, forbidden to find a resting-place, and driven up into the too thick air again, as if sent back, repulsed, to the vapour-cloud which had shed it forth; till the air, darkened and confused by endless, aimless motes and flecks, was surrendered to another chaos. Every living thing had sought its home. Not a bird ventured its wing abroad. The rooks were silent in their bare nests, on the swinging tops of the tall trees. Not even the robin showed himself. Shelter was more than food.

I need not withhold the confession, then, that it was with a feeling of real reluctance—amounting, I fear, almost to vexation, if the truth were rigorously ascertained—that I received a summons to visit a sick man in a neighbouring hamlet, who had not consented to allow the visit till the doctor had assured him that his case was hopeless.

'March has come in like a lion, sir,' said the peasant, half-covered with snow, who had brought the message, as I was equipping myself. And the wind roared again, as if in its wrath it could defy every power to restrain, or even stand against it.

When the street door was opened, and I gave my dog the offer of accompanying me, he looked up from the mat without even raising his head; and, with a cold shrinking eye—in which, however, I must say, there was some compunction and shame at his own cowardice—he seemed to ask, what in the world I could be thinking about, and snuggled himself down the more carefully for his snooze.

I had three miles to walk across the bare, bleak downs. So, assuring myself that it was not half so bad without as one fancied indoors; that the walk would be no more than good manly exercise, and I should soon be as warm as a toast; I bent forward, head foremost, and with eyes all but shut for protection from the keen, cutting wind and blinding snow flakes, I pushed on my way. But not even the fastest walking, with all the exertion required when walking in the snow, sufficed for some time to bring more than a moderate degree of warmth into the body. With difficulty, I made my way against the blast; although, what with the exercise, and the tension of one's whole physical system, acting also on the mind, and bracing up the whole man to vigorous exertion, thought was awakened, and the feeling of power to do or dare; and sympathy went with the eagle that, from its mountain nest, would rise screaming up the wind; or with the brave explorers that had set their faces to plant the Union Jack of old England on the spot indicated for the North Pole; and then one came back to Alpine regions, and the monks and dogs of St. Bernard,

and travellers lost in the snow and saved by the faithful hound; and if Longfellow's 'Excelsior' had been extant then, perhaps the transition to it would have been obvious. But the flow of thought and feeling was soon turned into another direction, and had somewhat suddenly to become more practical; for I had just reached a slight elevation, about the middle of my journey, when I almost stumbled against some object that was stationary; and, starting, saw a man standing before me. He was standing motionless, with his arms folded, facing the storm, as if half defiantly, and yet half unconsciously. He was about the middle height, but thin, and deadly pale. Notwithstanding the rigour of the weather, he was slightly clad, with no second coat on; and no warm covering protected the throat; nothing but a black neck-kerchief, loosely tied, with the long ends blowing and flapping about his face, unheeded; while the hands, too, were without gloves.

While uttering the prompt apology which instinctively offered itself, I recognised a countenance that I had seen before; but, carefully muffled as I was, he did not know me; nor did he seem to understand, or even hear, my apology, which I was beginning to repeat, with some expressions of surprise at meeting him under such circumstances, when a groan—such as it is to be hoped is not often heard from the lips of a fellow-creature—escaped him; a groan from the lowest heart, and revealing a depth of misery which awed, and yet strangely attracted me. Remarking on the weather, and pointing to my own excessive equipment, I wished him to accept the wrapper which I had thrown around my shoulders. But this he courteously, yet firmly declined, saying, the day was by no means cold; and then, looking round him, almost seemed to recognise for the first time the drifting snow-storm and roaring wind. His lips were instantly compressed, while the eyes were more firmly set, and a gleam of expression passed over the countenance, which seemed to say that the storm was welcome; that between it and himself there was a secret intelligence, a strange affinity; he would not be otherwhere than he was. As if in part replying to my remarks and entreaties, and in part soliloquizing only, and looking out into the very face of the storm, he said, in a tone that often haunts me still,

'The March winds blow;
I am not cold;
Oppressed with woe,
And griefs untold.'

I stood silent. The deepest reverence was due to the child of wretchedness. Lost in a muse, he did not oppose my wrapping him in one of my outer garments. Then he started wildly, and would have fled; but as I held him kindly, he turned and looked into my face, as if he could read there the thoughts and feelings of the heart; looked into my eyes, as one might look into the depths of space, and see what lies there, and with such a groan as a breaking heart might give, exclaimed, 'Oh, my mother!' Then, happily, tears started to his dry and hollow eyes, and it was with no little satisfaction that I

saw them brimming over with the sweetly sad relief of the anguish-stricken heart. I awaited his recovery in silent expectation that ere long I might be enabled, by some communication from himself, to direct my remarks more pertinently, and learn how otherwise to serve him, and only ventured to press the poor cold hands in mine, and to place them for warmth on my own heart, the beating of which presently recalled him. And soon I learnt a few of the circumstances which, with others gathered subsequently, I here give. He was the only child of a widowed mother, who had given all her love to her God and her boy; and he had reciprocated her excessive affection as but the fewest sons do, or can; that a long and wasting course of speculative thought had slowly led him to the brink of the gulf which has no bottom, and where all is dark night and the most unrelieved gloom; and then he had been precipitated over, and had lived—no, not lived, suffered existence—in absolute disbelief of God; nay, had come to know that there was no God—that there could be none; and so the sun of his soul's world had set—had gone out rather, and been extinguished! His mother, from whom, in his dutifulness and affection, he had had no secret, had tried her pious skill in vain attempts to restore to him the day he no more hoped to see. Despair took possession of his soul; and the darkness growing from within outward had spread in an ever-widening circle, and caught within its gloom the meek and loving spirit of his grieving parent. Not that her faith suffered any eclipse. She still believed in God; believed in Christ. But the shadow fell upon her soul; she mourned for her son, her only son, who would have given the world to call his mother's faith his own; but he could not—a dark force held him back. Was it a true conviction? Was it a dreadful delusion? Was it a demon-power that had crept close to him, and overshadowed him with baleful influence? Mother and son had wept together. He had not even refused to kneel with her; his hand clasped in hers, when she knelt in prayer to her God, though, alas! to him—God there was none!

Circumstances, I may subsequently explain, had led him from his mother's home. He had resided for some weeks in the town where my lot was cast as a Christian minister, and I had noticed him of late as an occasional listener. I had previously learnt that he was an artist, and supposed that he was staying in our neighbourhood for professional purposes. This very morning a letter from a medical man had told him briefly, and far too abruptly, that his mother was no more! Yes; the only soul that loved him, that cared for him, even, was gone—was 'perished;' was, indeed, 'no more!' And it was his wretchedness, his desolate belief, that had blighted her life. The cold shadow that his dark and dreary heart threw on hers had chilled her soul, and struck it with its last coldness. And 'Oh, my mother! my mother!' was his piercing cry.

'O God!' said he, and then started at his own word, and looked round as if to see who spoke it. And tears came brimming into his eyes again, and again he groaned out, 'O, my mother! O God!' And then, withdrawing his hands from mine, he brushed away the

tears, as if half-ashamed to weep, and his countenance lost again the yieldingness which the magic of a mother's name had, for a moment, brought into it; and, as if he could in an instant put on the stoic, or, as if the dark power which had possessed his soul now re-asserted its claim, he asked, in a tone which intended to be calm and firm, but was tremulous and husky,

'How is it, sir, that I exclaim on God, when I do not believe in him; do not believe that there is a God?'

And again he groaned, as one in extremest anguish.

'The heart,' said I, 'is often truer than the head.'

He was silent, and I added, 'It is only your understanding that is dissatisfied with the proofs, or alleged proofs, of the logical kind, that have been addressed to it; your heart, I see, has never said to God, Depart.'

'You are right there,' said he. 'There has never been one single hour in which I would not have given a thousand worlds, if they were mine, to be able to believe that there is a God, and that his name, as you said on Sunday evening, is Love. But one must reverence Truth first and always. The Scriptures themselves (oh! well I know them) inculcate this: there must be the love of the truth; and to me, for some dreary years, Truth has closed the gates of old belief. I find, or think I find, a flaw in every proof that is ordinarily brought to demonstrate the being of a God. And this being the case, what can I do but continue faithful, as you yourself preach, to my own inner self? If I might believe in God because I wish to, it would be just as lawful for other men, of a very different make, to believe what they would prefer; and then, where are we?'

He suddenly appeared to be shocked that he could speak thus calmly, while his dear, dear mother was lying so cold and still. The full sense of death and loneliness, in the narrow coffin, and in the once familiar room, came back, and he muttered to himself,

'The first dark day of nothingness,'

with such a melancholy emphasis on the last word that it went to my heart again. His first impulse, on receiving the distressing tidings, too abruptly communicated, he had wildly followed; hence it was that I had found him under such circumstances. But he grew somewhat calmer, and decided to take the next morning's train to the distant town of H——, that he might gaze on the dear face once more, and kiss the dear cheeks that had so often been wet with a mother's love for her only boy. So he allowed me to put his arm in mine, and we moved in the direction to which my duty called me.

And thus the minister and the 'Atheist' went across the bleak downs together, the former drawing the poor sufferer to himself as closely as he could. For, surely, they were brethren; the children of one heavenly Father, though both of them did not know it. And suffering, too, was a holy bond. It was not merely pity that touched the heart of the minister. Happily for himself, he knew what suffering was—what anguish was. His own belief had not become so calm

and immovable as it was, without many a conflict, many a struggle that had seemed at the time to be a life-and-death one. He knew what it was to do business in the deep waters. To him the valley of the shadow of death was not merely something that might be in the future. And he knew what the baptism of fire meant, too. Then, had not he known a mother's love? Aye, verily, and thought there never was such a mother as his own had been. And well he remembered the solemn hour of her departure; and saw again the sunbeam that, in that early summer morning hour, had come through an opening in the curtains of the familiar window that faced the orient, and, playing upon the dying pillow, had stolen on softly, brightly, till it shone upon the venerable brow, and glorified the very death-dew which bedewed it. Aye, the believer and the unbeliever were brethren in this sad experience, and well the one had learnt sympathy in no common school.

My new companion entered the dwelling with me; and, ascertaining that the sick man felt no reluctance to a stranger's being present at our interview, we went together into the chamber. The case was one of those too common ones which illustrate the apostle's statement, that 'sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death.' The wreck of a man lay before us. He could scarcely have passed his thirtieth year, but all the manhood had long been sinned and flung away. And now he lay on his last bed; and though the ebbing life might possibly be protracted for days, or even weeks, yet everything betokened that the sufferer would never leave that chamber again till unconsciously borne from it to the grave. But it would be a needless digression to narrate the particulars of a long interview, which, at first, was excessively painful. Nothing had softened or touched the agonized victim of folly till the minister began to ask him of his mother; and then, through the still unbarred door, a way was found into the heart; and the minister was proud of the gospel he felt himself called to preach, when the hollow voice had at last falteringly asked,

'Would Christ, do you think, care to save such a one as I?'

Returning across the bleak downs we were both of us for awhile silent. The wind drove us along; and, locked arm in arm, the mutual support was welcome. Heavily did the stranger sigh, and I felt that there was a 'time to be silent.' At last I ventured to remark, that he had risen from his seat, and stood, as if in the attitude of prayer, while I had offered up petitions for the sick man whose lodging we had quitted.

'Yes,' said he, 'I respect too much the faith of those who are happy enough to possess it, to allow me needlessly to withhold such a token. I would I could have prayed too; but I thought of *her*, and the thoughts that break the heart bow the head.'

'Christianity would have saved that young man,' said I, 'from such a fate.'

'Yes, and so would common prudence, the mere observance of the laws of health,' he replied.

'You are right,' I answered, 'but were it not somewhat out of

season just now to even appear ready for discussion, I would express my wonder that, with your unbelief, you should not choose some other phraseology than that which seems to admit a framer and enforcer of laws.'

'Well,' he rejoined, with a deep sigh, 'I shall be glad, another day, to listen with respect to all that you can urge; and be sure of this, that while the understanding dares not, no, and shall not, abdicate her right, I would regard you as an angel of —— I mean, you would be the greatest of benefactors, if you could silence every honest doubt, and so set my heart free, with the full consent of reason, to believe in the God that'—his voice faltered, he paused, but after a sigh he resumed—'the God that my mother trusted in.' And again his whole frame trembled; and we spake no word more till we reached my dwelling.

As frankly as it was given he accepted the invitation to pass the remainder of the day, and that night, under my roof; and so Jephson became my guest.

Aware that, at such a time, he would naturally prefer to escape, as far as possible, all introduction to strangers, I led him at once to my 'study.' And there he begged that he might be permitted to remain. 'Silence and solitude would, if I would pardon his saying so, be the chiefest boon I could for the present confer,' he said. The usual efforts of hospitality, which I, therefore, hastened to make, that I might leave him to the company of his own thoughts, elicited the fact, painfully significant, that so totally deranged was the digestive system that food of every kind was repugnant, and this diseased condition had become so chronic that physicians had given him but little hope of the stomach's regaining its tone.* The unavoidable mention of this dietetic idiosyncrasy led him to remark, by way of explanation, that it was the long protracted strife and struggle of the soul—or, whatever that which thought might be termed—together with the means he had, perhaps unwisely, adopted, in order to try and solve the questions that had presented themselves so portentously to his mind, that had brought him into this state of disease.

He was leaning on the mantel-piece when I quitted the room, after making the fire as suggestive as I could of warm welcome, and when I returned to it, he was in the same place, and in the same attitude. The night was intensely cold, but he had not perceived that the fire had dwindled in the grate, and was now on the point of going out, although materials for replenishing it were piled close by. Roused by my entrance, and noticing my efforts to raise the expiring fire, he said, after some moments of silence,

'Ah! when the warmth has once retreated so thoroughly, there is

* It may perhaps be interesting to the professional reader, if I chance to have such, to be informed of the fact, that while all kinds of food were refused by the stomach, the only thing he could take with impunity was, nuts; on which alone he had been sustained for some months. And the only beverage he dared venture on was vinegar. A circumstance I should not have mentioned but for the faculty.

little hope of revival. Look at those cold, burnt-out cinders. Will they ever glow again?'

He was apparently speaking rather to himself than to me; but his words suggested to me a new reason, and a moral one, for answering his thoughts by deeds rather than words. I soon had the scarcely perceptible sparks into a flame. And as the hearth grew bright and cheery again, and the red fire was reflected on his pale, wan, wasted countenence, I asked him if he would accept the omen. The question brought a faint smile to a part of the lower portion of the face. To a part only. And a most transient smile it was, if it might even be called one at all. Most transient, and most melancholy.

And now I could observe my guest at leisure. He had sunk into a low chair, and sat gazing at the fire, or rather into it, as if intently watching some process, or procession, of intense interest. The brow was delicately carved; there was a grace and beauty about it rarely seen in men. I have sometimes read of a forehead of 'dazzling whiteness,' but do not remember ever to have seen so pure a one; and as clusters of fine dark hair fell upon it, and round the temples, one was reminded of beautiful sculpture. The eyes were large. Grey, I thought them then, but subsequently fancied they were blue, while others have called them hazel; perhaps the hue somewhat varied. A sadly significant darkness all about them told a melancholy tale. He could not have seen more than eight or nine-and-twenty summers (winters, he would have said), yet the deep lines of the face, telling of a long acquaintance with suffering of some kind, showed how fallacious may sometimes be the computation of life by years.

And so we sat for some time; he gazing at the fire—I at him, reading, or trying to read, that living hieroglyphic scroll, the written face. At length, as if aware of my thoughts, he somewhat suddenly turned his full melancholy, yet genial, eyes upon me, and rising, said,

'My story, if indeed there is one, is too long for to-night; after I have seen the green turf laid carefully over all that remains of *her*, I must return to this place, if only for a time, and then you shall know by what inevitable steps I have come to my present point. If I mistake not, your hour of family prayer (my father was a clergyman, but he has been dead—ah, DEAD!' said he, relapsing into a reverie, 'this many a year). Yes, I heard the evening hymn but now, and sweet young voices sung it, God bl—— I mean, may they be happy; was it yourself that played the organ in the room below? But you are ready to retire for the night.'

The clock had, in truth, struck the midnight hour some time before, and the dial on the mantel-shelf showed that it was now much later, but he took little note of time. As he would leave by the early train in the morning, before it would be light, he insisted on bidding me farewell then. But he had one request. Would I proceed to his lodgings, and bring away to my own house a small picture which he shrunk from the thought of having seen by any other eyes? He described its situation in his temporary studio; itself, he said, perhaps he need not describe. Begging me to excuse him for not giving me

his address while absent, he promised to write ere long, and to return at no distant day. Nor did he reject the blessing I ejaculated with the fervent Good night, but grasped my hand, and seemed as if he would have carried it to his lips. And still he held it, as if he would fain say something more; and as he detained it, the character of his own revealed itself. I say the character, for how much there is in the hand. If the whole repeat itself in the part, as some thinkers have said, the language of this organ may be as significant as that of any; and the reader will, perhaps, be able to recall the memory of some hand that it was pleasant to detain, to touch even. And one could hardly think of a hand like his being ever grasped in friendship or in love, and afterwards forgotten.

And so we parted; I to muse and think of the strange incidents of the day—he, to pass the night as bereaved hearts only know how, and to proceed on the morrow, before the dawn, on his long and dismal journey—graveward! May the unknown God preserve him!

Dr. Davidson on Inspiration.*

Our readers are long since aware, that in some parts of England, and especially in Lancashire, a rather vehement controversy has been and is now going on—the vexed question of *Inspiration* being the unfortunate occasion. So much misrepresentation, and consequent misapprehension, of the *locus standi* of the chief parties in this passage at arms prevails, that we hope we shall not be performing an unnecessary duty if we attempt to place the question fairly before our readers. The genesis of this matter is to be traced to a new edition of Horne's 'Introduction to the Scriptures,' the second, and by far the most important volume, of which, has been wholly re-written by Dr. Davidson, Professor of Biblical Literature in the Lancashire Independent College. Certain statements in that volume on the subject of inspiration are alleged to be 'heterodox,' that is, we presume, opposed to the vague faiths and professional technicalities of one section of modern Christendom; and therefore most pernicious in their probable tendencies upon that portion of the 'rising ministry,' who, as we have been given to understand, love and reverence their professor, for his large heartedness and genial sympathy with the difficulties of student life. It has also been insinuated that the trust deed of the college is violated by Dr. Davidson's published sentiments on this doctrine, and it has become a serious and anxiously discussed

* '*Audi alteram partem.* Dr. Davidson and the Inspiration of the Scriptures; especially addressed to the Subscribers to the Lancashire Independent College.' Manchester, 1856.

The Doctrine of Inspiration. 'British Quarterly,' Jan., 1857.

question in Lancashire, whether, holding such views, certainly not popular, and usually accounted heretical, Dr. Davidson can be allowed to retain his professorship. Our readers will observe that here is a twofold indictment against Dr. Davidson, the one resting on his alleged departure from the recognised traditions or faiths of the Christian Church; the *other*, his want of fidelity to some condition of a trust deed under which he accepted office. This latter and special count in the indictment we dispose of at once and finally, by saying that the trust deed of the Lancashire College does not contain any clause that has reference to the doctrine of inspiration—so that this objection falls to the ground.

The other, and general objection to Dr. Davidson's views on inspiration is of far greater importance, and demands a calm investigation. Because Dr. Davidson is not the man, so far as we can judge of him by his *works*, to stand upon any legal technicalities touching trust deeds; if in honour and truth he could not retain his present professional chair he would at once resign it, all trust deeds to the contrary notwithstanding.

And, therefore, we come to examine this controversy on its broad and generally recognisable terms; our object being to place on record matters of fact that will necessarily be materials for the future history of opinion, and at the same time, as Christian journalists, to give expression to certain convictions that have been awakened in us by the present angry attitudes of many who have involved themselves, and are sedulously striving to involve others, in a controversy which now threatens to become painfully personal.

This controversy does not concern us merely as *Nonconformists*. We have good reason for saying that outside of the circle of 'our denomination' this matter is debated with eager interest. The venerable Mr. Horne, in the forgetfulness or feebleness of intellect incident to extreme age, has written to the 'Literary Churchman' a singularly vehement letter about 'his private and repeated remonstrances' with Dr. Davidson, the simple fact being, as is proved by examination of the correspondence, that there were 'just two things, and only two things, in which Mr. Horne wrote to Dr. Davidson, respecting some things he wished to be altered.' The 'Record,' also, with its own peculiar facility of detecting heresy in every man who prefers pure morals to the Thirty-nine Articles, has denounced Dr. Davidson as 'prostituting a standard book to the service of German rationalism.' The 'Athenæum,' in its own heartless, but too frequently partizan spirit, has pretended to insinuate that Dr. Davidson has been a dishonest borrower, without acknowledgment, of the *ipissima verba* of Lowth, and by a poorly concealed spirit of cliquism has endeavoured, also, to damage Dr. Davidson's well-earned reputation as a scholar. The 'Journal of Sacred Literature,' in referring to Mr. Macnaught's book, has said, 'that it can hardly be beat by any passages that can be culled from professed infidels, and *yet the book* is introduced to American readers by the imprimature of Dr. S. Davidson, of the Manchester Independent College,

and English editor of the "Bibliotheca Sacra."' Lastly, in other journals connected with sacred literature has this question of inspiration, and the second volume of Horne's Introduction, been discussed, and so far as present appearances go, the whole matter seems likely to prove a *vexata* question, both within and without the more immediate circles of Nonconformity.

So much then in outline of generalities. And now we have the 'British Quarterly' complicating the whole matter by a new article on inspiration. Of course our readers know that Dr. Vaughan is the writer of this article; this is no secret; the 'Nonconformist,' in its review of Dr. Davidson's book, largely quoted from the 'British Quarterly' of 1851, to show that the views held by one professor of the Lancashire College, on the subject of inspiration, were very nearly, if not precisely, similar to those held by the other professor. Hereupon the world receives this last article on inspiration, in which Dr. Vaughan avows his authorship of both, and thus fulfils a rather unseemly threat contained in a letter to the 'Nonconformist' of December 10, 1856, in which are these hard words; '*if I am to be forced into it* (the "dispute") *after this manner, I shall be prepared to speak in this controversy, as I have spoken in some others, that is, as my sense of truth and duty shall dictate.*' Well, we hope, that is how every man speaks in all matters of 'dispute,' but it is painful to find Dr. Vaughan writing as if he had monopolized those precious things called 'truth and duty,' and thereby allowing judgment to go by default of honesty, on the part of those who, with much respect and admiration, are compelled to dissent from some of Dr. Vaughan's premises and conclusions.

The head and front of Dr. Davidson's offending appears to be the seventeenth chapter of the volume already referred to; a very short chapter, extending only from pp. 371 to 376, in which, we believe, it is generally assumed, at least we *know* to a great extent that it *is* assumed, that Dr. Davidson's views are novel, unscriptural, and therefore 'unsound.' With much care, and with a real desire to arrive at the truth, we have sat down to the study of this volume, availing ourselves of all the helps within our reach, and we are compelled to say that we arrive at perfectly opposite conclusions.

Dr. Davidson's views on inspiration are not novel. He is no breaker up of untrodden ground. He merely says in his own method what others, even Dr. Vaughan in the article indicated at the commencement of our paper, have said in theirs. We greatly regret that any theologians should attempt to frame a theory to account for the fact of inspiration. The fact admitted, that the Bible is an inspired book in all matters touching the religious life of man, or the development of the kingdom of God upon earth; that is to say, that where moral and religious truth are concerned, there the Bible is an inspired, and therefore infallible guide; this being admitted, we not only think it altogether idle to discuss the nature of the Spirit's operation on the mind of the sacred penman, but we think it *wicked* to denounce a man as a 'heretic' because he thinks that Moses was

not the *sole* author of the Pentateuch, or that 'an honest mind, calmly seeking after God's truth in the spirit he approves, will not be at a loss to make sufficient distinction between religious or ethical truth, and departments that belong to the natural and human.' We do not commit ourselves to Dr. Davidson's theory of inspiration; we confess to a perfect inability, also, to comprehend Dr. Vaughan's elaborated scheme of the nature of, and extent to which, this inspiration extended. It is very easy for us to frame a theory, under which the phases of inspiration may seem to arrange themselves satisfactorily, but it is a vastly different matter to make this theory fit all the phenomena, psychological and moral, that intertwine themselves with the difficult facts of divine inspiration *and* human agency. So far as we conceive of the matter at all, we believe that no human theory can cover the fact of inspiration; the *ordinary* operations of the Spirit are unexplained *to*, and therefore inexplicable *by*, us; how much more must be those extraordinary communications, concerning which it is said 'that holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost;' and yet that such was the abnormal state of the inspired minds of these writers, that they had 'to search what or what manner of time the Spirit of Christ which was in them did signify, when it testified beforehand the sufferings of Christ, and the glory that should follow.'

As a book of religious truth, that is, conveying God's will in all cases where man's relationship to God and future destiny are concerned, we hold the Bible to be a plenarily inspired, and therefore infallible book. 'The mission and office of the sacred writers was a religious one. They were the media employed of God to make known his will to men respecting his nature; his modes of dealing with his responsible creatures on this earth; their condition, duties, and hopes as immortal beings. They wrote to show, in various ways, what the history of the human race has been in relation to God, the Creator, Ruler, and loving Parent. All their communications bore upon Messiah and his salvation, the only-begotten Son of the Father, in his humiliation, functions, and exaltation.' (*Davidson*, p. 373.) The doctor admits that this is 'delicate ground;' that the 'conscientious, but timid theologian may ask, How can you draw a line between the region of religious and moral truth, and the lower region you are now referring to?

It has pleased Dr. Vaughan to speak of Dr. Pye Smith 'as a mere child in practical judgment, and in that knowledge of human nature, without which no man can judge wisely concerning such a doctrine' (inspiration) as we have now under consideration. Apart from the truth or otherwise of this rather dogmatic assertion, we humbly submit that this doctrine of inspiration lies altogether out of the range of those subjects which are settled by 'practical judgment,' and 'knowledge of human nature.' But if Dr. Pye Smith was a 'mere child,' he has said that about inspiration which, had they but adhered to its wise silence, would have saved both Dr. Davidson and Dr. Vaughan a world of unnecessary trouble and

mental excitement. 'The precise nature of inspiration, and the method of its operation upon the minds of its subjects, we cannot know; for it is not explained in the records of revelation, and none of us have experience of it. Most probably, it could not be made intelligible by any kind of verbal description. It extended *only to religious subjects*, and it made the apostles safe and infallible guides on all such subjects.' Such was this 'mere child's' view of this deeply important doctrine. Dr. Davidson has said the same thing, only in other words, to which, on page 504 of the second volume of Horne's 'Introduction,' we must refer our readers. The summary is, to use the doctor's own words, 'Whatever they inculcate respecting doctrine and duty, is INFALLIBLY CORRECT.' If this be heretical, Dr. Vaughan himself is a 'heretic,' for, on page 236, we find Dr. Vaughan writing as follows:—'David was inspired as a psalmist,' that is, when teaching moral or religious truth, 'but we may *doubt his inspiration* when, in his ode upon the death of Saul, he can be blind to the errors of the dead king, and attribute qualities to him in a manner partaking more of poetic license than of *truthfulness*;' that is, there is something not true in the Bible, apart from moral and religious teaching. 'So Deborah was inspired when, in the name of the Lord, she called Israel to arm against the oppressor; but *she does not tell us that she was inspired*' (neither does she 'tell us' anywhere that she was inspired), 'when she wrote her song upon the struggle after it was over; and the contents of that song oblige us to distinguish between Deborah as an *inspired messenger*, and Deborah *simply* [uninspired?] as a poetess. Here the human and the divine are clearly recognised, and the inspired and uninspired portion of the lives of Biblical characters defined with a sharpness to which even we cannot give assent.'

But we must end our criticisms. We have not essayed to write on inspiration. To place certain facts on record touching the religious freedom we all claim, but so few allow, has been our only purpose. We disclaim creeds, and articles, and ecclesiastical jurisdiction, and so on; but we have them all with the vulgarity and pettiness of cliquism beside. It is a difficult thing, as some of us know, to be an Independent amongst Independents, or a Dissenter amongst Dissenters. Dr. Davidson is our present illustration; he has yet to be tried by his *peers* if he must be tried at all; but we doubt whether the majority of the present committee would consider themselves such in questions affecting not simply 'a practical judgment' and 'knowledge of human nature,' but the highest departments of psychological investigation and Biblical research.

* * *

Hugh Miller.

For many years nothing has so stunned, shocked, and horrified the public mind as the death, by his own hand, of the great and good man whose name we have prefixed to this paper. We hear often a cant about such and such a sad event 'casting a gloom' over society; but in the case before us these words had a meaning. The very aboriginal mysteries of Evil and Death seemed deepened at the tidings of such a man being permitted to come to such an end. In the course of a long connexion with journalism it was inevitable for a man of Miller's strong passions, decided views, and uncompromising honesty, to make enemies. But these were all disarmed by the affecting and awful manner of his death; and we know of one of the ablest of men bursting into tears when he heard of the sad event. Deeply felt wherever his name had penetrated, his death acted like an earthquake shock to Edinburgh, which then, for the first time, became fully aware that it was its greatest and most gifted citizen who had been removed. The death of Haydon, ten years ago, did not produce a tithe of the impression. His life had always been a scrambling and miserable one, and his nature was essentially flighty and erratic. In leaving Edinburgh, where he had been lecturing in March, 1846, his last words to the secretary of the Philosophical Institution were, 'I'll go home and cut my throat;' and when he did at last retire to his chamber, himself alone, 'not to fast or to pray,' but to blow out his brains, it was only what might have been expected. But Hugh Miller, with his proud, firm, commanding nature, and his clear, masculine intellect—no man could ever have dreamed of him dying as fools and maniacs die. And yet so it is. Well may men exclaim, as many have exclaimed, 'God help us all! Lord! what is man?'

We propose, while the public interest and sorrow are still eddying around his premature and self-dug grave, to say a few words about him. We had a very slight personal acquaintance with him, but have experienced his literary friendship, and have always highly respected his character and genius.

Hugh Miller was perhaps a little overrated, as all self-taught men are apt to be, just as men generally over estimate the strength and courage of a bandit or savage above those of a regular soldier. His style, for instance, has by many critics been compared to Goldsmith's—a most unfortunate comparison—since the peculiarities of Goldsmith's style were ease, unconscious felicity, and unstudied sweetness, while those of Miller's were strength and high elaboration. It was natural, since a self-taught man could write so well, to exaggerate his merits, just as the first tolerable draughts of one learning penmanship are more praised by the master than the finished copies of advanced scholars. Apart from this natural exaggeration, however, Miller's merits and powers were of a very high order. He had in large measure intellect of that masculine type which stamps the strong man,

and distinguishes him from the effeminate on the one hand, and the fantastic on the other. His mind had a clear massiveness about it, reminding you of his own favourite hill—the glory of the Moray Frith—Ben Wyvis—when its huge form is sprinkled with snow. He had less a subtle than a strong intellect—less a beautiful than a bold imagination. As in Allan Cunningham, you saw the vigorous stone-cutter in all that he did. His views and his language were not always those of a man looking abroad into universality, but more frequently reminded you of the attitude of one looking down intently on a special piece of mason-work, and his fancy was just the spray of stone which surrounds such a sturdy worker. He is one of the few men of genius who have never for a moment condescended to trifle. An earnest purpose pervades even his slightest sketches and stories. Contrast him in this respect with Goldsmith and Washington Irving. Not only does he display incomparably more thought and more muscular force, but he never, like them, deliberately lingers amidst oddities for his own mere delight; nor when he finds a luxuriant spot of velvet verdure and flowers, does he lie down and loll on it, to the waste of precious time, and to the Capuan enfeeblement of his own genius. Miller simply touches on such spots, refreshes himself and his readers a moment beside them, and then pursues his way. The consequence is, that his humour, though considerable, is far drier and less rich than that of these writers, or of Sir Walter Scott, although his sarcasm is of a very peculiar and formidable description, as many an enemy to the 'Witness' felt to his cost. His style has, by some critics, been claimed as almost faultless. It is, indeed, astonishing to see with what comparative purity, precision, and flexibility the stone-mason of Cromarty indites English, and what felicitous expressions drop from his pen. In translating science, too, into popular phraseology, he is a great master. How, like a boa constrictor swallowing the horns, hide, and gigantic bones of a rhinoceros, and reducing them by its strong saliva, does our author appropriate and melt down into readable essence the uncouth terminologies and rugged cacophonies of the modern geology. He turns chaos into harmony, beauty, and poetry; and while Buckland and Sedgwick only say, Miller sings the wonders of old 'Mother Earth.' Every one remembers how Buckland said he would have given one of his hands to have written the 'Old Red Sandstone,' that 'fairy tale of science,'—to employ with strict propriety that famous expression of the poet-laureate. If in any one thing we deem Miller's style deficient, we think it is in *abandonment*. The highest masters of writing are those who, while strictly attentive to accuracy in general, can, on certain great occasions, give themselves full swing, throw the reins over the neck of their steed, and go off at a generous, fiery, breakneck gallop. Thus did Burke, in some of the best passages in his 'French Revolution,' and often in his 'Letters on a Regicide Peace,' the last and noblest production of his genius. Thus does De Quincey sometimes quit his measured majesty of motion, and rise, as in the 'Suspiria de Profundis,' into lyrical raptures—only inferior to Milton's higher

prose—where, too, we find some perfect specimens of this abandonment. Now, there is little of this in Miller. Even his noblest and most eloquent passages have a certain constrained air, as though knowing the deficiencies of his education (take, for instance, that on the ocean, at page 203 of 'First Impressions of England'), he were afraid to launch out, in case of blundering and breaking down. He is said to have composed with great difficulty; to have made many erasures and additions; and to have resorted to the dictionary more than most practised authors require. And yet nothing strikes us more than the vast multitude of allusions to subjects foreign from, although related to, his general themes. Like Burke, he gathers illustrations from all quarters; from science, literature, common life, art, and history; and the use he makes of what he does know is, in general, as felicitous as Burke's, although his knowledge is not nearly so encyclopædiac, and he has a far less subtle, bold, and prodigal imagination.

Apart from his scientific pretensions, Miller's love and knowledge of literature would alone have made him famous. He was eminently fitted for a critic; indeed, we are inclined to think that this was his true vocation. As a geologist he stands high, but ranks more as a describer than as a discoverer in that science. As a poet his early volume, although it contained some fine pieces, was a failure. But few men have displayed a stronger sympathy with English literature, a keener discrimination of its peculiar beauties, or have expressed their critical dicta in language so strong, yet delicate, so deliberate, decisive, and enthusiastic. We refer our readers in proof of this to the manly, healthy, generous, and just criticisms on Shenstone, Shakespere, Cowper, and others in his 'First Impressions of England,' as well as to his many literary papers in the 'Witness.' His early love of literature had been very strong, and very disinterested, and not the sobriety of middle life, nor the pursuits of science, nor the tear and wear of a newspaper life, nor the disputes of party, nor the chill of sorrows with which no stranger could intermeddle, and which only a few suspected to exist, till that dreadful pistol shot proclaimed them to the world, were able to damp this genial ardour. He retained it to the end, and it is interesting to notice that his last employment with his children was reading them some of Cowper's little poems. Was there any significance in his selection of 'the Castaway' as one of these? Ah! ere morning he might have exclaimed,

> 'We perished each alone,
> But I amid a rougher sea,
> And whelmed in deeper tides than he.'

In one point, perhaps, only he came short as a critic of our present literature. He had not sufficient appreciation of the merits of that school of semi-German bards, including Coleridge, Shelley, Byron, Keats, and their recent followers, Bailey, Smith, Yendys, Bigg, &c. He admitted their genius, while he saw their faults, but he did not fully sympathize with them as the indices of a certain state in the

public mind, a state of purifying fever and hopeful unrest; their spirit not altogether 'Satanic,' and their power not entirely 'spasmodic.' He should have remembered that as there are convulsions in the series of geological progress, and comets as well as stars in the heavens, so there should, ought, and must be poetic writers, who are a law unto themselves, and who are welcomed because they spring from, are adapted to, and serve first to intensify, and then to relieve a certain morbid condition in the mind of the world. From doing full justice to such writers Miller was deterred, partly by the overbearing healthiness of his own intellectual nature; secondly, by this ignorance or indifference about the German authors, and his preference for purely English models, such as Shakespere, Milton, and Cowper; and, thirdly, by the intensity of his religious convictions, which, although sincere, in general just, and becoming wider with time, would not permit him to see anything good in diametrically opposite opinions. He seldom stepped boldly forward from the 'nettle danger to pluck the flower safety;' in other words, to list the music which sometimes mingles with blasphemy, and to gather the flowers which sometimes grow amidst the foul debris of sin. At the same time, Miller was, on the whole, a *fair* literary critic. In party, polemical, or personal matters, he was occasionally truculent, savage, and unjust, but on literary matters he usually despised the common arts of detraction; avoided the language of low abuse; was a righteous and genial judge; and remembered that a critic should be not only a gentleman, but a Christian. In one instance, irritated by controversial heat, he did gross injustice to Thomas Aird's genius, but we know that he repented of, and regretted, this, and learned to think and to speak very highly of the most original poet now extant in Scotland. This was noble, and showed true greatness of soul. An inferior critic (as Byron says, while praising similar conduct on Jeffrey's part to him) 'would have gone on cavilling to the end of the chapter.'

If, as hinted above, in some points, Miller's strict Calvinistic creed weakened, in others it served to strengthen him. Calvinism has been called a chilly doctrine; but even as the strong Alpine air, which kills weaklings and infants, braces sturdy men, and gives hunters the wings of eagles in crossing chasms, and the feet of mules in climbing dizzy ravines, so has Calvinism acted upon certain Anakim of intellect or of genius. What strength it evolved or confirmed in Augustin, in John Calvin himself, in Knox, in Howe, Edwards, and many Scottish divines! The finer and more poetic forms of Christianity have taken shape in the minds of partial Arminians, such as John Scott (of the 'Christian Life'), Jeremy Taylor, and Bishop Heber; but the sterner grandeurs of our faith are better represented in our Puritanic literature. Miller himself says—'Arminianism is a greatly less awakening system of doctrine than the Calvinism of Scotland. It does not lead the earnest mind into those abstruse recesses of thought to which the peculiar Calvinistic doctrines form so inevitable a vestibule. The man who deems himself free is content simply to believe that he is so; while he who regards himself as bound is sure to institute a narrow

scrutiny into the nature of the chain that binds him; and hence it is that Calvinism proves the best possible of all schoolmasters for teaching a religious people to think.' There is some truth in these remarks; but perhaps even the eye of our author did not see the whole truth on this subject. We do not pretend to do so either, but think that there is a little more in it than his rapid glance in this case discerned. In the first place, Arminianism, as well as Calvinism, *does* lead every thinking mind into the abstrusest recesses, and does awaken all who think and feel. Nay, it awakens many (witness Wesleyanism!) more powerfully than Calvinism itself. Why? The great difference between the two systems lies in the source where they respectively fix the beginning of our blank subjection and blind *ignorance*. Calvinism, fixing this in one cause—the will of God; Arminianism, fixing it partly in this and partly in the will of man; but none of them explaining how it comes about that either controls human destiny, what either really is, or how the two powers or influences can be harmonized. Both the Calvinist and the Arminian feel themselves bound, that is, if they think on the subject accurately, or at all; but while the Calvinist feels only one chain, the Arminian feels *two*, for his own will, too, binds him, although it is seemingly with a soft and silken tie; and the difference is, that while the system of the one is simpler and more philosophical, the subjection of both is complete, and neither can fully reconcile his own responsibility with the tyrannous stream of tendency in which he is involved, arising from God or himself; and yet each knows that such a reconciliation there must be, ere God can be just and the sinner not guiltless. Another difference may be, that while the Arminian, deluding himself with the idea that he can break the chains which bind him, sometimes makes the trial mainly in *his own power*, and with no thought of God, and fails; the Calvinist, thinking that the chain is infrangible, save by direct Divine influence (in other words, save by a *contradictory* movement on the part of Omnipotence), frequently lies still in helpless passivity. But it is hard to tell whether helpless action, or hopeless inaction, be the worse extreme. The only possible medium lies in the apostolic words, 'Work out your salvation, seeing it is God that worketh in you to will and to do.' Do not seek to inquire narrowly into the *nature* of the chain or chains which bind you; that be sure ye shall never in this world know; still less violently seek to break these chains. You cannot; and may soon find your own will as irresistible and inscrutable as God's. All you can do is to *struggle and aspire in your chains*. Where is the captive so heavily ironed, but he can *stir* and look upwards? And in that stirring and upcast aspiration, if it be continued perseveringly, lies your salvation, and that result is at once your and God's work.

Before proceeding to one or two points connected with the question, What has Hugh Miller done with the extraordinary powers, acquirements, and high Christianity of his character, we have to notice, in fine, as to his literary efforts, their intensely practical character. He owed this partly to the natural tendency of his mind, and partly to

circumstances and training, which brought him long, and sometimes rather roughly, in contact with the realities of things. He was at one time a stonemason—at another, a banker's clerk—at a third, an editor of a newspaper—and throughout these varied occupations, a hard-hammering geologist. All this served to give him a stern and angular cast of mind, to brush away whatever dreamy poetic mist might have threatened to gather around him, and to keep his common-sense on a level with his genius. Hence, it is truly refreshing in an age when there is, in writing even of merit, so much of bewilderment, pretension to depth, and vague, pointless platitudes, to light upon such pithy utterances, expressed uniformly in clear, solid Saxon, and bearing on our every-day business, as abound in his works.

What has Hugh Miller done? He has, it will be said, written such books as 'Old Red Sandstone,' 'My Schools and Schoolmasters,' 'Letter to Lord Brougham,' 'Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland,' &c., all weighty, interesting, original, and composed with great force and eloquence. But the question recurs, What are the leading *ideas* he has sought to inculcate on the world, and how far has he succeeded in his efforts? To a short consideration of these we now address ourselves.

First—He has asserted the dignity of work; the importance of the labouring man; and the necessity of culture, and of Christianity, to the lower classes. He did so, partly by precept, and partly by example. He has repeatedly in his writings urged his fellow-workmen to forego low habits; to struggle with that dull and idle despair which often depresses them still more than intemperance; and to aspire, by industry, the cultivation of their minds, and attention to the precepts of Christ, to rise in the social scale. And, in order to enforce his exhortations, he has appealed to his own history, substantially, *thus*—'Why have I risen from the ranks? Not from genius alone! No! had I possessed nothing else, I might have got the length of a hedge schoolmaster, or of a poor despised gauger, like Burns; and ere this, I had probably been found dead in a ditch; but I carefully watched my opportunities of self-improvement. I maintained a sober, steady deportment; and while I wrought at my trade, I read literature, and studied science—*the* science I found next me, within my hands, and under my feet—the science of geology; and while doing all this, I read my Bible and worshipped and feared my God. Go ye and do likewise.' In thus saying and acting, Hugh Miller has done immensely more than Burns to make the bonnet of the poor man stand high on his brow, and to elevate the aspirations of his brethren in toil, not only in Scotland, but throughout the whole world.

Secondly—Miller tried to raise the character of the newspaper press in Scotland. That stood always high intellectually, but was, as a whole, intensely secular, when it was not openly infidel, in its tone. Our author, so soon as he entered on its arena, set himself to subject all matters to the standard of religious principle. He did not, like some papers in his own country, square off a certain space for

bits of Scripture, and quotations from religious writers—a kind of 'God's acre'—and then leave all the rest of the field open to every species of malice, misrepresentation, envy, and uncharitableness. He sought to steep his whole sheet in essential Christianity. He did not entirely succeed in this; he was sometimes betrayed by passion, pique, or party necessities, into feelings and language opposed to the spirit of the gospel. But this was inevitable, and we regret it less than we do the fact that so few of our newspaper editors have followed his better example, and that in Christianity, as well as in commanding genius and rugged honesty, Hugh Miller stood at his death, not altogether, but almost alone.

Thirdly—Miller offered to view the interesting phenomenon of a man rising gradually (like an elephant amidst a load of baggage) out of the trammels of party, into gigantic and almost Ishmaelitish independence, and into those expansive relations of mind without which, we suspect, there can hardly exist the truest and highest genius. He began his career as an ardent disciple of the Confession of Faith, and a keen supporter of the Evangelical side of the Church of Scotland; his early sympathies were with the straitest tenets, and the sternest language of his creed; and when, afterwards, he found his Church involved in a crisis, he lent the whole force of his pen to her service, and was hailed by the majority of her members as next to Chalmers, the main author and the glory of the disruption. Various circumstances have tended somewhat of late to cool him to a portion of his party. It were simply calling him *either* a 'faultless monster whom the world ne'er saw,' *or*, a hollow hypocrite, to say that he did not feel the slights of some of the disruption divines—the fact, for instance, that in Buchanan's memorial of the 'Ten Years' Struggle' *his* name was ignored, an omission as contemptible as though, in a history of the anti-slavery agitation in Britain, there were no mention of the name of Clarkson—and he notoriously revolted at the almost Papal supremacy of Candlish. But while all this, and more than this, is true, it was principally owing to his widening catholicity and Christianity of view that he ceased to be a party man,—and that, although his interest in his Church continued deep, he was no longer heard, like a chained watch-dog, barking indiscriminately at her foes, or seen embracing indiscriminately her friends. It has been hinted that his attachment to the Christian faith has of late been loosened: this we do not believe, it has yet to be proved; but if any slackening had begun, we would attribute it partly to his disgust at the tortuous policies, trickeries, and hollowness, of professed Christians and Christian leaders, and partly to the chilling and uncertain nature of his scientific studies, not to any falling off either in Christian feeling, or in the Christian life. But we are disposed unhesitatingly to deny that his faith was shaken, or that his piety was lessened, although he had, undoubtedly, become vastly more liberal in his views, sentiments, and language. He was, in fact, too great for any party; but no man can be too great for Christ.

Fourthly—He had, as we have just hinted, his full share in the

formation of the Free Church. This particular might lead us into long illustrations, and, perhaps, some awkward collisions which we rather wish to shun. The Free Church is, as yet, an incomplete experiment. So far as it has done good—and it has done much—Miller deserves a large share of the credit; and the evil connected with it has arisen from measures and counsels over which he had no control, and against some of which he vehemently and often protested. Against a style of preaching, too, very prevalent amongst its clergymen, and manifestly behind the age, and unworthy of Christianity, he, in conjunction with Guthrie, some years since, lifted up his voice in terms which were listened to, but, we fear, not generally obeyed.

Fifthly—To the reconciliation of geology with Scripture, Hugh Miller has devoted all the riches of his knowledge, and all the energies of his genius, and would, we believe, have preferred no epitaph to this, 'Here lies the man who has reconciled the testimony of the rocks to the first chapter of Genesis.' We, for our part, do not see much grandeur in this epitaph, or in the achievement it would have commemorated, not much more than though it had been varied thus—'Here lies the man who reconciled the Copernican hypothesis to the words in the 104th Psalm, "The sun ariseth. They gather themselves together."' We never could see much greater difficulty in the one case of discrepancy than in the other. Both spring from the same grand mistakes about verbal inspiration, and about the Bible being answerable for the scientific ideas of its age. It had been a very different thing had Miller reconciled the *spirit* and *genius* of modern science and philosophy to those of Judaism and Christianity. These, in many points, are exceedingly diverse, although it were easy to show that the diversity bears as strongly against the divinity of the two former, as of the two latter—against nature as against religion. Butler has shown that the same difficulties apply to nature as to revelation. He might have shown that more difficulties apply to the former than to the latter, and that there is more evidence for Christianity than for the God of Nature. Still there is a problem as to the causes of the diversity in spirit or moral character, &c., between what are generally thought emanations of the same power, which Miller and no man has yet solved, and the difficulty connected with which there is little evidence that he ever *saw*. We wonder, too, and rejoice as well as wonder, that he preserved so much piety while working amongst the cold slush or the fire-mists of chaos, and handling those hideous miscreations in which man sees many of his own features represented as in gigantic mockery and colossal caricature. Strong as the evidence for the modern geology is, there are dark thoughts and difficulties connected with it, compared to which those of the Bible are trifling, and which call still more strongly for an act of *faith*; and these Miller has not touched with one of his fingers.

Yet, if he has not explained the mysteries, no man has so admirably brought out the poetry of geological science. He absolutely revels in

the contemplation of those vast œons and those enormous monsters which preceded the coming of man; runs races with the mammoth and the mastodon; cleaves the aboriginal air with the pterodactyle; swims the ocean with the holoptychius and pterichthys, or paddles in the water with the ichthyosaurus. Swedenborg himself, in his mythical visions, has not extracted more Dantesque grandeur from his nightmare shapes 'of red snakes swimming through oceans of fire,' &c., than Miller from those early abortions which the mind has sometimes difficulty from refraining to think as unreal and fantastic as the others.

In one point, Hugh Miller, by a glance of his own mind, anticipated what has become since a popular doctrine, we mean the non-plurality of worlds. This doctrine was pleaded at length, in 1854, by Dr. Whewell, in a well-known and very able treatise. Hugh Miller had, in 1845, started the same idea, as an answer to those who objected to the modern geology because it involved a waste of time and space. Miller pointed to the heavens and said, 'See the same waste there: can you prove that these planets and suns are yet inhabited, although they are probably preparing for habitation?' Curiously enough, we had, in the *previous year* (1844) started the same thought in the following words—'For aught science knows, there may be no immortal intelligences but men in the wide creation. For aught she knows, the universe may only yet be *beginning* to be peopled, and earth have been selected as the first spot for the great colonization.' This was uttered in a lecture which, on copying out, and sending, in 1845, to a popular periodical, was refused admission on the express ground that we had contradicted 'analogy' in our theory. Hugh Miller, entirely ignorant of all this, or even then of our existence, that very year contended bravely for the truth that 'analogy is not identity.' Then came Whewell, with his host of answerers. Then, more lately, Baden Powell has tried to pursue a somewhat middle course, and seems to think he has made out that some parts of the universe are peopled—that others *may* be—that some decidedly are *not*—but that all shall be—statements which might all have been summed up in the previous words, 'great colonization,' since these imply that God's purpose is to colonize the worlds with intelligent beings, but is doing it gradually, in accordance with his usual plan of procedure. The Pantheists, on the other hand, whose God, as defined by one of themselves as 'unlimited life,' raised a yell when told that there were worlds upon worlds, where God, but not life, was. And there the matter rests, and shall rest for a long time, unless Sir David Brewster should act on Burns's idea—

> 'But shortly they will cowe the loons;
> Some auld light herds in neibour towns
> Are mind, in things they ca' balloons,
> To *tak a flight*,
> *And stay a month among the moons*,
> An' see them right.'

Hugh Miller we only met twice, and these meetings took place in a

vestry before he mounted a lecture platform. His appearance was far from prepossessing. We seldom have met a man of such conspicuous powers so unlike a man of genius. His brow, indeed, was massive, but there was not a particle of fire in his eye, of geniality in his face, or of animation in his delivery. He seemed absent and lost in thought—away in the bowels of the earth, even while addressing his audience, whom, consequently, he altogether failed to interest. Yet, withal, there must have been a vital warmth somewhere under his apparently proud and cold bearing. The whole world is at present at sea about the causes of his death, and many are angry exceedingly at the careless conduct of his medical and other friends. It is generally thought that his mind was only partially unhinged, and that he shot himself to escape from total derangement. More light may yet be cast upon this melancholy subject, but meanwhile we cry, Peace to his memory—the memory of one who, whatever might be his faults of temper and of diseased self-esteem, was a brave, noble, honest, as well as gifted man, and still more a Christian than a man of high and original genius.

G. G.

French Theology.

THE aspects of Protestantism in France seem much more cheerful and healthful at the present time than they have been for generations. Error and indifferentism in regard to the doctrine of Christ exist amongst, along with persecution of, its adherents; but there is also a widening acquiescence in, and stedfast maintaining of, the truth as it is in Jesus. As a consequence, its theology is assuming another form—is receiving another tinge out of the many in which revealed truth is capable of becoming visible to the finite mind—and has already produced impressions beyond the boundaries in which its vernacular is current. Some of the writings of this school have been translated into English and circulated extensively; and to A. Monod, but especially to Vinet, many gratefully acknowledge a large debt.

In M. de Pressensé we find another who is well worthy of taking a place along with the authors just named. He is son of the wise and devoted agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and is a minister of the Chapelle Taitbout (Independent) in Paris. Though young, this* is not his first separate work. The largest of his others is one called out by the events of 1848, entitled, '*Conférences* upon Christianity in its Application to Social Questions,' from which we might yet learn something. Besides, he is a frequent contributor to periodicals, and editor, we believe, of 'Le Revue Chrétien.' Nor

* 'Le Redempteur. Discours par Edmond de Pressensé, Pasteur.' London: Williams and Norgate.

is he a retiring student. He appears before the legal tribunals, and pleads for righteous treatment of his persecuted Protestant brethren.

The book, whose title we have given below, is a series of twelve discourses upon subjects which are the staple of a scriptural theology. The preface gives us hints of the author's aims; and a brief statement taken from it—sometimes using his language, but generally condensing it—will be a guide to obtain some idea of the spirit of the work, and an indication of its lines of thought.

The discourses are not sermons, though a course of sermons on the work of salvation occasioned their preparation. They are intended to be a sort of introduction to a larger work on the history of the first three ages of the Christian Church, at which the author has been labouring for some years. *This* volume considers the absolute and eternal in evangelical truth; *that*, its transformations in history. It is redemption which is here presented in its diverse phases, but, above all, in its essential phase, which is, the life of Jesus Christ. He does not write a life of Jesus in opposition to that of Strauss; but it has been present to his mind; for he believes that book has affected contemporaneous ideas more than is thought. If he shows the rich unity of revelation from the fall to the cross and resurrection, he proves it to be true. He has no hesitating conviction as to the agreement of Christianity with the conscience; for the Saviour is not only a free gift of God, he is also the desire of all nations. The events which were preparations for Christianity were also aimed to develop the wish for salvation. But this agreement is far from identity. There is a thirst for salvation in the human soul, but it needs water from on high. Jesus Christ was not on earth merely to recall a forgotten lesson, or to descend to the rank of an interpreter of the truth shut up within us. He was as a Saviour as well as a Revealer. The cross is not for us a simple witness of the love of the Father—as the flowers under our feet, and the starry heaven over our heads—it is the altar of the great Sacrifice which gives man to God and God to man. Conscience is predisposed to a Saviour, but a Saviour is necessary. The object is not to be sacrificed to the subject any more than the subject to the object. Their relation, however, is not of that arid kind which consists in imposing certain formulas upon the conscience; nor is it of that kind which makes revelation to be but a *pure et simple expression* of conscience, or only a commentary on it. The first gives us a stone for bread; the last would nourish us with our own hunger.

The solution of the problem as to how subject and object, freedom and authority, stand related to each other, is far from being laid claim to. The author addresses a testimony—the manifestations of a Christian consciousness—rather than a system. A position in which all doctrines are impregnably entrenched is not yet open to us. We see only endeavours after it. And there is to be no desire to arrest the movements of thought, and, under the name of simplicity of faith, to devote oneself to obscurantism. If the gospel is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever, theology does not partake of this immutability. The doctrines of the Reformation were no more com-

plete as a scientific system, than those of the second or third centuries. Like our predecessors we, too, are advancing, and we know to what end. Catholicism sacrificed God to man; and the theology of the sixteenth century, especially in the most logical of its systems, sacrificed the human element too much. Another phase has to be worked out—that in which the two terms of the religious problem shall be maintained, and the human harmonized with the divine, the moral with the religious element. We are to place ourselves at the very centre of Christianity, whose first dogma is the union of divinity and humanity in the person of Jesus Christ. We must study the Scriptures more profoundly, and make use of the labours of those who have gone before, in order to become more Christian in our conceptions; that is to say, to reject every Pagan and Jewish element.

This is the task assigned to us. Everywhere the question of freedom and authority is causing movement, and in the religious domain the most violent attack comes from the side of a pantheistic determinism, requiring us to fortify ourselves on the menaced moral element. Our harassed age has materials to aid it in the reconstruction of theology, and, doubtless, the majority of those who are at work march silently in the line indicated, and desire the reconciliation, without the absorption, of the human and the divine elements. This may be a vague aim; but it is so because the problem is to be solved. What better help in solving it could there be than a knowledge of Him who was *the God-man*. To make his image more living is the object of these discourses.

As is intimated in the preface, one of the grand lines of thought in the Discourses is constructed on the desire of all nations for a Saviour. Varied phraseology is employed to signify this desire. It is the sentiment of sin, and the hope of reconciliation—blameableness, and a wish for pardon—condemnation, but yet hope. All history before the coming of Christ illustrates the development of this desire. It was felt by the patriarchs, especially cultivated amongst the Jews, and exhibited in the social habits, the writings, and the worship of heathenism. So the author, after a discourse on *The Fall and the Promise*, proceeds to, *The Preparation for the Coming of Jesus Christ*, which he apportions into, *Before Judaism*, *Judaism*, and *Paganism*, devoting a discourse to each. These are succeeded by one or more discourses on *The Nature of Jesus Christ*; *The Plan of Jesus Christ*; *The Holiness of Jesus Christ*; *Jesus Christ a Prophet*; *Jesus Christ a Victim*; *Jesus Christ a King*.

We proceed to translate a few passages, confining ourselves to some which bear upon man's desire for salvation. The position into which man has fallen, requiring a deliverer, is presented in the first discourse, grounded on Gen. iii. 15.

On the manner of his coming into that position, we read:—

'Let us acknowledge with the Scripture, that good alone is eternal; that it alone has not had a beginning. It is God himself. It is he who can say, *I am that I am*. Evil, on the contrary, has had a beginning. It was neither in the Creator, nor in the plan of the creation. It cannot, in any degree, be attributed

to God without being under the pain of sapping the very idea of God. It can come only from the creature. . . . . All that issues from the hands of God is perfect like himself, and bears a divine impress. But among the beings that he has created there are some of a superior nature; they are the beings made in his image, spiritual beings. These are not subject to mechanical laws. It is not with them as with the star which cannot leave the course in which the sovereign hand has launched it, and which is enchained in the azure sky by an invincible necessity. Spiritual beings are free beings; it is not a physical law which should attract them towards God; they are called to turn to him freely and by themselves. This is to say, in other words, that they are called to love him. Love rests on freedom. A constrained love is not a true love; or, we might say, that the earth, revolving round the sun, loves the sun. Spiritual beings, then, must decide freely for God, or be under pain of being no longer spiritual beings. But how shall they decide freely for God if the opportunity is not offered them? At the moment when they issue from the hands of God they are in a state of infancy; they are not yet distinguished from him. They have not a consciousness of what they owe him. Thus are they incomplete, morally unfinished. They will not have fulfilled their destiny until they shall have, by an act of will, consummated the gift of their being from God. And for this it is necessary that an appeal be made to their will; it is necessary that they learn to distinguish it from that of God, that they may be able to bring it into relation to him. A trial of their freedom is necessary; it is necessary that they have to choose between love and egoism. A perilous choice, a dangerous trial, I grant, but a trial necessary to the full development of the spiritual being; if it comes out of it victorious, then is it perfected in unity with God without being absorbed by him; if it succumbs it can lay the blame but on itself. And thus all is to the glory of God! . . . . . Scripture informs us of the glorious origin of that power of darkness which is personified by the serpent in our text. He is a fallen archangel. The Lord has said of him, *He has not abode in the truth. Abode!* What is this to say unless that he was once in the truth. We cannot raise the veils which hide from us the history of angels, but the fall of Satan makes us understand that they, too, have had their trial. They were appealed to to determine for God. Some have continued in the truth, and reached the full development of their being. The others——see the part that Satan plays in the garden of Eden, his impatience to ruin the plans of God, to destroy his new creature. . . .

'We now know whence comes this power of perdition, which appears near to man in the garden of Eden. We have a means also of conceiving the end of the commandment which was given to him, and which puts his freedom in peril. Created in the image of God, created free, he should have, like the angels, his trial. He is yet a child; he is in a state of innocence. From innocence he must pass to holiness. He is bound to God as the ivy which entwines the oak. A bond of love must replace this bond of instinct. He is appealed to to give himself, to love with a consciousness of what he is doing. Complain not of the risk he runs. It is to complain of the means offered him to fulfil his high destiny. To demand for him the impossibility of a fall, is to demand for him the inert nature of a plant. The commandment of God is the trial of his freedom. Stay not at his infantile form. Understand its importance. In reality God places at his will, at his heart, the most solemn question, "I disclose to thee thy freedom; thou canst choose between my will and thine; between me and thee; between me, who have loaded thee with benefits, and thee, who, from the breath which animates thy dust, even to thy immortal soul, hast received all from me; wilt thou love me?"'

The clearness of this statement is not its only recommendation. We do not know that anything more profound could be selected on this matter from Müller's 'Christian Doctrine of Sin;' for it is such an 'inhuman' task that either Müller, or his translator, has set for

his readers, that we must use a qualification in speaking of the said work. It is on record that an Italian convict was condemned either to read through Guiccardini's 'History of Italy,' or work at the treadmill for a certain time. He chose the former, but before he had accomplished the feat, he requested that he might be subjected to the latter punishment as the least intolerable. We beg to recommend Müller's 'Christian Doctrine of Sin,' in Clark's Foreign Theological Library, to the notice of our prison authorities!

In the following passage we find our author's explanation of the kind of deliverer which men's actions in religion show they are groping after.

'Hope is preceded by the grief of condemnation. This grief stains the heart of man; it envelopes life with the veil of divine anger. The weight of his sins crushes him. In vain we flatter him, caress his pride, he feels that he belongs to a fallen and cursed race. It is in vain that he tastes pleasure; the gnawing worm, the worm which dies not, is in the fruit. It is in vain that he darts with energy into external activity, that he becomes an orator, a warrior, that he is clothed with his glory; he does not escape from the sombre fear of dying, or from a vast *ennui* of living. He knows that for him life present is sad; life future is frightful; for he is dependent on an offended and angry divinity. Oh, how he desires to appease him! He takes the finest fruits of his fields, and places them on the altar, but he returns from it troubled as before. He takes, sometimes, the most precious, the first-born of his flock. He lavishes sacrifices; he offers even hecatombs. The God is not appeased! He needs a human expiation, for the entire race is felt blameable before God. The privations which man imposes on himself to offer sacrifices are profoundly insufficient! Ah, well! we will not hesitate—oh, spectacle of horror! he will take his child, he will take his brother. He will immolate him without pity—provided only that the God is appeased! But he is not appeased! for the victim was defiled! The lamb and the sheep were indeed pure victims, but they were not human. The human victim is not a pure victim. It is necessary then that a victim at once pure and human be found. And it is this which from altar to altar is demanded by tears and blood from that yet closed heaven. They who in the Saviour would suppress the victim, and see in him only the revealer of divine love, forget those terrible manifestations of a conscience at once erring and sovereign, seized with a cruel delirium in its ardent, but deceived thirst for redemption. They are not placed in sight of those bloody altars which would reappear to-morrow, if the Lamb which takes away the sins of the world disappeared from before our eyes, and which rise wherever he is not known! Without doubt this desire, this want of the conscience, is at once purified and satisfied by the gospel, but no ingenious theory will tear it away, and we have the right to say, "It is not only a God of peace, it is a God-man, it is a victim that lost humanity begs for, and so long as it does not find it, it will search for it. If Christianity does not give it to humanity it will go farther." '—Pp. 149—151.

The discourse on 'Paganism as a preparation for the coming of Jesus Christ' gives to us the following sketch of the features of this age, drawn especially from French society:—

'What analogy is there not between our epoch and the epoch which we have described? Does it not seem that it also is destined to demonstrate the powerlessness of man to accomplish anything good and productive without God? . . . In the domain of social life, as in the domain of philosophy, has there not been a bruising, a breaking of all the hopes of the last age—hopes based on man, and consequently frail and without permanence? In the domain of religious life, has not scepticism made frightful progress? The superstition that Plutarch has depicted for us, the fear of a soul that has not met with the forgiving God, has

that not reappeared? And, on the other hand, incredulity, incapable even of denying energetically, has it not thousands of organs? Do we not notice, above all, that torpor, that universal *ennui* which catches one after another? And cannot the men of our generation repeat these melancholy words, "That which causes us to suffer is not so much the storm as the nausea?" Yes, there is a general disgust. Can we show amongst the men of the age those who have a drawing to activity, an enthusiasm, a faith in anything? . . . There is not even a youth to-day, a youth which has some illusions, some generous impatience. Gold circulates abundantly; industry works marvels, I grant; but of what good are instruments of activity if the moral spring is relaxed; if materialism renders all productive activity impossible? Deception is also the character of our epoch. It is even its grandeur, for deception leads to aspiration. The altar to the true God will be built with the ruins of all others alike. It will no longer be the altar to the unknown God, but the altar to the forgotten God.

'This altar, we are sure, is built already. . . . Let the day only come when you will urge this cry [for new, great, serious, consolations]! Let the day only come when, tired of groping, you will be like the blind man of Jericho! Your God is not far off! He is there; he awaits you! Fear not that he will pass before you without hearing you. . . . When he will speak to you, you will grope no longer, and from despairing seekers you will become happy believers! But it is on one condition; it is that you will not be allowed to succeed by the stupid contentment of materialism, and that you acknowledge in the general and particular trials with which this age abounds a merciful will of God, who will not cease to impress you; who has wounded you to the heart, like Jacob, in order to bless you! Happy, happy they who weep, they who moan, they will be consoled, for between them and the Consoler there is no impassable obstacle.

'No obstacle! is not this saying too much? Between Jesus Christ and those poor souls Christians too often stand. . . . They say to them, "Go not to the Divine Physician; come to us." . . . Yes, in this country, many sighs, many aspirations fall to the ground, because the priests are put between the soul and Jesus Christ, and because they are taken for the incarnation of Christianity.

'We evangelical Christians, we, too, have quite discouraged proselytes, because we have shown to them a demi-Christianity, without life and without fire. The gospel is the same to-day as it was eighteen centuries ago. . . . We have the doctrine—not entire, however, often enough narrowed and impoverished. The discourse of Paul at Athens extends on all sides beyond our theological systems; still we have, in that which is essential, the doctrine of salvation. Have we the spirit which animated Paul? Have we that ardent love which consumed his heart? . . . Paul beheld the Pagan city with the same sentiments which made Jesus Christ to shed tears over Jerusalem. . . . This inward stir of spirit, this love, these sufferings, these are what are wanting to us; and when we survey the streets of our great city, the heart being wounded like Paul's in surveying Athens, then also shall we do a great work to the glory of God, and the altar to the unknown God will not have been raised in vain in so many souls who wait but for true Christians, in order to acknowledge and adore the Saviour of the world. O my God! in this time so serious, so tried, let it not be said that these were disciples of Jesus Christ, and that these disciples stood between him and a diseased society, which called for him! No, Lord, but let their only effort be to lead souls to Him who has the words of eternal life! Let nothing in our works, or in our words, remove them from Christ! Make us completely clear of the blood of our brothers!'—Pp. 132—137.

These long quotations will give a juster idea of the style and bearing of this work than more select ones, or an analysis of each discourse. Are there not suggestions and stimuli to thought in them? We do hope, while not prepared to endorse all the author's statements, that what has been given will induce those who can do without a translation to read the volume, and also will suggest to some enter-

prising publisher the propriety of entering into some arrangement with M. de Pressensé to give 'La Redempteur' in an accessible form to the English public. In any circle we would be ready to maintain that the French pastor's 'The Redeemer' is more worthy of commanding a wider audience and deeper interest than the French count's 'Political Prospects of England.'

A Stranger in a Strange Land.

A CERTAIN Herr Frei Geboren, having finished his studies, devoted some years to travel, seeking chiefly to explore hitherto unknown regions. Having turned his back on the every-day world, he arrived at length on the borders of Nebel-land and Scheinland, by sailors sometimes called Das Butterland, and from which they always endeavour to keep clear, it being not without great peril approachable. Frei Geboren, however, was resolute, and ere long found himself fairly in this as yet undescribed, though not altogether unknown, territory [see any of the best and most recent maps]. It is bounded, as appears, on the further side by Æolia. Our adventurer experienced great difficulty in retaining some articles of property he had brought with him, and especially was sought to be deprived of what, in his inventory, was called Vernunft, and also of his Verstand.* But putting on a bold face, he was allowed to proceed.

Having settled down to learn the language and manners of the people, who as yet are scarcely even known by name in Europe, he soon became proficient; and having, by his demeanour, won the confidence of his new associates, was eventually requested, as a stranger, and unprejudiced, to decide a knotty point in the religious controversy of the day. For they also, like the Christian nations, are so far advanced as this; viz., that there is no question which is not made matter of intense strife among themselves.

At the time of Frei Geboren's arrival, a fierce tongue-and-pen war was being waged. It seems that the Scheinlanders and Æolians both worship one divinity, whom their prime archi-mage—for they, too, have a hierarchy—had affirmed to be an avater of the Unknown Infinite. It was recognised on all hands that the divinity was a female one, bearing to this race the relation which the moon does to the earth. This feminine incarnation had lived, many ages back, for several years in a temple, since famous therefor, and held much converse with the mage, whose reverence was profound, and whom she had taken for a spouse. On one occasion, some neophytes had heard him say, 'She is a dove!'

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* Query. Inkstand?—PRINTER'S DEVIL. No, boy; inkstands are held in great repute there, Frei Geboren informs us.—TR.

This simple utterance of his became, after his departure, the occasion of great strife, and ultimately of the formation of many sects, who soon advanced so far on a line parallel to their unknown Christian brethren of Europe, as to hate one another with a most intense hatred. One man had said, 'How can a woman be a dove?' and so he became the founder of the Agunean sect. Then the scientific naturalists entered the field, and, by virtue of her being a dove, claimed the subject as falling exclusively in their department. But instantly the theological faculty, in their sheep-skin wigs and calf-skin gowns, for customs differ, rushed forward, and scarcely waiting to put on their famous all-seeing glasses [die hölzerne brille, *qu.*, wooden spectacles?], transferred the question to their halls of dark-light,* and now centuries had elapsed since the learned discussions had commenced. At first there arose two diametrically antagonistic parties; one asserting the mere womanity, the other mere doveity. Then a third, affirming a unique, composite nature, in a form uniting perfect woman and perfect dove. At which a fourth arose, to show that she was really a woman, and only seemingly a dove. Which dogma called up a directly opposite one; viz., that she was really a dove, and only seemingly a woman. And so on, through the libraries and centuries.

After Frei Geboren had become well versed in the uncouth language of these Æolians, his judgment, as a candid stranger, was solicited, as we have said. But the good man was alarmed at the honour proposed, and sought to evade the odium of a decision, promising that, on his return home, he would write down the result of his careful deliberations, and especially the opinion which should be expressed by one on whose judgment, in many matters, he laid great stress, and whom he called 'Meine kleine liebliche Minna.'† This name, which had the charm of novelty and of sound, was gravely entered on the records, and the Scheinlanders and Æolians await to this day the dictum.

Frei Geboren has obtained it, we hear, but there are no means of forwarding it to the disputants, as there is no direct communication between those countries and the rest of the world, and he is not minded to return thither in person. But this is no reason for withholding it from the reader. Well, then, the loving little Minna laughed outright, and, snapping her pretty fingers at the rabbis, for all their woolly wigs, and gowns of calf-skin, and admirable spectacles, said, that any loving heart would understand it all very well, without any help from the double-fourth of the alphabet at all. Which observation and laughter Herr Frei sought to reduce to some formula shape, and did it in this poor fashion, in which form the present writer has seen it, and, indeed, has it by him in MS.:—

'Having happily escaped from the cold fog-land and wind-land of my sojourn, I shall deal with the question of their mighty muffs‡ in a manner more suitable to a Christian man, who has no precious time

* So in the original.—Tr.

† Our traveller must have meant to be facetious, for the translation is, My darling little Minna!—Tr.

‡ Query. Muftis?—Printer's Devil. No, boy, muffs.—Tr.

to waste on the janglings of Das Butterland mythology. Suppose—though this is absurd—that there could be a parallel case in Christendom, and that we also, unfortunately, had men whose hair was wool, and who looked at serious questions through such a peculiar medium; what would a traveller like myself, in full possession of his Vernunft [reason] and Verstand [understanding], be disposed to say? For one, I speak thus:—

'The proud English nation glorifies itself justly on its for ever living Shakespere; one of the most appreciative commentators on whom showeth admirably how *none but a loving* critic or expositor *can* understand him. This record is true. But it is ten thousand times truer when a greater than Shakespere is here. And if the hardest, and, apparently, most contradictory utterances of Christ's apostolic admirers and servants are read with loving eyes and hearts in the spirit in which they were written—and not merely with cold, logical glass eyes and dead hearts—epithets, titles, assertions, and everything else will all fall naturally and beautifully into place. We too often read with the naked understanding merely (or muffled, as the case may be, perhaps) what the affections should rather receive as addressed to them; and so that seems questionable as addressed to the brain, which is instantly felt to be true enough as addressed to the heart. *Sed jam satis.*'

[Enough, indeed. After all, does the worthy Teuton mean anything different from the dictum of the Master, 'Except ye receive the kingdom of heaven as a little child, ye can in no wise enter therein?' Else, why the appeal to the darling little Minna?—Tr.]

B. von Magdstein.

William Paley.

There is much insight in Emerson's observation that 'Milton was the stair, or high table land, to let down the English genius from the summits of Shakespere;' and it is capable of receiving other than literary applications. That Shakespere's *ethics* are, in strictness, higher and truer than Milton's, is a thesis which might be maintained in the face of the grand Blind Man of the seventeenth century; and to what extent Puritanism itself is responsible for the depravation of the eighteenth might be a curious question. However, no one of independent mind can have failed to trace to the influence of Mr. Carlyle's writings and collateral causes of various kinds, an indiscriminating tendency to vilify the eighteenth century; to treat it as a sort of historic lumber-room, into which Time shot only rubbish, and out of which no good thing can come. Of course, thoughtful people, whose opinions are not regulated by the last book they read, know better than to accept parrot-like abuse of any thing

or time, except under heavy discount; but thoughtful people are few and far between, and phases of popular opinion are for the most part little better than exchanges of cants. We have, for example, heard eighteenth century authors abused in the usual windbag fashion by critics who, we found upon pressing them close, had never read ten pages of their writings. WILLIAM PALEY is an instance in point. It was once our lot to hear an infamous sentiment imputed to this moralist, in a mixed company of cultivated men and women; and upon us devolved the disagreeable duty of taking down the 'Moral and Political Philosophy' from the shelf (luckily, it was there) and just challenging the production of the obnoxious passage, either upon the spot or at any future time. Readers who may accompany us to the final close of this little task must not be surprised if they should be convinced that Paley has for many decades had the credit, or discredit, of a scheme of 'making the best of both worlds' which he never promulgated at all.

The 'general reader' of to-day knows little about Paley. He missed a bishopric in consequence of writing something about pigeons; he said he couldn't afford to keep a conscience; he played at whist; he had something to do with the 'Evidences of Christianity,' and 'Natural Theology;' he advocated 'Expediency' as the rule of right; he wore a cocked hat; he went a-fishing a good deal; he is rather out of date; we can spare him from the book-shelves; he belongs to a school of low ideals and silver-slippered piety. Such jottings as these represent the average knowledge and estimate of the man and his performances.

As far as ignorance of the man is concerned, there is no difficulty in accounting for this state of things. Paley led a remote provincial life, and though the most sociable and *debonnair* of Churchmen and Church dignitaries (which is saying much), mixed little with the *literary* society of his time. Mr. Meadley, the only acquaintance (we believe) who has attempted to memorialize him, was a most unsatisfactory Boswell. And no man was ever freer from the egotism of the writer than Paley. Some glimpses of himself, and very pleasant glimpses too, you do obtain in his works; but they are very incidental; for no one ever wrote with a more wholesome concentration upon his subject, whatever it was, than this divine. And it stands upon record in a communication from his friend Stoddart, who, along with Unwin (afterwards rector of Stock, in Essex, to whom Cowper dedicated the 'Tirocinium') was his intimate associate while at Cambridge, that as much as a *penny a word* had been offered for letters of Paley's writing, without producing half a dozen; because this lymphatic and good-humoured man used to excuse himself from correspondence upon the plea that letters could only answer one of two purposes—either to show a man's wit, or his love for his correspondents, and his friends were well aware he had both! So we really know very little of the private life of one of the shrewdest and most sterling of English men and English writers in the eighteenth century.

What *is* known, whether by inference or by testimony, squares remarkably well with the familiar portraits of the man. We have seen two—the only difference between them being that one shows a greater reserve of irascibility—a wider 'back ground of wrath'* than the other. There is the usual fulness of 'jowl' which is said to be characteristic of the eighteenth century face; a pervading expression of cheerful firmness, and *savoir vivre* capable of dropping into sensuality. Good nature, thoughtfulness, shrewdness, strong grasp of fact, and considerable conscientiousness, are all apparent in the physiognomy and the carriage of the head (the *set* upon the shoulders of an honest head is always distinguishable, as is the out-look of the eye). Besides these, there is obviously considerable sensitiveness to praise or blame—as much as would be capable of sliding into downright vanity—and there is very little pride, properly so called—the man carries his head steadily (*i. e.* he has firmness) but he does not carry it 'high.' Nor yet does he 'cock' it, as the combative man habitually does, especially if he have a spice of vanity in his composition. Here is a comfortable, solid, unassuming sort of person, who belongs to the shrewd, efficient order of minds, the order under which we class Franklin, William Hutton of Birmingham, and Sydney Smith. If you are learned in the doctrine of temperament, you will call the man whose portrait is before you, biliary-lymphatic-nervous, capable of considerable exertion upon adequate cause being shown, but not apt to squander his energies; very much given, probably, to 'put this and that together,' and 'turn things over in his mind,' but not vivaciously demonstrative. Just note for an instant the well-closed mouth, the pronounced nose, broad at the root and strongly set into the forehead, and the inquisitive eyebrow, and we will take leave of the portrait, and come to the history; after just a brief reminder of the sort of times in which the man lived and flourished. Times when 'interest,' pecuniary or personal, was in the ascendant in Church and State; when popular ignorance was so dense that upon a foolish prophecy of an earthquake, all London would turn out into the fields, and Horace Walpole could report that ladies had had 'earthquake gowns' made for sitting up all night out of doors to be ready for the concussion; times when a boy was premier of England; times when gentlemen going from the city to Islington had to wait for convoy by mounted patrol if they wanted to keep their lives and purses; times when women were burnt for coining; obnoxious pamphleteers had their ears cut off and their noses slit in the pillory; torture was barely abolished; the slave-trade was scarcely threatened; Dissenters suffered from civil disabilities; and the word 'Christian' meant any one who had been christened, did not get tipsy too often, and paid his way. But we must not omit to take into account 'the blind uneasy motions that foretold the higher life' in the body politic, innovations in literature in behalf of natural force and simplicity, led

* Carlyle, in some casual papers, contributed to Leigh Hunt's (*last*) 'London Journal.'

by Burns and Cowper, and the religious revival then comprehensively designated 'Methodism.'

We shall not, as German biographers do, trouble you with any allusions to our hero's grandfather by way of introduction; but shall say, off-hand, that WILLIAM PALEY was born at Peterborough in the month of July, 1743, of William and Elizabeth Paley, then resident there, because the husband was a minor canon of the cathedral; but afterwards at Giggleswick, when he became head master of the grammar school there. Mr. Paley, sire, is said to have been a worthy, sensible person, and Mrs. Paley—the old story about the mothers of remarkable men—a woman of a very vigorous and active mind. Giggleswick Free Grammar School was founded by King Edward the Sixth, and there, under the care of his own father, was little Paley brought up.

Though a clever and studious child, it is stated that he a little disappointed his father, who was a good classic, by paying more attention to things than to words, and taking only fair rank as a linguist. In after life it was said of him, by a competent authority, that his classical knowledge, as far as it went, was sound and accurate, and that no man was ever less the dupe of his own attainments, or more thoroughly master of them for all purposes of real use and real ornament. Like nearly all men of his mould, young Paley was fond of mechanism from an early age, and retained the fondness during his life. He was not free in the use of his limbs, however, so that he was a poor manipulator and a bad horseman—a distinction, this last, which always clung to him. He was a good mimic, and given to amusing his school-fellows by 'taking off' other people's peculiarities. A holiday visit to the assizes at Lancaster made a strong impression upon the little boy's mind, and when he got back to school, he showed both his mimetic turn and his taste for casuistry by getting up imitations of judicial sessions of inquiry among his playmates, with whom his sociable habits and free mother-wit made him a great favourite. It was, no doubt, favourable to his capacity for usefulness in a quiet way, that he was educated in an out-of-the-world country district, among a humble population, with whom a spade meant a spade, and the virtue and the sense highest in repute were the old English homespun, of which he has shown so thorough an appreciation in all his writings; for instance, in his Sermons to the Young Clergy at Carlisle, and at the Assizes at Durham. If, in these, it is his homely treatment of morals that is chiefly illustrated, one cannot turn a page of his other writings without seeing how strong a thread of plain sense runs through them all. The minutest subtlety of the 'Horæ Paulinæ,' is such as a homely intellect would discern; and the man who begins a treatise on 'Natural Theology' with the words, 'If, in crossing a heath, I pitched my foot against a stone,' gives us an implied promise that he is going, throughout his argument, 'to work upon stuff.'

When young Paley was fifteen years old, he was taken by his father to Cambridge, and admitted a sizar of Christ's College—at

which, by the way, it is well known Milton was a student. 'I never was a good horseman,' said he; 'and when I followed my father on a pony of my own, on my first journey to Cambridge, I fell off seven times. I was lighter than I am now, and my falls were not likely to be serious. My father, on hearing a thump, would turn his head half aside, and say, "Take care of thy money, lad."' A passage which illustrates the cool, phlegmatic character of both father and son; for, 'Take care of thy neck, lad,' would seem a much more natural bit of paternal counsel under the circumstances than the remarkably easy, 'Take care of thy money, lad.' We may infer that young Paley was so accustomed to tumble off his 'own pony' and on again, without serious consequences, that his father took every *facilis descensus* of the seven as a matter of course. Especially when we remember the state of the roads in England at the time in question. A traveller in Paley's half of the century says of a Lancashire road (we are not accountable for his phraseology), 'I know not, in the whole range of language, terms sufficient to describe this infernal highway. Let me most seriously caution all travellers who may accidentally propose to travel this terrible country, to avoid it as they would the devil; for a thousand to one but they break their necks or their limbs, by overthrows or breakings down. They will here meet with ruts which I actually measured four feet deep, only after a wet summer.'

After his admission into College the lad, who neither lost himself nor his money in a four-feet rut, returned to Giggleswick, and from there went to Topcliffe to read up in mathematics, under a Mr. Howorth, and, as he was always fonder of the exact sciences than of languages, there is no doubt he got on very well with his studies. While he was staying there, a skeleton was accidentally dug up at Knaresborough, which led to the disclosure of a murder committed fourteen years before—the murder of Daniel Clark, by Eugene Aram, who was convicted upon the evidence of his accomplice, Houseman; but hanged, according to Paley—who went to York out of curiosity and attended the trial—through his own ingenuity. When, later in life, complaints were made in his presence that the 'Biographia Britannica' had admitted so many ignoble names, and Aram's was mentioned as an instance, Paley observed that a man who had 'got himself hanged by his own cleverness had really some pretension to notoriety.' Cowper was one of those who were annoyed at seeing names of little note recorded in the 'Biographia Britannica,' and we all remember how he has recorded his opinion of the futility of trying 'to give a deathless lot to names ignoble, born to be forgot:'—

> 'So, when a child, as playful children use,
> Has burnt to tinder a stale last year's news,
> The flame extinct, he views the roving fire—
> There goes my lady, and there goes the squire!
> There goes the parson, O illustrious spark!
> And there, scarce less illustrious, goes the clerk.'

Mr. Paley, senior, showed himself more critically accurate in

parental appreciation than fathers usually are, when, on the evening after young William had gone to college to take up his abode there, he remarked, 'My son will turn out a great man, very great, indeed; I'm certain of it, for he has by far *the clearest head* I ever met with in my life.' It was a shrewd observation. In our judgment, Paley stands absolutely alone, for clearness both of thought and style, among argumentative writers. If we should discover, subsequently, that he has, nevertheless, been misunderstood, let it serve to point this record of an observation we have frequently made in life, that there are ten good talkers and speakers for one good listener and reader. So rare is intellectual conscientiousness, that a controversialist, who bestows equitable attention upon what his opponent says, is as uncommon a character as a truly honest man; perhaps more uncommon; for we all know persons who would not cheat another of the ring of a penny, who will yet break spiritual loyalties by the score in an hour's conversation. Do you know, perchance, a man who is fair in argumentation? Cherish that man, whatever his creed, for he has in him a soul of goodness not to be trifled with.

In the college emoluments which befel him, Paley seems to have been rather fortunate, but the detail of such things is not interesting. It is more pleasant to notice that he was excused, upon the ground of more advanced attainments than usual, from attending the mathematical lectures to students of his own standing, and was, therefore, left to fill up much of his time as his taste directed. Mr. Meadley says that Paley always spoke of fifteen or sixteen as too early an age for encountering the perils of a college life—a record of sound opinion which one is glad to get; but he adds that Paley 'always *had an old look*, which, together with the superior strength and vigour of his understanding, impressed his companions with the idea of a much maturer age.' This is intelligible enough. The truth, no doubt, is, that Paley had a face of the Liston stamp; a face of that quaint, old-young gravity which, while it almost disposes you to laugh, yet commands a sort of respect; a degree of reserve belongs to the expression of a humorous countenance, and reserve in common life answers to mystery in religion in its office of commanding homage greater or less.

However much Paley was respected when a lad at college—and we have positive testimony that his life was pure—his company was very much liked; and as his room—an instance of the easy incautiousness of a lymphatic person who habitually thought no evil—was left unlocked at all times, night and day, it was a sort of lounging-place for all the idle young fellows of Christ's, who were glad enough, no doubt, to draw Paley out into such humorous sophistry as we can conceive him to have indulged in upon passing topics, or, still better, into mimicry, for which he always retained a talent. It is said, however, that during the time when he chose to study it was *impossible* to draw him out, and that he would remain quite absorbed in his book, in a corner of the room, while a Babylonish clatter of nonsense was going on around. Not only from the general method of his writing, but from the account which he himself gives of his

manner of composition (preface to 'Moral and Political Philosophy'), and from the fact that his 'Natural Theology,' as continuous and coherent a book as ever was written, was thrown off in the intervals of an acutely painful disorder, it is easy to infer that his power of mental concentration was great. So it ought to have been; for he was not only in the habit of spending his evenings in company at coffee-houses and otherwise, but was a late riser, at least until the occurrence of an incident which we will allow him to relate in his own words—his own words, that is, *as reported*, for scarcely any inducement would have dragged from Paley's pen so much writing about himself, unless it bore upon his task:—'I spent,' he says, 'the first two years of my under-graduateship happily, but unprofitably. I was constantly in society, where we were not immoral, but idle, and rather expensive. At the commencement of my third year, however, after having left the usual party at rather a late hour in the evening, I was awakened at five in the morning by one of my companions, who stood at my bedside, and said, "Paley, I have been thinking what a fool you are. I could do nothing, probably, were I to try, and can afford the life I lead; you can do everything, and cannot afford it. I have had no sleep during the whole night on account of these reflections, and am now come solemnly to inform you that, if you persist in your indolence, I must renounce your society." I was so struck with the visit and the visitor, that I lay in bed a great part of the day, and formed my plan. I ordered my bed-maker to prepare my fire every evening, in order that it might be lighted by myself. I arose at five; read during the whole of the day, except such hours as chapel and hall required, allotting to each portion of time its peculiar branch of study; and just before the closing of the gates (nine o'clock) I went to a neighbouring coffee-house, where I constantly regaled upon a mutton-chop and a dose of milk-punch. And thus, on taking my bachelor's degree, I became Senior Wrangler.' We have been familiar with this little anecdote for many years, but even now we smile to ourselves as we quote it. Could anything be more characteristic? When Gil Blas met Nunez in the hospital, he counselled him to abjure the Muses who had led him thither. Nunez assured him that such was his intention; that even as his friend had entered the room, he was composing an ode in which to bid them an eternal adieu. Paley parted with his lazy habit in much the same fashion; only he kept his resolution, for a time at least, better than Nunez. Perhaps his exact words are not preserved. There is a little inconsequence in the statement that he was so thrilled by an exhortation to get up earlier that he lay in bed nearly all day to make up his mind to do it; and still more in saying that he regaled every night upon mutton and milk-punch, and *thus* became Senior Wrangler; which surely indicates a better than royal road to mathematics. 'How charming is divine philosophy!' upon such terms.

Johnson has been careful to record that Dr. Watts was only five feet high. Mr. Meadley does not tell us how tall Paley was; but we infer that he was rather a short, pudgy man, and a very ungainly one.

It seems that he brought to college not only great rusticity of accent and manner—what polite thing could come out of Giggleswick?—but habits of personal carelessness. He was an 'uncouth' dresser. 'Smith,' observed a friend to the inimitable Sydney, 'you remind me of an Athenian *carter*.' A degree of *vis inertiæ* is necessary to what is called 'dryness;' and it also produces carelessness about minor matters. But we have repeated testimony that Paley could join in the laugh against himself, and it was a favourite saying of his, that 'A man who is not sometimes a fool is always one.' Also, that he did not invariably disdain externals; for that upon his first public display in the University, he 'appeared with his hair full-dressed, and in a deep ruffled shirt, and new silk stockings; which, aided by his gesture, his action, and his whole manner, when earnestly engaged in the debate, excited no small mirth in the spectators.' It is a comfort to find that he 'acquitted himself with such unwonted ability, that the schools were afterwards invariably crowded whenever he came to dispute.'

Paley's most constant college companions, in the early part of his Cambridge career, were Mr. Stoddart and Mr. Unwin (Cowper's friend), both of whom were very fond of him. Unwin, it is said, used to consult him upon every doubt, religious and secular, not only at college, but afterwards by correspondence, of which Paley's share has not been preserved. 'I had the best opportunities,' says Stoddart, 'of knowing the goodness of his heart, at a time of life when the heart is least disguised.' 'I never,' says Mr. Hall, another college friend, 'knew him guilty of a vicious act, nor inattentive to propriety of moral conduct. . . . . No man was in more general esteem at Christ's than Paley; he was always cheerful, and the life of every company he came into.' It is pleasant and significant to add, that Paley's friendships were not transient; that he cherished his early attachments as long as he lived.

In Paley's third year at Cambridge, an incident occurred which throws a curious light upon the *morale* of the times. Mr. Jebb (of whom we shall speak hereafter) and Mr. Watson, afterwards Bishop of Llandaff, being appointed Moderators, Mr. Watson sent Paley an 'act.' Two of the propositions for which Paley proposed to contend publicly, in keeping this 'act,' were that capital punishments are unjustifiable, and that the eternity of future torment is inconsistent with the Divine attributes. On the last point no reader of Paley can doubt that his real opinion corresponded with the thesis he proposed to support. We are, however, told that 'the heads of the university knowing Mr. Paley's ability,' became alarmed, and desired Dr. Thomas, the head of his college, to 'put a stop to it;' and that said Thomas did actually summon the young disputant into his awful presence, and insist upon his relinquishing at least the second of his theses. Paley complained to Mr. Watson of the interference. Watson insisted upon his right to regulate the questions, but asked Paley—what do you think? Whether his conscience would permit him to reverse the proposition? No such thing; but whether he was

independent of his college! Paley said he should be sorry to offend the Master, and therefore wished to *change the question*. Watson, however, jealous of his dignity, took a revenge which, considering the nature of the problem (next to the existence of sin at all, the most awful in theology, inasmuch as an everlasting hell implies the eternal perpetuation of sin), is sufficiently startling. '*The best way to satisfy the scruples of these gentlemen*,' said Mr. Watson, 'will be to put *non* before *contradicit*, to defend the eternity of hell torments; which,' continues the biographer, 'changing his thesis to the affirmative, he actually did.' And then blandly commencing a new paragraph, he adds, 'Mr. Paley kept this act with uncommon credit.' A very able letter from a friend of Paley, to Mr. Meadley, after the former's death, observes that Paley's *retenue* in controversy, and tendency to accommodate rather than to take an obnoxious logical dilemma by the horns, are not to be wondered at, when 'at the very outset he was rebuked for proposing, in an academical exercise, to controvert the eternity of hell torments; which even the cautious orthodoxy of the Church of England has not made an article of faith.' Whether this comment be correct or not, we shall by and bye find reason to pronounce Paley a very useful friend of religious liberty in general, and one of the most effective advocates for the removal of all disabilities from Dissenters. Some of the ornaments of the Nonconformity of his day were his personal friends; he attended 'Methodist' meetings, and has left on record an earnest, and the times and circumstances considered, an almost affectionate estimate of them, their aims and influence. When Wilberforce took William Pitt—*parous deorum cultor et infrequens*—to hear Cecil in Bedford-row, the great man asked what it was all about, he did not understand it, and so on. Paley evidently laboured under no such disability; and, if towards the close of his career, his religious feelings deepened in tone and influenced his creed, that result is evidently attributable in part to the impressions derived from 'methodistic' associations. We cannot, however, shut our eyes to traces of a tender conscience and a pious heart diffused over all his writings; and there has always been to us something touching in the glimpses of diviner light, which are constantly struggling through the casuistry of a man who was evidently born with a syllogism in his mouth. We are told by a competent reporter that when Paley lectured at Cambridge upon the Greek Testament, 'the chief points insisted upon to his pupils were, that they should listen to God, and not to man; that they should exert their faculties in understanding the language of holy men of old; that they should free themselves as much as possible from all prejudices of birth, education, and country; and that they should not call any one their master in religion but Jesus Christ.' Surely noble lessons to be taught at Cambridge in A.D. 1771; and if Paley got them from Locke, Locke was in his turn a borrower. Nor is there any copyright in great principles.

But this is anticipating. In 1763, Paley was Senior Wrangler of the year and after taking his bachelor's degree, went 'as second

assistant to an academy at Greenwich,' where he seems to have led a very comfortable life. He actually told a friend that his highest ambition at the time was, to be 'first assistant' at this school. Later in life, he avers that his church preferments—moderate enough, and, measuring comparatively, far below his merits—were more than equal to his hopes or desires. Why do we notice these things? Because they are index facts. They point out how very easy and lymphatic was the temperament of this man; how free from restlessness, ambition, eagerness of every kind; and this demands to be taken into account in the opinion we form of such a saying as 'I can't afford to keep a conscience,' and of the reticent conduct upon the question of Subscriptions of which he was (then, not afterwards) guilty. Acquit Paley of time-serving upon that occasion we cannot; but we need not lay wholly to the account of unconscientiousness what was partly the result of general *vis inertiæ*. A man with even less honesty than Paley, might, if he had had more mental promptitude, very well have outstripped him in actual faithfulness to conviction. It is evident, too, that Paley was deficient in self-esteem, and, by consequence, in that *fortiter in re* and moral dignity which a proper share of it tends to confer. Truth must be spoken, and the truth is that the active reforming impulse generally conceals a little egotism. Egotism Paley had not; with more self-assertion he would have been a bold reformer. We suspect that, with all his carelessness, he was personally a coward; we *know* that he was unassuming and familiar, fond of the young, and easily communicated with. In the keenest things he has written—and once or twice upon strictly personal provocation—there is nothing like the bitterness of a man who thought much of himself, though we shall have occasion to notice a keen sensitiveness to the good opinions of others.

(To be concluded in our next.)

The Fables of Gotthold Ephraim Lessing.

Translated from the German.

BOOK THE FIRST.

I.—THE APPEARANCE.

I WAS lying by a gentle waterfall in the loneliest depths of that wood, where I have already listened to many a talking animal, and was endeavouring to give to one of my tales that light, poetic, adornment, for the sake of which La Fontaine almost sacrificed the fable itself. I mused, I selected, I rejected; my brow glowed. In vain; nothing came of it. Full of displeasure, I sprang up, but, behold! suddenly there came before me the very muse of fable herself. And she said, pleasantly smiling, 'Scholar, to what purpose this thankless toil? Truth employs the adornment of fable; but why

should fable invest itself in the grace of harmony? Thou wouldst flavour the spice. Enough if there be the poet's invention; let the style be that of the unartistic historian, but the thought that of the philosopher.' I was about to reply, but the muse vanished. 'She vanished!' I hear a reader say—'Ah, you only want the more skilfully to deceive us! To put into the mouth of the muse the shallow conclusions to which your unskilfulness led you! Truly, a common deception!' Excellent, my reader! No muse appeared to me. I related a mere fable, from which you, yourself, have drawn the lesson. I am not the first, and shall not be the last, who makes out his own fancies to be the oracles of a divinity.

II.—THE MARMOT AND THE ANT.

'Ye miserable ants,' said a marmot, 'is it worth your while to toil the whole summer to collect so little? If you were only to see my store of provision!' 'Listen,' answered an ant; 'if it is greater than you need, it is quite right for men to dig after you, empty your barns, and make you atone with your life for your thievish covetousness.'

III.—THE LION AND THE HARE.

A lion favoured a merry hare with his intimate acquaintance. 'But is it true, then,' the hare once asked him, 'that a miserable crowing cock can so easily chase you lions?' 'Certainly it is true,' replied the lion, 'and it is a universal remark, that we larger animals generally have some little weakness about us. You must have heard, for example, of the elephant, that the grunting of a hog excites in him horror and disgust.' 'Indeed!' interrupted the hare. 'Ah! now I understand why we hares are so dreadfully afraid of dogs.'

IV.—THE ASS AND THE HUNTER.

An ass presumed to run in the race with a hunter. The experiment turned out miserably, and the ass was laughed at. 'I see very well now how this has happened,' said the ass; 'I ran a thorn into my foot, a few weeks ago, and it pains me still.' 'Excuse me,' said the preacher, Liederhold, 'if my sermon to-day has not been as profound and edifying as one might have expected from the successful follower of a Mosheim; I have a sore throat, as you perceive, and have had it for the last week.'

V.—JUPITER AND THE HORSE.

'Father of animals and men;' so spoke the horse, and approached the throne of Jupiter; 'men say that I am one of the most beautiful creatures with which thou hast adorned the world, and my self-love bids me believe it. But still, might not something more be yet granted to improve me?' 'And what thinkest thou, then, would be an improvement? Speak, I accept thy suggestion,' said the good god, and smiled. 'Perhaps,' continued the horse, 'I should be fleeter if my legs were longer and more slender; a long, swan-like neck would not disfigure me; a broader breast would increase my strength; and

as thou hast destined me to carry thy favourite man, surely I might be created with a natural saddle, instead of that which the considerate rider puts on me.'

'Good,' replied Jupiter; 'have patience a moment!' And with a serious countenance, Jupiter uttered the fiat of creation. Then life flowed into the dust; organized matter was created; and at once there stood before the throne—the ugly camel.

The horse saw, shuddered, and trembled, with horror and disgust.

'Here are longer and more slender legs,' said Jupiter; 'here is a long swan-like neck; here is a broader breast; here is the natural saddle. Wilt thou, horse, that I thus transform thee?'

The horse still trembled.

'Go,' continued Jupiter; 'this time be instructed instead of punished. But, to make thee now and then penitently remember thy audacity, continue to live, new creature' (Jupiter cast a life-sustaining glance at the camel), 'and let the horse never look at thee without shuddering.'

VI.—THE MONKEY AND THE FOX.

'Mention to me any animal so clever that I cannot imitate it!' boasted the monkey to the fox. But the fox replied: 'And thou mention to me any animal so insignificant, that it could ever occur to it to imitate thee!'

Authors of my nation—need I explain myself more clearly?

VII.—THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE PEACOCK.

A social nightingale found many enviers among the songsters of the wood, but no friend. 'Perhaps I may find one amongst another species,' said she, and flew down confidingly to the peacock.

'Beautiful peacock, I admire thee.' 'I thee, also, lovely nightingale!' 'Then let us be friends,' said the nightingale farther; 'we need never envy each other; thou art as agreeable to the eye as I am to the ear.' The nightingale and the peacock became friends.

Kneller and Pope were better friends than Pope and Addison.

VIII.—THE WOLF AND THE SHEPHERD.

A shepherd had lost his entire flock by a terrible epidemic. The wolf heard of this, and came to offer his condolences. 'Shepherd,' said he, 'is it true that such a cruel misfortune has happened to thee? Hast thou, indeed, lost thy entire flock? The dear, good, precious flock! I pity thee, and would fain weep tears of blood.' 'Thanks, master wolf,' replied the shepherd; 'I see thou hast a very sympathizing heart.' 'That he has, indeed,' added the shepherd's dog, 'whenever he himself suffers from his neighbour's misfortune.'

IX.—THE HORSE AND THE BULL.

A bold boy was riding along proudly upon a fiery horse, when a wild bull cried out to the horse, 'For shame! would I suffer myself to be ruled by a boy!' 'But I would,' replied the horse; 'for what honour should I gain by throwing off a boy?'

X.—THE CRICKET AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

'I assure you,' said the cricket to the nightingale, 'that my song is by no means wanting in admirers.' 'Well, then, name them to me,' said the nightingale. 'The laborious reapers,' answered the cricket, 'hear me with great pleasure; and surely you will not deny that these are the most useful people in the human commonwealth?' 'I will not deny that,' said the nightingale, 'but on that account you must not be proud of their applause. Worthy people, whose whole thoughts are with their work, must certainly be deficient in the finer sensibilities. Do not, therefore, think anything of your song, till the light-hearted shepherd, who himself plays very sweetly upon his flute, listens with quiet delight.'

XI.—THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE HAWK.

A hawk pounced upon a nightingale as she was singing. 'Since you sing so exquisitely,' said he, 'how deliciously you must taste.'

Now was it in malicious mockery that the hawk spoke, or in utter simplicity? I know not. But yesterday I heard one say, 'This lady, who poetizes so inimitably, must she not be a most delightful woman?' And that certainly was simplicity!

XII.—THE WARLIKE WOLF.

'My father of glorious memory,' said a young wolf to a fox; 'he was a true hero! How terrible did he not make himself in the whole neighbourhood. He has, by degrees, triumphed over more than two hundred enemies, and sent their black souls into the kingdom of perdition. What wonder, then, that finally he was obliged to succumb to one!' 'So would a funeral orator express himself,' said the fox, 'but the matter-of-fact historian would add, the two hundred enemies over whom he by degrees triumphed, were sheep and asses; and the one enemy to whom he submitted was the first bull which he ventured to attack.'

XIII.—THE PHŒNIX.

After many centuries it pleased the phœnix to suffer himself to be seen again. He appeared, and the animals and birds collected round him. They stared; they were astonished; they admired; and broke out into enraptured praise. But soon the best, and most sociable, exchanged looks compassionately, and sighed. 'The unhappy phœnix! his was the hard fate to have neither wife nor friends, for he is the only one of his kind!'

XIV.—THE GOOSE.

The feathers of a goose outshone the new-fallen snow. Proud of this dazzling gift of nature, she fancied herself born to be a swan rather than what she was. She kept herself aloof from her equals, and swam solitarily and majestically around the pond. Now she stretched her neck, whose treacherous shortness she tried with all her might to remedy; now she sought to give it the splendid curve, in which the swan has the dignified look of a bird of Apollo. But in vain; it was too stiff, and with all her trouble she could go no further than to be a ridiculous goose, without becoming a swan.

A Fancy Fair.

At the large bay window of a pretty villa, in the suburb of a provincial town, sat a group of lively young ladies, whose fingers and tongues were moving with equal rapidity. They were presided over by one of their number, who, though still young, had a matronly appearance, and a 'quite-at-home' manner, which proclaimed her mistress of the dwelling. A circular table had been drawn into the recess of the window, and on it lay an endless variety of what are termed 'knick-knacks' in every stage of development; together with a quantity of the raw material out of which female ingenuity is wont to create the riches of a fancy fair. On every spare article of furniture were tastefully arranged such tokens of the fair workers' industry as had received the last touch from their ready fingers, including the usual variety of dolls and d'oyleys; of purses and paintings; of neckties and needle-books; of guard-chains and girdles, &c., &c., &c. Splendid pieces of silk and worsted work were also there, and a full proportion of those nondescript articles which so many are tempted to buy at a fancy fair, upon the assurance of the pretty saleswoman, that 'They will answer for a thousand purposes.'

There was one exception to the double activity of tongues and fingers to which we have referred, in the person of a young lady, whom her companions called 'Etty.' She was engaged in putting together a sober-looking garment, at which she worked with quiet and silent industry. Her own appearance, though perfectly neat, was in keeping with the unpretending character of her employment, and both, together with a certain pleasant expression of countenance, and gentle cheerfulness of deportment, suggested the conviction that wherever the secret of true happiness may be supposed by many to lie, Etty had found it in something higher than the pretty trifles by which she was surrounded.

The party ranged in age from ten to twenty-two, not including the matron, Mrs. Elton, on whose age we pronounce not. She was mother to the youngest little lady present, aunt to Etty Forrest, cousin to Bessie Welland, the most inveterate talker among them all, and friend to the remainder of the company.

'Oh, cousin Alfred,' exclaimed Bessie, as a gentleman entered the room bearing so marked a resemblance to Mrs. Elton, that we need no introduction to assure us he is her brother; 'Oh, cousin Alfred, I am *so* glad you have come; I have *so* wished to see you; you can be of the greatest possible assistance to us in our work.'

'Indeed!' returned Alfred, casting a curious eye over the heterogeneous mass before him. 'Do tell me in what way can I possibly forward your work.'

'Of course, I don't ask you to take the needle and thread,' said Bessie, laughing, 'but you can do something far better. You know those charming views that you took in Switzerland; and those lovely scenes on the Rhine; and that sweet cottage on Lake Maggiore; and

oh! that gem of gems, the ruined châlet; and the mother hanging over her dead baby; oh! Alfred, I could cry over that picture by the hour.'

'If you had no fear that the tears would spoil the colours.'

'Now don't be provoking,' cried Bessie; 'I declare I shall rate you as a cynic if you give yourself that horrid manner.'

'Just as you please, Bessie; your calling me one will not make me one; I should be very sorry if it did.'

'Then do copy the ruined châlet for me, Alfred; do now; and get it lithographed for the benefit of our ragged-school. You will lay us under an infinite obligation; for I am no true prophet if the print does not become quite the fashion.'

'The last kind of popularity I covet, Bessie, is to set the fashion.'

'Ah! but for the sake of charity—for the ragged-school, you know; indeed, it will be a thousand pities if you do not.'

'I don't understand exactly what degree of sympathy is comprised in "a thousand pities,"' returned Alfred, 'otherwise I might say it is a thousand pities that young ladies do not learn better to proportion their words to their ideas. It generally seems as if the stronger the words the weaker the ideas they are intended to express. The strong words, I suppose, are thrown to the surface to hide the weakness of the ideas that lie beneath. But come now,' added Alfred, seeing his cousin look unusually angry, 'I don't say I will give no help to your ragged-school. Ragged-schools are excellent things, and ought to be sustained. What are you going to do? I must know that in the first place.'

'We are going to have a bazaar, brother,' replied Mrs. Elton.

'A bazaar! a regular shop! Such as they have in India, where I was accustomed to get all manner of commodities ready to my hand? Nothing less than going to open a shop for charity?'

'Oh, not a shop, Alfred; only a fancy fair, to be kept open for a few days; and Lady St. Delvin and the Hon. Mrs. Bankerville have promised to be patronesses, and if they possibly can, to visit the fair for half an hour; and Mrs. Carton, and her sister Lady Harwood, and Mrs. Conningsby, and Mrs. Bently, and the three Misses Peyton, and Mrs. Maxwell, and Miss Nettleton, and Bessie, and I, are to have stalls; and as each pair of ladies has to furnish their own table, we are doing the best we can—'

'To excel and outshine one another,' interrupted Alfred.

His sister coloured.

'Well, perhaps so,' she answered. 'I suppose it is understood that everyone will do that; and I don't see how it can be avoided, if all are to do the best they can for the charity.'

'On the high-pressure system, of course not; all things are lawful in charity no less than in war it appears,' returned Alfred, 'and you will close every valve, and tighten every screw, and keep the steam up at any hazard. Why, what with the emulation of the ladies as regards one another, and their adulation as regards their noble patronesses, you will leave not a chance of escape to anyone who comes.

within the range of this mighty influence. If Lady St. Delvin and the Hon. Mrs. Bankerville walk up the room for half an hour, or the half of a quarter of an hour, your whole shop will vanish the first day. Articles that have lain within the gaze of the nobility acquire a sacred character thenceforth, and you may count the price of the simplest pen-wiper in gold. Everything will disappear from your tables as if by an explosion.'

'Never mind him, girls,' cried Mrs. Elton, addressing the young ladies, 'this is always his way, but he will help us after all.'

'I must know more about it, I assure you, Helen; tell me all your plans and purposes for the getting up of this fancy fair.'

'I will tell you everything, cousin,' exclaimed Bessie Welland, breaking an unusually long silence; 'the arrangements have all been committed to me. In the first place, we are to hold the fair in Clifton-wood. You know that exquisite little glade, with the opening toward the waterfall, and that lovely slope above it, dotted with camellias and oleanders. Well, we are to hold the fair in a large marquee at the further end of the glade; and all sorts of refreshments are to be provided in a smaller tent. Then, on the slope above, we shall have another marquee, where will be such a delightful band! Lord St. Delvin has promised to send that of his own regiment; besides which, we are to have several gentlemen amateurs, to play and sing. There's John Godfrey, your old acquaintance at Westminster; and I should not wonder if Lord St. Delvin himself were to come.'

'Well, and you will be in high fashion at your table, I presume? Flowers, and feathers, and chains, and brooches, and bracelets, and rings and all?'

'Indeed, I will,' replied Bessie, tossing her head, and laughing gaily. 'I am determined to look as well as I can.'

'I know it; so are you all, though all may not have so much honesty as to confess it. But that's one of the screws, you know, that must be tightened to keep up the steam. But you have not told me where the dancing is to be? Of course, you will have a third marquee for that.'

'Now, Alfred, that is so like your caustic way,' replied his sister, looking very grave; 'you know there will be no dancing.'

'And why not, pray, my sister?'

'For your sake, it may not be necessary to answer the question,' returned Mrs. Elton, with a little irritation of manner. 'But for the sake of others present, I will say that not a member of the committee would countenance any such worldly amusement.'

'I protest to you I see nothing peculiarly worldly in hopping upon one foot, or skipping upon two. It may be peculiarly silly, but that's another matter. It is the adjuncts that create the moral evil, and the adjuncts you intend to have. You intend to have the dress, and the extravagance, and the self-display, and the emulation, and the gay company. Strip dancing of these (I mean if you can), and there is no more evil in it than in the gambols of a kitten; and yet, while you

retain, and even encourage all these, you shake your head in grave disapproval of such a worldly amusement as dancing.'

'For my part, I should have no objection to the dancing if I could have it,' said Bessie Welland.

'I am sure you would not, Bessie,' replied Alfred; 'you are too consistent. Besides, you have too much common sense to make a distinction without a difference. Supposing you to be fully persuaded in your own mind that the end you have in view justifies the means you intend to employ, I see not the shadow of a reason why you should object to employ dancing also, if there be a probability that by so doing you would increase your gains. So what would you think of trying the experiment; fencing off a portion of the ground with a fancy paling, and letting the gentlemen take partners within the enclosure, and amuse themselves with those *fancy* dances called polkas, just to promote the cause of charity.'

Mrs. Elton looked seriously vexed, but Bessie forced a laugh, which was, perhaps, but another way of expressing similar feelings. Alfred took no notice of the annoyance, but turning to his sister, he resumed the subject. 'Now, let me put a few serious questions. Granting that every article in this heterogeneous collection is of some use (though I suppose it would be rather a stretch of charity to suppose it of one-half), is the time it demands well bestowed by young people, whose minds are yet but half-furnished for the solid duties of life? You may remember that John Foster, when contemplating a piece of rich worsted work, in which scarlet predominated, told the fair workwoman it was "red with the blood of murdered time." Now here is murder by wholesale.'

'Ah, if you could induce our young people to spend their time any better,' observed Mrs. Elton.

'I am sorry to hear such a testimony borne against those on whom so much depends,' replied Alfred. 'Yet I cannot but think the charge bears harder against the generation preceding them than against themselves.'

'At any rate,' said Mrs. Elton, parrying his words, 'I don't think there are half-a-dozen articles in this collection that are not of some use.'

'Of *some* use; well, you know, I have charitably granted the possibility of that; but are they of as much use as the time they have taken? Of course, I know pincushions, and needle-cases, and book-markers, are all useful in their way; and then mounting higher in the scale of your commodities, every article is of some use, that is, it is designed for some purpose, though that does not prove it to be of use; but if in the constructing of all these, something far more valuable has been sacrificed, I should be inclined to say they are of no use. But do you expect to sell all you have here?'

'I should hope so, and to clear a large sum by the sale.'

'Do you think, if they were sold for their intrinsic value, they would bring you in a large sum?'

'Ridiculous; nobody thinks of such things at a fancy fair.'

'I suppose not; then your business will be, to use every means to procure for your goods a price which you know they are not worth.'

'My dear brother, nobody is obliged to buy.'

'I know that; still you will do your best to prevail on those who come to do it; that is, to prevail on them to give a price for your goods which you yourself admit they are not worth. You would call your mercer or milliner by no gentle name were they to deal in like manner with you.'

'That is quite a different case; and then the most expensive of these articles we shall not sell in the ordinary way. They are to be disposed of by tickets.'

'By tickets? I don't understand that; explain it, Helen.'

'Well, this fancy chair, for instance, is valued at 10*l.*, and a hundred persons take tickets at two shillings each, and when the number is completed, they draw to see whose it shall be.'

'I understand; THROW; so among your many tables, you will have a gaming table.'

'Not at all; it has nothing to do with gaming. Drawing for prizes is a thing done every day by those who would not for the world encourage gaming.'

'I shall be quite willing to admit it is not gaming so soon as you can show me how the two things differ.'

'Oh, well, I cannot argue the point; but I don't see it in that light; every one who takes a ticket—'

'Hopes to win,' interrupted Alfred.

'No, no; I was going to say, every one that takes a ticket knows that only one can win, and is satisfied that the money should go to the charity, without gaining anything himself.'

'Then why don't Nos. 1 to 99 give two shillings each to the charity, and request the benevolent patronesses to hand over the chair to No. 100, with their kind regards?'

'Oh, now, Alfred, this is only laughing at us.'

'I assure you I mean no such thing; I only want to show you that your argument has more of plausibility than soundness in it. The truth is, all who take tickets hope to win, just as much as does the man who rattles the dice at an avowed gaming table. Don't you believe that, Helen?'

She did not answer.

'I object altogether to these false modes of sustaining charitable and religious institutions,' continued Alfred. 'Everything artificial is doomed to die out, after a certain period—longer or shorter, just according to its power of attraction, or your power of adding new attractions to the old, to keep up the excitement. Nature only is self-sustaining; truth only can propagate itself. This getting up of bazaars, or fancy fairs, or Christmas trees, or soirées, or charitable breakfasts, on every occasion when money is to be raised, is creating an unhealthy state of mind on all sides; which I doubt not, unless checked, will prove utterly destructive of right charitable feeling.

It seems impossible to do anything now without amusement of some kind to make the charity, or the religion with which it is connected, go down.'

'And what are we to do when we cannot otherwise raise funds?' inquired Mrs. Elton. 'You know there are numbers who buy largely at bazaars, who will not give one farthing in any other way.'

'Do you know why they are so grudging? Just because Christians are not shaming them into liberality by their example. Let Christians do as they have been done by; freely they have received, freely let them give. Many of them may not have received largely in temporal things, but all have received abundantly in spiritual blessings; let them give in proportion as they enjoy these—if, in truth, they can be said to have any enjoyment in them.'

'That is a hard saying, Alfred,' said Mrs. Elton.

'Why, I only require them to do *what they can* in *giving*, not in getting up fancy fairs. This would be about ten times the amount they *are* giving at present. And do you not think this exhibition of genuine liberality would do more to attract the gold out of the pockets of those who are not Christians, than all the trumpery of all the fancy fairs that ever were held?'

'I don't know, I am sure; but I think you are quite mistaken in thinking Christians can do so much more than they are doing. People know their own affairs best.'

'Certainly; but I must say I see no appearance of money being scarce among them; if I go into their houses, I see not only as much comfort, but as much luxury—not only as much elegance, but as much splendour, as in the houses of others. I don't object to this in itself mind; I only object to it when I find those who indulge in it saying they cannot give more than they do to the cause of charity and religion. Then, see them driving in the parks; see them on the public walks; see them in churches and chapels; truly there are small indications of poverty. By the way, a friend of mine, who ministers in a proprietary chapel not a thousand miles from London, had to preach a charity sermon some months ago, and he applied to me for a text. He has a remarkably well-dressed congregation, he told me, but his collections for all such purposes as that before him were always miserably small. I recommended him to take for a text Exod. xxxvi. 6, "So the people were restrained from bringing." He shook his head sadly, and said he was afraid if he took that for his text his discourse would be more like a satire than a sermon. Helen, my dear sister, the spirit of self-denying, disinterested benevolence, is smothered under the load of useless knick-knackery which occupies the time of our young people, and covers our tables at fancy fairs.'

'Well, now, do you know, brother, it strikes me as something very like Popery, this talk of Christians denying themselves; as if our heavenly Father were exacting from us a hard service.'

'I would laugh at that observation, Helen, were it not that, regarded in one aspect, it needs to be treated gravely. Tell me, was it Popery in our Master to command his disciples to "deny them-

selves, take up their cross daily, and follow him?" I know there are many who, like you, object to the term self-denial, and to the thing I suppose, too; but until we can boast of having attained to perfection, I don't see how we can escape from it as a duty. Two affections struggle for mastery in the human heart—the love of God, and the love of self. Truly happy, however, should I be to see Christians giving so largely, giving so freely, giving so cheerfully, that to them, giving would manifestly be no self-denial.'

'Set the example, darling coz, by giving largely, freely, and cheerfully, to our fancy fair,' said Bessie. 'Won't you now?'

'No; nothing to your fancy fair, Bessie; not a mite—not a shred of Bristol board—not a touch of pencil—not a stroke of paint. If you choose, however, I will give you a pen and ink sketch of a fancy fair out of the materials that have been furnished me to-day. Of this I will get you as many copies lithographed as you please; and you can scatter them over the tables. It will be something to this effect. A fancy fair is a sale at which Christians truckle to the tastes of the irreligious in order to get money out of their pockets, and fancy they are promoting the ends of religion and charity. A fancy fair is a sale, to prepare for which young and old emulate one another in the number, and variety, and ingenuity, of the tokens they display of "murdered time," and fancy they have been improving their talents. A fancy fair is a sale where young ladies exhibit themselves, as well as their wares, to the best advantage, and fancy they are in the path of duty. A fancy fair is a sale to which crowds of fashionables resort, to show their dress, to listen to music, to refresh themselves by eating immoderately of unwholesome food, to chatter, to gossip, and to flirt, and fancy they are countenancing a charitable object. A fancy fair is a sale at which good-natured, and not very wise old gentlemen, are wheedled out of their money for some worthless knick-knack, and fancy (until they return home) that they have got value for their gold. A fancy fair is a sale where credulous people engage in games of chance, and imagine they are not gaming. A fancy fair is a sale where parents introduce their children to all what, in other places, they would call the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, and think they are training them up in the way they should go. Such, concluded Alfred, 'is rather a *rough* sketch of my idea of a fancy fair; this favourite engine of the present day for working good.'

'Oh, thank you for your offered sketch,' cried Bessie; 'but it would not answer our purpose at all, not being either useful or ornamental. If you won't help us on with our ragged-school, at least don't hinder us.'

'But I never said I would not help you with the ragged-school, Bessie, did I? Just let me have my say out, and you may find I shall be far from hindering you. While I was drawing that sketch, my thoughts were running on something else; I was thinking of the amount of congruity between one of your fancy fairs and the doings of the primitive Church. I fancied Paul, for example, getting up a fancy fair for the benefit of the poor saints at Jerusalem, and Aquila

and Priscilla lending out their largest tent to hold it in. Then I fancied sister Phebe taking advantage of her visit to Rome to procure scraps of the newest fabrics worn in the imperial household, and specimens of the latest, most ingenious, and most useful tokens of amateur art, to take back with her to Cenchrea. I fancied Mary bestowing much labour in dressing dolls for the same cause, and Tryphena, Tryphosa, and the beloved Persis, equally busy about some elaborate pieces of worsted work, representing, but not exaggerating, the ugliness of Nero's visage—'

'This is really nothing but burlesquing, Alfred,' interrupted Mrs. Elton. 'The state and usages of society have so much changed since then, we cannot fairly argue from the one period to the other.'

'Society changed, is it? Well, I fear it is; and yet the gospel remains the same that it ever was. Its principles, its motives, its encouragements, its sanctions, its promises, all the same. The same, too, in its unanswerable appeal, "Freely ye have received, freely give." And now, Bessie,' he said, turning again to his cousin, 'shall I tell you the last thing of which I was thinking?'

'Of course you will, whether I please or not,' replied Bessie; 'so go on with your cynical remarks.'

'Well, I was endeavouring to calculate what period of time is likely to elapse before we find some *voluntary* church getting up a fancy fair to pay the minister's salary. A pleasant illustration of the voluntary principle, wouldn't it be?'

'Nonsense, Alfred! I protest against this,' cried Mrs. Elton. 'You never will see anything of the kind.'

'Nonsense, do you call it? I can tell you there are many who would consider such a measure full of sound sense, if it relieved them of the burden of paying their portion of the minister s salary. Why, Helen, I have gone into the houses of members of churches, and I have seen, as plainly as if they had set it before me in black and white, that without cutting off a single real comfort they could each of them, out of their mere waste and superfluity, have paid the whole of their minister s salary.'

'Well, at any rate, you never will see what you speak of, and that you know well enough.'

'I do not *know* it, indeed; I may *hope* it, though even that appears too strong a word; for hope implies some degree of expectation, and if society progresses as it has been doing (this is the age of progress, you know), I may rather expect the reverse. And, after all, if there be this terrible impropriety in using such means for the purpose I have referred to, by what magic is it that the impropriety vanishes the moment you resort to it for a ragged-school? What is a ragged-school but a lower branch of the same business, if I may use the expression?'

Nobody answered, not even Bessie, who, though she could jump to a conclusion quickly enough, seemed to have her ideas put to instant flight by anything that approached to reasoning.

'There is a great mistake,' continued Alfred, 'into which all sections of the Church have fallen, that of supposing, that as ages pass on, and society presents new aspects of civilization, they are at liberty to consider the original institutions of Christ as obsolete, or, at least, that they may modify or add to them by any inventions of their own, which, suiting the taste of their generation, seem likely to give a new impulse to charity or religion.'

'For example?' said Mrs. Elton, interrogatively.

'For example, then. Show me, throughout the New Testament, the slighest recognition of any instrumentality for carrying on the work which Christ left in the hands of his disciples but that of Christian liberality; but instead of trusting to this, the Church now-a-days goes about coaxing, wheedling, and cheating people by a hundred questionable means. And what is the effect? The weakening, if not destroying, the instrumentality appointed by the Head of the Church.'

'I don't see that,' replied Mrs. Elton.

'You don't! Suppose you had a well of springing water on your estate, and that thinking to increase the supply, you sunk a number of force pumps around it, at which you were continually working; would not the result be the gradual drying up of the spring? Just so it is in morals; introduce a false principle, and you will be sure to weaken, if not destroy, the influence of the true.'

'But I cannot see that what you contend against is a false principle. It may not be *the very* principle inculcated by Christ and his apostles.'

'That is to say, it is not a false principle; it is only not the true,' replied Alfred, with a curious twinkle of his eye.

'The fact is,' returned Mrs. Elton, impatiently, 'your notion fully carried out would forbid us to accept any assistance from worldly persons for the support of charity and religion.'

'I think I have already shown that my *notion* (principle I prefer calling it) involves no such conclusion. Your fancy fairs are avowedly employed for the purpose of drawing money from worldly people, from such as you suppose will give nothing except on the terms of so much money for so much amusement. Now, I ask Christians, instead of setting up fancy fairs, to set up a shining example, and see whether of the twain will be the more powerful influence.'

Etty Forrest had taken no part in the discussion we have recorded, although she had listened to it with an interest which communicated to her countenance that expression of intense, yet quiet satisfaction, with which we are accustomed to listen to the advocacy of sentiments devoutly cherished within our own breasts. Her uncle observed it, and seating himself beside her, he said, 'I have been wondering, all the morning, what this work can be, on which my young niece is so busily engaged; it can hardly be intended for the fancy fair; is it, Etty?'

Bessie Welland did not allow Etty time to answer. 'Oh, Etty is one after your own heart, Alfred,' she said; 'she is so provokingly

good, she would have nothing to do with us, or with our fancy fair; we are quite too wicked.'

'Did she say so?' inquired Alfred.

'She might as well; when a person chooses to be singular, and will not co-operate with others, what is it but condemning them?'

'As Noah did the world, by building the ark, while they were running after their pleasures. I have no doubt they said he was very provoking; and yet he was right after all. But, Etty, you have not yet told me what this work of yours is intended for?'

'I can tell you it is just another way in which she is showing her agreement with you, cousin,' cried Bessie, still answering for Etty; 'she is exercising *self-denial;* she would not put a finger near our light and tasteful work, but she is mortifying herself, soiling and spoiling her hands, making up those odious dresses for the girls at the ragged-school; and I verily believe she has sacrificed the character of her own wardrobe to procure them. She could *hardly* appear at the fancy fair, I believe.'

Etty coloured deeply, but made no reply. Her uncle looked at her, and said, 'Ah! well, she is studying a higher character than the character of her wardrobe, I suppose; even cousin Bessie herself "being judge;" and though there may be those that consider her work an exercise of self-denial, I have no doubt she will find one satisfaction arising out of it, which their fancy fair will not afford to them. She *knows* her work will be of use. I dare say you are a good deal interested in this ragged-school, Etty?'

'O yes, indeed, uncle,' answered Etty, warmly.

'Interested,' cried Bessie, again, 'why, she is so much interested that she visits it, I don't know how often; and spends hours trying to drive the thousandth part of an idea into the heads of some dozens of the dirtiest little creatures you could imagine.'

'It is a great pity her charity does not begin nearer home,' said Alfred, a little sharply. 'Pray, Bessie, may I ask, what benefit could result from your fancy fair, were everybody so refined as to shrink from what you consider such an unpleasing part of the duties connected with a ragged-school? And am I to conclude that your interest in the matter exhausts itself in getting up a fancy fair, and in the excitement, and the *éclat*, and the fun, in short, attendant upon holding it? I would willingly think better of you, cousin, and I trust you will begin to think more gravely upon this and kindred subjects than you seem yet to have done. It is pleasant,' he went on, 'to find that there are still some little runnels from the genuine spring; it is not their fault that they are *but* runnels, and we must try to convert them into copious streams.'

He placed a liberal donation in the hand of Etty for the ragged-school, receiving a look of joyful gratitude in return; and added, as he left, 'The best wish I can leave with you all, in connexion with your present object, is, that I may not again meet you similarly engaged. I hope that, one day, you will come to believe, with me, that fancy

fairs, and all other spurious and artificial modes of so-called "Christian Charity," are a sad mistake. They are signs of the dotage of Christian love. They may please you, but depend upon it they do not please the Lord of the Bible. Do you imagine *he* is gratified with an offering of dolls and purses?'

The Church, or 'The Cause;' Which?

When I was a youth, I used occasionally to meet a clever, intelligent senior friend, who, having been a native of the same place, and for a time connected with the —— church there, would ask me, in a comical tone, 'How s the cause?' Subsequently, I heard the phrase on many hands over and over again, and may possibly have acquired the habit of using it myself. For when I first became an earnest Christian, to me the cause of religion was *the* cause of causes, and I could well sympathize with the worthies of the elder time, who, by their devotion often unto blood, sufficiently entitled themselves to speak of that which was dearer to them than life, as, emphatically, 'The cause.'

Many years have passed since then, and I confess to not now hearing the phrase with the same satisfaction. In some quarters, it is little better than downright cant to speak of what purports to be the cause of religion—the cause of Christ—as *the* cause, when many things, utterly at variance with the spirit of the New Testament, which is the spirit of the Master, are palpably *the* cause dearest to the heart of the easy utterer.

But waving this, with the altered condition of Nonconformity in the land, there has also gradually grown up a difference between things that were once identical, or nearly so. And I put it to any thoughtful observer of the signs of the times in our Dissenting Zion, whether, now-a-days, there is not often a painful discrepancy between the church and 'the cause?' Whether that which now promotes the one, does not often interfere with the other? Whether 'the cause,' in its altered sense, is not too frequently the object of solicitude, instead of the church?

The inquiry after the state of 'the cause' will be answered by an account of the size of the building, its architectural character, the number of attendants, their wealth and social standing, the carriages that may be seen setting down their fashionable occupants, the renown of the minister for oratory, intellectual power, or popular talent. And if the chapel be in a commanding situation; the minister one whose name is 'up; the congregation 'highly respectable; with a goodly number of wealthy merchants, or manufacturers, or people of 'independent means, especially if Sir Somebody This, or Alderman That, be 'in full communion,' and the subscription lists to various

denominational objects entitle the members of the society to anxious consideration at the hands of wide-awake secretaries, why everybody would pronounce 'the cause' at Silk-street to be in a flourishing condition.

Or, if you are inquiring comparatively as to 'the best cause' in any of our provincial towns, the answer, in perhaps seven cases out of ten, perhaps in a larger number, would still be given on the same principles; and that is the most prosperous which contains most of the elements already mentioned. If there be half-a-dozen 'causes' in a town, there is too generally more or less of a sort of sub-rivalry existent. It would be denied; but there it is. The individuals themselves possibly unconscious of the fact, or, at least, not liking to recognise it, unwilling to admit or to believe it.

Now, I have observed that 'causes' may be built up at one another's expense; but not churches edified, *i.e.*, built up, so. For whatever is unworthy, ungenerous, unkind, reacts perniciously on a church, while it may nevertheless answer the purpose of 'the cause.'

The union of A, B, and C, may promote the prosperity of 'the cause,' and at the same time seriously lessen that of the church.

Uncompromising fidelity to the principles or truths least welcome, and therefore the more necessary, in any locality, may injure 'the cause,' while establishing the moral health of the church.

The style of preaching most adapted to advance the mental and moral growth of those who will receive it, may prove to be little adapted, in some meridians, to secure the growth of 'the cause.' It is at least possible that the man most 'calculated to fill the place,' may be greatly wanting in the qualities needed in one who is to be the guide of souls in their life-long pilgrimage to the celestial city. He who can most readily give the people what they like, is not necessarily the man who can and will give them what they ought to have. Then 'the cause' flourishes, increases, but the church does not grow proportionately in what the Saviour most regards.

Trial, affliction, so necessary to the individual Christian, often in the history of the church so useful to the body, makes sad havoc with 'the cause.' Ministers, *e. g.*, like other Christians, need the chastening which is not at the time joyous, but grievous; and to be confined to the chamber of sickness, or brought into the presence of death, may render them a hundred times fitter to lead the devotions of the people, and may impart an authority to their deepest utterances which they never had before. But, in many instances, his seclusion has proved a damage to 'the cause,' which it has never recovered. Other 'causes' have caught away sundry attendants; there are certain 'vacant sittings' which make the deacons look significantly grave, and drop ominous hints; for as it is an ill wind that blows nobody any good, 'the cause' in Cobweb-lane, or Honey-place, is 'looking up,' as commercials say, at their expense. So that a ministerial friend of mine says, 'It is a sin for Dissenting ministers to be ill.' Churches may have reason to bless God for a pastor's sickness; what 'cause' is not rather hurt by it?

Shop artifices may greatly assist in increasing 'the cause,' but do they not incalculably injure the church?

The cultivation of a sectarian spirit will often cement a people together, preserve them from straying even to greener pastures and sweeter waters, and make them zealous in bringing in recruits; is any church of Christ benefited thereby?

But why go on to increase the number of illustrations, they crowd in upon the mind, and sadden it. I check my pen, therefore.

I have sometimes compared the relation of the two to each other, although not quite correctly, to that between the body and the mind, or spirit. One may have the finest bodily health, while the mind is starved. A fat man with a lean soul is not an impossibility. Neither is the reverse. The beloved apostle wished that his friend Gaius might be as healthy in body as he was prosperous in soul. Or, I have thought of the relation between a tradesman, or merchant, and his business. The latter may be growing rapidly, while the man himself is, as a man, dwindling, pining, deteriorating.

I shall pause here, with our good 'Spectator's' leave. But a quarter of a century's experience, and sundry intimations that the day is far spent, induce me thus to invite the serious thoughtfulness of Christians to the fact, that the two things are not in our day necessarily the same, and to respectfully solicit their pondering of the title of this paper, and with which too I may round it off:—

THE CHURCH, OR 'THE CAUSE;' WHICH?

Record of Christian Missions.

NAVIGATOR'S ISLANDS.

WE copy the following article from the 'Samoan Reporter,' a journal conducted and printed by the missionaries of the London Missionary Society. It is published twice in the year, and is beautifully got up, as well as admirably edited. Among other things of interest it contains a meteorological register for the past year.

'Five-and-twenty years ago, the Samoans were living under the influence of a host of imaginary deities, and steeped in superstition. At his birth every Samoan was supposed to be taken under the care of some tutelary or protecting god, or *aitu*, as it was called. The help of, perhaps, half a dozen different gods was invoked in succession on the occasion, but the one who happened to be addressed just as the child was born was marked, and declared to be that child's god for life.

'Those gods were supposed to appear in some *visible incarnation*, and the particular thing in which his god was in the habit of appearing was to the Samoan an object of veneration. It was, in fact, his idol, and he was careful never to injure it, or treat it with contempt. One, for instance, saw his god in the eel, another in a shark, another in the turtle, another in the dog, another in the owl, another in the lizard; and so on, throughout all the fish of the sea, and four-

footed beasts, and creeping things. In some of the shell-fish even gods were supposed to be present. A man would eat freely of what was regarded as the incarnation of the god of another man, but the incarnation of his own particular god he would consider it death to injure or to eat. The god was supposed to avenge the insult by taking up his abode in that person's body, and causing to generate there the very thing he had eaten, until it produced death. This class of genii, or tutelary deities, are called *aitu fale*, or gods of the house.

'The father of the family was the *high priest*, and usually offered a short prayer at the evening meal, that they might be kept from fires, sickness, war, and death. Occasionally, too, he would direct that they have a family feast in honour of their household gods; and on these occasions a cup of intoxicating ava draught was poured out as a drink-offering. They did this in their family house, where they were all assembled, supposing that their gods had a spiritual presence there, as well as in the material objects to which they have referred. Often it was supposed that the god came among them, and spoke through the father or some other member of the family, telling them what to do in order to remove a present evil or avert a threatened one. Sometimes it would be that the family would get a canoe built and keep it sacred to the god. They might travel in it themselves, but it was death to sell or part with a canoe which had been built specially for the god.

'*Another class of Samoan deities* may be called gods of town or village. Every village had its god, and every one born in that village was the property of that god. I have got a child for so-and-so, a woman would say on the birth of her child, and name the village god. There was a small house or temple also consecrated to the deity of the place. Where there was no formal temple, the public house of the village, where the chiefs were assembling, was the temple for the time being, as the occasion required. Some settlements had a sacred grove as well as a temple, where prayers and offerings were presented. The Swift One, the Sacred One, Destruction, the God of Heaven, the Great Seer, the King of Pulotu, were the names of some of the village gods.

'*In their temples* they had generally something for the eye to rest upon with superstitious veneration. In one might be seen a conch shell suspended from the roof, in a basket made of cinit-network; and this the god was supposed to blow when he wished the people to go to war. In another two stones were kept. In another something resembling the head of a man, with white streamers flying, was raised on a pole at the door of the temple, at the usual hour of worship. In another a cocoa-nut shell drinking-cup was suspended from the roof, and before it prayers were addressed and offerings presented. This cup was also used in oaths. If they wished to find out a thief the suspected parties were assembled before the chiefs, the cup sent for, and each would approach, lay his hand on it, and say, "With my hand on this cup, may the god look upon me, and send swift destruction, if I took the thing which has been stolen." The stones and shells were used in a similar way, but the *cup* is especially interesting.—(See Kitto's "Bible Illustrations," vol. i. p. 426, on Divining Cups.") Before this ordeal the truth is rarely concealed. They firmly believe that it would be death to touch the cup and tell a lie.

'*The priests* in some cases were the chiefs of the place; but in general some

one in a particular family claimed the privilege, and professed to declare the will of the god. His office is hereditary. He fixed the days of annual feasts in honour of the deity, received the offerings, and thanked the people for them. He decided, also, whether or not the people might go to war.

'*The offerings* were principally cooked food. As in ancient Greece, so in Samoa, the first cup was in honour of the god. It was either poured out on the ground or waved towards the heavens, reminding us of the Mosaic ceremonies. The chiefs all drank a portion out of the same cup, according to rank; and after that the food brought as an offering was divided and eaten. This feast was annual, and frequently about the month of May. In some places it passed off quietly; in others it was associated with games, sham fights, night dances, &c.; and lasted for days. In time of war special feasts were ordered by the priests. Of the offerings on war occasions, women and children were forbidden to partake, as it was not their province to go to battle. They supposed it would bring sickness and death on the party eating who did not go to the war, and hence were careful to bury or throw into the sea whatever food was over after the festival. In some cases the feasts in honour of the god were regulated by the appearance in the settlement of the bird which was thought to be the incarnation of the god. Whenever the bird was seen the priest would say that the god had come, and fix upon a day for his entertainment.

'The village gods, like those of the household, had all some particular incarnation. One was supposed to appear as a bat, another as a heron, another as an owl. If a man found a dead owl by the roadside, and if that happened to be the incarnation of his village god, he would sit down and weep over it, and beat his forehead with stones till the blood flowed. This was thought pleasing to the deity. Then the bird would be wrapped up, and buried with care and ceremony, as if it was a human body. This was not, however, the death of the god. He was supposed to be yet alive and incarnate in all owls in existence. The flight of these birds was observed in time of war. If the bird flew before them it was a signal to go on; but if it crossed the path it was a bad omen and a sign of retreat. Others have seen their village god in the rainbow; others have seen him in the shooting star; and in time of war the position of a rainbow, and the direction of a shooting star, were always ominous.

'The constant dread of the gods, and the numerous and extravagant demands of a cunning and avaricious priesthood, made the heathenism of Samoa a hard service. On the reception of Christianity, temples were destroyed, the sacred groves left to be overrun by the bush, the shells, and stones, and divining cups were thrown away, and the fish and fowls, which they previously regarded as an incarnation of their gods, were eaten without suspicion or alarm. In a remarkably short time, under God's blessing, hardly a vestige of the entire system was to be seen.'

SOUTH AFRICA.—AMBITIOUS DESIGNS OF THE TRANS-VAAL BOERS.

'A letter from Mr. Ross, who has been for some time a missionary among the Bechuanas, draws attention to a scheme of aggression, promulgated in a new code of laws of the Trans-Vaal Boers, for taking ultimate possession of the whole country extending in a line across their territory from the Atlantic to the Indian Ocean. Our readers may remember that Mr. Moffat, in his journal of his visit to

Moselekatse, drew attention to the danger to the Christian cause of this dishonest, aggressive spirit. The chief obstacle, he said, to the progress of Christianity among the people consisted in the aggressive spirit of the Trans-Vaal Boers, whose transactions had hitherto been characterised by a deep-rooted enmity to all missionary operations, and between whom and the missionaries no peace could be expected. A daring, marauding, and licentious spirit, akin to that exhibited lately by the Missouri marauders in Kansas, appears to characterise these descendants of the old Dutch settlers. Mr. Ross writes, in a letter given in the 'Missionary Record' of the Established Church of Scotland:—

'Great changes are at present passing over this unhappy land, some of which I shall endeavour to relate to you. The Trans-Vaal Boers have long been troubling the servants of God in this district, and the doom of all of us seems to be now sealed. They have lately made a new code of laws, which, if they are strictly observed, will sooner or later destroy the work of missions in this quarter, and remove all missionaries from their pretended dominions.

'Article 4th plainly states that "the people desire to possess and maintain inviolate their territory situated in South Africa, north of the Vaal river, and south as yet undefined, including their rights and claims to the territory situated to the east and south-east of this republic, extending to the Indian Ocean, and to the west and south-west, along the Vaal river to where it falls into the Orange river, and further, to the north of the Orange river, where, on the west coast of South Africa, it falls into the Atlantic Ocean." This is a very large and unrighteous desire, and only depends on the supposition that they shall conquer and subdue the unoffending inhabitants of these lands, from the Indian to the Atlantic Ocean. At present their policy is to be quiet, and to prevent all the coloured tribes from getting supplies of ammunition, but as soon as they can effect their purpose, and spill as little Boer blood as possible, what they have said shall be done.

'Article 18th, "The seat of the legislative power and of the council of the state shall, as soon as may be, and as far as possible, be established in the centre of the territory of this republic." This is astounding, especially to us, as we have long heard their threats that Kurruman should yet be the seat of the president; whether this shall soon be practicable or not we know not, but this district seems to be more in the centre of what they have arrogantly specified than where the president has lived for many years. In the special articles it is provided, amongst other things, that the people will not suffer in their midst any Romish churches; that they will not allow missionaries to labour within the territory without permission from the competent authority; and in case they be found labouring, either publicly or privately, without such permission, that they will then be sent across the frontier at their own expense. Now, that we should ask such permission to teach in this land from them, after having done so with such a measure of success for so many years, from the only authorities ever known in it, or that they, on whom we look as illegal intruders, should give us permission in the future, are very unlikely things. So I can predict, with a degree of moral certainty, that if our frail lives are long spared in this land of our honourable toil, and if God's righteous judgments are permitted to chasten the people, and also their missionaries, in the event of the Boers bringing al the aborigines under their control, as is intended, to be sent across the frontier shall assuredly be our doom. Now is our time to be rigilant, prudent, and faithful, but whoever has the reins of govern-

ment among men, it is our unspeakable comfort that "the Lord reigns." May his word bring forth a more abundant harvest than ever we have yet seen.'

MADAGASCAR.—ARRIVAL OF MR. ELLIS AT THE CAPITAL.

The Overland Mail brings a letter from Mr. Ellis full of interest, as bearing witness to the cordiality of his reception by all parties at the capital of Madagascar:—

'Frequently during the journey messengers from the capital had been met, bringing letters and expressions of welcome from the prince and his friends; and, on approaching the last stage, these messages, with other modes of attention, became more frequent. It was also the wish of the queen that such attentions should be as respectful as possible. For this purpose the visitor was requested to wait at a short distance from Antaimanario, until preparations were made for properly conducting him into her capital. A palanquin was then prepared for his use, covered in part with a velvet cloak, and three chiefs on horseback rode beside him, with a numerous retinue in attendance. In this style he was escorted to the house which had been prepared for his residence. A present from the queen was soon afterwards announced, which proved to be a fine bullock, with a vast provision of poultry, eggs, and other things, the principal portion of which Mr. Ellis requested Izaro to divide amongst his attendants. The house proved to be exceedingly commodious and comfortable, with many of the conveniences of European life. And here a little time to rest from the fatigues of the journey would have been very agreeable, especially as Mr. Ellis was suffering from a severe cold, the consequence of exposure to the rains, and to a degree of cold in the general state of the weather, for which he had not been prepared. Rest, however, was out of the question, so many welcomes awaited him, and some of a nature so deeply interesting, so affecting, in their pathos and sincerity, as to present no ordinary claim upon the feelings.'

Monthly Retrospect.

JANUARY has belied its heathen origin, and this year has become a month of War instead of a month of Peace. Or did the Romans seek simply to symbolize, not the possible, nor the actual, but only the ideal? If they had been in the habit of inculcating moral lessons, we might imagine a high morality symbolized in that word 'January.' Let this month be consecrated to the god of Peace! And so, we might also imagine, it was removed from its old place in the heathen calendar, in order that it might read—Let *the first* month of the year be sacred to Peace! *Their* first month was consecrated to the god of War. Were Christians what they profess to be, this change would have a real signification. It would be symbolical of the two systems; but reading history as we have read it, we are disposed to question whether there has not been a greater passion for war during the last three hundred years than at any other period of equal duration in the world's history. Civilization—we do not say *Christian* civilization—seems as yet to have had very little other influence than

to sharpen and intensify every good and bad passion. If it has opened up means for the amelioration of evil, it has, at the same time, and in an equal degree, pointed out new paths to vice. It has, in fact, done nothing more than arm the combatants on both sides in the 'Holy War.' Hence, we often see a man of the greatest refinement and education taking the initiative in the most indefensible causes. This is the only philosophical suggestion we are enabled to make in explanation of Sir John Bowring's conduct in the new Chinese war. When Sir John Bowring was sent out to China, we ventured, in our own minds, to hope that we saw in him the beginning of a new race of diplomatists. A Liberal in politics; not committed to Whig or Tory; unallied to any great family; a man notoriously and for years taking a prominent part in what we may call humanitarian legislation—that is, a politician with some human sympathies—we thought we saw in him one who would not let diplomatic pride rule over a righteous judgment; one who would rejoice at an opportunity of showing a readiness to concede right and to acknowledge wrong, especially on behalf of a powerful nation. His position gave him opportunity to do this; his antecedents justified the expectation that he would do it; yet, on the first trial, he does what a mere tool of Napoleon under the same circumstances would have done—sacrifices the clearest moral right to the pride of reputation and power. For, having read the whole of the correspondence relating to the lorcha 'Arrow,' and to the subsequent proceedings at Canton, we can come to no other conclusion than that advantage has been taken of a long hoped-for opportunity of gratifying some personal revenge for official slights or insults. The admiral and the ambassador are fighting out their own quarrel with the Chinese Commissioner, a quarrel which would, most probably, have taken place if not a plank of the 'Arrow' had been cut. We despair of Lord Palmerston setting this matter righteously before the nation, and ordering honourable retribution, but we do hope that the Tories under Mr. Disraeli, and the Radicals under Mr. Roebuck, will unite in teaching the Premier that lesson which is usually learnt only in adversity or minority.

We are reluctant to say that, to us, the Persian war appears to have a still more ignoble origin. In insisting on the real cause of this quarrel, the 'Times' has done as good service as, on the other question, it has done bad. For, in accordance with its custom of equally balancing good and evil, its zeal against an evil cause is exactly proportioned to its zeal on behalf of another not a whit better. If it has cried, 'down' with the Persian war, you may safely prophesy that it will cry 'up' with the Chinese. Besides, the 'Post' advocates the Persian war, and the 'Times,' as a matter of course, takes the contrary side. Readers of the actual correspondence, and rememberers of the course of events, know that the one is more unjustifiable than the other. The Persian war is a war on behalf of a woman of the worst reputation—a war with which the Herat question has no more to do than the Mosquito. What Yeh did in the lorcha dispute, though clearly in the right, the Shah has done in the matter of Herat. He has given up every point of difference, so that, Mr. Murray's disgraceful *protegé* aside, there is no imaginary cause of

quarrel. As in China, however, the offended official must have his revenge, and the nation is to suffer in substance and reputation in consequence. If the Income-tax is to be continued, let it be generally understood that it is solely to vindicate the wounded vanity of Sir John Bowring and Mr. Murray. Had not both of these officials better be pensioned off at any cost—say half a million a-year or a royal allowance—than allow two Eastern wars? But if China had been America, and Persia had been France, would our diplomatists and statesmen have been so valiant? Reckoning upon support from their chief, they became as quarrelsome as he, taking care, however, to quarrel only with those whom they know they can beat. And so no rest is given to a world sick and weary of the sight of blood, the sound of war, and the wail of injustice. Humanity cries for repose, and it receives a stimulant. 'Were I,' says Mr. Nathaniel Hawthorne, in his inimitable sketch of the 'Old Manse,' 'to adopt a pet idea, and fondle it in my embraces, it would be that the great want which mankind labours under at the present period is—sleep! The world should recline its vast head on the first convenient pillow, and take an age-long nap'—with Palmerston to watch it!

There is an indefinite notion that the coming session will be the last of the present Parliament. It is supposed that either on the Chinese or Persian war, on the income-tax, or on some smaller question than either of these, Lord Palmerston, before August comes, will be obliged to 'appeal to the country.' The 'eagles,' therefore, are now gathering to a common centre. From the North come the Earl of Aberdeen and Sir James Graham; from Paris the leader of the Tory opposition; from the sunny South, where the late leader of the House of Commons has been recovering his '*philosophique*' spirit—the indispensable Lord John Russell. May we not hope that the philosophic statesman has there learnt what Cowper's 'retired cat' learnt in her adversity, to 'point a moral' not unlike the following:—

> 'Beware of too sublime a sense
> Of your own worth and consequence;
> The man who dreams himself so great,
> And his importance of such weight,
> That all around, in all that's done,
> Must move and act for him alone,
> Will learn in school of tribulation
> The folly of his expectation.'

We think it possible that, after this schooling 'of tribulation,' Lord John may become both more humble and more liberal. He may vote against the Income-tax, and so hope to ride into office on a question belonging more especially to Mr. Gladstone. Were it not for the blind or selfish efforts of local politicians, we should confidently hope that the House would not be led astray on this matter. That the Government must in honour relinquish this tax is evident; but that they intend to ask for its reimposition, and so to keep up a war expenditure, is equally evident. We agree with the 'Morning Star' in thinking that it would be most in accordance with right and provident principles of taxation to keep up a rectified Income-tax, and to abolish other far more pressing and injurious impositions. Our now

spirited and able daily contemporary shows that the most pressing of the Custom House duties (those which bear most arbitrarily and unequally on the poor man), might with ease be abolished, if we would consent to retain what we may denominate the 'middle-class tax.' The duties on sugar, tea, wine, paper, and wheat, might be wholly done away with in such a case. We should then save the cost of collection, and cheapen the price of wines by more than one-half; materially advance the cause of education, by taking the oppressive excise duty off paper; most probably induce foreign countries to throw open the ports to us more liberally; and certainly, as has been suggested to us, put an impediment in the way of Government at any time increasing the ordinary expenditure of the country, whether for warlike or other purposes. We believe that ultimately we should all be the gainers by such a step, and therefore, as a sober 'monthly,' less open to the exciting influences that act upon our daily and weekly contemporaries, we ask our readers to think before they press their representatives to vote against the conditional reimposition of the Income-tax.

We look forward to the ecclesiastical legislation of the session with some degree of hope. The Liberation Society is, we believe, to preface its valuable sessional work with a public dinner at the Milton Club on the 16th of February. We conjecture that the great work of the session, so far as it is concerned, will be the support of Mr. Miall's renewal of the Irish Church question. We hope, and have reason to believe, that this will be done efficiently. If we may judge from the tone of Irish literary organs, the result promises to be still more encouraging than on the occasion of the previous motion. We are glad to observe that Mr. Miall does not purpose to turn aside from the course he has marked out for himself, to secure any hypothetical support. It may be quite true that the House cares very little for principles, but both it and the country easily detect a practical inconsistency. Nothing, in the long run, answers so well as an inflexible adherence to righteousness.

We have already almost turned our Retrospect into a 'Prospect,' but we must allude to one more matter likely to come under the early notice of Parliament, and that is the Education Question. Our readers will have noticed that Sir John Pakington has contrived to homologate the Manchester and Secular schemes. Presuming upon the support of both sections of State Educationists, he intends—early in the ensuing session—to introduce a bill which shall meet all their views. A private draft of the proposed bill has been obtained for us by a friend. Its chief features are a permissive local rate, gratuitous education, and separate permissive, but not compulsory, religious instruction. If the Voluntaries do not meet Sir John on the platform, in the press, and in the House, in full strength, we are afraid there is a possibility of this embryo bill becoming a law.

Some half dozen topics of general interest demand brief notice. First, is the meeting of the Congregational Union. It passed as we could have wished it to pass. At the largest meeting, we believe, that has been held, an effective stop has been put to the bureaucracy of Blomfield-street and Bolt-court. The expression of opinion regarding the real points in dispute,

during the late 'Controversy,' was as open, manly, and unequivocal as ever Christian men, claiming protection of the 'perfect law of liberty,' gave utterance to. The conduct of the editor of the 'Banner' and his supporters was denounced on all sides, and even at last by the secretary of the Union. By formal resolution the Union give the lie to the aspersions and slanders of their literary representative, and appointed a committee, whose painful business it will be to relieve them of their troublesome incubus; that done, and a firm front sustained against any presbyterial encroachers on congregational liberty, and the Union may possibly go on in peace.

The violent death of the Archbishop of Paris, by the hand of a priest, whom theological intolerance had driven mad, offers a curious illustration of ecclesiastical morals. Query, if it be right in an inquisitor to kill for misbelief, why is it not right in a priest? Verger proceeded on a well-known law of his Church, which has been sanctioned by popes and inquisitors without number, in murdering the archbishop. The archbishop was propagating error, down with him! So cry the Vergers of England—only they use slow poison instead of the dagger.

The Smithfield meeting of unemployed workmen brings back to our memories the days of the Charter agitation. But how have the working classes grown since then! Their moderation and their calmness in suffering might teach men of higher grade.

The cheers which greet Kossuth wherever he goes, the cheers for Mr. Roebuck and Mr. Kinglake, the cheers that wait Mr. Thackeray's withering satires on the vices of the fashionable world, indicate a rise in the level of public morality. Denunciation of tyranny and of diplomatic cunning, sarcastic exposures of the state of the public service, and vice and fashion made ridiculous—are not these public services? So, Thackeray, grown silver-grey with satire, deserves the heartiest thanks of his generation; for if you cannot make men leave the practice of evil by a frown, you may by a laugh. Nothing has so great an influence on folly as ridicule from the wise,

THE MONTHLY

CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR.

MARCH, 1857.

Jephson; or, Midnight and Dawn.

A TALE OF INNER LIFE.

CHAP. II.—THE PICTURE.

The morning after Jephson left us, the house seemed to me to have lost an old friend, and yet the world, I suppose, would not sanction any epithet closer or warmer than that of 'acquaintance;' scarcely so much even, unless with a qualification, as 'chance acquaintance,' or the like. I learned afterwards that Jephson's retiring to his bedroom for the night could have been but a form, as the undisturbed condition of everything in the room excited the surprise of the servants in the morning. They wondered, and their thoughts were busy with the possible causes; I did not wonder, and my thoughts reverted to Goethe's lines—

'Wer nie sein Brod mit Thränen ass,
Wer nicht die Kummervollen Nächte
Auf seinem Bette weinend sass,
Der kennt euch nicht, ihr himmlischen Mächte!'*

And while he went on his way, with the train tearing and screeching through the country, my thoughts very naturally went with him. But as the reader is not likely to offer me the customary 'penny' for them, I shall keep them to myself, and pass on at once to inform him that I went in the course of the day to Mr. Jephson's lodgings, to obtain the

* 'Who never ate his bread in sorrow,—
Who never spent the darksome hours
Weeping and watching for the morrow,—
He knows you not, ye unseen powers!'
Carlyle's Translation.

picture he had mentioned, and which his directions enabled me easily to find.

It was a dark picture, not quite finished; and, subsequently, one thought that the incompleteness might possibly be part of the design. The eye instantly rested on the only figure in it, a man sitting alone; and you at once said, forlorn; an image of no common wretchedness, and with a strange, gloomy fascination about it; indeed, it was no vulgar misery that sat there, on what you fancied might be a block of sandstone, slowly crumbling away beneath him. You gazed, and looked more closely, and came nearer, and the man grew into your imagination; and you saw, or thought you saw, a man of middle age, large of frame, but the whole form relaxed. You could fancy all the sinews unstrung, and that he would have fallen together in collapse, if the prone tendency had not been arrested, because it was a tendency. The arms hung down listlessly, and rested, if they could indeed be said to rest, on the knees. After a while, the eye adverted to the other parts of the picture, but still recurring again and again to the figure of hopeless gloom, that one now saw to be seated on a wide dark heath. A pool, black and stagnant; a few thin reeds on the margin; a stunted oak tree, scathed, as if by lightning; were the objects that then met the eye. From the ruin of a tree, one came back, however, to the human ruin; and looked, and looked, and sighed at the thoughts of blank desolateness that were suggested. And then you saw that he was sitting in the shade and gloom of a grove of dark pines, the foliage dense and gloomy, with infinite dreariness below; and it required but little imagination to hear the dismal moaning of the night wind above and around this poor human embodiment of hopelessness. The more you gazed on that form, the more you were disposed to. And when, after a while, you thought of the painter of the scene, you recognised that he had put forth great, though probably unconscious, power. Everything showed that he had wrought from his very soul. And, indeed, the soul of the painter seemed to have passed into his picture, for one almost seemed to discern his own form and features in that image of—DESPAIR! I saw why he had charged me to secure the work, and keep it sacred from all idle eyes.

Poor, struggling, suffering soul! How often I thought of the question he had put to me, How many of your brethren would take an avowed Atheist to their house? And again I felt that I had spoken truly when I answered, 'Many.'

True, there are men in the Christian ranks, and possibly in the Christian ministry, whose religious experience has been so uniform, perhaps one might say monotonous, and their religious consciousness so circumscribed, and possibly dormant, that the idea of a really honest doubter is absolutely inconceivable. And possibly a secret though scarcely acknowledged and vague conviction or fear of inability to meet an acute and intelligent sceptic, lies at the bottom of a great deal of that easy, off-hand, wholesale denunciation of 'heretics, infidels, and

Atheists,' which in some quarters is unhappily substituted for the 'more excellent way.'

But, then, it must be confessed, also, that while we readily admit the possibility of honest doubting, even on points of highest moment, there is a large amount of utterly *dishonest* denial extant. The private habits of not a few make them more than willing to believe that no eye of infinite purity and righteousness ever watches them; and specious arguments, which promise to emancipate them from God and law, would naturally be welcome, and not be too honestly scrutinized before adoption and diffusion. Then, how large a proportion of the half-taught, unaware of the labours of the grandest thinkers, or self-complacently undervaluing them, proudly fancy they show superior independence of mind, and freedom, and manhood, by boldly walking in a path which others believe to be one of danger; and in which they are not kept in countenance by many names that are hallowed by the fond remembrance of the great and good—a path on which genius has so seldom shed a ray, that even the faintest spark is eagerly applauded and magnified—a path which, on the contrary, the highest genius has at least ignored and refused, even when it has not earnestly repudiated and reprobated it. Yes, since pride is so versatile a thing, it may to some minds be a proud thing to walk on a path where none of the greatest poets, as Shakespere and Milton, are found with their singing robes and garlands. No sages, like him of the inductive philosophy, or warrior patriots, like him who, in the name of the Lord of hosts, won the fields of Naseby and Marston Moor, and raised England higher than crowned king ever did. Then, how many others, unable to discriminate between the intellectual weight and stature of class and class, incompetent to hold the balance which has in one scale the intellect and genius that has revered the name of God, and in the other that which has scoffed at it, have deemed it a fine thing to be able to boast of a Hume and Gibbon, a Volney, and Voltaire, and Paine. 'I say with Hume,' may strike some listeners dumb. 'I agree with Voltaire,' has in some circles, no doubt, an imposing sound.

Yes, truly, if some men, for a time, have the understanding so far perplexed that the head, rather than the heart, says, There is no God, there are many, like the Hebrew fool, who say it with the heart. And the unscrupulousness, the bold, bad recklessness of many of this class, has justly excited the anger of those who well know what must ensue were such pernicious and perilous habits to spread extensively. 'If the foundations' of a country's existence are threatened, ever so incipiently even, plain speaking must be borne with. Englishmen used to be proud of their straightforward out-spokenness; nor so long as it is agreed to call a spade a spade, must it be expected that Christians alone shall learn to express themselves more silkily; and while the 'leaders' of the 'Times' are admired on all hands for thorough-going directness and Saxon vigour, the devout believers in God and in Christ may well decline the use of a falsely-refined circumlocuitousness.

Yet, after all that is easily alleged to this effect, it must be admitted that, if we were generally more consciously rooted and grounded in the truth, and thus better able to give a sufficient answer to every man that asketh of us a reason of the hope that is in us, the pleasant, joyous consciousness of our strength would broaden and genialize our spirit, and we should so adopt the counsel of the apostle as to our very manner even—viz., 'mildly and respectfully'—as to 'put to silence the ignorance of foolish men,' and favourably impress the better class among those who stand separated from us by the terrible gulf of unbelief.

'How many of my brethren would take an avowed Atheist to their homes?' And I had at once answered, 'Many.' And now I thought of one after another, who would have deemed that a red-letter day on which they had been favoured with an opportunity of showing that they had not in vain become the followers of Him who spoke the parable of the Good Samaritan, and who himself lived among, and died for, the ungodliest, 'not ashamed to call them brethren.'

My genial friend, John Langton, would have asked neither what 'his people' would think, nor whether, out of his stipend of 100*l.* per annum, paid by dribblets, as it suited the good pleasure of his farmer deacon, he could afford to show kindness to a brother man.

And my learned brother and neighbour, Dr. Jedson, would have brought the Atheist home, and installed him in the best room in the Parsonage, aye, and emptied his pocket too, if need were, provided always, that is to say, his wife would have let him.

And my sensitive little brother Howard, so pale and fragile, would have bundled away all his rabbis and Herr Professors with a will, and cleared the easy chair of lexicons, and 'kommentars,' and atlases, and gently pushed the sufferer — whom he would have pitied and yearned over all the more for his unhappy want of faith—into it, and, like a genuine Englishman, little as he looks one, asked, 'Now what'll ye have?' and hurried out to make all straight with the domesticities, mother and all, resolving in his own mind that his guest should stay a month, at least. But why enumerate? Ah! brethren dear, I know ye well; and as I think of one and another of ye, all through the alphabet, my confidence in the genuineness of much of even our modern Christianity grows stronger, and my heart warmer. Happy are ye, and blessed shall ye be, though now for a season acquainted with grief, and too frequently with the grief that is hardest to be borne—that which frets the heart and galls the spirit.

CHAP. III.—THE BURIAL.

'Ein Grab, o Mutter, ist gegraben dir
An einer stillen, dir bekannten Stelle,
Ein heimathlicher Schatten wehet hier,
Auch fehlen Blumen nicht an seiner Schwelle.

Drin liegst du, wie du starbest, unversehrt,
Mit jedem Zug des Friedens und der Schmerzen,
Auch aufzuleben ist dir nicht verwehrt:
Ich grub dir dieses Grab in meinem Herzen.'—*Uhland.**

Mr. Jephson had promised to write, and he kept his word; but he still avoided, or omitted merely, to give me his address. The first note was almost illegible. The writing was tremulous and blotted. The lid had been screwed on the coffin ere his arrival. It had been necessary; and thus one sad luxury that his soul craved was denied him. But he had passed the night in the room with the dead; and when, at last, wearied, and exhausted, and worn out, he had bowed his head in the sleep which sorrow sometimes brings, it was on the precious coffin-lid that the arm rested on which his head lay.

His mother's death had taken her attendants by surprise. 'She had been ailing,' but no one anticipated danger, when suddenly a change came over her, and she sunk into a stupor. Once she was heard, indeed, to say, 'My dear George,' but instantly relapsed into unconsciousness; till, at last, the spirit, ere it took its departure, flashed brightly for a moment; she half rose up in her bed—a solemn calm was on the face, and a smile, which the neighbours said 'they had never seen the like of,' filled her countenance with the light of a most refined and elevated gladness, as she slowly said, 'Father—I—thank—thee—that—thou—hast—heard—me—and—lettest—thy—servant—at—last—depart—in—peace—for—my—eyes—see——.' She finished her praises in another world, for she suddenly ceased to belong to this clouded sphere, dying as she uttered the words, 'my eyes see,' and thus awakening a thousand thoughts and feelings in the mind and heart of him who was now sleeping with his head resting on her coffin for his pillow.

His next letter was in a very different style. Strong, bold characters like so many vigorous broad-sword strokes. The clergyman, a Rev. Mr. Gallsbury, recently come to the parish, and who had not known his mother's worth, and fervent attachment to the communion in which her husband had formerly been himself a minister, for some whim or other, refused to allow the corpse to be brought into the church.

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* 'For thee, dear mother, I have dug a grave;
Silent the place, and not to thee unknown;
A homelike shadow o'er it seems to wave;
And sweet fair flowers are all about it grown.

And there thou liest, untouched by dark decay;
Each trace of pain, of holy calm each line,
Fondly preserv'd, as on thy dying day—
Thy grave, dear mother, is this heart of mine.'

This the son little heeded; but at the grave his feelings had received a shock which goaded his wounded spirit into a state of, for a time, unmitigable exasperation. Following alone the coffin of the mother whom he had idolized, with no friendly arm to lean on, lost in grief, and such thoughts and reminiscences as grief is sure to bring, he had not uncovered his head; and, moreover, a keen, searching March wind was roaring round till the pall could scarcely be retained in its place, and the clergyman's surplice, inflated like a balloon, threatened to bear him away, and the leaves of the prayer-book fluttered so, that if the minister had not known the service by heart, he never could have read it on such a boisterous day. But the clerical martinet would not tolerate any breach of ecclesiastical decorum. Perceiving the head of the heart-stricken mourner still covered, he stopped abruptly. But the pause was unnoticed. Poor Jephson's thoughts were not with the words that the cold-hearted official was reading so formally and precisely. The pause was protracted. In vain. At last, the clergyman, for the first time throwing any feeling into his tone, with a voice tremulous from excitement, peremptorily commanded him to uncover his head. Still he heard not. At length, some one shook him by the arm, and he was suddenly brought back from the world of thought, which to him was but a dreary one, and opened his eyes to the stern reality of the scene in which himself was unconsciously the principal figure. At the same time the clergyman repeated his peremptory injunction, which poor Jephson for a moment did not appear to comprehend; but the significance of which flashed into his mind, as the clerk said, in an undertone, but so as to be heard by the subject of his remark, 'The man is an Atheist, sir;' and the clergyman replied, 'I know it.'*

I can easily conceive 'the situation,' as our neighbours across the Channel would say. An earthquake would not have roused him more effectually. He made a movement forward, with his arm uplifted; but checked himself, and fixing his look upon him with an expression before which the eyes of the clergyman quailed, he demanded, in a voice of thunder, What hard and stony-hearted God he was the priest of? Then, turning abruptly to the undertaker, he said, 'Pay the man his fees, and bid him go;' and to the attendants, 'Lay my mother instantly in her grave, and have done with this ecclesiastical foolery.' There was that authority about him which insured obedience, and in spite of all interference, the coffin was lowered into the grave. He relapsed for a moment into a reverie, or stupor; then, rousing himself, he moaned his 'Farewell' to her, and turned away.

All this I learned, partly from his letter, and partly from other communications, subsequently. But his own powerfully indignant statement, in the strongest Saxon, full of breaks, and apostrophes, and bitter denunciations, and unjust conclusions, and reflections on a whole class of men, as if fairly represented by one whom the spirit of a resuscitated sacerdotalism, taking possession of a naturally hard and

* See 'The Times' of the day.

unloving nature, had metamorphosed from a man into a priest, it would answer no good purpose to make public. After this, he was silent for some days, and my anxiety was beginning to be excited, when another and calmer communication came.

'. . . . . She sleeps in her quiet bed. And, as in infancy, I slept upon her breast, so in these later days have I laid myself down by her side. Did you ever spend a night on the grassy mound which holds a beloved one? The grave-yard would have pleased Gray. It is nearly a mile from the town, towards the summit of a considerable, but very gentle, ascent. Tall elms bound it on two sides, and it commands a prospect which fully reveals its loveliness only when night rules the world, and the pale watchers of the sky shed down their mysterious influences. Nought between me and the Pleiades! No dissonant creed, nor meddling priest, to break the solemn hush! There I have kept watch; I, on the earth; the stars, in heaven. Then I have gone back to the days of old, till the planets in their course have seemed to feel with me, and to speak to me as I used to fancy in my childhood. Ah, that childhood! The hymns my mother taught me came back; and the Hebrew Psalms, whose grand simplicity touched me. The nineteenth, and the eighth, recited themselves to me, and I listened unreluctantly. Then the twenty-third offered itself, and I willingly recognised, as indeed I often have done, the enviable blessedness that a really true-hearted believer must possess, even though all be a delusion. But what do your genuine priests believe? your cold-blooded holders of mere creeds? No, I feel I am myself a truer man than——but I had resolved not to let that stony face, and harsh voice, and limping form, come between me and the pure heavens again. The grass is grown now on her grave, and the daisies deck the green, as the stars the blue. And I think I am becoming calm enough to be able soon to venture on a renewal of intercourse. Strange, I have conversed with you but once, and yet wish to open all my heart to you. Bating some points, which I confess appear to me to interfere with the harmony of the idea, I have always admired the portraiture of the life which originated the greatest of all the religions, certainly, that mankind has owned. But this much you know, the more candid of the Jews even also admit, who yet, as I do, disbelieve his divine mission. But I check my vagrant pen, to assure you that I am,

'Yours gratefully and respectfully.'

CHAP. IV.—THE RETURN.

It was towards the end of June when I once more saw my forlorn friend. He was shown into a room where I was conversing with a very fluent young man, of some two or three-and-twenty years of age, and who seemed far from indisposed to continue his remarks and inquiries. Mr. Jephson, therefore, soon sunk into the attitude of an easy and only half-interested listener, while Mr. Blair prolonged the interview.

'Amiable, susceptible, and unstable, I should judge your young friend to be,' said he, after Mr. B. had left.

'You exactly hit it,' I replied; 'but you might add, conscientious, and with a good deal of the so-called religious sense, though vague and misty, partly by the fault of the understanding.'

And presently I added, 'Thoroughly well-meaning, and intensely anxious to be right, he is neither happy nor useful. Young as he is, he has already passed through as many phases as the moon. Born and reared amid hyper-Calvinistic tenets and influences, while yet a youth, he recoiled so far from his father's dogmas—and spirit, I might add—that he attached himself to the Methodists, who soon had his name on their "Preachers' Plan," and I am told he was reckoned a "most eloquent" speaker, and one who might possibly be encouraged to aspire so high as to become a "travelling preacher!" But having imprudently attended a short course of lectures delivered by some Baptist minister, he became an object of suspicion to his careful friends. His "orthodoxy" was questioned, and he was required to purge himself of all possible suspicion by methods peculiar, perhaps, to that zealous body. Then he found the Church of England to be the ark he wanted; at least for a time. For, being thrown among the Moravians, he was charmed by their apparent simplicity, and evangelical fervour, and idea of brotherhood; indeed, I think their appellation of "United Brethren" especially pleased him, and he was received into one of their communities in the north, and was "more satisfied and happy than he had ever been." But his evil spirit soon disquieted him again, and now he became convinced that the Baptists, after all, were the true witnesses for Christ; and, having been "through the water," he was as happy as the day was long. And now his changes were over; he was settled down for life; he should roam no more. Nor did he for nearly a whole year! But at last he made the wonderful discovery that his new friends, though Christians, were, strange to say, but men, and that it was possible for them not to possess a monopoly of truth, and yet to be very unwilling to admit so improbable a notion. He raised questions with the minister; disputed very cleverly, indeed, much too cleverly, with the deacons; and succeeded in converting some of the Sunday-school teachers into regular little notes of interrogation. At the same time, too, Ralph Waldo Emerson became his oracle; and, of course, Baptist ministers, and, indeed, Christians of all sects, soon ranked among the *profanum vulgus*. The light which he now received was wonderful. He became quite luminous; and as his chapel friends were so "crude" and "narrow-minded" as not to care much for the illumination he had imported from America, he turned his back on the "miserable sectarian lot," and was a thinker at large. And it being summer-time, to his great comfort, he "found his religion in the fields; there was more of God in the green wood, and the flowery mead, than in your dingy chapels, where,' &c., &c. And so Matthew, with his brother evangelists, as well as the modern Baptists, were discarded, and Christianity was to this youth of one-and-twenty a mere sucked orange.

'But whether transcendentalism, at least his, required to be sustained by Sunday rambles in the woods, or whatever it was, it did not survive in any vigour through the winter. For it happened that an appointment which he obtained at some hospital in London brought him to town, and there, coming in contact daily with a worthy man, confined to a sick ward for months, who bore his torturing disease with remarkable patience, Blair, naturally kind, attached himself to the man, and from him learnt the blessedness there was in praying to the saints! The priest that regularly attended the poor Catholic patient appeared the devoutest, meekest, holiest minister of religion he had ever met with; and there was such an air of quiet consciousness of belonging to the one infallible Church, that Blair was soon "candidly inquiring for himself" into the truth of Romanism. It was becoming a philosopher to throw all antiquated prejudices overboard, and read, not what their Protestant adversaries might allege, but what themselves had to state on their own behalf. By all means, Blair; be as candid as truth. The priest was very respectful, very gentlemanly, very deferential, even, "so unlike that disagreeable, positive, Baptist minister," who certainly had not much of the oleaginous. He went to the priest's lodgings. How humble! walls bare of ornament, floor without a carpet, the scanty furniture of deal merely; but a large, and one would imagine, very costly, crucifix, in a sort of alcove or recess. And the priest had led him to St. George's Cathedral, and, after the service, had introduced him to no less a man than Cardinal Wiseman! Of course, he repeated his visits, but prided himself on his determination not to be, as his "bigoted" Protestant friends feared he would, seduced by sophistries or the sensuous. Of his competency to plunge single-handed into friendly discussions with acute and accomplished priests, skilled in the knowledge of the weaknesses of the human heart, you may judge, when I say that he had begun to invoke certain saints. Yes, he had resumed the habit of prayer; but now, more modest and humble than he had ever been before, he prayed to Saint Thomas (I presume as a name-sake); and then, retaining his scrupulousness of conscience, and something of his old evangelical sense, he prayed to God to forgive him if he were sinning in this appeal to the saint! A note from the cardinal had a great effect, as you may conceive, though there was nothing in it; for it merely put off an engagement his Eminence had made for an interview, and stated that he had deputed Father Newman to receive the inquirer, "whose noble candour was so much to be admired." And now, ever and anon, he thought of "the holy Catholic and Apostolic Church, mother and mistress of all churches." Having confided to me, as opportunity allowed, all his vicissitudes of conviction, he has now come to me in this new character of candid inquirer into the claims of Rome, and there is not a little in his temperament to predispose him to "the true faith," at all events, for a time.'

I have thus repeated at some length portions of the account I gave to Mr. Jephson of my young friend Blair, on whose susceptibility he

had remarked, because of the mental relationship which subsequently my two visitors stood in to each other.

'What has caused such excessive restlessness of belief in your amiable friend?' inquired Jephson; 'I like his face much; there is earnestness, honesty, goodness, and certainly great susceptibility. What a changeful eye he has; I do not even now know what the colour is, whether hazel or that deep blue approaching violet, which has such a peculiar charm. And how at times I observed that the pupil dilated till it almost covered the field of the iris. I should have expected the soul that looked out from it to belong to the feminine type; by which, of course, no disparagement either to Mr. Blair or the ladies; perhaps, rather a compliment, for I suppose all true poets are greatly indebted to the same.'

'Not to refer again to his keen susceptibility, and impulsiveness, and honesty of purpose, I have regretted much that his mental activity has no forwardness in it. Incessant motion, but little progress. Perhaps he is even more afraid of being wrong than anxious to be right, and so is perpetually scrutinizing, over and over again, the very principles one would wish were fixed. He, especially, is one who ought to begin at the proper starting-point of thought; lay down the very first principles of things; know well what are and must be axioms; and not, in the midst of the second or third book of Euclid, for example, pause to inquire for the proof that a part is less than the whole; or, in the midst of promising mercantile transactions, mistrust and want to verify over again the multiplication table. He insists on what he calls thinking for himself, but yet in thinking he has never gone far enough back.'

Jephson sighed, and did not speak again for some moments. At last he said—

'Perhaps you will form the same judgment of me; and yet the attempt to think myself through and through all the way to the beginning, so as to obtain some sure and certain point from which afterwards to proceed in building up a consistent system that would "hold water," has been one main cause of my present shattered state of health.' Then he added, with something of bitterness in his tone, 'This young man has been running on a fool's errand, because he has not cared, or has not known how, to begin at the beginning, and I—' he hesitated, 'I have lost health, lost—in a word, everything but a good conscience, by attempting to find out the first indisputable certainty which I might take as the foundation for my temple of truth.'

'May I venture to inquire into the method you have pursued?' I asked.

'Well,' he said, somewhat hesitatingly, 'perhaps you will smile; and as I express myself in one word, I confess to have a sort of misgiving as to the wisdom of the process.'

'Which is?'

'Metaphysics,' he replied.

He had no sooner said it than a low growl startled him out of the meditative mood into which he had been passing. Not that my dog, that lay stretched at full length on the rug at his feet, and is almost worthy of an introduction to the reader, was intimating any dissatisfaction with the reply; which would, indeed, have been very unbecoming, since he himself bore the name of—may the venerable sage forgive the irreverence of the friend who had presented the noble animal to me—the name of 'Plato!' 'Plato?' some Grecian ejaculates; 'what absurdity, almost profanity, to name a dog so.' But, Sir Scholar, dogs are named after warriors, as Blucher, and Cæsar, and Pompey, and after even goddesses, as Juno and Venus, and many sad dogs there are now-a-days with very honourable names indeed; and I could tell you such tales of my Plato as would conciliate you to the poor animal whose name, it must be confessed, it may be difficult for him to prove himself entitled to.

Mr. Jephson had made Plato's acquaintance before; for, on that bleak afternoon in March, when he stood in my study, so unutterably wretched as to be insensible to the bitter severity of the weather, Plato, deeming, I suppose, his own opinion of the stranger valuable to his master, and exercising his vigilance as a guardian of the household, had commenced a scrutiny as careful as that with which the medical officer favours a candidate for the honour of serving her Majesty, and more careful than that which I have known some gentlemen give to the health of a proposing insurer. He made the circuit of the stranger slowly, while all the muscles and nerves of that extreme part of the animal which is opposite to the tail were in a state of immense excitement. And as a physician, using the stetheoscope, returns a second and even a third time to some point on which a first observation had left his mind somewhat in doubt, so did the careful investigation of Plato proceed, evidently on some well-considered and familiar principles of canine diagnosis, till at the last he was able conscientiously to testify his satisfaction in the usual manner; and, seconding his master's attempt at hospitality, proceeded to warm the hands of poor Jephson, *more canino*, a circumstance which, when mentioned to the family, was received as a most satisfactory testimonial of Jephson's moral respectability; little Tittity, who often rode a horse-back on Plato, saying, 'Plato would not like him if he was not a nice man, would he now?' Plato, then, had commenced a very patronizing and gracious friendship with Jephson; and what his dogship meant by growling at the idea of the latter's 'metaphysics' may require a little explanation. For it certainly seemed rather a singular coincidence that, just as Jephson was conscious of some misgiving, and I unconsciously elevated my eyebrow ever so little—I would write 'leetle' in preference, if it were sufficiently recognised as a legitimate diminutive or adjectiveling—Plato also should become demonstrative. Now, if the question were proposed to some debating club—if such things are still extant, as I suppose, on this noisy, everybody-talking and nobody-listening planet of ours—why the dog, though evidently a sagacious one, should growl at the mention of 'meta-

physics?' I have no doubt a great many profound suggestions would be made. But if my reader happens to have lived a little longer than that pale-faced, but not afflictingly, modest young man, with hair parted down the middle of his head 'so interestingly,' who, as a prominent member of the ———— club, is already deep in the mystery; and especially if he happen (the critical reader—and what reader is not critical?—will observe that this second time of using the verb 'happen' I employ the subjunctive mood, whereas, in the first member of the sentence, I have written 'happens.' Gentle reader, I know it, and know why; do you?) to have lived to any purpose, he will doubtless have learned that, in many cases, the very simplest instead of subtlest explanation is, after all, the true one. The present is a case in point. Why did Plato growl at Mr. Jephson's 'metaphysics?' Nobody said he did. 'I ask your pardon,' quoth the juvenile debater, 'you said that no sooner had Mr. J. uttered the word "metaphysics"'—sliding into a debating attitude—'from *μετὰ τὰ φυσικὰ* (hear! hear! and great applause) than the dog growled; and so the question for discussion is, Why the dog growled at metaphysics?' My very promising and most acute young friend! the dog growled because, at the moment that Mr. Jephson finished speaking, a strange step was heard just outside my study door; and Plato, not deeming Jephson's metaphysics worthy of his notice, merely said, in his own way, 'I wonder who's coming now;' and he would have growled the same if it had been 'dog's meat' instead of 'metaphysics,' that was spoken of. At least, that is my belief; but I speak with all deference, of course.

The growl was but momentary, for Plato at once recognised a friend, and welcomed Major Cholmley by repeatedly thumping the floor with his tail as he lay stretched out at full length, and in the very height of his own Platonic satisfaction. I hope the reader will not consider the major an intruder, for such he was never esteemed among us. He was tall, erect, and with much of the military air; having seen twenty years of foreign service. Of a dark complexion, with black hair in profusion; keen dark eyes, with now a prevalently soft, or rather somewhat chastened expression, and which could well serve the mood of the moment, whether of tenderness, as to his graceful sister, or of scorn and anger, if any instance of meanness were reported in his presence. The son of an admiral who had served with distinction in the wars at the end of the last century, and in the early part of the present one, he had himself chosen the military profession, and on the various battle-fields of India had won his way to his present rank. Or, I should say, his *late* rank, I suppose, for he had resigned—or, as himself expressed it, 'flung up' his commission.

Specimen of the Modern German Pulpit.

[There is in our country, unhappily, so much utter misunderstanding of the religious condition of Germany; there are so many English Christians that, either through ignorance, or worse, sedulously represent evangelical religion as a thing almost unknown in the cradle-land of the Reformation; while the translations of the religious books of Germany are so almost exclusively theological, and intended for the student; that we flatter ourselves we should render a not wholly unwelcome or unneeded service, if we were to present our readers with a specimen of the popular preaching of the day. And we allow ourselves to believe that they will accept, without displeasure, the following translation of one of a volume of sermons preached in the University Church of Gottingen in the year 1854. The preacher, Gerrhard Uhlhorn, has since removed to Hanover, and occupies the pulpit of the Schloss-Kirche, or Castle Church, the church attended by the royal family. He is a comparatively young man, a very earnest preacher of no inconsiderable oratorical power, and exceedingly popular.—Ed.]

THE MYSTERY OF THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

(Preached on Septuagesima Sunday, 1854.)

'And the disciples came and said unto him, Why speakest thou unto them in parables? He answered and said unto them, Because it is given unto you to know the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven, but to them it is not given. For whosoever hath, to him shall be given, so that he shall have abundance; but whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken away even that he hath. Therefore speak I unto them in parables; because they seeing see not, and hearing they hear not; neither do they understand, And in them is fulfilled the prophecy of Isaiah, which saith, By hearing ye shall hear, and shall not understand, and seeing ye shall see, and shall not perceive. For this people's heart is waxed gross, and their ears are dull of hearing, and their eyes they have closed; lest at any time they should see with their eyes and hear with their ears, and understand with their heart, and should be converted, and I should heal them. But blessed are your eyes, for they see; and your ears, for they hear. For verily I say unto you, That many prophets and righteous men have desired to see those things which ye see, and have not seen them, and to hear those things which ye hear, and have not heard them.'—Matt. xiii. 10—17.

The texts from the gospel for the Sabbaths on which we have now entered present a series of parables for our consideration. As on the past Sabbath we considered together the parable of the Tares in the field, so to-day you have again heard from the altar a parable, viz., that of the Labourers in the vineyard; and on the following Sunday a third well-known parable follows—that of the Sower. Now, it is natural for us to inquire, What does the Lord mean by these parables? Why does he teach in this manner?—why speak in parables? So do the disciples ask him in our text, after they have listened to one of the Lord's parables. Let us also inquire with them, and with them hear the Lord's reply, in order that it may introduce us to these parables generally, and reveal to us their meaning.

'To you it is given,' says the Lord, 'to know the mystery of the kingdom of heaven, but to these it is not given.' Now we distinctly hear, first of all, what he himself indicates as the meaning of his parables, the mystery of the kingdom of heaven; that is what he is

about to teach; that is what he will reveal. Reveal? but how? Does he then really reveal it? To the disciples, it is true, to whom he expounds the parable; but to the people? Did the people then understand him? If the disciples do not immediately understand him, but require an interpretation, we cannot conceal that certainly the people did not understand him. 'To them it is not given,' says he emphatically, and does not give them any interpretation; for the people there was no revelation of the mystery. There must, then, be still another reason for this speaking in parables.

Beloved, as the Lord answers the question of his disciples, Why speakest thou to them in parables? by pointing them to the mystery of the kingdom, and to the understanding, or non-understanding, thereof; so shall we also best be able to find the answer to our question, if we make that which is the substance of all parables the object of our consideration, namely, 'The mystery of the kingdom of heaven.'

Let us inquire,

I. In what the mystery consists, and how far the kingdom of heaven is a mystery.

II. What is the key to this mystery? In order, then,

III. To ask anew our question, Why the Lord speaks of this mystery in parables?

Now, O Lord, as formerly the disciples, so do we come to thee with our inquiry; give to us an answer, as thou didst to them. Do thou thyself reveal to us in mercy the mystery of the kingdom of heaven, that we may not belong to those who do not perceive, but to those whom thou hast pronounced blessed, because they see and hear. Amen!

I. 'The kingdom of heaven;' this is the subject of all the parables of the Lord; the kingdom of heaven, the kingdom of God, the kingdom for which in the beginning he created the world, when he created heaven and earth, which, when it was lost through Satan's cunning and our sins, he restored in his Son; which his Son, our Lord and Saviour, founded upon earth, teaching, suffering, dying, rising again, in which he now reigns as King; the kingdom which the Holy Spirit builds, to which he calls and collects, and which at the end of the days shall be gloriously perfected. The nature of this kingdom, its laws, its beginnings, its progress, its end, these are the substance of his parables. And this he calls a mystery; what he speaks concerning it are mysteries; yea, the whole kingdom is itself a mystery.

1. Beloved, if that which is concealed from many men, which is not seen by many, is a mystery, then the kingdom of heaven is one. For, alas! how many thousands pass through this world, yea, even within Christendom itself, who never see anything of the kingdom of heaven! They move about over the earth, learn much concerning earthly things, can see their way on earth, but of the kingdom of heaven perceive nothing. They hear much about it, but they perceive it not, it is to them a strange language which is spoken; they are surrounded by the powers of the kingdom; they might observe its

prevalence; it is concealed from their eyes, they see nothing. The spirit moves to and fro about them; they perceive no trace of it. The kingdom advances towards its end; for them it is not there. It is well with them on the earth, why should they inquire about another kingdom? They are interested in the kingdoms of the world; their rise and fall concern and affect them; but of a kingdom which exists in all these kingdoms, which extends through all, which outlasts all, they have no suspicion. And thus they continue; life flies past, is at an end, before they are aware—the kingdom of heaven has remained a mystery to them.

But in a still higher sense is this kingdom a mystery.

2. According to its nature is it such. It is an invisible kingdom, hidden from view. Its boundaries—no human hand ever drew them; its citizens—no human eye counts them. It has not, like earthly kingdoms, an appointed and defined dominion; it does not stamp itself in outward forms and images. 'Ye shall not say, Lo here! and Lo there; the kingdom of God must be within you' (Luke xvii. 21); it does not come with outward signs, but deep in the heart it has its abode, in mysterious depths, as 'peace and joy in the Holy Spirit' (Romans xiv. 17). It is a treasure hid in the field of the world; a leaven mixed in the meal (Matt. xiii. 44, 33); and as this works and penetrates mysteriously, for no human eye sees it, so is the power of this kingdom. Yea, as the spirit, one might say, in the body pervades the whole body, animates, governs it, and is still nowhere visible, nowhere tangible, we cannot say it is here or there, so is the kingdom of heaven. For it is a kingdom of the Spirit—its nature spirit, its powers spirit, its possessions spirit. A kingdom of the Spirit, but it is not a human spirit which rules within it. 'My kingdom is not of this world,' its King announced (John xviii. 36); with the meaning that his kingdom does not arise from the earth, it is a kingdom of heaven, come from heaven to earth, planting heavenly life on earth, a kingdom originating from God, introducing divine life into human. And here we stand before the mystery of the kingdom itself, which is, how God's life is united with human; the mystery of all mysteries is, 'The Word was made flesh.' The mystery which founded this kingdom, the manifestly great and blessed mystery is, 'God was in Christ;' the mystery which commenced this kingdom is, that the Spirit descended on the children of men; the mystery of the life in this kingdom is, that it is life divinely human. So that everything here is mysterious, as in the series of his parables the Lord speaks of one mystery after another. Mysterious are the *beginnings* of the kingdom, when the seed of the word is sown in the heart, and germinates, and springs up, and brings forth fruit; when from preaching comes faith, and out of faith grows love, and brings forth the fruits of eternal life. Mysterious its *continuance*—wheat mixed with tares; hated by the world, but not overwhelmed; the enemy of the world, but still the salt and light thereof. Mysterious its *spread*, outwardly as inwardly, as it extends itself, lays hold of the nations, now of this one, now of that, as the mustard seed grows up into a tree, shooting

forth one branch after another, till the birds come and dwell under its shadow. Mysterious *the way* in which it penetrates, seizing upon heart after heart, changing it and drawing it within its sphere, as the leaven leavens one grain of flour after the other. According to what *laws and ordinances* this comes to pass, this also is a mystery. St. Paul calls what he reveals of it in the letter to the Romans, emphatically a mystery (Romans xi. 25). And how one finds this kingdom, and not another; how one finds it, like the man who found the treasure in the field, without trouble, accidentally, says human language, and the other seeks after it, like the merchant who sought for goodly pearls, and at length, after much trouble and labour, and many wanderings, finds the pearl of great price; this also is a mystery. Mysterious as is the progress, so also is *the end;* separation, judgment, revelation of the hidden glory. It ends with the great mystery, 'which no eye hath seen, no ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man the things which God has prepared for them that love him.' Oh wonderfully mysterious kingdom! a kingdom of heaven, yet established upon earth; putting forth its power on earth, but embracing heaven; *in* this world, but not *of* this world. Wonderful is its *King*, Son of God and man; dead, and behold he liveth; ascended up to heaven, but present to all. Mysteriously are its *citizens born*, as the dew-drops of the morning; mysterious their life, hidden from the world; mysterious their food; their King sustains them with the bread of heaven, yea, with his own flesh and blood. On earth they live in heaven, performing their King's will upon earth as in heaven. Mysteriously are they united, though widely separated; a holy body, whose head is the Lord, all animated by one spirit, filled with one love. They love one another, though they have never seen each other. They speak one language, the one understands the other, unknown to the flesh, but known to the spirit. Mysterious are *the laws* of this kingdom, strange, contradicting the laws of the world. What is loved here, is hated there; what here is avoided, is there sought after. Here the poor and those who mourn are pronounced blessed; the peaceful are conquerors; they possess the earth; the persecuted are called happy. Tears count as an ornament, and chastisement as joy. Wonderful are *the possessions* of this kingdom—life from death; justification for the sinner; immortality for the mortal sons of men. And in the midst a cross is raised, elsewhere the sign of death, here the sign of life; elsewhere the greatest ignominy, here the most glorious honour; here, in this cross of mystery, all mysteries meet. This is the tree of life, of which all eat and are made whole; this is the wondrous fountain whence the waters of life spring; which flow through all hearts; this the point to which all love is directed; this the substance of all knowledge, the well of all wisdom. Oh, say, knowest thou this kingdom? If thou know it not, oh, thou poor, poor, soul! thou art but a poor stranger upon the dark earth. If thou know it, if thou understand it, then 'blessed are thine eyes, for they see, and thine ears, for they hear.'

II. Yes, the Lord can pronounce us also blessed, for to us also it is

revealed. It is indeed a mystery, but it has been revealed. 'There is nothing so hid that it shall not be manifested; neither is anything so secret that it shall not be made known,' says he, according to St. Mark's report, in the same connexion. Thus there is a possibility of understanding the mystery. But who understands it? to whom is it revealed? 'To you it is given,' saith the Lord to his disciples; 'but to these it is not given,' he says, concerning the people. He divides his hearers into two great classes—the disciples and the great mass of the people. They all hear the parables, but these hear the parables only; those its interpretation also, as St. Mark expressly adds, 'he especially expounds everything to his disciples.' The latter learn the mystery, but to the former it remains hidden. Thus we have the answer to our question—to the disciples the mystery is manifest; to become a disciple is the key to the mystery of the kingdom of heaven. But what distinguishes the disciples from the mass of the people is, the relation to the Lord, that they have recognised him as their Lord and Master; that, called by him, they have followed his call, and have left all to enter into his fellowship; that they go in and out with him everywhere; that they have made an avowal of discipleship; as Peter said, 'We have believed and do know that thou art Christ, the Son of the living God' (John vi. 69), and can also adopt his other word with sincerity of heart (John xxi. 17). 'Lord, thou knowest all things, thou knowest that we love thee.'

But, beloved, in how far, then, does the key to the mystery of the kingdom of heaven lie herein? If we will only observe the parables in which he expresses these mysteries; is not the Lord himself the centre point and kernel of all these parables? He is the Sower who sows the seed of the word; he himself the master of the field; the mustard seed — is he not like a seed put in the earth, which has brought forth much fruit (John xii. 24); the leaven—is not his life like unto leaven hid in the life of humanity, in order entirely to penetrate it? Is not he, and is not his life, the treasure in the field, the goodly pearl? And so it stands in relation to all parables, even to the present one. Yes, we may indeed say, the deeper the parable is, so much the more does he become the centre point; so that, to express ourselves differently, in the most spiritual of all the parables he always compares none but himself to bread, to light, to a shepherd, to the vine. Now, he who has perceived him by faith, perceives everything. Have we not already said, that the mystery of the kingdom of heaven is—the mystery of his life, the manifestly great one, 'the Word was made flesh?' He, then, who has known this mystery (I do not mean, as indeed hardly needs to be said, with the analytic understanding, or comprehended it in its ultimate principles, but known it by faith), he has therewith laid hold of the living centre, and is capable, henceforth, of understanding everything. Now he comprehends the mystery of the cross, the great fundamental law of the kingdom of heaven, 'life from death;' now he understands the life which reigns in the kingdom of heaven, for it is indeed his own life; understands the laws by which

it spreads and pervades everything; he understands the beginning and the end. Yes, what the apostle says, 'that in him are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge' (Col. ii. 3), is true here; in him lie all the mysteries of the kingdom of God; he who is his disciple understands them.

And, on the other hand, he who is not his disciple, he who does not yet acknowledge him as his Lord and Saviour, who still goes on in unbelief, as the mass of the people; how could such a one comprehend the mystery of the kingdom of God? To him it must remain unintelligible. In St. Mark the Lord designates this mass of the people as those who are without (Mark iv. 11); behold, these are they who are without, outside the kingdom of heaven, who do not understand it, who do not comprehend it; he only understands it who is within, who has found his abode there, who is a citizen of the kingdom. Dost thou not know the parable of a great man of our nation, who compares this mystery to a large and beautiful palace, with many chambers, which all who never saw the interior blame, because they know nothing of it? Oh, thus it is with the kingdom of God, and its mysteries. Those who are without understand it not, therefore the glory and the peace of the kingdom are hidden from so many; this safe abode they were never within, hence so much blaming and fault-finding, hence so much idle talk, so much that is unintelligible, they never put a foot over its threshold, and speak of the kingdom of God as of a far-off country, which they have never seen. Those who are within understand it. One can only enter through Him who alone is the gate. He is the door to the kingdom of heaven, and, therefore, also the door to the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven.

'To him that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance; but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that he hath.' This word we may confidently apply to him. He who has him, has in him the vitally powerful commencement of all knowledge and wisdom; he has in him the self-multiplying pound, since interest now is added to interest, so that he constantly becomes richer in the property of his house; he who believes in him and loves him has gained the living point, which now extends itself, diffusing life, grows, pervades, fills all, drawing everything into its circle. But he who has not, who has not him, from him will be taken even that he hath; from him will be taken even what he thinks he has; and how rich soever he may think himself in wisdom and knowledge, it melts away in his hands; it hovers and vanishes like unsubstantial images of the fancy, because the true treasure of wisdom is wanting. Yes, he who may still have something, some amount of Christian knowledge, if that knowledge be not founded upon the knowledge of Jesus Christ, it must become ever darker, and he will become poorer and poorer, till at last, thoroughly impoverished, he has nothing left.

III. And if we ask again, Why does the Lord speak in parables? 'To him that hath shall be given,' he replies, 'that he may have abundance; but whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken away even that he hath. Therefore speak I unto them in parables.' For this

reason then, that in these parables he may give abundance to them who have; that in these same parables he may take away from them that have not even that they have; so that we may distinctly assert, that to the one the parables shall reveal the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven, and conceal these mysteries from the others. But how conceal? Is he not come to reveal the mysteries, and should he then hide them intentionally from us? Is he not come to glorify the Father on earth, and to reveal the word which the Father gave him, and should he then in dark, intentionally dark, discourse render the knowledge more difficult, and indeed prevent it? Beloved, in order the better to approach that which is strange to us, let us first of all glance at the analogous. Is it not thus then with the works of the Lord? Does he then everywhere reveal the wonderful glory, the power of God, which was in him? Does he not also hide it intentionally where he does not find faith? 'He did not many mighty works there because of their unbelief,' is said respecting the very place where he had been brought up (Matt. xiii. 58). And if we now further observe his mode of teaching, it will be still more evident to us. The aim of all our Lord's teaching is indeed to kindle life in the hearts of men; it is not words that he will give, dead doctrine and precepts of law, but life. His aim is not that they may carry home with them unintelligible words, with the notion that they have understood them; not that they may gabble dead formulas with their lips, and deceive themselves with the idea that they thereby possess life; that is not his design; but rather, that his word may be vitally appropriated, received into the heart as a living treasure, henceforth to work powerfully there, and bring forth fruit; that is his aim, as he expresses it to his disciples, when he looks back upon his completed ministry, on the last evening: 'Ye are my friends; the servant knoweth not what his Lord doeth, but I have called you friends' (John xv. 15). Therefore does he so frequently speak in dark sayings. Where there is a heart, then, incapable of receiving such words, without susceptibility, a heart where *that* one life-point, faith, is wanting, then a man hears the word, and understands it not; because he has nothing, he receives nothing, and cannot even flatter himself that he has understood it, and thus take a dead word home with him. But where there is a susceptible heart, the heart of a disciple, there the word becomes to the soul as a goad; obscure indeed, and not yet understood, but still the very obscurity is an incentive, and, like a thorn which penetrates deeper, leaves the heart no rest, for the desire to hear more, to understand more, a goad urging on towards him who spoke the word, in order in his fellowship to gain an understanding of the word.

As every appearance of the Lord is at the same time a judgment, as wherever he appears, belief and disbelief become discriminated, so is it also through such words. One class is repelled, 'this is a hard saying, who can hear it?' (John vi. 60), and unbelief and hardness of heart are brought to light; the others feel themselves drawn towards him, the word impels them into his community. 'Lord, to whom shall we go? thou hast words of eternal life' (John vi. 68); and

the word in the heart is like a living seed, which there germinates, and springs up, and constantly brings forth new fruits; a living treasure, which perpetually multiplies itself.

So is it also with the parables. All have heard the discourses, but how various the results! The multitude depart; they have understood nothing; they depart poorer than they came; the disciples come to the Lord; by the word they have heard they are impelled into his society, that they, a small circle, may gather more closely around him, and he now initiates them more deeply into the mysteries of the kingdom, that they may become rich, and be pronounced blessed on account of such knowledge.

Thus the parables are intended both to reveal and conceal the mystery of the kingdom of God; thus are they both grace and judgment, for that is a judgment which is pronounced upon the people, that they 'see and do not perceive, and hear and do not understand.' This the Lord distinctly implies when he refers to the word of the prophet Isaiah: 'Ye shall hear with your ears and shall not understand, and ye shall see with your eyes and shall not perceive, for this people's heart is hardened, and their ears are dull of hearing, and their eyes are heavy, lest they hear with their ears, and see with their eyes, and convert, and I should heal them' (Isaiah vi. 9, 10). Just then as the sending of the prophet to the people was said to be a judgment of hardening, so does the word of God become a judgment to them, a judgment upon unbelievers. Because they will not look to him in faith, therefore shall they neither see nor understand the mystery of the kingdom; it is hidden from them, and his words must serve only to darken them still more, and harden them in the unbelief of their hearts. But to the disciples it is a mercy. 'Blessed,' says he, 'are your eyes, for they see, and your ears, for they hear;' they behold what prophets and kings before them longed in vain to see —the mystery of the kingdom of heaven.

Beloved, the word of the Lord is the same to-day; he still speaks this parable to us to-day, and with the same design. His word is still the two-edged sword, bringing mercy to one, and judgment to another. Truly must we, as the Lord did his disciples, pronounce Christendom blessed, in that it possesses the word, and the mysteries of the kingdom are revealed to it; but when we see how it fares with the word, we might be alarmed in our inmost soul, and become fearful lest even now the word of judgment should again be fulfilled upon Christendom. 'But he that hath not, from him shall be taken even that he hath.' Now, indeed, we know how to escape such a judgment. Come to him who has spoken the word, in whom all judgment is changed into mercy. Come into fellowship with him! Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ! this is now what all preaching is to effect; become his disciples, remain his disciples. 'If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed' (John viii. 31). And he will lead them ever, more and more deeply, into the mystery of the kingdom of heaven, into the hidden, concealed wisdom of God, which God hath ordained before the world to our glory, a wisdom which to-

the world is folly, hidden from the wise of this world, but revealed unto babes. Yes, be this the blessing for which we will pray, when we hear such parables in the sanctuary, or read them quietly in our homes, that they may lead us more deeply into him, our Lord, that we may live in his kingdom under him, and serve him in eternal righteousness, innocence, and blessedness. So help us, O Lord our God, Father of our Lord Jesus Christ! So help us, O Lord our Saviour, King of the kingdom of heaven! So help us, O Holy Spirit, thou true teacher and enlightener of our souls! Thus help us, for our soul's blessedness, here and hereafter. Amen.

A German Estimate of the Emperor Nicholas.

[We quote the following from an interesting editorial paper in Dr. Gelzer's 'Protestant Monthly Magazine'—the ablest and best religious periodical in Germany. We consider it to be the most comprehensive exhibition of the *results* of the Emperor Nicholas's reign that has yet been given. We omit from the commencement of the paper some anecdotes illustrative of the personal character of Nicholas which have been familiar to English readers for many years. Dr. Gelzer, we may add, is Professor of History at Berlin.]

We cannot take the first step towards a correct appreciation of the Emperor Nicholas till we draw the line definitely between his significance for Russia and Europe respectively.

His significance for Russia is best seen by comparing him with the most celebrated of his predecessors.

We cannot here mention Ivan IV., the Russian Nero in the sixteenth century. This blood-thirsty tiger could, with propriety, be named only for the sake of contrast, and to show how far even Russia, in spite of her half-Asiatic circumstances, has elevated herself in the nineteenth century above the Muscovite barbarism of the sixteenth. Ivan IV. distinguished himself at first by splendid military achievements against the Tartars, from whom he took Kasan and Astrachan. But afterwards, his rule degenerated into a tyranny which is amongst the most horrible on record in the annals of history. His suspicion of the boyards, who in his youth had threatened his life, ripened into a system of the most refined persecution, which may fairly be styled one long Bartholomew massacre against the Russian nobility. He feasted his eyes on the tortures of his innumerable victims, and his ingenuity was exhaustless in finding out new modes of torture. He ill-treated his wives; made his sons the companions of his infamies; forced children oftentimes to become the executioners of their parents; exterminated in his fury whole villages and regions; and yet his people besought him with tears to retain the crown when upon one occasion he threatened to abdicate. Verily, whoever carefully peruses the history of this monster of a prince, as the Russian historian Karamsin

(during the reign of Nicholas) described him, must admit that, as compared with Ivan, the Russian sovereigns of more modern times appear like angels of light—a consolatory proof to every friend of humanity that the labour of centuries has not been thrown away even as respects the civilization of Eastern Europe.

Nicholas is usually compared with Peter the Great; the Duke of Ragusa, who attended the Emperor's coronation in the capacity of French ambassador, reported of him even then, 'He is the civilized Peter the Great.' And De Custine styles him 'the Louis XIV. of the Slavonians.' He possessed by nature something of the strength comparable to that of steel, something, too, of the thoroughness and energy of the Czar Peter; and something of that imposing bearing which the French admired so in Louis XIV. But, flattered as he was by this parallel with Peter the Great, yet he made no secret of his intention of breaking with the system of Peter in one respect. Instead of artificially and forcibly inoculating his people with foreign civilization, he wanted to emancipate the nation from foreign influence, in order to give it the opportunity of developing itself in accordance with its own peculiarities. The Russian language and literature, Russian customs and traditions, Russian faith and superstition, were now again to be reinstated in their rights in opposition to those of foreigners. A Romantic school pledged to old Russ ideas was pitted against the French and German culture. Nicholas formed, also, a striking contrast with Catherine II. and Alexander, by virtue of his system of political and ecclesiastical government. To Catherine's coquetry with French Illuminism and *beaux esprits*, and to Alexander's mystical religion of feeling, he opposed the traditions and hierarchico-political uniformity of his Russo-Greek State Church. He sought to tear up by the roots the tendencies towards an approximation to the more free and ideal political aspirations of the West which had been cherished by his brother Alexander. In all these things he saw only weakness, half-heartedness, and apostasy, from the maxims of genuine autocracy, and from the sources of his people's true power. Accordingly, he laboured with all the thoroughness of his prejudiced but powerful nature, to bring about a regeneration of his people by means of the principle of nationality and traditional ecclesiasticism. He wanted to set on foot a reaction against an unhealthy process of culture, which had been in operation for more than a century, and sought to conduct the nation back to the original natural and historical path. But in carrying out this purpose, he found himself compelled to make use of instruments, who either did not comprehend his Russian Romanticism at all, or else gave to it in practice a direction, in some cases, frightfully barbarous, and in others, hypocritically deceptive. These instruments of his were for the most part corrupt members of the hereditary or official nobility, together with a clergy the vast majority of whom are utterly ignorant boors; and it was with such auxiliaries that he had to work upon a people, well disposed indeed, but quite like children.

Such were the position and significance of the Emperor Nicholas as

respects *Russia;* blockade against the political and religious ideas of central and western Europe; alliance with the Russian national and Greek State-church tendencies; awakening of national and bigoted self-consciousness to the highest pitch of fanaticism, even to the extent of persecuting Protestantism and Catholicism—a persecution, indeed, which the eager tools of despotism pushed far beyond the point which the sovereign had personally contemplated.

If, however, the inquiry concerns his position and significance for *Europe*, our entire horizon becomes changed; we have now no longer to deal with questions of Russia's internal policy, on which foreigners must always form their judgment according to what at best can be but a defective knowledge of the state of the case; no, the vital questions of the home and foreign policy of the great powers of Europe are then before us. *What was his relationship to the parties of his time, and what to the great nations of Europe?* These two questions point to his European significance, his significance in the history of the world; *here* his name has become a party watchword in the struggle for internal national freedom, and for the dominion of the East. The words of the poet,

> 'Embroiled by party zeal and party rage,
> His image floats unfixed on history's page,'

are more applicable to him than to any of his contemporaries, *just because his name and his image are inseparable from the history of the two greatest political movements of the age*, whose issue it must be left to the future to decide. We mean the elaboration of a central European, and, accordingly, a German policy in particular, and the political and social remodelling of the Turkish empire. In reference to questions of internal European politics, Nicholas knew how to take up a position which rendered him, in some quarters, the abhorrence, and in others the idol, of the contending party extremes. His enemies and his partisans were agreed, the former out of hatred, and the latter out of veneration, that in him was to be recognised the incarnation, as it were, of autocratic absolutism, and out-and-out Conservatism. It was quite the fashion, in certain circles styling themselves Conservative in the central European states, especially in Germany, Holland, Switzerland, and Scandinavia, to pay homage to the Russian autocrat, as their true champion and bulwark against the revolutionary principle, and to encircle his head, with a well-nigh supernatural nimbus, with the crown of glory, imparting a special Divine mission for the conservation of all that had been uprooted and become antiquated in Europe. In proportion to the warm and intemperate hatred with which he was persecuted by the Radical or revolutionary party, the more firmly was the belief clung to of the necessity of leaning upon him. 'What that party hates, the same must we love:' what conclusion could be come to more seemingly logical than this maxim?

Thus was Europe destined to see the odious spectacle, that a party fraction in Germany and the neighbouring states debased so low the honourable name of the anti-revolutionary principle, of historical right

and legal freedom, so insulted every more exalted sentiment of moral and national honour, as to proclaim *a foreign prince*, the absolute head of a half Asiatic Slavonic state, *their patron and protector*. Whoever has any faith left in the independence of his country, and of the mission of Germany's princes and people; whoever does not wish to contribute to the realization of Napoleon's prediction, that after his death Europe would become either Republican or Cossack; must close his eyes in shame or indignation to witness this political humiliation of a faction, this falsification of a great principle in itself morally justifiable. Sadly have been verified the bitter words of a German poet,*

> 'What's rotten in our Germany
> Is all to Russia given.'

Even the feeling of shame, which was wont to accompany such a disposition to play the satellite, has become lost; else never would a man, who in other respects is by no means insensitive to what touches the honour of his name, have dared to offer, with rhetoric full of unction, in the parliament of a great North German state, *a Russian Confession of Faith*, which settles his place in the eyes of the German nation, and before the tribunal of German history, for all time to come.

These deplorable words,† which we copy with sorrow and reluctance, are to this effect:—'*It seems it is only democracy which does not seek and find its* point d'appui *in Russia. Russia is a* point d'appui *for all historical authority and order, and at the same time for all the blessings which depend on these things.* God, indeed, has called away that exalted prince, who did not seek to found his greatness on the revolutionizing of peoples, or on the discord of states, but who rather applied his already established and well-assured greatness on behalf of the order, and union, and peace of Europe. *But none the less does Russia present still a* point d'appui *for all these things;* it is still such, not merely in virtue of the personality of the Emperor Nicholas, and, as we hope, of his successor also; *but, moreover, by virtue of the traditions of two long and happy reigns, and by virtue of its own patriarchal condition*, which, according to a law of nature, forms the counterpoise to revolutionary destructiveness, and to mock civilization.'

Thus, men dare to hurl such words openly at Prussia and Germany! Very differently felt and thought a princess of *true German blood*, a woman of *German spirit*, Queen Louisa, the mother of King Frederick William IV. At a time of great pressure, when an alliance with Russia against the preponderance of Napoleon had quite a different meaning from what it has now, she thus repudiated the charge of Russianism (9th October, 1806): 'The partiality for the Russians, which is imputed to me, is a most unjust and absurd accusation. So far as the zeal, the loyalty, and the personal virtues of the Emperor Alexander are concerned, I have ever yielded them all due honour, and shall not cease to do so. *But far from regarding Russia as the main instrument of Europe's liberation, I have always looked upon her*

* Freytag: 'Soll und Haben.' Bd. I. Leipsig: Hirzel. 1855.
† Dr. Stahl's, in the Prussian Upper House, on April 24th, 1855.

assistance as only the dernier ressort, *and I am firmly convinced that the principal means of safety are to be found in nothing else, save in the most intimate union of all who boast the name of Germans.*'

Thus spoke the German princess in times of the most urgent necessity fifty years ago, and her words will still find an echo in the hearts of her nation, when the above rhetorical firework of the orator of the pseudo-historical school has been long consigned to its merited fate. The Great Elector, that genial ancestor of the true German Prussia, was well aware what was to be thought of the doctrine of *a foreign 'point d'appui' of authority and order.* 'We,' he exclaimed, 'have sacrificed our blood, our honour, and our name, and have gained nothing by it, save that we have become the vassals of foreign nations, and have well nigh forfeited our ancient lofty name. What are the Rhine, the Elbe, the Weser, the Oder, any longer, but prisoners in the hands of foreign nations?' Frederick the Great's words are, too, well known, which, the king of German spirit, though of French culture, spoke to his alarmed minister, when he concluded the alliance of the German princes: 'We must be perfectly indifferent whether an alliance of the German princes pleases France or not. *The cause is a good one, and that is what we have to attend to before all things: I imagine we ought to be slaves neither of the French, nor of the Austrians, nor of the Russians.*'

Throughout all the worthier elements of the German nation—the fact ought not to be suppressed, for it is a consolatory symptom of life—this national spirit prevails, which turns away with contempt from the mystic worship of a Russian Conservative Protectorate. Even Frederick William IV. thinks like a German; he has on more than one occasion branded the leaders of the Russian party as enemies of his German disposition and policy. If it has rightly been cast in the teeth of the revolutionary party as a grave objection, when they have postponed the cause of our common fatherland to their own doctrines and party interests, as in the instance of the Mayence Club (1792), who, from attachment to the democratic principle, allied themselves with France, must not an equally severe accusation lie at the door of those who, *though the antipodes of those Mayence Clubbists*, throw themselves, for the sake of their egoistical interests, into the arms of a *Russian Protectorate?*

The Emperor Nicholas eagerly accepted, as is readily comprehensible, the Protectorate which that party faction, in its short-sighted selfishness, laid at his feet. Even had he not believed in this as his mission, yet the simplest political calculation prompted him to grasp with both hands a political fiction, which presented to him, on a silken cushion, incalculable influence over the policy of other states. I say, 'Even had he not believed in this his mission;' but, in point of fact, *he did believe in this mission.* It raised his self-consciousness to an intoxicating pitch, when he could regard himself as the Protector of Europe commissioned by Providence to put down the revolution. When he took a survey of his own experiences, this faith appeared to be confirmed. Were not the first days of his reign occupied with a

life and death struggle against insurrection? Had he not beaten down the revolution of the Poles, of the Egyptians, of the Hungarians, with his victorious sword? Had not his name become a powerful exorcism against the revolution whenever it stirred? Had he not, in this consciousness that he was the rock ordained of God on which the waves of the revolution must be broken, issued that famous manifesto of the 28th of March, 1848, when almost all the thrones of the Continent were threatened with subversion like that of France?

'Breaking out first in France, revolt and anarchy soon spread to the neighbouring Germany, and the devastating torrent, pouring forth its waters on all sides with a freedom from control proportioned to the concessions made by governments, seized at last also upon the realms bordering upon us—viz., the empire of Austria and the kingdom of Prussia. Its insolence now knew no bounds, and threatened in its madness even Russia, entrusted by God to us. But it is not destined to succeed. After the hallowed example of our orthodox predecessors, we, appealing to Almighty God, are ready to meet our enemies wherever they show themselves, and in indissoluble alliance with our Holy Russia, will be never weary in defence of the honour of the Russian name, and the inviolability of our frontiers. We are persuaded that every Russian, every one of our loyal subjects, will respond with joy to the appeal of his emperor, and that our old watchword, "For our Faith, for our Czar, for our Country!" will now also point out the way to triumph. Then will we with feelings of pious gratitude, as now with feelings of sacred trust, call upon him: "God is with us! Know it, ye nations, and submit yourselves, for God is with us!"—NICHOLAS.'

Quite different from that of the political *doctrinaires* was the judgment of princes and politicians who were statesmen by vocation, concerning the position and significance of the Emperor Nicholas. Altogether apart from his personal wishes and convictions, they viewed him first and mainly in connexion with Russia's European policy, steadily progressive for the last hundred and fifty years. They saw that all the more important princes of that empire had marched forward on a path of conquest, which was gradually absorbing within its magic circle, with the fatality of a natural process, the whole of the eastern half of Europe. As to the fact, that Constantinople, the inheritance of the Turkish empire, was the last word in this direction, no unprejudiced person deceived himself.

Whether men gave credit to the alleged Will of Peter the Great or not, they, at all events, saw in that document an epitome of the aggressive tendencies of Russian ambition, and the history of Russian diplomacy presented numerous confirmations of the currency of those maxims which circulated under Peter's name. As is known, the leading thoughts of that famous 'Will' are the following:—

'The Russian people is destined by Providence to the dominion of Europe, for the other nations are old and used up, but Russia is still in her youth and vigour. Moreover the tide of national aggression has always set in in the direction from north-east to south-west.

Peter found Russia a brook, and left it a river; his successors must make it a sea. For this purpose the following means are available:—perpetual readiness to launch into wars of conquest; attracting to the Russian service the cleverest men out of other states; weakening and separating Sweden and Norway, embroiling and conquest of Poland; intervention in European, and especially in German questions; matrimonial alliances with German princes; commercial alliance with England till the Russian fleet be full-grown; incessant extension of territory on the Baltic and Black Seas; approximation towards the two fundamental pillars of universal dominion, Constantinople and the Indies. With a view to this, alienation between Persia and Turkey; alliance with Austria for the common expulsion of the Turks; influence on co-religionists of the Greek Church. Then after the subjection of Eastern Europe, alternate alliance, sometimes with Austria, at other times with France, for the partition of universal dominion, and next, employment of the one against the other as the means of the annihilation of both.'

Sweeping as this plan may look, it was seen under Peter, Catherine II., Alexander, and Nicholas, to hasten with rapid strides towards its realization, as regards its first half. Those who studied public opinion found how far some decades past it had turned, with the infallibility of a natural instinct, against Russia, and espied in the Oriental question the obscure enigma of the future of Eastern and central Europe. Thus in Constantinople the plot thickened, the *denouement* of which was, after 1853, assigned to the sword. A struggle began, which in its first stage was a Russo-Turkish war; in its second (1854) expanded into a war of the Western Powers and their Turkish client against Russia; and in the third *threatened to kindle a general European war had not the attempt at the Paris Conferences to change the February armistice (25th February, 1856), into the Peace of Paris (30th March) been crowned with success.*

Neither a diplomatic discussion of the controverted points of the Oriental question, nor a historical picture of the Oriental war, is part of our present task. We are only concerned with the inquiry, *Where, for one who wishes to contemplate the matter from the world-historical point of view, lies the centre of that question, and of this war? The* question which lies at the very bottom of the whole Oriental crisis denotes this centre. It is this, *Who shall bear sway in the City of Constantine or the Bosphorus? To whom shall the inheritance of the eastern Roman or Byzantine empire fall, when the Turkish dominion in Europe and Asia shall collapse?*

Already at the beginning of the century, in the conference between Napoleon and Alexander at Tilsit (1807), a partition of the Turkish empire was talked about between these two Cæsars of modern western and eastern Rome; for Napoleon also, like all great statesmen, kept his eye steadily fixed on the East. But the stumbling-block in the way of their agreement was Constantinople, which Alexander, in accordance with the traditional policy of Russia, claimed for himself. The dictator of the West, however, peremp-

torily interposed: 'Constantinople? Never! That means the empire of the world!'

Seven-and-thirty years later, when, through the Greek insurrection, the Russian war of 1828, and the emancipation and invading policy of the Egyptian viceroy, Mehemet Ali, the Oriental question was ever pressing more and more into the foreground of the political drama, Nicholas paid his celebrated visit to England in June 1844, for the purpose of bringing about an understanding with the English statesmen, in reference to this vital question. His leading idea was, that Russia and England should concert beforehand the course to be pursued in common, in the case of a catastrophe in the East. The powers were to preserve the existence of the Osman empire in *statu quo* (this much he conceded at that time), so long as this political combination should be possible; but if they foresaw the proximate downfall, they were then to agree beforehand on all that was involved in the establishment of a new order of things.

A new turning-point was reached in the year 1853, when the emperor assured the English ambassador, Sir Hamilton Seymour, that the moment of the downfall of the Turkish empire was at hand. We refer to the emperor's words, now famous all the world over, on the 9th of January, 1853.*

From this conversation we learn that the stress of the entire problem appeared now to have resolved itself into a physiological or pathological question, *Is the 'sick man' sick unto death, or is his recovery still possible?* England believed in the possibility of his surviving, and wanted at all risks to ward off the mortal crisis. Nicholas deemed the crisis inevitable, or wished to bring it on before his own death.

We repeat it, *Here* is the axis around which the whole matter turns. All the other points of difference; the odious strife about the churches in the Holy Land; about Montenegro; about the rights of the rayahs in Turkey; are subordinated to that great vital question of politics. These particular points of difference are only the lesser or greater craters, out of which the subterranean fire belches from time to time in single eruptions, *until one day the grand explosion shall follow, which will mean nothing short of the overthrow or partition of the Turkish empire.*

Nicholas lived to see how out of those words about the 'sick man' a struggle arose, which assumed grander dimensions with each year; and in the midst of this struggle he was hurried away.

If the Emperor Nicholas, as he lay on a bed of sickness in the last days of his life, had looked back upon his eventful reign, his past history might have been grouped, for the purpose of such a mental retrospect, under two great periods, which present themselves to us as the times of his rising and setting.

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* Dr. Gelzer here cites the emperor's well-known conversation with Sir Hamilton Seymour from the ambassador's despatch of the 11th, which it is unnecessary to repeat.

The former period embraces the twenty-five years from 1825 to 1850, beginning with the suppression of the military revolt in St. Petersburg, and culminating at Warsaw in 1850, when Nicholas played the part of European arbiter between Austria and Prussia. What a series of extraordinary successes were crowded into these twenty-five years! At the very commencement he sees his guards cowed at his feet by his look; then he triumphs over Persia (1826—1828); his fleet shares in the naval victory of Navarino (1827); he humbles Turkey (1828, 1829); his army is stationed at Adrianople, not far from the gates of Byzantium; he coerces and masters the Polish revolution (1831); sends his army to aid the Turkish sultan against his vassal (1833), so that the Russian eagles are encamped opposite Constantinople; in the Caucasus, his troops, even if only slowly and at enormous sacrifices, constantly gain fresh territory from the Circassians; amongst the Slavonic peoples and the Greek orthodox clergy he is revered as the head and protector of the orthodox, and as the future vanquisher of the crescent. He takes part, with the exclusion of France, in the conclusion of the quadruple alliance of 1840. Lastly, on the outbreak of the storm of 1848, he lends his strong arm to Austria, when she invokes his aid, in the subjugation of Hungary, and appears with haughty mien at Warsaw in 1850, as the lawgiver of Central Europe. Count Brandenburg, the minister of Prussia, left the Polish capital with a broken heart.

But the zenith was reached; the scale began to turn; the Nemesis, which with noiseless footsteps, but with divinely stern countenance, marches through history, was to smite *his* head also — she who spares no too powerful one, and, when the hour is come, humbles even the strongest. The Nemesis overtook Nicholas in the Oriental entanglement, not as though the other parties concerned could boast themselves of their righteousness—for, verily, if anywhere, here, too, the apostolic word, 'all have sinned,' holds good; on all sides, it was in the first place a fight for earthly interests, not for *ideal good*, which was proposed to the inflammable masses as a watchword. Yet, for all that, the word 'Silistria' is now in history equipollent with 'humiliation of the Emperor Nicholas,' and the word 'Sebastopol' with 'humiliation of Russia.'

Did he not suddenly see what had been deemed *impossible* accomplished in quick succession, and with the year 1854 a new turn given to European order? France and England become allies; Austria casts off the bands of grateful dependence; the Russian army retreats from Silistria, and evacuates the Danubian principalities; a European coalition begins to be formed, like that of 1813, against Napoleon. Yea, his country, his 'holy Russia,' is trodden under the feet of foreign conquerors; an army of French and English lands on the shores of the Crimea, beats the Russians at Alma and Inkermann, besieges Sebastopol, and blockades the Russian fleet in its harbour. What repulses, what mortifications for a heart, which hitherto had known scarcely anything but triumphs, and now at the end of the course sees the proud structure of its hopes overturned!

Nevertheless, the last and bitterest dregs he was not to drink; *the fall of his strongest fortress in the south, and the annihilation of his fleet.* A merciful fate spared him this severest blow.

But of one fact he was destined to be a witness in his lifetime, which rent in pieces the entire web of his calculations. As early as the year 1844 he had laid down in England the maxim, 'If England, as the leading naval power, acts in unison with Russia and Austria, *it is to be assumed that France will find herself under the necessity of accommodating herself to the course agreed on between St. Petersburg, London, and Vienna.*'

And now this France, which, according to his calculations, ought to have been necessitated to accommodate herself to the resolves of Russia and England—this France *has succeeded in alliance with England, in humbling both him, her enemy, and England, her ally, at the same time.* For it cannot be denied that the most brilliant and conspicuous successes have been won by the *French* arms, whilst the condition of the English army in the winter of 1854, 1855, has paled the lustre of English glory for a considerable time to come. The successful storm of Sebastopol, again, has also especially illustrated the military renown of France.

What a revolution in events! Who was it now, who, in September, 1855, stood upon a pinnacle of power, of glory, and of world-wide renown, like Nicholas at Warsaw, in 1850? Who welcomed Queen Victoria as his guest and ally to his capital? Who celebrated the fall of Sebastopol (8th September, 1855), as a satisfaction to the French standards for 1812? And who concluded in his metropolis, in the midst of the representatives of all the great powers of Europe, the Peace of the 30th of March, 1856? A man who is now styled Emperor of the French, who formerly lived as an exile in Switzerland, England, and America, and was long imprisoned as a political convict —Louis Napoleon. Such is the ebb and flow of human affairs, and the tragedy of history!

The Devil and Demons.—A Chapter in Scriptural Philology.

'The arch-enemy,
And thence in heaven call'd Satan.'
MILTON, *Par. Lost*, Bk. 1.

THAT there is a wicked and malicious spirit, who for a time is allowed to have an influence over the minds of men, is the undoubted teaching of the New Testament. It is just as clearly stated that this spirit is a person, and not a mere influence—an external seducing power, and not an internal development merely of the corruption of human nature. To this person, also, are given names—Hebrew, as Satan, Beelzebub; and Greek, Diabolos, which is descriptive, and the original of our

devil. Diabolos is the equivalent of Satan, an *accuser* or *calumniating adversary*. But besides this being, there are other evil spirits mentioned in the New Testament, who are said to be in subjection to him as their governor,* and are called his angels or messengers; † but they are nowhere called by the same name with their lord, but *demons* or *evil spirits*. And to confuse under one appellation both master and ministers, as our translators have done, is not only unwarranted and inaccurate, but tends to lower our idea of the devil's power and malice, and so somewhat to prepare the way for him in his attacks. It would be tedious and unnecessary to enumerate the long catalogue of passages which contain reference to these subordinate agents of the devil, especially as every one can easily distinguish them for himself without help. It will suffice to call attention to two points.

First. That where the reader finds the expressions, *to be possessed with devils, to cast out devils*, and such like, he should substitute therefor *demons*. It was to these inferior messengers of evil was given, doubtless by the arch-demon himself, this inferior mission of tormenting the bodies of men; the devil, perhaps, reserving to himself the higher and more subtle part of seducing the mind. Here, too, we can estimate the malice of the scribes, who, though the multitude taunted the Baptist only with having a *demon* (Matt. xi. 18), could not stop short of reviling Christ as being possessed with the arch-fiend himself. '*He hath Beelzebub*, and by the prince of demons he casteth out demons' (Mark iii. 22). And secondly, that the word *demon* was taken from the common language of the time, and in that, meant the race of inferior deities, some good, some bad, subject to their Jove or Zeus; and that in a few passages the word is used in this sense in our Scriptures. As, where the Athenians, when they heard St. Paul preach to them Jesus and the resurrection, thought him to be commending to their worship two new gods [dæmons], a male and female, Jesus and Anasbasis (Acts xvii. 18). But, as there is but one God, and therefore one object only of worship, these deities of the Gentiles are, in the sight of the gospel, no more than demons, drawing off the adoration of men from its only legitimate object; and so 'the things which the Gentiles sacrifice, they sacrifice to demons, and not to God.' (1 Cor. x. 20.)

These demons, which in Christ's days afflicted the body, it is expressly implied, are under the control and direction of the devil, inasmuch as he himself is sometimes said to be the actual inflicter of the sufferings, as in Acts x. 38; Jesus 'went about doing good, and healing all that were possessed of the devil.' (Luke xiii. 16.)

We have said that the word devil, like Satan, is a descriptive term, and means *calumnious accuser, malicious* and *slandering enemy*: and there are some passages in the New Testament where the word

* In Matt. ix. 34. 'He casteth out demons by the chief of the demons.'

† In Matt. xxv. 41. 'Everlasting fire, which has been prepared for the devil and his angels.'

has this meaning, of which those which are undoubtedly so are the following:—

1 Tim. iii. 11. 'Their (the deacons') wives, likewise, must be women of gravity, not *slanderers*, sober and faithful in all things.'

2 Tim. iii., 2, 3. 'For men (in the last days) shall be selfish, covetous, false boasters, haughty, blasphemous, disobedient to parents, ungrateful, unholy, without natural affection, ruthless, *calumnious*,' &c.

Tit. ii. 3. 'Exhort the aged women, likewise, to let their deportment testify of holiness, *to keep themselves from slander* and from drunkenness,' &c.

In these passages it is abundantly manifest that the word means *slanderous*, *calumnious*, and not *devils*. There are other passages in which the devil is as evidently intended. They are the following:—

Matt. iv. 1, 5, 8, 11. In the account of our Lord's temptation, with the parallel passages in Luke iv. 2, 3, 5, 13.

Matt. xiii. 38. 'The tares are the children of the wicked one; the enemy that sowed them is the *devil*.'

Matt. xxv. 41. 'Everlasting fire, prepared for the *devil* and his angels.'

Luke viii. 12 (in the parable of the Sower). 'Then cometh the *devil*, and taketh away the word out of their hearts, lest they should believe and be saved.'

John viii. 44. 'Ye are of your father the *devil*, and the lusts of your father ye will do. He was a murderer from the beginning, and abode not in the truth, because there is no truth in him. When he speaketh a lie, he speaketh of his own, for he is a liar, and the father of him' (that is, *of the liar*).

John xiii. 2. 'And supper being ended, the *devil* having now put into the heart of Judas Iscariot, Simon's son, to betray him.' This was the first suggestion of proposition; afterwards we are told, ver. 27, after the sop Satan entered into him.

Many other passages might be adduced. These, however, are sufficient to show that the doctrine of the New Testament is, that there is an evil spiritual agent who tempted Eve to sin, and inspired Judas to deliver up our Lord to his enemies, and that he does what he can to spoil conviction in the hearts of men.

We must now take notice of a theory put forth a few years back with much ingenuity, in a little book* which contains a good many excellent things; but 'a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump.' This author says, 'I have many times thought that it was owing to the lofty and grandiose descriptions given in the "Paradise Lost," that men, since the time when that poem came to be popular, have invested Satan with a kind of attribute never before assigned to him; and, as was natural to the increasing spirituality of religion, have more and more divested him of the notion of locality and

* I refer to 'An Exposition of Vulgar and Common Errors, adapted to the year of Grace MDCCCXLV. By Thomas Brown Redivivus, whilome Knt. and M.D.,' being No. VIII. of Pickering's Small Books on Great Subjects. Edited by a few well-wishers to knowledge.

form; till the evil one of this age is become, in effect and conceit of men, the evil principle of the Magians—*i.e.*, a power co-existing with, and warring against, the will of the good Deity. And this I must note as a most pestilent error, equally unauthorized by Scripture and by reason; and if any shall imagine this version of theirs to be borne out by some passages which are freely quoted, I must remind the unlearned reader, first, that as I have said already, many passages translated *devil* are in the original *dæmon* (δαίμων), and that when the word *diabolus* (διάβολος) occurreth, this term, in common parlance, meaneth an accuser or slanderer, as when the apostle reproacheth the women who are *diaboli*, *i.e.*, slanderers.* It is to be further borne in mind that the Christians of that day were pursued by the heathen with all manner of calumnies; and this will help us to the true application of many of the passages where this word is used in the epistles of the apostles, where it generally applies to those accusers of the faithful; as when, 1 Tim. iii. 7, it is required that the bishop shall have a good report from them which are without, *i.e.*, the heathen, "*lest he fall into reproach, and the snare of the slanderer.*" or *informer* (διαβόλου). In like manner the apostle Peter, in the fourth chapter of his first epistle, having warned his converts not to be terrified at the fiery trial of persecution, proceedeth, in chap. v. 8, to recommend them to be sober-minded and vigilant; because their slanderous accuser was walking daily among them, seeking his prey; whom they were to resist, by stedfastly adhering to their Christian faith; knowing, also, that not the Christians only, but their brethren that were in the world—*i.e.*, the unconverted heathen—suffered the like afflictions. For it is well known that from the days of Tiberius downwards, the informers so frequently held up to detestation by Tacitus the historian, under the title of *delatores*, were the very scourge of society; no man being safe from their pestilent accusations.

'Much more might be said, which the learned critic will not want my aid to discover, and which to the unlearned would haply seem wearisome, and shall not, therefore, pursue this examination of words, but call upon those who have hitherto so lightly received this notion respecting the great might of the tempter, to review it by the light of reason and common sense; for where were the goodness of God had he endowed a wicked spirit with such power over the minds of men, as to leave them small chance of distinguishing between his suggestions and those of the ever-blessed Spirit of Grace?' This is simply absurd and careless writing; for, says St. Paul, '*Satan transforms himself into an angel of light.*' We have said the theory has, at first view, a certain ingenuity; but the writer is most culpable in leaving his unlearned reader, on the score of charitably relieving him from weariness, in ignorance of many other passages which have to do with this matter; and in passing a compliment on the sagacity of his learned, as though he would throw him a honeyed cake to close his

* Referring to 1 Tim. iii. 11, and Tit. ii. 3, already quoted above.

critical eyes in drowsiness; and, lastly, in appealing to *reason and common sense*, instead of to *the law and to the testimony*, to which we now summon him.

The fact of the existence of these pestilent informers cannot be gainsaid, and they would naturally be roused to unusual activity during times of Christian persecution. But first, the Greek term for the *delator* was never *diabolos*, unless the Greek Testament is the only exception, but quite a different one, viz., *menutes*. Secondly, it was in these times, at Rome principally, that these informers were so rampant; and in the Epistle to the Romans, the word *diabolus* does not once occur. Thirdly, the informers set about their work in a sly, cunning, underhand method, not like *a roaring lion*, nor in such a way as their victim could well *resist* (James iv. 7); but the *diabolus* of the New Testament, whilst he does work by *wiles* (Ephes. vi. 11), also assaults. Fourthly, let us examine a few passages, which might at first sight, and when divorced from the context, seem to favour the theory. For instance, Ephes. vi. 11, 'Clothe yourselves with the complete armour of God, that you may be able to stand against the wiles of the informer.' If this were all, we might, perhaps, be still in doubt; but mark what immediately follows: '*Because* we have not to wrestle with *flesh and blood* (human adversaries, such as *informers*), but against the principalities, the powers, and the sovereigns, of this present darkness, the company of evil spirits in the heavens.' Truly, St. Paul could have written nothing more to the purpose had he been expressly refuting the ideas of Thomas Brown Redivivus. This one passage, surely, is sufficient to show that we are taught in the New Testament to believe in 'the great might of the tempter,' though we might adduce more of the same sort. In a word, of thirty places in which, according to this 'vulgar and pestilent' error, the *devil* is understood to be referred to, every one is satisfied by this translation only one or two at the most are made anything but nonsense by the translation *informer*. Oh, reason and common sense! Fifthly, does our theorist mean to say, that an informer tempted our Lord in the desert? That a delator suggested thoughts to the mind of Judas Iscariot? And what are we to understand by Satan entering into him after the sop? Who was this Satan? Does not our theorist see that he has left both his learned and unlearned readers in the same predicament? But, sixthly, is it consistent with the temper and spirit elsewhere inculcated upon Christians, that they should consider it so tremendous an evil to fall into the hands of the persecutor, and into the snare of the informer? He has read his New Testament ill who has found such a lesson there. He ought not so to have learned Christ. And, seventhly and lastly, we are bold to declare that the evidence for the personal existence and agency of the devil is as strong as that for the personal existence and agency of the Holy Ghost.

We must not quit the subject before we have called the reader's attention to one passage which presents some difficulty. It occurs in St. John's Gospel, vi. 70. 'Have not I chosen you twelve, and [is

not] one of you—not, *a devil*, as our version; that would be *dæmon*—but either *the* devil, for there is but one, or adjectively, *a false accuser?* Let the reader choose. The simplest, however, seems to be the former; *the* devil. For was not Judas Iscariot *the* devil? Had not Satan himself taken possession of him? For '*after the sop, Satan entered into him;*' and he became, to all intents and purposes, identified with the devil, and the devil with him.

We have already stated that the word *Diabolus*, or devil, is the Greek term which translates the Hebrew *Satan*. Consequently, the names *Satan* (and Beelzebub), and the *devil*, are interchangeable; as, for instance, Matthew ascribes our Lord's temptation to the devil; Mark to Satan. The writer of the Apocalypse plainly identifies them: And the great dragon was cast out, that old serpent, called the 'Devil and Satan,' xii. 9.

There is a tendency in these days to under-estimate the influence of the devil over the spirits of men, sometimes to ignore his existence altogether, as the Holy Spirit is too often treated. If these words shall rouse any one from a state of indifference with regard to his most malicious foe, our purpose will be accomplished.

E. S. J.

Prayer-Meetings: their Phraseology.

In connexion with most Nonconforming churches, there are stated periods, mostly week-evenings, when members of the fellowship meet together for worship exclusively. These assemblies are called, on account of their chief characteristic, *prayer-meetings*, and while they are venerable on the ground of long-established Christian usage, they are also the manifestation and nourishment of the Christian life. These meetings are almost peculiar to Dissenters, to whom, brought up as they are in the atmosphere of *free* prayer, extemporaneous public utterances of devotional feeling are the natural outcome of their spiritual training. We do not pretend to quote apostolic precept or precedent in support of this practice of prayer-meetings; there are many other recognised ecclesiastical customs amongst us that have a foundation far deeper than any mere external command. Such, for instance, we take to be the admission of *women* to the Lord's table, the *times* of observing the Lord's supper, *family* worship, &c. These things are *born out* of Christianity, rather than *established*, either by Christ or his apostles, *upon* it. The Christian consciousness recognises in the nature of things the profound necessity of private and of social prayer. The church relation, in its two-fold aspect, the one divine, the other human, involves, like any other voluntary association of individuals, the necessity of frequent meetings for the development and strengthening of the ideas involved in that relation. Worship

demands *words* as symbols of thought; *rites* as symbols of life; and both in combination for mutual edification. Therefore, we cannot conceive of a church, in a normal condition, without its prayer-meetings; and historically, we think it holds good that where the practice has fallen into desuetude, or has never obtained, there is a cold, poverty-stricken exhibition of other forms of worship on the Christian day of rest. The Dead Sea takes, but never gives: all the waters of the Jordan run into that ominous lake, thenceforward neither to bless or to be blessed. But the church of the living God receives only that it may render back in thanksgiving the religious life that is ever dependent on the Divine bounty; and out of that church there does and ever must flow streams as fertilizing as those the prophet saw gushing from the porch of the mystic temple, concerning which we read, that wheresoever these waters came, everything these waters touched started up into a new and beauteous life.

Hence it is that the Christian consciousness finds as *a reality*, a fact, most true and significant, in these unostentatious meetings for prayer, that which no other symbols or rites of worship supply. We enter a cathedral, and certain pure and impressive feelings take possession of our minds; its vast and massive architecture; its clustered columns and rich tracery; its long drawn aisles, in which the spectators look so insignificant; the dim religious light that streams through the windows, bathed in the colours of the rainbow; 'the pealing organ blow, to the full-voiced choir below;' the subdued solemnity of its rites, and the varied vestments of those who superintend these rites; the thought that for centuries generation after generation have beheld all this grandeur and impressiveness;—these things awaken pure and lofty feelings. We are subdued; we are awed; we are hushed into a holy stillness of soul.

But we need something more. This does not comprehend the whole case of man. It is very like devotion, but not quite it. The calmer light of spiritual truth; the softening influences of scriptural sobriety; the truer appreciation of an enlightened judgment; the purer flame of heavenward aspirations. These things we get not so much from our cathedrals as from those too disregarded assemblies where spirits whose forces have been rightly adjusted by a Divine energy, and whose sympathies are in perfect unison, with winged words take invisible flight into the bosom of God.

Thus, as we have said, prayer-meetings are not established; they 'are begotten of the truth;' they are not parts of our ecclesiastical polity; they are the witnesses of God's Spirit in man's heart; and at these meetings, 'with the freedom of a son in the presence of his father, and the holy trembling of a sinner in the presence of his God,' men and women, with aching, weary hearts, worship God in spirit and in truth. The ritual, the ceremonial, the commandment all are withdrawn, and *life*, free, full, permeating, in all its manifestations, alone is displayed, alone is sought.

Hence, the existence of prayer-meetings is *assumed* in the New Testament. 'Not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together.'

'How is it, then, brethren? when you come together, every one of you hath a psalm, hath a doctrine, hath a tongue, hath a revelation, hath an interpretation. Let all things be done unto edifying.' 'How shall he that occupieth the room of the unlearned say Amen at the giving of thanks, seeing he understandeth not what thou sayest?' And elsewhere, in the Corinthians and in James, in which passages, if we understand them rightly, there lies this radical idea, that by the Christian consciousness it was felt that the 'things of God could only be understood in the light of God's Spirit, and that the heavenly fountain was opened to man by prayer; and hence Christians regarded this exercise as the necessary means to the knowledge of Divine things, and to the right understanding of Scripture.'*

We have thought it right to make these preliminary remarks, to guard ourselves from misapprehension. It is no easy matter, even where all care is taken, to escape this calamity; but if we exercise all proper caution, we cannot '*accuse* ourselves' should it overtake us. The fact is, that just now we are in such a critical position—attitudes are so antagonistic, and suspicions so general—that to touch a rite, to question verbiage, to alter a mode of expression, to differ about trifles, is become amongst many symptomatic of departure from the faith, and indicative of 'flat heresy.' Hence it is that many men amongst us are shunned or denounced on account of their independence or originality of thought and expression, the reality and greatness of whose true godliness has been proved by their heroic indurance of a thousand bitter trials, or the noble achievement of numberless Christian deeds of difficult accomplishment.

Our readers will want to know now we 'have put in our appearance' what is the case in hand? And we simply reply, the *phraseology* too current and too copied in our prayer-meetings; a phraseology often unscriptural; often untrue; often barbarous; and in its frequent repetition deterring many amongst the *cultured classes* from being present at these meetings. We know the risk we run in speaking of the '*cultured* classes;' but we run it advisedly; our ministers and churches have too long been ridden over rough-shod by a vulgar democracy, and it is our turn now to show that Christianity can be true Christianity, even when it is associated with culture and refinement. The reign of the sans-culottes must cease; their licentious freedom has ended in the cruelest tyranny.

This matter of phraseology is no slight one. We readily and most gladly acquit those who use a phraseology which we have so strongly characterised of any intention to be *unscriptural, untrue*, or *barbarous;* it is only because we wish to see our prayer-meetings brought up to a realization of their high ideal that we enter upon this discussion at all, and that with a painful sense of its necessity. 1. Some of the current phraseology at prayer-meetings is *unscriptural*. Sometimes as mere *quotations* they are wrong. Go to any prayer-meeting, and you will be sure to hear expressions that occur no where in the

* Neander's 'Church History,' vol. i. pp. 391, 392.

Bible, but obtain general circulation as veritable scriptural truths. One passage is, 'that *we may not be wise above that which is written.*' Now there is no such passage in the Bible; the nearest approach to it is 1 Cor. iv. 6, where Paul is reproving the Corinthians for their party spirit, and says, 'these things have I transferred to myself and to Apollos; that ye might learn in us not to think of *men* above that which is written.' Another prayer is, that God 'would grant success to his word until it shall cover the earth as the *waters cover the channels of the mighty deep.*' Now the sublime words of Isaiah, repeated almost verbatim by Habakkuk, are, 'for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.' Surely it is better to retain the grandeur and simplicity of Scripture than to run into this unintelligible obesity of speech. Again, we often hear the acknowledgment, that as 'thy word says, in the *midst of life we are in death.*'* Now there is no such passage in the Bible; the nearest approach to it is David's speech to Jonathan, in 1 Sam. xx. 3: 'There is but a step between me and death.' Again we often, very often, hear it said in prayer, 'for thou hast promised that where two or three are gathered together, there thou wilt be, and *that to bless them.*' Now these last words, '*and that to bless them,*' are a purely human addition, not in the Saviour's words, nor in harmony with the design of the Saviour's promise. Again, who has not heard the prayer offered, that 'the word of the Lord may have free course, *run*, and be glorified.' Now, why should that unmeaning word '*run*' be the universal pleonasm in our prayer-meetings? At other times Scripture is employed *verbally correct*, but with an entire misapplication of its meaning. For instance, who has not heard the confession that 'from the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness; but wounds and bruises and putrefying sores.' Now, if our readers consult Isaiah i. 6, they will see that the prophet is saying nothing at all about human depravity or guiltiness, but is simply describing the disorganized condition of the Jewish people; 'from the sole of the foot, and even to the head, a common scriptural expression for the body in its whole extent, there is not in it, the people or Judah considered as a body, a sound place, &c.'† Here we have one very common but most erroneous misapplication of Scripture words.

Again, we have a frequent use of Scripture words that involves both these ideas, of incorrectness of quotation and perversion of its meaning at the same time. How often is it said, 'Paul may plant, and Apollos may water, but God only can give the increase.' Now Paul teaches no such doctrine; in fact, the ordinary use of this passage is directly in the teeth of what Paul was teaching the Corinthians, what he is teaching us, and what we are all so slow to learn, especially when we go and largely resolve the results of our blunders and mistakes into the sovereignty of God, and make Heaven answer-

* This passage is in the Apocrypha.
† See Alexander and Barnes *in loco.*

able for our failures. Paul says distinctly and encouragingly, 'I have planted; Apollos watered; but God gave the increase.' No peradventure; no hypothesis; he *did* give it, and he always will give it, when Paul and Apollos go about their work and acquit themselves as men.

Again, we have said, that the phraseology of our prayer-meetings is *often untrue.* Now if man ought ever to be true, solemnly and transparently true, where every word he utters shall represent a living thought within that can only burst forth into light clothed in this imagery and no other, it is when man, the frail, the erring, and the sinful, claims spoken intercourse with God through the mediation of his Saviour Christ. And yet we confess to a sad conviction, that very much of the language current at our prayer-meetings has but little, if any, correspondence with the thoughts within. We slide into the Siberian windmill custom of saying our prayers. The words are told of upon our lips as correctly and as coldly as a turn-table indicates the number of passers through, although said turn-table has no interest in the passions and hopes and joys and fears of those who tread above, and whose presence and number it indicates below. We anxiously desire not to irritate or to wound feeling in these remarks, but it is needful to our purpose to explain ourselves.

We do not intend by any specification of particular cases to prove our position. Let a devout but thoughtful man enter one of our week-night assemblies, and will he not distressingly be conscious of an element of unreality, untruthfulness, characterising much that he hears? Will there not be an avowal of humiliation and abasement at variance with the ordinary tenor of life? Will there not be profuse professions of devotedness to Christ, only too sadly contrasting with the daily reality? Will not sins be confessed without penitence, and blessings supplicated without sense of their necessity? Or should it be 'a man of the world,' one 'who has not joined the church,' who enters the place, at the 'hour of prayer,' will he not retire full of conflicting anxieties? 'These men seem earnest, they seem to pray heartily; but do they know the meaning of words? Do they attach any significance to language? 'They speak of themselves as "*worms*," and "*dust and ashes*," and "*sinful, guilty, hell-deserving sinners;*" surely if they meant all this the "worms" would not be so exceedingly arrogant in daily life; "the dust and ashes" would not lord it over his brother, as if he was particularly fine porcelain; and the self-doomed sinners would be more full of abounding joy at their deliverance.'

Besides which, another might add, 'And many of their hymns too; why they can no more mean what they sing than the organ means what it plays.* As I listen, again and again, I recall to myself these words of Dr. Wardlaw, and they help me to be more

* Of course there are many fine exceptions to these censures; but if the exception confirms the rule, we do not think we are far wide of the truth in speaking thus of *many* prayer-meetings.

true to myself, while I deprecate this untruthfulness in others:—"Some people talk much of their seasons of peculiar visitation; of sweet and overwhelming manifestations of God to their souls; they have sought and found God in their secret retirements; he has drawn forth their affections; has opened Paradise; has brought down heaven into their souls! God has been with them of a truth! Oh! they have had such a season! so melting! so celestial! so divine! They have been upon the mount! it has been the house of God and the very gate of heaven! Say I these things in discredit or in ridicule of seasons of spiritual manifestations and vivid and powerful emotions? Far from it. I only wish to put to persons who make such high pretensions to Bethel visits, and dwell with so much complacency upon them, two or three practical questions. I ask the man who has been upon the mount, what he is when he comes down into the vale? What is his temper of mind? How bears he himself in the common intercourse of every-day life? Is he meek, gentle, and humble-minded? Or is his port lofty, and his behaviour marked with self-complacency, as that of one who is sensible of the honour put upon him of his being a specially distinguished favourite of Heaven? If so he deceives himself, for all truly spiritual communion with God, and all genuine Divine manifestations, are self-abasing. I ask him when he comes forth from his closet, after such a season as he describes, what he is in his family? Is his heart softened and melted to the endearing exercise of all kindly domestic affections? Is he conscientiously and tenderly attentive in all his relative duties? Is he a cold and indifferent husband, an ill-humoured father, an unreasonable and passionate master? Is he a man of words, but not of deeds or gifts? Heavenly in his speech, but earthly in his doings, talking in lofty guise the language of Zion, and yet walking in the dirtiest ways of this world?"' . . . So long since we read this in one of Wardlaw's sermons, and we wish we did not remember the passage so often when we hear the phraseology of our prayer-meetings.

And, lastly, we have said that much of this phraseology is *barbarous;* this is a lighter matter by far than unscripturalness and untruthfulness, but seeing that a Christian *ought* to be the highest style of man, we see no reason in Christianity or in the Christian profession why we should set taste, grammar, and good sense at defiance when we meet for social prayer. How many speak to God as they would not dare to speak to their landlord, or to one of their principal creditors? And then, instead of lowly adoration or devout supplication, hŏw often is a long programme repeated to God, giving him a vast amount of information in the way of an outline of the Church's history or the speaker's feelings. The offerer of prayer degenerates into a news-messenger in the ear of Heaven. Then we hear such barbarisms as these, which beyond all doubt are one of many reasons of the 'aversion of men of taste to evangelical religion'—the minister is prayed for, that he 'may *have many seals to his ministry* and *souls for his hire;*' what it means no one is so presump-

tuous as to guess. The Spirit is prayed for to 'go *from heart to heart, as oil from vessel to vessel;*' we never saw oil going about in that fashion, and should be very sorry to see it possessed with such greasy power of locomotion. We hear the blessing of Heaven sought for from 'the *great* Head of the Church;' is there then a smaller head? We hear the afflicted prayed for, that '*underneath and round about them* may be laid the everlasting arms of consolation;' this is a stock-phrase; how it has migrated we cannot tell, but you may hear it anywhere from Cumberland to Cornwall. If the Sunday-school is prayed for it is always that 'God may bless the *young and the rising generation;*' the latter adjective of which phrase is painfully suggestive to parents of boys growing out of their clothes. The existing ignorance and vice is referred to as 'the *mighty torrent* of iniquity that runneth down our streets,' as if for nineteen centuries it had flowed down, and we had taken it for granted it was to continue to flow after the manner of Tennyson's brook—

> 'For men may come and men may go,
> But I flow on for ever.'

But we will not pursue these painful specifications—we allude to them, and might easily quote a score other barbarisms—really with regret. People with taste cannot but be shocked at such expressions, and many are kept from our meetings of social devotion, because of the laceration their feelings undergo on such occasions. The devout scholar grieves to hear Scripture misquoted or travestied; the thoughtful stand aghast at the contradiction so often apparent between the prayer and the practice; and the cultured shun all contact with words that trouble the 'pure well of English undefiled.'

If these suggestions are worth any thing, they should lead us to seek some wise practical correction of these evils; a task not so difficult in the hands of a judicious minister as many may imagine; and they *may*, perhaps they *will*, lead us each to say again with true earnestness:—

> 'Only, O Lord, in thy dear love,
> Fit us for perfect rest above;
> And help us this and every day
> To live more nearly as we pray.'

W. G. H.

William Paley.

(Concluded.)

On taking a 'prospective review' of what is still before us in this little labour, we discern that we shall be obliged to violate literary proportion in completing it; we shall not waste narrow space in apologies, but proceed to do the best we can.

In 1765, Paley, having gained the prize for a Latin dissertation, in

spite of the obnoxious peculiarity of English notes, and being summoned to Cambridge to read his paper in the senate-house, went thither in the summer vacation of the Greenwich school, and 'entering Cambridge alone, in a postchaise with the windows down, he ordered the postilion to drive slowly through the streets!' A piece of folly almost incredible in so steady-going a person as Paley, were it not that he was evidently a very vain man. A schoolmaster had written an 'Introduction to Polite Literature,' *i. e.*, a spelling-book, for use in high-class academies. Paley being requested to compile a reading-book for the Sunday-schools at Carlisle, when he was dean there, and to put his name *as compiler* by way of sanction, did so—availing himself of portions of the labours of several authors of children's books. Of these, the author of the 'Introduction to Polite Literature' was one, and, feeling aggrieved, addressed himself to 'Mr. SYLVANUS URBAN—SIR'—in a letter of bitter complaint, demanding from Paley a justification of his conduct in the next edition of the 'Moral and Political Philosophy!' Paley replied, in a very quiet letter, to 'Mr. Sylvanus Urban—Sir'—in which, in the course of some very amusing matter, he mentions that one entire page of what he was accused of stealing stood as follows, and that the whole of his theft was of a similar character:—

LESSON III.

A bag	A cap	A mat
A nag	A map	A hat
A bun	A nut	A spy
A gun	A hut	A fly

We quote this for the humour of the whole business—but what we are chiefly anxious to notice is, that throughout this letter, trifling as the matter in question was, there is manifested the keenest sensitiveness to dispraise, without any approach to the acrimony for which there was both room and provocation. Just think of such a correspondence in the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' of this month! How would 'Mr. Sylvanus Urban—Sir'—treat a question of plagiarism in which (say) Archbishop Whately was hauled up for a similar offence to Paley's?

Passing over the discussions at the Hyson Club at Cambridge, where Paley and Jebb together seem to have fought the battles of liberalism stoutly over their tea, we shall find Paley, soon after the termination of his college career, where he had formed a valuable friendship with young Law, afterwards Lord Ellenborough, presented to Musgrove rectory, Westmoreland (eighty pounds a year) by Bishop Law, and marrying a beautiful girl, one Miss Jane Hewitt, before taking up his abode with her upon the banks of the Eden. Here he seems to have led a contented life, and to have been an inveterate fisherman. 'Alluding to his success in trolling for pike, he used to say that the fish, when not hungry, would sometimes nibble without swallowing the bait, in which case he found it necessary to stimulate its appetite by manœuvring; for, added he, the pike reasons thus—though I am not hungry now, I may be to-morrow, and therefore must not lose so

tempting a prize!' At Musgrove, he is said to have made unsuccessful experiments in farming; which, as he was not the most active and versatile of men, leads one to infer that he was not a *zealous* parish priest; though no one can believe him to have been a wilfully neglectful one. There are numerous traces in his later writings of a gradual awaking on his part to the once unthought-of 'magnitudes' so touchingly referred to by Chalmers, when he stood, as he said, 'a penitent culprit before the bar of the Assembly,' to confess the shortcomings of his early estimate of ministerial duty.

We need not notice, separately, Paley's other preferments. In 1782, he became archdeacon of Carlisle. He was never made a bishop. It is said that his doctrine, that 'the divine right of kings stands upon the same footing as the divine right of constables, and upon no other;' and that still more offensive passage in the 'Philosophy' about pigeons, were fatal to him—though his advocacy of Catholic Emancipation, known hatred of Subscription, and general liberality of opinion, could not have been any recommendation to poor, stupid, obstinate, bigamist George the Third. His reported answer when Paley was named to him as deserving a mitre is well known—'What—what? Paley? Pigeon Paley? No—no—no!' This celebrated pigeon chapter is as follows, and we beg our readers to note how slily the next begins:—

OF RELATIVE DUTIES WHICH ARE DETERMINATE.

CHAP. I.—OF PROPERTY.

'If you should see a flock of pigeons in a field of corn; and if (instead of each picking where and what it liked, taking just as much as it wanted and no more) you should see ninety-nine of them gathering all they got into a heap; reserving nothing for themselves but the chaff and refuse; keeping this heap for one, and that the weakest, perhaps worst pigeon of the flock; sitting round and looking on all the winter, whilst this one was devouring, throwing about, and wasting it; and if a pigeon, more hardy or hungry than the rest, touched a grain of the hoard, all the others flying upon it and tearing it to pieces; if you should see this, you would see nothing more than what is every day practised among men. Among men, you see the ninety-and-nine toiling and scraping together a heap of superfluities for one (and this one, too, oftentimes the feeblest and worst of the whole set, a child, a woman, *a madman or a fool*); getting nothing for themselves all the while but a little of the coarsest of the provision which their own industry produces; looking quietly on while they see the fruits of all their labour spent or spoiled, and if one of the number take or touch a particle of the hoard, the others joining against him and hanging him for the theft.'

CHAP. II.—THE USE OF THE INSTITUTION OF PROPERTY.

'There must be some very important advantages to account for an institution which, in the view of it above given, is so paradoxical and unnatural.'

We once heard Thomas Cooper quote this pigeon episode with great applause from a working-class audience.

We find, in Paley's Sermon to the Young Clergy of Carlisle, a curious index to the recognised standard of the day, in the matter of clerical character. The neophytes are told to '*keep out of public-houses*,' and not to be seen at '*barbarous diversions!*' We fear, however, that a standard as low as this is sometimes tolerated in our

own day, though taverns and cock-fighting be out of date for clergymen. The 'Record' newspaper gave us, not long ago, this interesting advertisement:—

'The vicar of a nice (*sic*) healthy parish, who is fond of music, wishes to meet with a pious and amiable curate of similar taste who plays on the pianoforte. Address, W. D.'

Comment would be idle, and we shall pass on. Paley seems to have had all his life an earnest hatred of flunkeyism and patronage-hunting. When Pitt canvassed Cambridge for the Chancellorship, being then only the son of Chatham, he failed; when he repeated his canvass after his becoming premier, he was elected, and received with a great deal of flattery. Paley was infinitely disgusted; and told a lady at the time that if he had been the preacher before the new Chancellor at the election sermon, he should have taken for his text, John vi. 9—'There is a lad here who hath five barley loaves and two fishes; but what are they among so many?' He was just the man to have done it, without the least regard to his own hopes of preferment. Flunkeyism he used to call 'rooting,' and, when at college, signalized a preferment-hunting acquaintance, whom he despised, as 'Professor of Rooting.' But we must not go on picking up little anecdotes, however characteristic.

To the unbounded surprise of Paley, his 'Moral and Political Philosophy,' published in 1785, brought him one thousand pounds for the copyright, and went through fifteen editions during his life. It was a source of great delight to him that both his father and mother lived to see him celebrated; and what has come down to us of his domestic career, both with his first wife and his second, and his large family, is very pleasant. It must not be omitted that, in consistency with his strong opinions against tithes, as expressed in the 'Philosophy,' he granted his parishioners a lease of them during his life, as well as of the glebe lands; and, when the bargains turned out in the sequel advantageous for his people, always expressed great satisfaction at their growing prosperity. Paley was never avaricious, and was, indeed, almost incapable of business matters, though he was, all his life, 'economical upon a plan' (*i.e.*, from conscience), and left his family comfortably provided for. It is instructive to notice that though slow in a general way to discriminate between habit and instinct as principles of action, Paley, in the matter of property (we cannot at the moment remember where), seized the truth that there is an *instinct* of acquisition in human nature. It was the consciousness of the difference between himself and others in this respect which guided him to his conclusion.

The closing around us of our limits warns us to forego lengthened reference to many inviting topics in Paley's life. Among these would be his friendship with that good Mr. Jebb, who gave up his church preferments and studied medicine for a livelihood, for conscience' sake; and who, along with his lady, the Priscilla of the 'London Chronicle' of the day, highly esteemed Paley. This 'Priscilla' was particularly attached to him, and seems to have been nearly

as good a controversialist. 'The Lord,' says Paley, in his model pamphlet on the Subscription controversy, 'hath sold Sisera into the hands of a woman.' His reference is to the fact that 'Priscilla' hit the Bishops who took the 'conforming,' or 'Church-side of the controversy so hard, that one of these bold spiritual warriors in lawn actually called upon the publisher of the 'Chronicle,' and requested him to gag this terrible lady by printing no more of her letters! From Paley's powerful tract, which (along with the undisguised expression of liberal opinions in all his books and sermons, and the evident *bent* of his writing where no opinion is expressed) must have done the good cause essential service, we extract one passage:—

'If we complain of severities, of pains and penalties, the answerer "cannot discover whom or what we mean;" and lest his reader should, by a figure extremely well known in the craft of controversy, he proposes a string of questions in the person of his adversary, to which he gives his own peremptory and definitive "No." We will take a method, not altogether so compendious, but, we trust, somewhat more satisfactory. We will repeat the same questions, and let the Church and State answer for themselves. . . . This our author calls the magistrate's "judging for himself, and exercising the same right as all other persons have to judge for themselves." For the reasonableness of it, however, he has nothing to offer, but that it "is no more than what other churches, Popish (too, to strengthen the argument) as well as Protestant," have done before. He might have added, seeing "custom" is to determine the matter, that it has been "customary" too, from early ages, for Christians to burn each other for difference of opinion in some points of faith, and for difference of practice in some points of ceremony. . . . *What would any man in his wits think of this other argument if, upon the strength of it, they were to make a law that none but red-haired people should be admitted into orders, or even into churches?*'

The whole of this *brochure* may be read with profit, even at this time of day. Paley seems to have been the conscience-keeper of the quasi-nonconformity of his generation, and there are not wanting indications that the turn of a straw would have made a Dissenter of him. He associated freely with the Wesleyans at Bishops Wearmouth, invited them to the Rectory, attended their meetings, and contributed to their missionary societies. Besides this (from a Church dignitary) very startling admission in the 'Evidences'—'*I do not know that it is in any degree true that the influence of religion is the greatest where there are the fewest Dissenters*'—he has left on record, in his discourse on 'Seriousness in Religion,' this tribute to the 'Methodistic' character and aims:—

'The turn which this levity usually takes is in jests and raillery upon the opinions, or the peculiarities, or the persons, of men of particular sects, or who bear particular names; especially if they happen to be more serious than ourselves. And of late this loose, and I can hardly help calling it profane, humour has been directed chiefly against the followers of Methodism. But against whomsoever it happens to be pointed, it has all the bad effects, both upon the speaker and the hearer, which we have noticed; and, as in other instances, so in this, give me leave to say, it is very much misplaced. In the first place, were the doctrines and sentiments of those who bear this name ever so foolish and extravagant (*I do not say that they are either*), this proposition I shall always maintain to be true—viz., that the wildest opinion that ever was entertained in matters of religion is more rational than unconcern about these matters. Upon this subject, nothing is so absurd as indifference; no folly so contemptible as thoughtlessness and levity.

In the next place, do Methodists deserve this treatment? Be their particular doctrines what they may, the professors of these doctrines appear to be in earnest about them; and a man who is earnest about religion cannot be a bad man, still less a fit subject for derision. I am no Methodist myself. In their leading doctrines I differ from them. But I contend that sincere men are not for these, or, indeed, any doctrines, to be made laughing-stocks to others. I do not bring in the case of Methodists in this part of my discourse for the purpose of vindicating their tenets, but for the purpose of the observation (and I wish that the observation may weigh with all my readers), that the custom of treating their characters and persons, their preaching or their preachers, their meetings or worship, with scorn, has the pernicious consequence of destroying our own seriousness, together with the seriousness of those who hear or join in such conversation; especially if they be young persons; and I am persuaded that much mischief is actually done in this very way.'

We must pass over many anecdotes of Paley's occasional intercourse with public characters of his day; and of his versatile reading, and openness to conviction upon all subjects. The attentive reader will not be surprised to hear that he was very fond of the theatre, and a good dramatic critic; a single observation of his upon the current mistake of turning Falstaff into a vulgar buffoon shows his understanding of Shakespere. But we must hasten to say that Paley was one of the most active and useful adherents to the Anti-slavery movement, to which Clarkson was then devoting himself. With that great man, who was glad of his counsel and aid, he seems to have had several conferences; and he was, we believe, the first to suggest the colonization of Africa by freed slaves. We cannot particularize all Paley did and wrote on the slave's behalf; but the casual allusions to the subject in unexpected places show how deeply it had sunk into his heart—*e.g.*, where, in the 'Natural Theology,' he says, 'I, for my part, look upon a West Indian slave, who preserves his natural benevolence, in spite of oppression, as one of the foremost candidates for the rewards of human virtue.' It is always from these occasional bubblings-up of an idea that we can best guess at its hold of a man's mind. And how influential they are God only knows—much more so, however, than we commonly think. Apply both these observations to Paley's perpetual *allusions* to the topic of religious freedom, and see what a valuable friend he has been to the most inclusive Nonconformity!

We must close these memoirs by saying that, during the latter part of his life, Paley was a patient sufferer from an acute internal disorder, which carried him off on the evening of Saturday, the 25th of May, 1805. This is the proper place in which to correct a slight error in our last month's paper, when we hinted that he was rather short in stature. He was, in fact, rather tall. In what follows with respect to Paley's moral system, we must not be understood to commit the 'Spectator' to anything more than the *defence* of its leading ideas from vulgar charges of baseness and sordidness; for the *justification*, successful or not, the writer is alone responsible.

There are two leading works of Paley, the value of which has been lowered since the time of his writing them, short as that time is—of course we mean 'The Evidences of Christianity,' and the 'Horæ

Paulinæ'—the latter, because it addresses itself exclusively to the question of the genuineness of the Christian writings, which is now no longer the leading topic of anti-Christian controversy; the former, because the miraculous portion of the Christian story has, since the 'Evidences' were written, been subjected to a species of criticism to which they offer no direct answer. There is this great advantage, however, in reading Paley on any subject whatsoever, and, of course, on that of 'Evidences'—that he helps you to see with clearness, and to keep firmly and boldly in view the (real or presumed) facts of the case. Take, as an example of resolute, clear-headed treatment, the whole of what he says upon the subject of the Resurrection—that portion of the miraculous in the New Testament which, as it is the most tenaciously clung to, and ever the last to be relinquished, is always the most vigorously attacked—and, however you may have to widen the range of the argument in dealing with an anti-supernaturalist, you will be willing to acknowledge, we think, that Paley's keen 'logic of facts' has been of true service as a preparatory tonic to your mind.

There are, besides, admitted drawbacks upon the 'Evidences' from Paley's lack of ethical insight, his imperfect historical knowledge—or, perhaps, one should rather say, his imperfect historical *intelligence*—and, generally, from his limited culture, which often exposes him to error; for example, no instructed person would now-a-days maintain that the duty of forgiveness is a feature *peculiar* to Christian ethics. But, after all deductions, the reader who *thinks the most* will be the one least likely to undervalue Paley's labours in this department. It is a sure sign of mental poverty to slight a good book for a few proved deficiencies or blunders; a mind of any native strength delights in differentiating, and supplies and corrects from its own resources as it goes, thankful for the good, and patient with the questionable.

The 'Horæ Paulinæ' is a book which can never be out of fashion, though no one now demands to have the substantial 'Truth of the Scripture History of St. Paul evinced;' any unbeliever in the world might find these chapters a delightful mental exercise. If all the names of persons and places in the volume were supplied by letters and figures, the interest would be substantially the same; though, to be sure, one would need a pretty good memory to follow the argument. Let us briefly tell unfamiliar readers (we fear a large proportion) what that argument is. Paley says—I take up the Acts of the Apostles, which profess to be mainly the story of St. Paul; and I take up the Epistles of St, Paul, which profess to be his letters to churches and persons mentioned in the story. Now, I shall assume neither the genuineness of the narrative, nor of the letters; but suppose, if you please, that they were dug up yesterday, and that all our knowledge of them is to come from within, for the present. And I undertake to show from delicate, oblique coincidences, that the story is substantially true, and the letters genuine. It is obvious that Paley here assumes a task for which he was very peculiarly fitted; and also that a man might care no more about Paul and Phœbe than about the persons of the pieces on a chess-board, and yet feel interested in follow-

ing him through his process. Yet the book is little read. So much the worse; for a better introduction to the thoughtful reading of the New Testament we do not know. It has been translated in Germany.

Of the 'Natural Theology' we shall say little. It is well known that Kant and others have challenged the validity of the Argument from Design, and that it has recently fallen into some disuse, even by pious writers. For ourselves, we maintain our adhesion to it, and only demand that we should not be charged with setting up an Intelligent Cause as an *explanation* of the universe. We simply think such a Cause a necessity which our perceptions force upon us. Intention implies an intender, and it does not alter the case whether we merely discern the intention in the obvious relations of function and object, or trace it through the windings of mechanism, as Paley does—confessedly, be it observed, *confessedly*, to a length beyond the absolute requirements of his purpose (see chapter headed 'The Argument Cumulative'). No reader will be surprised to hear that some of the ablest restatements of the argument from design are to be found, in our own day, in the writings of men who reject Christianity as a revelation; for instance, in Francis Newman's 'Book on the Soul,' and in Charles Hennell's 'Christian Theism.' Mr. Hennell has put in a very clear light an idea just introduced by Paley—that there would seem to be no conceivable way, other than that which actually exists, in which God could have made his existence known to us, with our present faculties, *i.e.*, that if the evidence we have be not sufficient, no evidence could be so. Let us just remark, in passing, that Mr. Holyoake, writing as the advocate of 'Atheism' in 1851, erred, we think, in stating that Professor Newman has relinquished the argument from design, as stated by Paley, and followed up by Chalmers and Brougham. We cannot verify that observation of Mr. Holyoake's. Mr. Newman treats the argument from mechanism as superfluous, but does not deny its validity, so far as we can see.*

In dealing as briefly as possible with the 'Moral and Political Philosophy,' we shall have to draw largely upon our readers' powers of taking the stand-point of another mind. It may seem very inexplicable, at first sight, that a man should put down the definition of Virtue, which, in inverted commas (it is a quotation from Bishop Law), stands at the head of Chap. VII., Book I., and yet be undeserving of the obloquy which has, in fact, attached to Paley's name; but

* Among more recent writers who have powerfully restated the argument from design, we should not omit Archbishop Whately. The 'general reader' will find an exceedingly able passage in the 'Selections' published by Bentley last year, pp. 20—22. We suspect the Archbishop to be the person alluded to by Mr. Holyoake in the following note to the pamphlet we have referred to:—

'A celebrated author and divine of the Church of England, some time ago, favoured me with an answer to my "Logic of Death," founded upon a masterly restatement of the design argument. As he marked his letter "private," and has declined, at my request, to remove the restriction, I have been unable to publish it. But these passages are equally a reply to it; and I take this occasion of saying that I wish him to accept them as such.'

that is, after all, the true state of the case. 'Virtue,' says this unhappy paragraph, '*is the doing good to mankind, in obedience to the will of God, and for the sake of everlasting happiness.*' The italics and the inverted commas are Paley's own. Then, beginning a new paragraph, Paley says, '*According to which definition* "the good of mankind" is the subject; the "will of God" the rule; and "everlasting happiness" the motive of human virtue.' Sir James Mackintosh might well say that this was 'rather a proposition than a definition;' in truth, definition was not Paley's *forte*, and it is a great pity that he hampered himself with any attempt to explain the word 'virtue.' However, let it be noted here, that Paley evidently held himself bound to this reference to future reward as a 'motive' by his Christianity. Addressing 'those who complain of the scheme of uniting Ethics with the Christian Theology' (and maintaining the employment of its sanctions as motives to virtue), he says, very plainly, '*The necessity of such sanctions is not now the question.* If they be, in fact, established; if the rewards and punishments held forth in the gospel will actually come to pass, they must be considered. Such as reject the Christian religion may lay the foundation of morality without it. But it appears to me a great inconsistency in those who receive Christianity, and expect something to come of it, to endeavour to keep all such expectations out of sight in their reasonings concerning human duty.' The explanation of all this is not difficult, if we will only think a moment. Paley, writing not as a metaphysician (which he was not), but as a Christian moralist, and having conceived of 'Virtue' as meaning obedience to a code of laws laid down by the Supreme, speaks, in a lax way, of the *sanctions* of those laws as the *motives* of obedience to them. Waterland, and other standard English divines, *openly* and *positively* treat the sanctions as motives; and very awkward passages of the kind might be selected from Chalmers and Robert Hall.* Why they should escape obloquy, and it should fall upon Paley, in the teeth of such corrective passages as the one we are about to quote from his sermon on the 'Love of God,' has always been beyond our comprehension:—

'The purest motive of human action is the love of God. There may be motives stronger and more general, but none so pure. The religion, THE VIRTUE, *which owes its birth in the soul to this motive*, is always genuine religion, is always TRUE VIRTUE. It is the source of everything which is good in man. I do not mean that it is the only source, or that goodness can proceed from no other; but that *of all principles of conduct it is the safest, the best, the truest, and the highest.* Perhaps it is peculiar to the Jewish and Christian dispensations (and if it be, it is a peculiar excellency in them), to have formally and solemnly laid down this principle as a ground of human action.'

Thus, then, Paley flings unregardingly aside the technical 'Virtue' of his patron Law, and adopts the highest of Christian grounds of action as the source of 'true virtue,' in at least one passage of his writings. But he does it in many besides with equal plainness and simplicity in every page which gives room for any expression of

* See also 'Eclipse of Faith,' p. 389.

opinion at all upon the subject. Now, it is not concession, but mere critical fairness, *to judge a man by the ultimate tendencies of his mind.* Just as we say that Shelley is not to be dealt with as an Atheist,* though he called himself one; nor even as a Pantheist, which in adolescence he was; but as a Theist, which he evidently tended to be —we ask that Paley should be judged, not by this borrowed and only half-adopted proposition—which stands barren and alone, and plays no logical part in his work—but by his better passages, if they cohere, as cohere they do, with the general tenor of his teaching.

The general tenor of his teaching! Here we foresee that an ugly polysyllable, of which Paley makes an indiscreet use in his 'Moral and Political Philosophy,' will be thrown in our teeth. Does not Paley make 'Expediency' the test of right? Is it not the clue by which he proceeds to discover his 'rule,' the 'will of God?' Our answer is ready. Paley's doctrine of Expediency is contained in the following paragraph:—

'We conclude, therefore, that God wills and wishes the happiness of his creatures. And this conclusion being once established, we are at liberty to go on with the rule built upon it—namely, that the method of carrying on the will of God concerning any action is, to inquire into the tendency of that action to promote or diminish the general happiness. So, then, actions are to be estimated by their tendency. Whatever is expedient is right.'

The use of the word 'expedient' here is, one must confess, particularly unfortunate, as things go; but, taking it in Paley's sense, it needs neither defence nor justification. Vulgarly, 'expedient' means conducive to the happiness of the individual whose conduct is in question; Paley makes it mean conducive to the greatest happiness of the greatest number. Nor is it necessary for his purpose that the tendency of an action to promote the general happiness should be the *only* test possible of its rightness. Once grant that the last evolution of the eternal scheme must *include* that result—the greatest happiness —and it follows that rightness *must coincide* with a tendency towards it. However (leaving out actions specified by direct revelation from God), it is not easy to see what test of conduct but tendency is left to us in the last resort.† That I must do right *because* it is right is most true; but as I have no faculty which tells me what is and what is not right in every separate case (though I have intuitions of a suggestive character, and the most cultivated man might be unable to tell whether he was indebted to his instincts, his habits, or his reason, for his moral judgments), I need, for every separate case, a logical touchstone. If you reply that that touchstone must not be happiness, because 'Blessedness is better than happiness;' we reply, Yes, for the individual,

* It must be evident, upon reflection, that, inasmuch as God cannot be defined, absolute Atheism is impossible.

† Paley does not *deny* the existence, in *any* shape, of a moral sense; he dismisses the question as extraneous to his design. In a moral sense, which (not *tells us what is* right, but) impels us to seek and do right for itself, we ourselves, in common with the majority of sane thinkers, heartily believe. The moral system of the present writer is that of Bishop Butler. Readers unacquainted with his Sermons on Human Nature had better remedy that misfortune by reading them.

blessedness (*i.e.*, duty) is better than happiness, for the sake of the race. We may be constantly bound, in virtue of this canon of the general happiness, to do things of which we cannot see that they tend to produce immediate happiness, and to avoid things which do seem to tend that way. We must always do right, that is, without regard to consequences. Truly; but the question recurs, What *is* right? Paley replies—God wills the greatest *possible* happiness of his creatures, and whatever coincides with that will is right. Reject this rule, and what remains but thinking in a circle? . . . . Happiness means, the greatest possible satisfaction of the whole nature. In human creatures, duty is perpetually coming into collision with some of the items of that satisfaction; hence 'probation.' Not only is the supreme tendency of things to happiness the necessary condition of 'virtue;' but the state of the world at any given moment is actually one of a positive preponderance of happiness. Those who think the tendency or the reverse of actions to maintain that preponderance is not a fair test of their rightness or wrongness, may conceive, if they please, the *reductio ad absurdum* of their opinion in a supposed consummation of the grand scheme which should consist in perfect virtue and predominating misery. Practically, the moral judgment of a cultivated man acts with all the force and promptitude of an instinct in saying, 'This I ought to do, for it is right,' in any given case. But once let him ask himself the question, *Why* is this right? and we can conceive of no answer apart from the tendency of the action to increase the general stock of happiness. This tendency is what Paley calls Expediency. Because the word has an equivocal meaning, it has been turned into a metaphysical bugbear; with great injustice to his memory and his books, in which he seeks to lay down *rules of conduct with justificatory reasons;* and not to balance the claims of instinct and law in the sphere of morals. Any *attentive* reader of Paley who speaks of him as if he had used the word 'expediency' in its base sense, is simply —dishonest. It will now be too plain to need repetition, that when our author says, 'Whatever is expedient is right,' the meaning of his words is, 'Whatever tends to promote human happiness is right.'

Paley's 'Sermons' have all his usual characteristics of thought and style, and we never turn to them without pleasure and profit; although they do not belong to the class of homiletic writing which is most to our own taste. Containing the records of his latest and deepest impressions upon religious subjects, they have an earnestness and mellowness of tone which, coupled with the extreme sobriety and plainness which never forsake this author, are peculiarly impressive. Some of the 'Occasional Discourses' have more than occasional value; for instance, the one entitled, 'Caution recommended in the use of Scripture Language.' The opinions he expresses in that sermon upon 'Regeneration' underwent considerable modification in the latter part of his life; but the whole of it may be read with advantage—especially that which applies particularly to the ninth chapter of Romans and parallel passages. We quote the opening paragraph for its breadth of meaning:—

'It must not be dissembled that there are many real difficulties in the Christian Scriptures, whilst, at the same time, more, I believe, and greater, may be imputed to certain maxims of interpretation which have obtained authority without reason, and are received without inquiry. One of these, as I apprehend, is the expecting to find in the present circumstances of Christianity a meaning for, or something answering to, every appellation and expression which occurs in Scripture—or, in other words, the applying to the personal condition of Christians at this day those titles, phrases, propositions, and arguments, which belong solely to the situation of Christianity at its first institution. . . . . I am aware of an objection which weighs much with many serious tempers—namely, that to suppose any part of Scripture to be inapplicable to us is to suppose a part of the Scripture to be useless, which seems to detract from the perfection we attribute to these oracles of our salvation. To this I can only answer, that it would have been one of the strangest things in the world if the writings of the New Testament had not, like all other books, been composed for the apprehension, and consequently adapted to the circumstances, of the persons they were addressed to; and that it would have been equally strange, if the great, and, in many respects, the inevitable alterations which have taken place in those circumstances did not vary the application of Scripture language.'

For its present applications, we quote this singularly sagacious paragraph from the 'Moral and Political Philosophy:'—

'"How to dispose of criminals after their enlargement?" By a rule of life which is, perhaps, too invariably and indiscriminately adhered to, no one will receive a man or woman out of a jail into any service or employment whatever. This is the common misfortune of public punishments, that they preclude the offender from all honest means of future support. Until this inconvenience can be remedied, small offences had, perhaps, better go unpunished; I do not mean that the law should exempt them from punishment, but that *private persons should be tender in prosecuting them.* It seems incumbent upon the State to secure a maintenance to those who are willing to work for it; and yet it is absolutely necessary to divide criminals as far asunder from one another as possible. Whether male prisoners might not, after the term of their confinement was expired, be distributed in the country, detained within certain limits, and employed upon the public roads; and females be remitted to overseers of country parishes, to be there furnished with dwellings, and with the materials and implements of occupation; whether by these or by what other methods it may be possible to effect the two purposes of *employment* and *dispersion*, well merits the attention of all who are anxious to perfect the internal regulation of their country.'

In which, by-the-bye, the kind heart shows as plainly as the clear head. And, for the same reason of present applicability, we conclude our quotations with an expression of opinion on the limits of apostolic inspiration, which curious readers may compare with the 'utterances' in the Davidson controversy:—

'In reading the apostolic writings, we distinguish between their doctrines and their arguments. Their doctrines came to them by revelation properly so called; yet, in propounding these doctrines in their writings or discourses, they were wont to illustrate, support, and enforce them by such analogies, arguments, and considerations, as their own thoughts suggested. Thus, the call of the Gentiles, that is, the admission of the Gentiles to the Christian profession without a previous subjection to the law of Moses, was imparted to the apostles by revelation, and was attested by the miracles which attended the Christian ministry among them. The apostles' own assurance of the matter rested upon this foundation. Nevertheless, St. Paul, when treating of the subject, offers a great variety of topics in its proof and vindication. The doctrine itself must be received; but it is not necessary, in order to defend Christianity, to defend the propriety of every comparison, or the validity of every argument, which the apostle has brought into the

discussion. The same observation applies to some other instances; and is, in my opinion, very well founded.

'When divine writers argue upon any point, we are always bound to believe the conclusions that their reasonings end in as parts of Divine revelation; but we are not bound to be able to make out, or even to assent to, all the premises made use of by them, in their whole extent, unless it appear plainly that they affirm the premises as expressly as they do the conclusions proved by them.'*

It is not necessary to add, that we do not commit ourselves to this teaching.—One word more. In claiming for Paley that he should be judged by the ultimate tendencies of his mind, we have only given practical expression to a faith which will be found to lie at the bottom of all consciences, and of the theory of Christian justification, that we are all to be judged, neither by what we *say*, nor by what we *believe*, nor by what we *do*, but by WHAT WE ARE.

A Good Minister of Jesus Christ.

'I would express him simple, grave, sincere;
In doctrine uncorrupt; in language plain,
And plain in manner; decent, solemn, chaste,
And natural in gesture; much impressed
Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,
And anxious mainly, that the flock he feeds
May feel it so; *affectionate in look*
And tender in address, as well becomes
A messenger of grace to guilty man.'

HE IS A BIBLE MAN. The Bible is his one book and life study, and in it for a long time he has meditated both day and night; and if he has been nourished up in words of faith and good doctrine from a very child, it will be all the better for himself and those that hear him. So familiar is he with it, that he seems to have been a companion of the inspired writers, and an eye-witness of the events of which they wrote; and the present state of the countries in which they occurred, and the whole stream of sacred history, are as panoramas ever moving before his mental vision. It has become, by his soul and speech being permeated with it, as a part of his very nature; and therein, with open face, beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, he is changed into the same image from glory to glory, even by the Spirit of the Lord. Hence he is *known* not to be self-willed, not soon angry, not given to wine, no striker, not given to filthy lucre; but a lover of hospitality, a lover of good men, sober, just, holy, temperate, and in all things a follower of good works. He speaks of it as if he *felt* that it was God's power unto salvation; support in weakness; strength in temptation; guidance in difficulty; consolation in sorrow; means of holiness; and guide to heaven; and

* This is a quotation from Bishop Burnet.

having eaten of the Book is *with him* the prime evidence of its being the tree of life, the leaves of which are for the healing of the nations. So thoroughly furnished unto every good word and work has it made him, that, if need be, he is able to prepare and preach first-rate sermons on given subjects, with as much promptness as circumstances compel the best writers for the daily press to write off some of their first-rate leaders; and always when he stands up to preach, his hearers feel that they are before one who has received his ministry not of men, but of the Lord Jesus Christ himself, and that he is a mere master builder, well instructed by God in the mysteries of the kingdom.

HE IS NO NOVICE. He knows what is in man, especially man of this age and country, from much experience and observation, and with the sentiments and practices of all classes in reference to religion and every thing else, he is thoroughly conversant. As in buying and selling the man more fully comes out than in any other way, he has been much engaged, both as a servant and master, in commercial pursuits; this enables him to speak with becoming authority and consideration to a nation of shopkeepers respecting religion in common life and other things. He is able, like Paul, to point to years when he has preached without receiving wages, not because he had not the power, but to make himself an example; *he*, therefore, can meet the idea so current amongst the masses, that ministers would not preach if they were not paid for it, and which is a hinderance to their evangelization. He has from his youth up been much employed in different works of Christian usefulness; this enables him rightly to develop, discern, and apply the talents of his flock for co-working with him in extending Christ's kingdom. He has tried the working of other ecclesiastical organizations, not excepting those that aim to substitute the platform for the pulpit; this enables him to improve the one of his adoption, and liberalizes his mind. He has placed himself in a variety of circumstances, to know how to be abased and how to abound; to learn in every state therewith to be content; to know what is really in himself, in his fellow-Christians who agree or differ from him, and in mankind generally; and to learn how to become all things to all men. If the Father has led, or allowed him to pass through modern phases of faith, strong temptations, the dark way of doubt, misunderstandings, evil surmisings, false accusations, and petty persecutions, difficulties and opposition in his mental and spiritual labours, affliction of body, mind, and estate, and other like things, he will be well able to succour them that are tempted, and in other ways to approve himself a minister of God. If he has humbled himself and made himself of no reputation, and has, therefore, been despised and rejected of men; if of the people there has been none with him, and he has struggled alone with his God, but whose joy has been his strength; if he has *rejoiced* to fill up that which is behind of the sufferings of Christ, for the Church's sake; if in other ways he has carried about with him the dying of Christ, that His life might be manifest in his own body; if in all these and other things

his mind has been disciplined, expanded, liberalized, genialized, and purified by God, especially for the work he has taken in hand; if amidst them all he has, by the grace of God, ever been travelling on in the greatness of his might, but unknown to all but his God, in the hollow of whose hand he has been hidden until his appearing to the people; he will be, indeed, a vessel unto honour, sanctified, and made meet for the Master's use, and prepared for every good word and work.

HE IS A WATCHMAN. In the first place, he watches himself with all perseverance and prayer, and looks well to his own ways; and, while keeping himself unspotted from the world, avoids every particle of stiffness, cant, pomposity, and other inconsistencies and mere clerical shams. He next watches for the souls of his hearers, as one who must give an account of his labours among them, and, without partiality, seeks their company, so that he may know how to speak to all words in season. To them he reports and comments on the doings at home and abroad of his own and other denominations, and aims to lead them to discover between the good and evil in all Christians, as well as to rejoice in the triumphs of the grace of God, in every place. With keenness does he mark and manifest sins practised under the garb of religion, whether evangelical or otherwise; nor does he shun to declare the whole counsel of God respecting the neglect of his own class; and if a revival in the Church, or a reformation in the morals of the community, be needed, he knows and declares that it must commence at home, for, *like priest like people*, is a truism confirmed by reason, observation, history, and above all, by the law and the prophets. Sceptical, papal, and all other error, and all philosophy and science, falsely so called, and bigotry and inconsistency amongst all parties, are controverted by him; and all their disguises, ramifications, changing phases, and new movements, are narrowly watched and exposed; but instead of being the alarmist or dogmatist, he wisely uses the form of sound words as the best means of preventing the enemy from coming in like a flood. All things out of the Church amongst Jews and Gentiles he diligently watches and views in relation to his Master's kingdom; some he makes the subject of special discourse, and others he avails himself of for illustrating, enforcing, or defending the truth; so that, to some extent, his sermons sometimes become the vocal evangelical reflection of the newspaper. Literature does not escape his notice, but, occasionally, he publicly tests it by Christian principles; and altogether he aims to make the pulpit more abreast with the periodical press in sound Christian criticism and other things. Efforts for the intelligence, comfort, and happiness of mankind he notices; and his speech and movements show that he heartily sympathizes with all real social progressive deeds and tendencies of the age. He is bold to expose and condemn not only national and prevailing sins, but evil practices amongst all classes, and tries individual and general conduct by the truth, and inculcates the practice of righteousness as the best means of exalting the nation and the man. Of course he does not make the pulpit an

arena for the discussion of politics, but, *if he can* eschew them altogether and be faithful to his God, he dare not be silent respecting spiritual and other wickedness in high places; but brings conduct in the senate, as well as out of it, to the light of the Sun of Righteousness. Yea, he watches in all things, and tries them like the prophet watchmen of old, by the law and testimony; so that wickedness trembles and righteousness rejoices that the balances are doing their work in the sanctuary; that faithful watchmen are still found on the walls of Zion; and that the pulpit has become *the* watch-tower of the age.

HE DOES NOT FORGET HOME. As in Christ all the families of the earth are to be blessed, he has a special regard for the *family* as well as for the *individual* and *community*. Those of his congregation he visits from the pulpit as well as from house to house; thence he counsels and cheers them in all their diversity of character and ever-changing circumstances. All the members of the household, *as such*, not forgetting the youngest children and most illiterate of domestic servants, are cared for in his sermons, and their duties, individually, collectively, and reciprocally, are well known and enforced. Yea, piety is presented to their attention in a way that cannot fail to convince them its practice is the best thing to make home happy; so that an influence is ever going forth from the sanctuary that tells on all the household, even on those who do not attend, and on all the domestic arrangements, even to the very details. Young men and women living away from home are distinctly, intelligently, kindly, and faithfully counselled, and find in the preacher the consideration and feeling of a true pastor. The homeless, those having homes with little or no comforts, and the distressed and forsaken of every class, find, when they attend, and in order that they may do so, some of the best home influences in the house of God; and by him have their attention specially directed to *our Father which art in heaven* in whom to find comfort, as one whom his mother comforteth. To all the humanizing, as well as spiritualizing, tendency of the Christian religion he makes known; and the fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of Christ, and the motherhood of the Church, he unfolds in all their endearing relationship to the human family, and as the best means to lead his fellow-creatures to flee to the refuge set before them in the gospel, and to seek a home in the Father's house above.

HE IS AN INTERESTING TEACHER. Although attention to the foregoing cannot fail to make him such, especially if he is extempore, lively, easy, and not too long in his sermons; yet he makes it a special object. He has the pointed, the clear, the striking, and the varied in all his sermons, all of which is welded together with strong common sense and sound words, which cannot be condemned; so that all who hear understand, and are interested; and his wise details make them feel that they are before one who knows the workings of their minds, and how to give the right word to the right person. He teaches by parables, like Christ, who has given such models for this important but neglected mode of preaching; and like

him, avails himself much of natural facts, currents, customs, and incidents, known to all for embodying truth; and as a model teacher, as well as every thing else, gives him the pre-eminence. The pulpit oratory of this and other countries and ages does not fail to exercise its due influence on him; but finding in it a strange deficiency of the real, consoling, cheering, and animating elements, he does his best to supply its lack of these, and unceasingly aims to present the gospel as *glad* tidings of *great* joy to *all* people. He does not hesitate to go to the senate, the bar, the stage, the platform, the chair, the camp, and every other place of public and other utterance, past and present, to learn how to order his speech aright when he cometh into the house of God. He is *able* to adopt every striking yet chaste mode of instruction in ancient or modern prose or poetry; and makes all literature, as well as everything else, subservient for preaching Christ and him crucified to his fellow-men. He learns from the modern modes of instruction adopted in the school-room; and, above all, he pays special attention to the familiar conversation of every-day life, in order to find out acceptable words, which may become as nails fastened in a sure place by the master of assemblies. In a word, he makes all things his own for the purpose of informing the mind, exercising the reason, arousing the conscience, enkindling the imagination, touching the affections, and refining the taste of his hearers, and for combining the critical, the doctrinal, the practical, the devotional, and the experimental, in all his sermons. Yea, concentrating all his talent on the sermon, and making it the prime, if not the sole, medium of his public utterances, it becomes in his hands the most interesting of public addresses, vieing in attraction with the popular lecture and the most taking productions of the press; indeed, it is a joyful sound to all classes, and the people flock to hear it not only as a duty to be performed, but as a privilege and pleasure to be enjoyed.

He is no sectarian. Whilst holding, without any modern or other subtraction, addition, or alteration, all the truths as they are in Jesus, he prefers presenting them in words which the Holy Spirit teacheth, rather than in those of the theological formulas; for these, as generally used, too often engender strife without profit, subverting the hearers, and causing divisions where there is, or ought to be, none. He has his distinctive views, and is not ashamed of them, but he thinks and speaks of them not as the weightier matters of the law of God; and to where he has already attained with other evangelical Christians, he walks by the same rule, he minds the same things; and strives after a oneness of soul with them rather than of word and deed. He loves with a pure heart fervently all pious souls, and, above all things, respecting them, puts on charity as the bond of perfection: — to those who, through bigoted orthodoxy, lukewarmness, pride, priestism, educated inability, and so forth, in the ministry; unscriptural homage to wealth, arbitrary conduct, stereotyped, useless, or bad customs, lack of spiritual employment for the talents or other like things *in* the Church, have separated themselves from, or never found, evangelical communions, and who, to a great extent, have

no certain spiritual dwelling-place, he offers the hand of fellowship, and does what he can to meet their scruples. Those who differ from him in what he deems essential, he treats as sincere truth-seekers, and with that charity which suffereth long and is kind; this, likewise, is his conduct to those thinking minds who, by the strong ritual, secular, implicit, or rational currents of the day, are tossed to and fro; to them all he desires to speak the truth in love, in hope that they may grow up with him who is the Head, even Christ. Those who are in the dire regions of modern doubt, but who are struggling for the light, and who give signs that when it is given them of the Father, that they will gladly come to it, he seeks out very diligently; and as well as calmly arguing matters with them, endeavours to comfort them with the consolations wherewith he himself is comforted of God, as one of the best means of bringing them to faith in Christ. Whatsoever things out of the Church are true, honest, just, lovely, or of good report, he considers as worthy of his thought, and praises them as virtuous, and esteems their doers, although it may be in unbelief that they mind some of the things of the Spirit, very highly for their work's sake. Verily, he is a man well reported of as being full of consideration, gentleness, peace, and love toward all; and he makes the pulpit a very broad place, and Christ—made of God wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption to him that believeth—is his one great point, and is presented by him in its all-harmonizing and all-comprehending fulness and love, and as the only sure means of gathering the children of men together in one, even in him.

To SAVE HIMSELF AND THEM THAT HEAR HIM is in all things his great object, and crowns all with earnestness of thought, word, and action, and to do everything else is subordinated. Although he may regard preaching as the great oral public instructor of the day, this view of it, important as it is, is, in his estimation, nothing in comparison to it as *the* means appointed by God for the salvation of men. Viewing his work in the light of eternity, he feels, in preparing for and entering upon its public discharge, that no orator, nor any one else engaged in matters relating mostly to this life, ever had so great a duty to perform as perpetually devolves upon himself. Hence, he gives himself wholly to it and to prayer, its all-important and never-to-be-separated adjunct; and he regards the pulpit as an altar on which to offer his body, soul, and spirit, as a sacrifice unto God, as his reasonable service for the present and eternal happiness of his fellow-men; where

> 'He establishes the strong, restores the weak,
> Reclaims the wanderer, binds the broken heart,
> And, *armed himself in panoply complete*
> *Of heavenly temper*, furnishes with arms
> Bright as his own, and trains, by every rule
> Of holy discipline, to glorious war
> The sacramental host of God's elect.'

Altogether, he looks upon his not only as a great work, and as the great work of his life, but as the greatest work that can be performed by, or demanded of, any human life; therefore, he strives mightily,

by giving full proof of his ministry, to make himself worthy of it in bringing many sons to grace and glory; so that he finishes his course with joy; and when the Chief Shepherd appears, receives a crown of glory which never fades away. Thus, the pulpit becomes a throne of mental, moral, and spiritual power; the sermon a real oration; the Sabbath a delight; the sanctuary an attraction; the pastor a model man; the ambassador of Christ the true preacher of the age; his voice the certain echo of the eternal God; and the circle of its sound man's training-school for glory, honour, and immortality.

Modern Fables.

FROM CHRISTIAN FABLES, PARABLES, ETC. BY HERR PASTOR D. VON MAGDSTEIN.

NO. V.

A FAMOUS cook was engaged by a noble family, who were proud of the merits and fame of their *artiste*. The man himself was thin, pale, lean, and looked almost dying of starvation. 'Don't you partake of any of these choice viands that you prepare so skilfully?' asked a kind observer. 'Of none,' was the reply. 'But why not? Surely you are at liberty to eat your fill.' 'Oh, yes; and it is even my duty to taste of all that I send up, before doing so.' 'How, then?' 'Oh, I've no appetite for food; all my satisfaction is in exercising my skill as a professional; there is such scope, sir, for consideration and invention; and then I have a name, sir, a name.' 'But does that satisfy?' 'Oh, well, then, there's the pay besides.' And he remained a sallow dyspeptic while he lived; and by-and-bye he died.

NO. VI.

The hop boasted of the rapidity of its growth. 'See! I've shot up more than sixteen feet within a few weeks.' And she shook her beautiful cluster, like a maiden's curls, in the sun. 'And there's this rough, brown, peasant-looking oak does not grow as many inches in a year!' And she shook her grape-like ringlets again, gracefully, but vain-gloriously. 'And how long shall you last?' gravely inquired the oak. 'Don't talk to me, you coarse thing you, don't. Last, indeed!' In another month, the hop was a withered, black piece of bine, trampled underfoot by the pickers in the grey autumn morning, who, having plucked the fruit, cared no more for the plant.

NO. VII.

When a certain famous cook presented even the choicest specimens of his art to his employers, it was observed that they never ate of any. They admired the elegant arrangement of the board, and took their seats at it; they sniffed the rich, steaming, savoury odours; they

nicely discriminated between them; they were carved for; plates were set before them, and after a time removed; but they never ate, or, at most, only now and then picked over a bit, just to taste, or scarcely so much. One asked them the reason, and they said (only he was not to tell) that, somehow, it was quite enough to come to table; they enjoyed the sight, and it afforded them a good opportunity for increasing their critical powers, and then, they had the satisfaction of hearing their cook praised everywhere as A No. 1.

A little shepherd boy laughed out loud at this, and went off whistling to the hedge to eat his bread and cheese. And ever as he thought of the people that kept a cook, and came to dinner, yet did not eat, he laughed outright again.

Mem. I dedicate this to some congregation that I know.

NO. VIII.

An apple-tree boasted to an English oak, and tried to provoke it to jealousy. 'What an object of beauty I am, in the spring, all covered with pink blossom; and in the autumn, when the morning sun is glistering among my leaves, how every one admires my rosy fruit!' 'True, my little friend,' said the oak. 'My fruit makes the merry children happy, and my apples are placed on the festive board, beside the sparkling wine, while none but swine eat your acorns.' 'True, again, my pretty little pet.' 'But what can you say for yourself, you mere producer of acorns for pigs?' 'Men eat the pigs,' answered the oak. 'Is that all?' asked the apple-tree, and shook with a tremor of delight. 'Well,' said the oak, in an easy tone, and yet half reluctant to say so much, 'in life, I suggest thought of strength, and fortitude, and endurance to many; I have furnished wreaths for victors in my day, and watchwords for patriots. But it is chiefly after I am dead that my use begins. Then I serve the architect and carver, and especially the shipwright, and carry Britain's thunder across the main, while a whole nation exults and feels joy and pride in the wooden walls of old England.' 'Hem! after death! usefulness after death! What's that worth? I should like to know.'

Record of Christian Missions.

We confine the few observations that our space enables us to make, in connexion with the progress of Christian missions, to a subject that, not long ago, occupied much of the attention of the Church—the progress and prospects of Protestantism in Turkey. It will be seen that the latest information is not very encouraging. The enthusiastic hopes entertained some time since are being gradually broken. There is work being done, and some results are flowing from it, but not on the magnificent scale that we once dreamed. We had all forgotten that God very seldom works with a rapidity equal to man's vain anticipations.

The information contained in the following pages is derived from the papers of the Turkish Missions Aid Society. We gather from these papers:—

'A variety of interesting correspondence has been received, some of which is of a less recent date, and the whole too voluminous to publish *in extenso*. As to the reaction to Islamism, our earlier letters,' says the editor, 'continued to be written in a somewhat desponding tone as to present prospects, though not letting go faith in the ultimate success of the gospel. The influence of England appeared to have declined, and the old-fashioned Mussulmans had resumed a temporary ascendancy; so that the preaching of the gospel was somewhat retarded, and inquirers were kept back through apprehension of unfavourable times at hand. Our letters also stated that this reaction had been increased by some glowing public announcements made in England as to a great movement of a religious kind in Turkey, and it was considered that Roman and Greek enemies of Protestantism and of England had hinted to the Turks of distinction that Islamism would find a dangerous antagonist in Protestantism. Therefore, it was apprehended that the missionaries and the converts would probably experience less quiet times. Several facts, illustrative of the reality of these apprehensions, were communicated, some of which it was not thought prudent to publish.

'But, happily, more recent communications inform us that these clouds are passing away. The advent of Redshid Pasha to power, and the apparent restoration of the influence of our ambassador, has dissipated very much the gloom that was gathering on our horizon. A letter, dated 1st Nov., says:—

'"Such a change is being felt here *ipso facto*. Everybody, on the part of the Turks especially, knows what it means. The position England has taken in the present complications has already done immense good in this country. A decided stand of England, and a positive influence exerted by her, seem to be among the first providentially-appointed means for the propagation of the truth in this land; and is, in fact, the condition *sine quâ non* of every degree of safety, and every step of progress, in this deeply-rotten country."

'Of the work among the Armenians, we learn, from the Rev. Dr. Hamlin (who has arrived safely at Constantinople), that it never was more prosperous. He says, amongst other things:—"We have a fine class of theological students in the seminary (Bebek), and my time will be now much devoted to them; but there is such a demand for labour in the city, that I shall take the faubourg of Psamatia, containing, I presume, 10,000 or 15,000 Armenians, and try to bring forward the incipient work there."

'It may be interesting to mention that two of Dr. Hamlin's Armenian scholars, who served the British army faithfully as interpreters during the war, have resolved to set up as photographers in Constantinople, and he has written to procure here the instruments and materials for that purpose. So civilization follows in various branches in the train of the glorious gospel of the blessed God.

'As to the proposed mission to Bulgaria, one of our correspondents says:—"I find the Catholics moving actively for Bulgaria. There is a Bulgarian Catholic priest here who was educated in France, and he is labouring to bring over influential Bulgarians to Rome by the promise of great spiritual and material advantages. I trust we shall soon have men to meet and counteract that project. I have written twice, as regards Bulgaria, to Boston and New York and shall write again,

If you argue and press the matter upon the board, they will, I trust, move in the work efficiently."

'And in a still more recent letter he says:—'We feel very strongly as a station that our board must enter Bulgaria, and I have no doubt but that we shall do so in the spring. This will give a great and noble work for the Turkish Missions Aid Society to do."

'Very large and most deeply interesting details have been communicated concerning the open door which God is affording for the evangelization of the Mussulmans; but so strict are the injunctions, and so nervous are the apprehensions of our correspondents on this subject, that we are compelled to suppress material facts, with dates and circumstances. Dr. Schauffler says:—"I hope our generous friends in England will continue to repose this kind of confidence in us for a little while longer. If we continue not to let our left hand know what our right hand does, we shall probably be enabled, ere long, to labour with both hands, and all the world may know it." Meanwhile, it is needful, as well as interesting, to make it known that the conversion of Mohammedans to Christianity is no longer a debateable possibility, but a fact accomplished, and accomplishing in a satisfactory manner and on a growing scale. It has been already stated in the public prints here that two more young Mohammedans were baptized in November last. We learn that their baptism was preceded by what was considered a true, sincere, and satisfactory profession of living faith in Christ. One is a Turk; the other a fugitive from Persia; both of literary education, and the last-named doubly valuable in that respect, as being an useful help in the translation from the Persian of the great controversial works of Pffander on the foundations of Mohammedanism and Christianity. He knows both Persian and Arabic, and also Turkish and some Armenian. Added to these is a third, who, with the others, has given up all for Christ, and who also is of a literary capacity, knowing something of all these languages. It is impossible to learn these facts without perceiving the hand of the Lord in thus preparing instruments for the extension of his work amongst the Mohammedans. All these and several other Mohammedans, now Christians, and Protestant rayahs of the Sublime Porte, are educated or supported by the funds of the Turkish Missions Aid Society. And it has now also been resolved that for the future the Turkish language shall be taught to all the students in the seminary in Bebek, so as to be preparing a band of educated missionaries for all Turkey to the Mohammedans. In one of his letters, which, for prudential reasons, we are obliged to defer publishing, Dr. Schauffler adds:—"I might mention several families and a number of individuals, both here and in the interior, who will probably soon come into a closer connexion with us. I shall (D.V.) soon communicate to you some interesting items from the Kurdish mountains. The Kuzzilbashis keep pressing us for admission into the Protestant denomination, and we feel embarrassed about it. We desire, first, to see some real spiritual work among them, not to have an ignorant and carnally-minded *nation* thrown upon our weak shoulders; and we should, at any rate, first raise agencies to preach the gospel to them regularly, and to teach them, parents and children, but especially the latter. Whether we shall succeed in keeping them quiet till then, though we strain every nerve to make speedy provision for their instruction and edification, I wot not."

'Some of the Mussulmans above-named are now being instructed in a

catechetical course, based on the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England; a translation of which, sufficiently accurate for use, exists in the Turkish translation of the Book of Common Prayer, which, Dr. Schauffler has stated, he considers a remarkably good translation.

'This leads to the mention of the subject of Turkish literature, which begins to be a matter of primary importance, both for secular and religious purposes. On this subject, Dr. Schauffler writes very urgently. Dictionaries, grammars, vocabularies, and elementary books, are much needed. France and the Jesuits are actively at work to supply a Turko-French literature of a pernicious kind; and it is no slight importance, as an accessory to the spread of the gospel among the Turks, that a sound, moral, intellectual, and a religious literature should be speedily provided for them. As to the preparation of a popular Bible for Turkey, Dr. Schauffler writes that at length the primary difficulties have been overcome, and that he has now commenced the work of transcribing the Armeno-Turkish Scriptures (Dr. Goodell's version) into the Arabic character. This work was originally undertaken by the Evangelical Alliance; but, since the Rev. Dr. Blackwood's return to England, the British and Foreign Bible Society have, at their own instance and request, undertaken the work, which has, therefore, been transferred to them, and will now be performed at their sole expense. Dr. Hamlin writes, of Dr. Goodell's new Armeno-Turkish revised edition, just out, "Those Turks who have learned the Armenian alphabet, read it with great delight, and praise its perspicuity and beauty. They are just the persons to judge of its adaptedness to the people; and they declare that nothing is wanting but to put it into the Arabic character."'

The influence of the hatti-humaioun is described by the travelling agent of the society as greater than has been represented. 'When in Constantinople, two or three months ago, I found that the prevailing impression was that the hatti-humaioun, so far as any practical results were concerned, was as yet a dead letter. The missionaries and the Protestant Christians in general were in a very desponding state, and, as I ventured to say to some of them, they did not seem to appreciate, as we do in England, who viewed the matter at a distance, all that God had lately done for them. I am truly thankful, however, to say, that in passing through the interior of the Turkish empire, and hearing the views by all classes, which I have had every opportunity of doing, I am more and more confirmed in the opinion that the hatti-humaioun is *no dead letter*, but that the principle of religious liberty is generally approved by men of influence, and is being carried out through the whole empire! I have had many very convincing and satisfactory proofs of this, which I hope to have the pleasure of relating to you and the friends of Turkish missions on my return to England. It will be no difficult task to prove that already tremendous barriers of Turkish intolerance and bigotry have crumbled before the power of European influence, which is extending itself on every side, and the aid which England and France have afforded to Turkey in her hour of need has greatly tended to increase this influence. The people of the land, of the various nationalities, and of all grades, delight to hear about the wonderful development of European civilization to which hitherto they have closed their eyes; and I am sure nothing could exceed the polite attention which

has been shown to my fellow-traveller and myself by all the officers of government, and in fact by all classes, wherever we have travelled.*

THE GOSPEL EXTENSIVELY PREACHED.

'Our chief ground of hope, however, for Turkey, is that the gospel has free course, and is being preached, not by the small band of missionaries only, but by scores of native preachers and teachers. It has been our delightful pleasure, in travelling from station to station, to meet continually with those faithful and devoted labourers, and to see how wonderfully the Spirit of God has qualified them for their work, and is owning and blessing their labours. We have, also, had the peculiar satisfaction of being present at the examination, for the Christian ministry, of the first Moslem who has ever aspired to that sacred office, and of witnessing the sanction which was unanimously given to his appointment. I enclose a brief report which I made at the time, and which, I feel assured, you will be much interested in reading. You will most probably remember the name of the individual. He was the first convert from Moslemism, and is now the first licensed preacher from that religion.'

* 'Perhaps we have been flattered by this, and have formed too favourable an opinion; but I speak as I have found, and whatever be the motives of the Turkish officials in treating us as Englishmen so courteously, the comparison of this fact with that of the very different treatment of many others before the war and before the hatti-humaioun, leads me to conclude that the change is attributable to these.'

*** Our 'Monthly Retrospect' is unavoidably crowded out.—ED.

THE MONTHLY

CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR.

APRIL, 1857.

Jephson; or, Midnight and Dawn.

A TALE OF INNER LIFE.

CHAP. V.—NEW ACQUAINTANCE.

The major, always at his ease, and generally liking or disliking a new acquaintance at once, soon became attached by something in Jephson, which he did not perhaps define; and being on the most intimate terms at my house, declared himself inclined to pass the remainder of the day with us, if agreeable, a proposition which was warmly accepted. For an hour or two, we chatted, as my village friends say, 'quite promiscuous like,' going from Dan to Beersheba, a lively, zig-zag, butterfly sort of pleasant chit-chat, such as suited the summer afternoon, and served to bring Jephson and the major nearer together. Nor were graver topics altogether omitted, but touched lightly, and quitted, and returned to; and it was evident that my guests, who were disposed to be pleased with each other, were yet gently testing one another, and pleasantly trying to ascertain what points of agreement there were between them. The major hoped to find the stranger a Christian; but he had mixed too much with the world, and indeed had himself remained too long 'without God,' to be startled or repelled, when at last Jephson could not very well avoid withholding his assent to some remark that the former had made; on which, 'Have you read Paley's Natural Theology?' inquired the major; 'I have a handsome illustrated edition of it, quite at your service; and indeed I should be gratified if we could read it together.' 'You are very kind,' said the other, 'but admirable writer as Paley is, he chose a very easy and pleasant course to pursue; and I think that many sincere believers at the present day recognise that he has unconsciously, perhaps, but cleverly skipped the chief difficulty, rather than met it.'

I was afraid this depreciation of his oracle would have astounded

the major, to whom Paley was as great an authority in one line, as 'the Duke' was in another. But both my friends smiled, and so pleasantly misunderstood each other's smile that no harm ensued. One smiled to think that a reference to Paley should be evidently deemed an end of all controversy; and the other, to think there was a sensible man who yet could not see the conclusiveness of the archdeacon's argument. But the double smile was mutually observed through a pleasant medium; and off they went at a tangent to some other topic. At last, after some little management of the conversation, I asked the major to tell his new acquaintance how he himself had become satisfied as to the truth of Christianity. He was thoughtful in an instant; and while he appeared to be slightly struggling with some feelings not of the happiest kind, Jephson said, 'The truth of Christianity! But *that* is not beginning at the beginning.'

'Yet it can scarcely have escaped you, that *if* Christianity be true, all the preliminary questions are settled by this one fact. And a very happy thing it is for most men that there is some shorter path to satisfaction than that which you were intimating when so rudely interrupted by a growl from Plato.'

'But you ascribed much of Blair's unstableness to the fact of his not having gone back far enough.'

'Yes; minds differ, and so must their treatment. Another young friend of mine, who has been somewhat idly perplexing himself and others about some doctrinal points, at last wrote to me to the effect, that, though he could no longer believe with the orthodox, on certain matters which he indicated, yet he felt himself immovably fixed in his faith as to certain other grand and fundamental truths. Now it so happened, that it only needed a somewhat similar process to be passed through as regarded what he did still believe, in order to send him out to sea again; for the reasons which satisfied him were insufficient, if those on which he had rejected some other truths were sound. Now I knew that he was honest and anxious, but at the same time a wee bit conceited, and flattered himself that he had a genius for—if Plato would be kind enough to growl again just now, it would save me the necessity of using a word, which, pardon me, but I did not foresee that it would occur in such a connexion.'

'Never mind; metaphysics—well? Your honest and anxious friend, somewhat conceited, and with a taste for metaphysics.'

'That's it; "*a taste for*" metaphysics, but not the power, not the patience necessary for the safe pursuit. And my remark was that as to this even he flattered himself. If he had not been honest, he would have been a paltry quibbler; as it was, he quibbled, without knowing that it was quibbling.'

'Well, and you'—

'Thought it might do him good to push him a little further into the stream, that he was rather vain-gloriously tempting.'

'And so'—

'Simply showed him that there was no standing where he was; that what he thought was good ground, was like that he had imagined

himself forced to regard as a sand-bank. In short, I determined, since he was willing to play with some of the weapons of scepticism, that it should not be a little amateur sort of afternoon toying and coquetting with such matters, but that he should have such a personal experience as might "whip the offending Adam out of him," and leave the earnestness and honesty of his mind free from the alloy I have indicated.'

'Well, you adopted a sort of homœopathic treatment, I see.'

'Something like it. Or, I foresaw that he would sooner or later take the disease, and thought it best he should have it under the eye of a friend. So I cautiously administered suggestions, and difficulties, and doubts, till he grew profoundly miserable; and, at the same time, a sober earnestness began to display itself, whose moral worth was more than that of his originally too easy faith, and argued well for the issue.'

'Bold practice, upon my word,' struck in the major, who had been listening.

'I should like to know what the religious people would say to you,' said Jephson; 'they are particularly fond, I have observed, at least, many of them, of applying certain epithets to any man whose wheel does not run in their rut, that must be rather galling to men who, with all their freedom, are yet sincere Christians.'

'And all the sincerer for having dared fearlessly to pursue their inquiries. I agree with Coleridge, that "he who begins by loving Christianity better than truth, will proceed by loving his own sect or church better than Christianity, and end in loving himself better than all."'

'And the result of this false attack, or manœuvre, of whatever kind you call it?' asked the major.

'When I showed him, after a time, the fallacies of the very objections I had raised, and he began to feel that there was solid standing ground after all to be reached, this coming out of darkness into light again made him happier than he could express, and he has valued truth ever since too much to trifle with it.'

'Well, I should scarcely thank you for trying such experiments on me, I confess,' said the major. 'How do you designate the process —moral, metaphysical vaccination, or what?'

'Inoculation, rather, I submit,' said Jephson; 'but I agree with our host, that there are some persons for whom the process is desirable, those, namely, who are liable to the disease.'

'You need not fear, major,' I replied; 'you are not the kind of man to require any such friendly severity of treatment. But you would have complied with my request, I think, had it not been for this digression, and told our new friend what brought you into your new service.'

'You could have mentioned it better yourself,' said the major; 'yet since you request it, I cannot hesitate; but there seems nothing to tell. Under somewhat peculiar circumstances, I once listened, almost for the first time in my life, to a chapter from the Bible—one

of the Psalms. It had a strange power over me. It soothed me into comparative tranquillity, out of one of the terriblest storms of passion that ever swept through my heart. I looked on the book with a reverence I had never felt for it, and taking my hat at once, went directly to a bookseller's shop, and bought all the books on the evidences of Christianity he had. I shut myself up and read; day and night, almost, I read incessantly. At the end of the third day, I said, "Christianity is true; the Bible is a revelation from God; my course is plain."'

'And what then?' asked Jephson.

'What then? Why, there was but one thing to do, was there?' What the Scriptures affirmed, I resolved to believe; and what they enjoined, I resolved to do. It was as plain as the word of command—Halt! March! Wheel! or any other. It was like orders from the War Office to join one's regiment, at such a place, such a time. Or, you may say, that the aide-de-camp brings you written orders from the general-in-chief to march here, or advance there, to do this or that. There's no room for either doubt or disobedience. And I sometimes fancy, that some good folks I know would have been all the better Christians, if they had learned a little more thoroughly the art of prompt, unquestioning obedience. I should like to have the drilling of some of them, that I should. I'd have printed on the order-books of every one of your regiments of Christians the words of that downright sensible old fellow, heathen or whatever he was, that said, "Whatsoever is commanded by the God of heaven, let it be diligently done."'

The major had risen while speaking; and as he finished, he passed through the open window that led out into the garden, and left Jephson and myself together.

'Military,' said he. But he said it kindly and thoughtfully.

'To know how to obey is no mean qualification in the search for truth.'

'But are you satisfied that he will remain what he now is?' asked Jephson. 'And how long has he been a Christian?'

'About three years; and though I cannot doubt that his promptitude will often require a guiding wisdom, that perhaps he might be ready to suspect as too cold, and restraining, and "prudential" (a word, by the bye, he has no affection for), yet I trust he will remain at heart and in his life a Christian, whatever vagaries of belief, as to the outskirts of things, he may not improbably yield to. He is a noble fellow, as you will know when you come to hear a little more of his history.'

CHAPTER VI.—RETROSPECTIVE.—JEPHSON'S EARLY HISTORY.

It would be useless to attempt any thing more than a few jottings of the intercourse which ensued between Jephson and myself, and various friends, whose acquaintance he formed during his frequent visits at my house. Bit by bit, at various times, I gathered particulars of his history, which gradually wove themselves into a whole.

A shade had rested over the paternal dwelling from the time of his earliest recollections. His father was the child of an unfortunate marriage, secretly solemnized, between a son of Lord D—— and the daughter of a tenant on the estate, possessed of many charms, and fitted, if the conventionalities would allow, to adorn any station to which she might rise. But within a very few months after the marriage, the 'right honourable' scoundrel informed her that the marriage had been but a pretended one! The atrocious tale was too true; and the humbled woman sought in distant obscurity to keep her grief a secret in her own heart. The father of Jephson was the only fruit of this marriage, thus shamefully devised, and more shamefully repudiated; and, bred up in retirement, after having served as a clerk in a country bank for some years, during which he had devoted himself in his leisure to all kinds of religious activity among the poor, at a time when this was as yet something rare, he had been admitted 'into orders' by some pious bishop, and had spent the remainder of his days in an humble curacy, in a pretty rural village on the banks of the Thames. Here our friend Jephson was born, and in after life was fond of recalling the scenery endeared to him by early association, and which in the neighbourhood of G—— was almost romantic. But his mother was the loadstone of his affections; and he never wearied in telling the thousand little incidents that served to reveal her character. As I was one day examining a picture of his, he defied me to guess what his first painting brush had been constructed of. The child of four or five years old was passionately desirous to paint a picture, but the village shop did not contain even the humblest materials for art; and, indeed, had there been abundance, pence were painfully valuable in the family of the poor out-of-the-world curate; but the mother converted some of her own hair into the implement he wanted, and the child painter was as pleased as any newly-made R.A. His mother!—he never spoke of her but with a chastened enthusiasm, which I fear there are many of our young men now-a-days would not respect, nor even understand. He used to remind me of Jean Paul's remark, 'Unhappy is that man whose mother has not made all women venerable for her sake.' His father had died when he was about sixteen years old; and the widow was left alone in the world with her only son George.

It was about the time of his father's death that the first doubt was shot into his mind. He was repeating the Lord's Prayer, and had no sooner uttered the petition, 'Lead us not into temptation,' than the thought arose, 'What! would God, then, lead me into temptation, perhaps, if I did not beg him not to?' This may seem too trivial a thing to mention; but what is trivial that in its issue sears and blights a human heart? Till that instant, he had believed all that his pious mother had taught him. He had believed as a *child;* and, at six years of age, had cried with passion, that he had not been living in the days of Christ, to have stood between him and 'the wicked Jews.' He had believed as a *boy;* and had shrunk from the evil which displayed itself in his school-fellows. As a *youth*, he had believed; and

had kept a conscience pure as his heart was tender. And now a thought—one little thought—came into his mind, even while upon his knees, which, little as he could suspect it, would, in its development and consequences, rob him of his peace and hope, and of much of his strength. Oh! had there been some gentle friend at hand—for his mother was far away now—who had won the poor youth's confidence, and to whom he might have revealed the dark torturing doubt that had taken possession of him, and was growing and gathering strength within him! But, alas! it is not every believer that has pondered the words, 'I should know how to speak a word in season to him that is weary.' And he was but a youth; and what business had a youth like that to doubt? It is wrong to doubt, very wrong. He should resolve not to doubt, of course. And if thinking begets doubting, as often it does, why—best not to think. Or just lend him Paley; that will do.

He had evidently come to that point at which he needed a wise initiation into deeper and broader views of things than he had previously acquired. A small effort on the part of a wisely sympathizing friend, if it had not saved him from falling into the slough, might have brought him out on the other side of it. But there are few, perhaps, who guess what may be passing in even a boy's mind, or deem it worth while to take any very great pains to cultivate the confiding, loving friendship of the quite young. For one thing, we must retain something of youth within ourselves to enable us; and, alas! in the hot and dusty ways of life and the world, our hearts too often grow old. Socrates, indeed, knew how to attract and keep the youths about him. But we are too wise, or too dignified, or too something—busy, perhaps—to be able to do more than just put a youth like George into a Bible class, or, it may be, lend him a book, 'Rise and Progress of Religion,' or, Paley again. Yet the subtlest doubts and difficulties are seldom or never touched on in books; and the young disciple, whose mood varies with the hours, needs the living voice of one whose words are, in some measure, 'spirit and life.' The second Adam is a quickening spirit; and in their degree his servants, and, in a sense, representatives, must be so too. But if the case cannot be met in private, may not the pulpit yield the guidance necessary? Thank God, there is a constantly increasing number of ministers of every church, who are able to sympathize with Bacon's recognition of the necessity of being 'practised in doubting,' and who are at one with Neander that 'The faith which has faced difficulties is a far higher faith than that which studiously ignores them.' But they have had to do battle for the greater freedom of their pulpit range, and to preach away, and let die off, many who would insist on saints being comforted in the morning, and sinners being rated, and warned, and threatened at night. The old notion, however, of a sharp and obvious division of all of us, old men and children, young men and maidens, into good or bad, without allowing of any gradation of the one class into the other, was particularly approved in the circle where young Jephson found himself, and the clergyman whom he 'sat under,' though a very good man, was a

very poor minister. 'Look in thy heart and write,' says Sir Philip Sidney; but the Rev. Mr. Letterly, instead, looked only in books. He used to say, 'a minister needed nothing but his Bible and Concordance, in order to make a sermon.' And if sermons are to be *made*, perhaps we cannot do better than agree with good Mr. Letterly.

'Would God lead me into temptation if I did not beg him not to?' It was a boy's thought. The reader may say, perhaps, a child's. Well, be it so, wise sir, or gentle lady; yet that thought, in its development in the lonely mind and heart of the poor youth, had made the man such as I found him, at thirty years of age, on the bleak downs, and such as his pencil had portrayed in the significant picture that I have mentioned. That thought had, in its subsequent workings, brought a blight upon his heart, for it was a seed-thought, and sprung up, and brought forth fruit, and shed its seed, and multiplied, till Jephson, had he been so minded, could have sown a whole country broad-cast with the saddest, darkest doubts, that still kept multiplying in his heart. Or was it only in his brain?

Question followed upon question. It was natural to ask, Why this? and Why that? And the Bible did not answer these questions. For one thing, it must have been a far other book than it is had it proposed as its object the answering of all that countless progeny that is born of Why and How. The very Bible itself is a part of our moral discipline. It is a revelation; but a revelation not of all truths (which would be impossible); nor is a single truth perhaps revealed on all its sides, but chiefly, perhaps it might be found exclusively, on its practical side. There are still 'secret things' which the Father reserves. Even so, oh! Thou All-wise Love, for so it *seemeth good* in thy sight. But 'the things revealed' to us in this first and so peculiar stage of our being, our period of training and testing, the time of our minority, are revealed to us that we may know and do the will of our Father; and by doing and in doing that blessed will, we may gradually become prepared for higher knowledge, and that advanced state of being where 'we shall know even as we are known.'

Long before Jephson had come of age, he had, of course, under these circumstances, stumbled on the old question which underlies all the problems and difficulties that beset us, and attract us, while they still baffle and weary and mock us; too often clouding the heart, even if they do not chill and morally ossify it. And still going down, as he supposed deeper, to the very root of things, where all must disclose itself, he only found the darkness growing darker still, till at the last all was darkness, and light there was none. Not only he could not find out the origin of evil, but now he could not find God himself. The kinds of proof and satisfaction he had gradually been accustoming himself to require about the previous questions, were, alas! not forthcoming, when, stripped of all his earlier belief, he had at last stood face to face with the life-and-death question—Is there a God at all? And to the night voices that, like distant thunder echoing and reverberating on all sides, muttered, No! the young man, alone in the deepest and darkest part of the valley of the shadow of death, where

Death alone lives, and, unseen, breathes on the cold and trembling wanderer, and claims him as his own for ever and for ever,—to the gloomy night voices that above him, and below him, and all around him, muttered, or shrieked, or wailed, their low, or daring, or mournful, No! the lonely young man knew not how to answer, YES! And the voices mingled and blended into one vast and confused and portentous hollow one, that sounded like the dull noise of falling avalanches from a thousand distant Alps; and the awful voice became real, where other reality was none; and the reality of the unreal, and the unreality of the real, became one dark reality, whose form was a sound, that went sounding in at every pore and point of his soul, till his whole being was filled with the sound which had gathered up into itself all the sighs and groans, all the discords and dissonances, of all the despairs that had been or could be, and had become this clear, cold, articulate No! which, coiling itself up in a still small whisper in his soul, then began to uncoil, and to dilate, and expand, and to fill all things, and to be the all in all of things—the Alpha and the Omega, the first and the last. The heavens muttered No; and the stars seemed tears on the cheeks of night, as their No fell upon the earth. And the earth seemed one huge grave-yard, all the dust of which had once been animate, and was now dust again, and nothing but dust, and every particle of it was an atom of the sound that still sounded nothing but No! There was no God!

'There was no God!' And the man was alone on the earth. And the earth was naked and bare; and its glory was gone, all its beauty. From every flower even the splendour had passed. And there was no meaning in life. And history was nought; and all the struggles of nations for freedom were nought; and all the sufferings of martyrs were less than nothing; they were a folly and a mistake. And thus all nobleness was gone. And the laughter of childhood was folly; and the joy of the bridegroom and the bride a folly; and the grief of the mourner. Even words became emptied of their significance and life, and were dead sounds. And the dark shadow enveloped him, and lay brooding on his heart, and he longed to lay him down and die, and to have done with this hideous dream—miscalled life.

And was there a further way still into this valley of the shadow? And did he advance, or retreat? Either is better than lying down just there. Yet to retreat is hard. Few have done it. Perhaps it is better to go on. Jephson went on thinking. He rose every morning at three, to pore over the pages that professed to explain the all of things. And ultimately, as he took up one mighty master after another, he thought himself into a fuller, perfecter No than before; but with a difference. Though the hollow ghost of a sound still sounded all-pervadingly, yet was it now more bewildering only, and not more dreadful. Was there in it a touch of the cracked and palsied voice of age? or was it a faint mingling of the voice of childhood, that blends even in its sadness now the mirthful and now the whimsical? Or was the whole vast sound, that had been even dreadful, if not

majestic, in its awfulness, passing into its less oppressive, less hideous forms? For he had come to that pass that he was summoned now to doubt and disbelieve the existence of matter altogether, and to resolve all phenomena into mind; and it was done. The wand was waved again. Another genius rose, and he was anon called on to deny the existence of mind. And he cannot refuse either of the denials. Truly the terrible is changing into the grotesque, for Jephson denies that Jephson is!

That time was gone by. It was indeed long ere he discovered the falseness of the basis on which either negation rested. But he at last yielded to the common-sense conviction, that either the logical processes, or else the original premises, must be false, because consciousness gave the lie to his metaphysics, a fact which happily might be as the dawn of day to him; for out of this there might ultimately arise, very gradually and very silently, a whole temple of truth, in which he might not only worship as a pilgrim, but minister and dwell as the anointed priest.

CHAP. VII.—TAKING SOUNDINGS.

We had agreed that, as far as was possible, we would in our conversations avoid the use of the technicalities of his cherished science. And after no little consideration of the nature of language, and the competency or otherwise of words fully and precisely to convey spiritual ideas, he had begun to suspect that, possibly, instead of being exact equivalents, they were often but signs of something which could have no precise outward equivalent. Is the soul of man *fully* expressed by the countenance? Is not the life more than the body? Even the fragrance of the rose, does it not spread far beyond the flower? And if words be living powers, does not their life, their spirit, transcend its embodiment?

Weeks passed on, and even months—several months. His health was improved. He was becoming more cheerful. His mind had evidently passed through some change, which I trusted might prove the beginning of the path upward towards light again.

With several of my friends he had been intimate; and I hoped more from the influence of their Christian life than from their skill in dialectics; for some of them, it must be confessed, were not greatly adapted to commend their faith to the critical understanding.

He had gone on a visit for a few days to the major, who lived at an easy distance; and while he was at Myrtle Lodge (the major had altered the name from Bhurtpoor Place), I received notes from both my friends. Jephson says in one: 'I like the major much; but I warn you not to be too sanguine as to his future. I question whether his present friends will retain their disciple. Not that I am drawing him on to my path. No; never! But he is getting quite a prophet. A few days have sufficed to make the Apocalypse quite plain to him! And he has just made an important discovery, viz., that "days are days, as sure as eggs are eggs." I am not among the initiated, you know, but give you the benefit of the profound observation. But he

is single hearted, and a fine, noble fellow. I wish he were less impetuous.'

The major wrote: 'I can do nothing with Mr. Jephson; at least, not in respect to the things which belong to his everlasting peace. What a pity he is not a Christian! for he is full of noble and beautiful qualities, and getting to be quite a favourite among the folks on the Common.'

Subsequently, a note from Jephson says: ' . . Your quondam military friend is very rapid in his movements, as you are aware; yet I think you will be surprised to learn his movements yesterday. I saw at breakfast that there was some new and profound conception, and of a pleasant character; but I was hardly prepared for the *denouement* when it came in the evening. He had been out by himself several times, and declined my accompanying him. There was evidently some mystery. He had taken out of the house, the housekeeper told me in confidence, a sword; and "what master was going to do, she could not think, not she, for the life of her." At last he entered, with a countenance so full of deep, quiet joy, that it did one's heart good to see him. Then out came the mystery. He had had his sword converted by the village blacksmith into a sort of reaping-hook, on purpose that a certain prophecy might be fulfilled, which he quoted from the Bible! I told him I had not for a long time read the prophets, but I doubted whether he had not mistaken the thing entirely. "Oh, no! that was out of the question." However, to silence my doubt, the Bible was turned to. Unluckily, he made a false start, and turned up Joel iii. 10, which, you will see, runs quite the contrary way, and already began to throw some doubt on the value of the day's labour.* But that was evidently the wrong passage, and now he was right, for he opened at Micah iv. 8, and read triumphantly, not perceiving, in his eagerness, a circumstance which I at once pointed out, and then instantly regretted, viz., that the *swords* are to be beaten into *plowshares*, and that it was a *spear* which he should have had converted into a *pruning-hook!* I could have cried almost at the sadness of the disappointment, and the chagrin which he evidently felt. But I do so much admire him, that I should be glad for him to be saved from these ultra extravagances.'

The major wrote: 'How in the world is it that our amiable friend has any difficulties about believing in God? Why, we all know there is a God. I don't see what proof there is necessary at all. The universe, I told him, would all tumble together, but for God. Do you know, I really think he believes there is and must be a God, with one part of him; and that it is only with another part of him that he doubts it. He is not ignorant of Scripture, and always treats it with reverence; but——. Well, we shall see you soon.'

The next day they came in together. By and bye—

'I wish,' said the major, 'you would prove to Mr. Jephson that

* 'Beat your plowshares into swords, and your pruning-hooks into spears: let the weak say, I am strong.'

there is a God. I can prove it well enough to my own satisfaction, but not at all to his, it seems.'

'How do you prove it to your own satisfaction, my friend?' I asked.

'Oh! easily enough. I don't want any proof. I believe it as a matter of course. It seems to me common-sense, and that the opposite idea is absurd (pardon me, Jephson). Napoleon, pointing to the stars, asked his sceptical friends, "Who made them, gentlemen?" Besides, I believe in Christ. I am sure of the truth of Christianity, from my own experience, just as I am sure that an orange is sweet. And if Christ be true, that's enough. "What shall separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus, our Lord?"'

'Well, major, I agree with you, that if Christ be risen from the dead, we can assure our hearts without much assistance from—Plato, sir, be kind enough to growl again, will you? But does Mr. Jephson require proof?'

'I should like it, at least.'

'Suppose I were to confess myself unable to give it.'

'Oh!' interposed the major, 'do not suppose anything of the sort.'

'The case would not even then be so alarming as you seem to imagine, my friend; for we all believe a very great deal that it would be impossible to prove. Mr. Jephson himself does, I am sure.'

'What, for instance?'

'Can you prove that anything external exists, Mr. Jephson?'

'I cannot.'

'Do you nevertheless believe in an external world?'

'I cannot doubt it.'

'And all your conduct is based upon, and influenced by, that belief?'

'I consent.'

'You do not doubt your own existence, I presume.'

'Not now, at all events.' The major stared.

'Can you prove to me that you exist?'

'Only as my presence and actions prove it.'

'Can you syllogistically prove it, without taking your premises for granted?'

'No.'

'But the proof, so called, derivable from your presence and actions is not the kind of proof we are talking of. Your presence is a manifestation only. Can you construct a syllogism which would logically prove it? Would not both the premises be mere assertions? And if you were required to prove them before employing them, should you not be involved in a backward process, which would lead you nowhere?'

'Granted.'

'Besides, some things may be too true to be capable of logical proof?'

'Too true to be proved!' exclaimed the major; 'how in the world do you make that out?'

'Well, major, how would you prove that a part is less than the

whole? or, that things that are equal to the same are equal to one another?'

'Oh, such things do not require any proof. We all see that it is so.'

'It seems there would be no getting on in mathematics, at all events, without some axioms, at least. Perhaps Mr. Jephson will not object to the formula I employed, viz., some things are too true to be proved?'

'I do not now see how it is to be denied,' said the latter.

'And since every argument is a syllogism, whether formally drawn out or not; or, at all events, since every argument whatever is capable of being thrown into the form of a syllogism, you will feel no difficulty in granting that every argument whatever is based upon and grows out of premises that are mere affirmations, something assumed as true, without proof, and so made the original matter out of which proof is formed.'

'A very little acquaintance with the science of reasoning suffices to satisfy one of the correctness of the remark.'

'The very first proofs of things, then, the proofs of the earliest truths that are provable, must be based upon simple assertions, one or more, incapable of being demonstrated?'

'I see no escape, in fairness,' said Mr. Jephson.

'Suffer me, in all sincerity, my friend, to do justice to the candour you manifest, and which I was certain I should find. If all men would frankly concede what they cannot in any fairness question or deny, there would be some hope that way might be made. And I trust you will find some Christians at least—a growing number, I hope—who will on their part as cheerfully concede what ought to be conceded. But now, since, if we might never affirm a thing that cannot be itself proved, there would be an end to all possibility of argument, and logic, and even mathematics, must cease; since the first proofs of things, the proofs of the earliest provable truths, necessarily rest on other things, *therefore* incapable of proof, or assertions or assumptions, that original unproved truth, or something which is necessary to constitute the substratum and basis of all that is provable, must be, I should think, itself the vastest of all things or truths. That which sustains the all of provable truth must itself be greater than the all which it sustains, as that which comprehends is greater than that which is comprehended.'

'Well,' said the major, 'and now it strikes me that the Bible never attempts any proof of the being of God, but takes it for granted as a known fact. And, honestly, I do think that men everywhere have a sort of consciousness of a Superior Being. Does not the apostle somewhere speak of the consciences of the heathen bearing witness?'

'Oh, higher beings there may be, of course,' said Jephson.

'And if higher, a highest, perhaps? And that highest is—but I will not do the major the discourtesy of passing by his remark. I think that what we call "conscience" affords some testimony certainly.'

'I am, of course, aware of the usual argument founded on the use

of the word "law," "laws of conscience," as implying a lawgiver;' said Jephson.

'My dear sir, I am well aware that you are familiar with all that I can suggest. Indeed, I fancy that truth is often nearer to us all than we imagine. Nor is it that I have anything at all to put into the mind of an inquiring friend; the utmost I aim to do being, perhaps, amid the manifold thoughts which the individual has, even though latent, to draw attention to some in particular. Will you allow me, who would willingly sit at your feet as regards some things, to ask you, How the inward conviction of right and wrong states itself to your mind?'

'I do not quite understand the question.'

'Well, let me state my own experience, and see whether it is with you as with me. If I am about to do a wrong thing, that something within, which we call conscience, says, "Don't do it;" don't be unkind, or unjust, or whatever else it may be. Or if I am hesitating and declining to do something right, something that is duty, but irksome, it says, "You ought, you must."'

'Says?'

'Yes, "says." I know not how better, or how else indeed, to state the case, than that a something says to me, "You may not," or, "You ought." There have been times when I would willingly persuade this something to modify and even reverse the plain peremptory command or prohibition; but, in some sense, and to some considerable extent, this something is independent of my wishes, and even of my will. It "thou's" me, as the French say, '*il me tutoye;*' and, so doing, seems to be somewhat distinguishable from "me," whom it addresses.'

'Oh, I know that well,' said the major; 'I have trembled before it many a time. My heart has thumped, and my whole frame been shaken before this—this—'

'Power?' I suggested.

'Aye, power it is, indeed! a mighty power, which I have tried to shake off, to get rid of, to bribe; but in vain. The only thing a man can do is to drown the voice; and that I could not always do; and when I did for a time, then there it was again, a clear, quiet, indomitable voice, sure to master me, one way or other.'

'The major's experience is mine. Must I not think it is yours, also, Mr. Jephson?' I inquired.

'"A power" and a "voice?"'—

'Remember our conversation on words, and our conclusion that, often, at least, they can be but proximately adequate to the embodiment of spiritual ideas. And if our meaning is clear, as I think, pardon any verbal imperfection. Yet still I can find no nearer words than those I have used. To me the dictates of the something we call *conscience* come as a "still small voice;" and conscience as a "power" that did not seem to be I, and was often excessively irksome and disagreeable to ME.'

'The demon of Socrates, again,' said Jephson.

'Socrates was a man, a true man; and there was not an individual in all Athens who, had he been self-observant as the flat-nose, might not have detected the same facts of consciousness as the sage who was almost a saint. And I am willing to thank you for the allusion, which I accept. Only, if there were any present who would be misled by the use of the word "demon," I would thank you to use the original word *δαίμων*.'

'Proceed, if you please. I am sure you have an attentive listener,' said he.

'A most worthy one. Well, I acknowledge that this voice reminds me not only of the prophet of Athens, but of Hebrew psalmists, and others; and I often think of David's words, "I will hear what God the Lord will speak to me."'

I was not sorry that at this point the conversation was interrupted; for a foundation was laid, which I was willing to leave for a time, as the workman leaves his work, not only on a Saturday-night, that a whole blessed day of rest may be observed, but also leaves it every evening, and is content to be inactive for the night. To one who has demanded logical proof for everything, a new world is open as soon as he perceives — first, that all men do, and must, believe things they cannot prove; secondly, that all proof is ultimately based on something itself unproved; and thirdly, that that which is ultimately to sustain the whole amount of provable truth must be itself, though unprovable, the mightiest of all truths. While, as a fourth thing, the authority of consciousness had been glanced at. And I confess it would not surprise me if an ingenuous mind like Jephson's should from these data work out its own deliverance; while, for my own part, I was altogether inclined to do too little rather than too much, having never seen any good to result from an undue meddling and morbidly anxious interference with the workings of mind. If he could not see God for himself, I knew *I* could not open the eyes of the blind; and I believed that He who alone can reveal himself was even then, and had long been, quietly dispersing the cold mists, and bringing nearer the hour when his own Ephphatha should restore the light. My quiet hope was, to a great extent, based upon the conviction that the mental darkness was not caused by an 'evil heart of unbelief.'

A circumstance which I interpreted as a confirmation of my hope, the reader, perhaps, will view in the same light. He was leaving for a distant part of the country on some professional engagement, and again requested to leave a picture in my care. This time it was partly a sea-piece. On a bold cliff which formed the foreground, the sea being far beneath, so that there was the more scope for the idea of the boundless, there were two figures. One sat on the ground, in the attitude of perhaps weariness rather than exhaustion, and looking over the expanse of water. The other, younger, with life in every limb, and who looked like one that might have been off and away but for something which bound him to his wearied comrade, was kneeling on one knee, with one arm partly round his companion, as if somewhat

sustaining him, and yet still more, one imagined, impelling him to rise. His attitude was forward, the right arm extended, pointing to the quarter of the heavens where the light intimated its approaching triumph. The grey of the morning was for a space just above the horizon changed into a faint red, on which, however, a heavy bar of deep purple grey rested. Beneath the level bar of light in the distance there might subsequently be discerned a vessel, full sail, bearing on into the unknown, but that unknown was towards the sunrise. The picture was full of expectancy. The longer I gazed the more I felt this, and almost looked to see the underpart of the clouds in the distance become flushed with crimson and gold, and the sun rise up from his chamber below the waters to commence his glorious career. Then, looking again at the figures in the foreground, I fancied that the younger one, full of strength and ardour, was but the other self of the graver and wearied one, and the self that by every token would prevail. It might have been fancy only, but the picture awakened the thought; and the thought thus awakened seemed to illustrate truly the picture. At all events, it was a very different feeling that was embodied in this from that which was set forth in the other painting. If hope were not fully born, there was, if not the direct promise, yet certainly the possibility and the intimation. At least, so I read it. God grant the omen!

Bunsen's God in History.*

THE custom of Germany, as our readers well know, is almost invariably to publish works piecemeal. Many works never get beyond the first volume; and in other cases it is no unusual thing to have to wait years for the second. We have no reason to anticipate either of these in connexion with any work of Chevalier Bunsen. He is writing and publishing with far too much rapidity, and his works find too ready a sale for the patience of the public to be tired, or its hopes to be disappointed. Of the work before us, only one volume has yet appeared, two more are promised, and it is not improbable that the second may have been published before this article is in print.

Under these circumstances, it might be thought better to wait till the work was complete before introducing it to our readers; and for some reasons this would, perhaps, be a proper course, but for many more, as it appears to us, it is desirable that they should be made acquainted as early as possible with the character of this remarkable book. It is said to have produced great excitement in Germany. We can confidently predict that when translated, it will produce no

* Gott in der Geschichte oder der Fortschritt des Glaubens an eine sittliche Welt-ordnung. Von Christian Carl Josias Bunsen. Leipzig, 1857.

less excitement here. The name of Bunsen will cause it to be widely circulated and eagerly read. There are many circles, however, where the reading of the book will be looked forward to as a rich treat, but in which, as in our case, the actual reading will cause the greatest disappointment and pain. We need not hesitate to give our readers a sketch of the volume already published, for it contains the introduction and outline of the whole book; it is the only volume which will treat of the Old Testament; it is, to a certain extent, complete in itself, and, at all events, nothing that may appear in the other volumes can possibly affect the particular points which it is our intention to notice here.

The more prominent title, 'God in History,' does not convey, at least to ordinary English readers, a very correct notion of the subject of the work. This is somewhat more clearly described in the second title, 'The Progress of Belief in a Moral Order of the World.' Strictly speaking, the object of the work is to trace the gradual development of the consciousness of God in the more important branches of the human family.

Of the two books into which this volume is divided, the first describes what is meant by the moral order of the world, the consciousness of God, and its development in the history of the world. With reference to the *moral order of the world*, the author says: If we regard God as the eternal, self-complete, and tranquil will and thought of the creation, the world, with the human mind as the end of all creation, is the working out of the eternal thought of God. Thus, we are able to hold fast the difference between the finite and the infinite; that existence which is removed beyond all change, and that which is moulded according to finite laws, and in its finite state reveals, by a progressive development, the infinite God. God reveals himself in history. The eternal being of God remains the same, but that which is manifested in history, as well as nature, as the moulding and moving power, is nothing but the divine, with *the sole difference of the finite and infinite.* From this it necessarily follows that, if God reveals himself in history, such a revelation must take place according to natural laws, and such as are moral in their nature and object. For God and law are one and the same, so soon as it is admitted that all that is lawful and harmonious in the world, all that impels to greater likeness to God and greater happiness is God.

But how does man arrive at a *consciousness of God?* A man finds in himself a consciousness of good and evil, which we call *conscience*, and a power to distinguish between the true and the false, the conceivable and the inconceivable, which we call *reason.* Every sane man believes in these. He also believes in their essential unity; that is, that the conscience is rational and the reason moral; that the good is true and the true good. It is this innate belief which links together the divine and human, the finite and the infinite, and reconciles the world to God. The primary object of religious belief is not God in himself, but God in the creation, and in humanity as the cause and unity of the two. The full consciousness of God is the consciousness

of God in the history of humanity; and this is what is meant throughout the work by *the consciousness of God*. This is the root of all religion—that is, of all reverence for God, and all knowledge of divine things. In the development of humanity this historical consciousness sometimes manifests itself as a direct consciousness, that is, a consciousness not mediated by the knowledge of its laws and its cause. At other times such knowledge does exist.

The transition from the former to the latter gives rise to the *denial of any moral order*. The first entrance of dialectic thought, the change from intuition to scientific knowledge, is generally attended with a weakening of the simple belief. Childlike faith ceases, and the reason is neither free enough nor strong enough to compensate for the loss of it. The question is asked, Is there really a moral order of the world? If so, does it exist for the whole, or merely for the life of the individual? Is there any essential foundation for the universal religious belief of the nations in the experience of life, and the discoveries of reason? And such questions lead to scepticism.

These questions also give rise to *theodicees*, or attempts to justify God and the moral order of the world. Thus, among the Shemites the operations of God, by which reason and conscience are satisfied, are represented as the history of deliverance by the strong hand of God in his interpositions from Abraham to Moses. It appears in the Book of Job as the doctrine of submission to the strong hand of God. Among the Greeks it celebrated its triumphs in the epic poem and drama. The account of the divine Nemesis in the destruction of Troy is the imperishable specimen of the first, the epic theodicee. The direct description of an avenging fate in the tragedies of Æschylus and Sophocles is an equally imperishable hymn on the moral order of the world. (We call attention here to the juxtaposition of the Shemites and Greeks, of Job and Æschylus, as it contains the key to the whole book.)

In the development of the consciousness of God we are struck with the important antithesis between *personalities* or individuals, and the community or totality of individuals. *Personality is the lever of history*. The history of the world is the play of two poles, personal life and the entire community, in which, and for which, the individual is called to live. Every thing great proceeds from individuals. The history of the world is the history of self-sacrificing personalities. But the individual dies. Hence, his thought and will must be realized by the totality. Soon, however, this degenerates, and a new personality is required. Thus we meet with a series of such personalities, until, eventually, there appears one great personality, representing, not some particular attribute of God, but his eternal thought and loving will, not for any tribe, but for humanity, the last thought of God.

We have thus endeavoured to give as concise a sketch as possible of the first book, which contains the argument of the whole work. The remainder of the work will trace the development of this 'consciousness of God, first, among the *Hebrews*; secondly, among

the *Greeks* and *Romans;* and thirdly, in Christian nations. Of these we have only the first, viz., a description of the *development of the consciousness of God among the Hebrews.*

The subjects treated of in the second book are, the peculiar characteristics of the Hebrew consciousness of God; the four leading personalities engaged in its development; the leading ideas of the Hebrew prophets with reference to the world; the influence of this consciousness upon the Hebrew state and philosophy; and the extent to which it had been developed in the two centuries before Christ. The volume is closed with distinct notices of several of the Old Testament writers.

The shortest analysis of this book, which should give any idea of its contents, would far exceed the limits to which our article must be confined, so varied and multitudinous are the subjects treated of. We shall endeavour to give samples, therefore, rather than a general description. The peculiarities of the Hebrew consciousness of God are described as follows: 'The historical consciousness of God in connexion with the Hebrews has its unity in two deep, firmly-rooted ideas, which are not found anywhere else in the ancient world. One of these is the consciousness of the *unity of the whole human race*, a unity answering to the unity of God. The second a belief, in the *gradual development of humanity*, for the realization of that which is good and true, *in justice and righteousness*. This is expressed by the figure of a kingdom of God, the Creator, Preserver, and Governor of men on the earth.' To this we take the most decided exception. The unity of the whole human race was certainly taught in the Bible, and was, therefore, an object of Jewish belief; but where are we to look for any signs of their belief in the gradual *development* of humanity? And where does the Bible give the least encouragement to such a belief? Redemption from sin and its consequences is certainly not a gradual development, and the expectations of the future, for both Jew and Gentile, are only based on this. And the use of this word development is not a harmless one, for the volume before us treats of the development of the consciousness of God among the Hebrews, and we believe that the coming volume will treat of its development among the Greeks and Romans, as a *purely natural process*, in which there was no direct interposition on the part of God on the one hand, nor any such hindrances arising from sin on the other, as to make it necessary to take any notice of the Mosaic account of the fall, or to speak of man as a fallen being, in any sense of the word. In this, then, at the very outset we discover what in our opinion is the fundamental error of the whole book. The author omits all reference to any direct or peculiar interposition on the part of God, and evidently does not believe that the consciousness of God was ever developed by any such means. And though the word sin certainly occurs in the book, the allusion made to it is only casual, and not such as would be expected in a work purporting to trace the historical development of the consciousness of God among people whose sacred books commence with an account of the fall, and a

promise of redemption. There can be no difficulty in conjecturing what the character of a work must be which purports to trace the development of the consciousness of God in the history of the world, and yet takes little, if any, notice of the great obstruction to that development, *sin*, and entirely ignores the means by which, in spite of that sin, which turns the truth of God into a lie, it has been gradually, but uninterruptedly, carried on, viz., the direct interpositions and direct teaching of God, who spake in time past unto the fathers by the prophets.

But, it will be said, surely Bunsen has not given up the Bible? By no means. In this very book he devotes sixty pages to the commendation of it, and commends it with an earnestness and eloquence in which he could not be surpassed by the most evangelical of the lovers of that book. But the method of explaining, or, rather, as we should term it, explaining away the words of the Bible, are such as will certainly startle the author's admirers.

For example, Abraham is selected, as the first of the four leading personalities, whose names are associated with the development of the consciousness of God amongst the Hebrews. Now it is peculiarly with his name that we associate the thought of direct communications from God. Did not the Lord say to him, 'Get thee out of thy country?' Was not this a direct self-revelation? Did he not promise him a son, enjoin circumcision as the sign of the covenants, and declare that in his seed all the families of the earth should be blessed? Nothing of the kind, says Bunsen, that is, according to the ordinary interpretation of these words.

There was a Bible before Abraham, not written indeed, but existing in the traditions that have been handed down from the earliest times. Abraham was the first man, in the history of the world, who possessed a moral spirit that was conscious of its freedom. He tore himself away from the service of Moloch, took these traditions, and listened to 'the inner word, the voice of God, which speaks to every man in *reason and conscience*.' Who then interpreted this Bible for Abraham? 'Neither priest, nor scholar, nor king; but the God in him, the only true God, *his own rational conscience*. In this God, as the eternal thought of humanity, he discovered that these historical traditions were true, and contained that which was eternal; in it he also had visions of futurity, and saw a distant salvation issue from his performance of what he had discovered to be good and true.' (P. 106.) But whence did he obtain the *promise of a son*, and the assurance that in his seed all the nations of the earth should be blessed? 'His faith and courage passed no doubt for a wicked philosophy among some of his fellow-clansmen and neighbours, and were denounced as a presumptuous "private opinion," a criminal rebellion against Moloch and his priests. But Abraham held this belief, because *in his conscience and his reason* he had discovered the true "Moloch," the true King and Lord of the spiritual world, who speaks to man, his own image, in spirit and in conscience. The feeling of rational, moral liberty was associated with inward personal faith in

God. This God and no other did he dare to worship. And he, the tried and childless man, held firmly to the assurance, that his faith *could not perish with him*, but must be preserved in his family, and that for all nations. . . . . When he crossed the Euphrates it was revealed to him in his inmost heart, that *only this faith in the moral order of the world had a future*, and this is what is meant by the words "in thee shall all nations of the earth be blessed."(!) Hence his long childlessness did not trouble him, and this firm belief *kept his mind at rest*, or, as it is called in Exod. xv. 6, it "was counted to him for righteousness."'(!)

But was not *circumcision*, the seal of the covenant, instituted in obedience to a direct command (Gen. xvii. 9—14)? 'By virtue of his faith in the undeceiving, inward voice of God in man, he rejected the bloody customs of the murderous worship of Moloch, and introduced the saving symbol of circumcision. Human sacrifices, and the murder of the first-born, which he rejected with abhorrence and prohibited, were no doubt originally symbols, but they were immoral, irrational, and wicked. Circumcision recognised the fundamental thought of those human sacrifices, viz.—that the natural is to be swallowed up by the spiritual, the finite in the infinite. It may have been an equivalent for the sacrifice; but it was ethically applied, and denoted the consecration of children to God in his possession. Hence it was a grateful vow on the part of parents, that they would train up their children in the law.'—Then it was *not* the seal of a covenant made by God at all, but the symbol of a promise made by man. Surely this is reading between the lines!

The mysteries of *prophecy* are disposed of in a still more remarkable manner; but in no instance do we find any admission of what we ordinarily understand by direct communications from God. We do read of immediate intercourse between the prophet and God. But nothing more is meant by this than that intercourse, which every holy man may have with the God who speaks in his reason and conscience. At all events, the difference was in degree, not in kind. 'In the true sense of the word,' the author says, 'all the leading personalities of the Hebrews were prophets, or seers. The word which we render prophets, originally meant a "seer," one who had visions. Clairvoyance (the so-called magnetic sight) and soothsaying in a state of ecstasy, were known among the Jews and their neighbours in the very earliest ages; and Joseph, who was endowed by nature even as a youth with the power of second sight, when he was in Egypt used his cup for the purpose of calling up visions, just as the Arab boys in Cairo make use of plates at the present day. The Hebrew prophets were the first men who raised the power of second sight belonging to the dream-life into *a spiritual sight of spiritual objects*.

'The prophetic sight of the Hebrew rested entirely upon the immediate intercourse of the seer with God, as the spirit. Prophecy is not exhausted by ordinary clairvoyance, (!) still less by any process of the understanding; for, strictly speaking, the essential element of prophecy does rest upon clairvoyance.' (Pp. 141, 142.) In a state of waking

consciousness, a man holds intercourse with the external world and with himself by means of his senses and his reason. In this state alone is he capable of perception or of action. As soon as the activity of the senses, and particularly that of sight, are paralyzed, the limitations of space fall away, and in the highest state of somnambulism those of time also. It has been clearly demonstrated, moreover, that this condition may be induced without the influence of another person's will, or the intervention of a dream, by merely causing certain internal movements. Now, as everything in nature has a counterpart in spirit, the man who is wholly devoted to that which is spiritual and moral must also be capable of passing into a clairvoyant state, which shall bear a similar relation to his waking life. True prophecy is the spiritual and moral liberation of natural clairvoyance.' (P. 143.)

In the next page this is still more fully expanded. 'The power of second sight, which lies hidden in man, and which appeared in Hebrew prophecy, set free from the trammels of nature, and raised to a true vision of the world, *i. e.*, of the moral order of the world, is the key to a very important part of the sacred writings and their influence upon their age. The visions of the men of God were subject to the laws of all visions: they needed faithful translation into the language of everyday life. The true seer actually saw something, like every honest clairvoyant. Thus Micah saw the children of Israel scattered and running over the hills to their homes. This vision he afterwards interpreted, and it was only too soon confirmed. But what did the four hundred false prophets see, who followed Ahab, as the astrologers followed Wallenstein two hundred years ago, and clairvoyantes follow generals and armies now? Perhaps nothing, as it so often happens in the present day, that boys and women, who make a trade of their clairvoyance, must announce a vision, even if they have none. Or if they see one, it is the effect of their own selfishness. They announce what they have seen, but they are both deceivers and deceived.'

One is anxious to know what really constituted the distinctive peculiarity of the Hebrew prophet, for from this we can discover no difference between what he was and what any ordinary clairvoyants may become. His direct intercourse with God is either the consequence of that holiness of heart, that disposition 'to regard the God in him, viz., his rational conscience,' which he has, in common with all good men, or of this disposition, combined with the natural power of clairvoyance, or second sight. Now, though all good men cannot become clairvoyants, yet any clairvoyant may certainly become a good man, and therefore, granting Bunsen's premises, we see no other conclusion to which we can come, than that any clairvoyant may become a prophet in every sense in which the gift of prophecy was possessed by the Old Testament seer. Nor do we think that Bunsen himself would refuse to accept this conclusion. But we must just mention the author's own account of the one peculiar characteristic of Hebrew prophecy, and then pass on. The peculiar distinction of the Hebrew prophets was not the ethical character of their contemplations; for such ethical contemplations we find in the sermons of divinely

enlightened preachers of every age. Nor was it the prediction of external historical events; 'this they possessed, in common with many of the utterances of the Pythia, which have been handed down to us from ancient times, supported by the most credible testimony, and with many of the predictions of the clairvoyants of this century. Prediction of outward events is the lowest form of prophecy.'

'The *sole distinction* in the prophecy of the Hebrews is the firmness with which they kept hold of spiritual realities in their contemplations of nature, and their maintenance of the boundary line between a vision and its interpretation.'—We are even told that one of the signs and proofs of the truth and superiority of Jewish prophecy is to be seen in the fact, that its predictions were *not* literally fulfilled.

The author makes a five-fold division of the prophecies of the Old Testament, for the purpose of showing the law of development apparent in their 'leading ideas.' The substance of the *first* prophetic vision was this: 'The religion of the Spirit is the religion of the future, and is to become the general possession of humanity.' The *second*; 'In order that the religion of the Spirit may be fully realized, the outward form, which has taken its place, must perish by a judgment of God.' The *third*: 'The deliverance of Judah will come from a ruler, a sprout of David, who will set up a kingdom of everlasting salvation and peace in humanity.' The *fourth*: 'The conscious, godly sacrifice of life for the people and humanity, to the glory of the kingdom of God, is the subjugation of the world and its kingdoms, and the reconciliation of humanity to God.' The *last*: 'The Lord himself will come as the Judge of the world, and by a human personality set up the kingdom of God, which will henceforth be carried on in humanity by the Spirit of God.'

Among the prophets to whom these different visions are assigned, there is one whom we never knew to be one of the Jewish prophets before. He takes part in the first vision, under the title of 'Jeremiah's disciple, the contemporary of Cyrus.' And his name, 'Baruch,' is the only one mentioned in connexion with the fourth vision. Baruch is frequently mentioned in the Book of Jeremiah. He was evidently the constant attendant and amanuensis of the prophet; and he is more than once distinctly said to have written down what Jeremiah dictated. But he is nowhere called a prophet. Yet *Bunsen* maintains, not only that he was a prophet, but that next to Jeremiah he was the most important prophet of the Old Testament; for he wrote the whole of the second part of the so-called Book of the Prophet Isaiah. He edited the prophecies of Isaiah and Jeremiah, and left his own without a name; the result of which was, that though they had been issued at first in a separate form, when the books of the Old Testament were collected together, the Book of Baruch was placed next to that of Isaiah, and read like a continuation of the same book. Hence, for want of a name, it came gradually to be regarded as Isaiah's own production. As this is but a sample of Bunsen's mode of treating the books of the Old Testament, and fifty other cases could be adduced in which he thus ruthlessly destroys the opinions

which we, in common with Christians generally, cherish and hold dear, we should not have cared to select this, were it not that it leads to something else of a far more important and startling character. If Baruch wrote the latter half of Isaiah, he was a contemporary of Cyrus, and thus the prophecy contained in Isaiah xlv. is satisfactorily disposed of. Moreover, the second half of the book imputed to Isaiah has been totally misunderstood. The *fifty-third* chapter is a description of *Jeremiah* (!) and has no direct reference to Christ. Indirectly it refers to him, since 'Jesus never had a more glorious type than this patient sufferer;' and therefore apostles, disciples, and believers, have '*not been wrong*' in seeing in the chapter a representation of the sufferings and resurrection of Christ. The actual meaning of the writer, however, was merely this: 'The true conquest of the world is the self-sacrifice of the teacher, who consciously gives himself up for the deliverance of his people, and of humanity from sin.'

We need scarcely say, that there is nothing new or peculiar in the opinion, that the whole of the Book of Isaiah was not written by the same author; but that Isaiah himself wrote the first thirty-nine chapters, and some later prophet the remaining twenty-seven. For a statement and examination of the arguments upon which this opinion is based, we refer the reader to Hengstenberg's 'Christology,' and his article on 'Isaiah,' in Kitto's Cyclopædia. But there is some novelty in the confidence with which the latter portion is assigned to Baruch, and the 'servant of the Lord,' who forms the subject of the prophecy, pronounced to be Jeremiah. Baruch himself was regarded as a prophet by many of the early fathers; but it is simply as the author of the apocryphal 'Book of Baruch' that he was so regarded, certainly not with any idea that he wrote any portion of the Book of Isaiah. The canonicity of the Book of Baruch was admitted by many, if not by all the fathers. It is the only one of the apocryphal books named in the catalogue of the Council of Laodicea; and Irenæus, Cyprian, Clement of Alexandria, Eusebius, and others, quote the work as a portion of Jeremiah. The manner in which the name is introduced in the catalogue referred to, 'Jeremiah, with Baruch and the Lamentations,' shows that at that period Baruch was regarded as one of the prophets. But whilst it is right that this fact should be borne in mind, it tells rather against than in favour of Bunsen's hypothesis. At the present day, the Book of Baruch is reckoned by Catholics as part of the Canon, and Baruch is therefore ranked with the prophets; but we are not aware that his name has ever been associated with the authorship of Isaiah.

We have already intimated to what extent we could multiply proofs of the liberty which Bunsen takes with the Bible (we can call his mode of dealing with it by no other name), and the unscrupulous manner in which he does violence to all our most cherished opinions. Take but one more example, his treatment of the Book of Jonah. Jonah himself is not a mythical person, and the whole book is founded upon an actual occurrence. But the facts of the case, Bunsen tells us, were simply these. Jonah was shipwrecked, and was miraculously saved from perishing, after he had given up all hope. In commemo-

ration of his deliverance, he composed a psalm of thanksgiving. This psalm was preserved, and formed the basis of the legendary tale which we have received. His reference to the dark belly of the sea which had received him, and the bars of the deep which shut him in; to the cruel waves which swallowed him, and then had to give him up; gave rise to the popular legend, of the fish which swallowed Jonah, and afterwards 'vomited him out upon the dry land.' The impression produced by the Book of Jonah, which leads us to suppose that the storm was intended as a punishment for Jonah, is quite erroneous. It was the heathen mariners who were destroyed, and Jonah was saved. So soon as he was safely landed, he looked round for the crew. They had all vanished in the sea. They had called upon their gods, and expected deliverance from them; but by that very means they had turned away from the source of mercy and deliverance. They had become the prey of the storm; 'But I,' says the poet, 'will sacrifice unto thee with the voice of thanksgiving—salvation is of the Lord.' This might be a very plausible conjecture if we had nothing but the psalm, and were interested in imagining the circumstances which had given rise to it. But if this be a specimen of Bunsen's coming edition of the Bible, we are not anxious for its appearance. And if the Old Testament may safely and justly be treated in this way, it is time that we closed it as a book of any authority, and placed it on our shelves side by side with Homer, and Æschylus, and Sophocles, *primus inter pares* undoubtedly, but nothing more. We confidently expect to find that this is the position assigned it by Bunsen, and to learn from the forthcoming volume, that Æschylus and Sophocles, Socrates and Plato, were *just as truly, and in the same sense*, though in a very subordinate *degree*, schoolmasters to bring to Christ, as the leading personalities of the Old Testament. But in this we hope we may be mistaken.

We must now bring this article to a close. We had marked many striking passages of equal truth and beauty, and greatly regret that our limits will not allow us to quote them as we intended. Yet we could not well omit any thing that we have written; and having mentioned the fact that there is in the volume before us, as there must always be in anything written by Chevalier Bunsen, very much that is beautiful, and good, and true, we do not think that we have done injustice to the work or its author.

We cannot, however, refrain from quoting two passages, and they do not stand alone, in which the author upholds with all his heart the worth and importance of the Bible. 'He who would see the immense power exerted by this lever in the actual world, has only to turn his eyes to the history of European nations, and see what the Christian consciousness of God has done for them. Wherever the Bible is the national and family book, liberty is the inheritance of the people. The Bible contains within itself the demonstration of the Spirit and of power. It is not only called the book of humanity, it *is* this. It has not merely overthrown those who have opposed it, from Julian to Voltaire, but those who have wished to use it for their own selfish purposes, and for the support of their own systems and power.'

'Thou mayest shut the eyes of thy mind to the light, but thou canst not open them without seeing. Do not shut them. Why shouldst thou do so? Here is a book, not of signs and dreams, not for dreaming and soothsaying; no, a childlike and modest book, a book to be read with the eyes open, and heard with open ears. And it is running over with light and comfort, because it speaks to thee in thine own heart's language, but it speaks as something real, of things past and things to come. The true and good existed in the beginning, and they are still expanding themselves into an ever-spreading kingdom of God, into a condition of humanity, which is founded upon righteousness and justice, and thus unfolds in the finite and temporal the eternal thoughts of the Creator. Let us then, above all, look freely at its history, and we shall see that for more than four thousand years, and not least in the most modern times, all the progress of humanity towards light, and truth, and liberty, and right, has gone hand in hand with faith in this book.'

Here, too, are words of wisdom and power: 'The end of an age appears to be at hand. Many are the signs which point to this. Everything is working for its opposite, and the language of agreement is a presumptuous lie. Selfishness, in the shape of anarchy, works for absolutism; selfishness, in the shape of unfettered dynastic authority, is working for anarchy. Between these two demons humanity is in danger of perishing, and with it the culture of thousands of years. Look yonder, and you may see the rudest acts of violence committed in the land of liberty, whilst slavery is preached by men who hold the Bible in one hand, and the knife of the murderer in the other. Look here, and you will see superstition and priestcraft proclaimed in the name of the gospel, whilst men are heard exhorting to return to the ancient faith, supported by policemen and with the prison in the background. Internal wounds are expected to be healed by strengthening ecclesiastical forms. Intolerance is called the seal of a Christian state, and even persecution a proof of the earnestness of Protestant minds. Wrong is reduced to set forms, and these forms are deified. But stifled voices out of depths and abysses, and clear voices from the heights of heaven, call to princes and to peoples, "Be warned! Do justice; despise not the Deity." The ground is hollow on which you stand; why stamp it in, instead of seeking to prop it up? There are far too many sins, there is far too much injustice, the sufferings of men in many lands are far too severe, for God or man to endure it long. And to those, both high and low, who have not made shipwreck of faith—to all who are suffering and cast down—to all who are seeking and enduring—another voice is calling still, "Blessed are ye, for ye shall inherit the earth."'

We close the book with deep regret that it is impossible to winnow the chaff so that we might be able to do something more than speak of isolated passages in terms of commendation. Of the work as a whole we have felt constrained to speak severely. A translation will probably be issued soon, and our readers, we doubt not, will one and all admit that our judgment is just.

The Fables of Gotthold Ephraim Lessing.

Translated from the German.

BOOK THE FIRST.

XV.—THE OAK AND THE PIG.

A VORACIOUS pig was feeding under a lofty oak, on the fruit which had dropped down. While he was biting one acorn, he was devouring another with his eye 'Ungrateful animal!' at length exclaimed the oak, 'thou art nourished by my fruits without casting one single grateful look up at me!' The pig stopped a moment, and grunted in reply: 'My grateful looks should not be wanting, if I only knew that thou hadst let thy acorns fall purposely for me.'

XVI.—THE WASPS.

Rottenness and putrefaction destroyed the proud frame of a war-horse, who had been shot under his bold rider. Ever-working Nature uses the remains of one for the life of another; and so a swarm of young wasps flew out of the putrid carcase. 'Oh!' cried the wasps, 'what a divine origin we have! The stately horse, the favourite of Neptune, is our progenitor.' The attentive fabulist heard this strange boast, and thought of the Italians of to-day, who imagine themselves to be nothing less than descendants of the old and immortal Romans, because they have been born upon their graves.

XVII.—THE SPARROWS.

An old church, which furnished the sparrows with innumerable nests, was repaired. When it now stood there in its new splendour, the sparrows returned to seek their old dwellings; but they found them all walled up. 'What,' cried they, 'is the use of this great edifice now? Come, let us leave the useless heap of stones.'

XVIII.—THE OSTRICH.

'Now I will fly,' cried the gigantic ostrich; and the whole multitude of birds stood gathered round him in earnest expectation. 'Now I will fly,' he exclaimed again; spread out widely his powerful wings, and like a ship in full sail, shot forward, but still upon the ground, without once quitting it for a single step.

See here a poetic image of those unpoetic heads, which, in the first lines of their monstrous odes, boast with proud flourishes, threaten to soar beyond the clouds and stars, and yet ever remain faithful to the dust.

XIX.—THE SPARROW AND THE OSTRICH.

'Be as proud of thy size and strength as thou wilt,' said the sparrow to the ostrich, 'I am still more of a bird than thou; for thou canst not fly; but I do fly, though not high nor far.'

The easy composer of a lively drinking song, of a little amorous lay, is more a genius than the prosy writer of a long Hermaniade.

XX.—THE DOGS.

'How degenerated is our race, here, in this land,' said a travelled spaniel; 'in that distant part of the world, which men call India, there are still genuine dogs.' Dogs, my brothers (you will not believe me, and yet I have seen it with my own eyes) who do not fear a lion even, and boldly quarrel with him.' 'But then,' inquired a steady hound, 'do they conquer him as well?' 'Conquer?' was the answer; 'that I cannot exactly say. However, only think of attacking a lion!' 'Oh!' continued the hound, 'if they do not conquer him, then thy famous dogs in India are not a whit better than we are, but a great deal more stupid.'

XXI.—THE FOX AND THE STORK.

'Relate to me something of all the foreign lands which you have seen,' said the fox to the far-travelled stork. Hereupon the stork began to name to him every pool, every damp meadow, where he had feasted on the daintiest worms and the fattest frogs. 'You have been in Paris a long time, sir; where does one fare best there? What sorts of wines did you find most to your taste there?'

XXII.—THE OWL AND THE TREASURE-DIGGER.

That treasure-digger was a very unreasonable man. He ventured into the ruins of an old robber's retreat, and there became aware that the owl seized and ate a lean mouse. 'Is that fitting,' said he, 'for the philosophical favourite of Minerva?' 'Why not?' replied the owl. 'Because I love silent meditation, can I on that account live on air? I know very well indeed that you men require it of your learned ones.'

XXIII.—THE YOUNG SWALLOW.

'What are you doing there?' demanded a swallow of the busy ants. 'We are collecting provisions for the winter,' was the speedy reply. 'That is prudent,' said the swallow, 'that I also will do.' And she immediately began to carry a number of dead spiders and flies to her nest. 'But what is this for?' asked her mother at last. 'What for? Provision for the biting winter, dear mother; and you had better do the same! The ants have taught me this forethought.' 'Oh! leave this little prudence to ants of the earth,' replied the old one; 'what suits them does not suit swallows, that are so much better. Kind Nature has appointed us a better fortune. When the rich summer is ended, we depart hence; during this journey we gradually fall asleep, and then the warm marshes receive us, where we repose, without any wants, till a new spring wakes us up to a new life.'

XXIV.—MEROPS.

'I just want to ask you something,' said a young eagle to a thoughtful and profoundly learned screech owl. 'They say there was a bird, named Merops, which, when it soared up into the air, flew with its tail uppermost, and its head turned to the earth. Is that true?' 'Not at all,' answered the owl; 'that is an absurd invention of man. He

himself may be such a Merops; because he would only be too willing to fly towards heaven, without for one moment losing sight of earth.'

XXV.—THE PELICAN.

Parents cannot do too much for well-behaved children; but when a weak father draws the blood from his heart for a degenerate son, then his love becomes folly.

'A good pelican, seeing its young ones sinking, tore open its breast with its sharp beak, and refreshed them with its own blood. 'I admire your tenderness,' exclaimed an eagle to him, 'but deplore your blindness. Only see how many good-for-nothing cuckoos you have hatched with your young ones!' And it was truly so; for the unfeeling cuckoo had pushed its eggs under the pelican. Were the ungrateful cuckoos worthy of having their lives bought at such a price?

XXVI.—THE LION AND THE TIGER.

The lion and the hare both sleep with their eyes open. And thus the former, wearied with the mighty chase, once slept before the entrance of his dreadful den. Then a tiger sprang past, and laughed at his easy slumber. 'The fearless lion,' cries he, 'does he not sleep with open eyes as naturally as the hare?' 'Like the hare?' roared the lion, leaping up, and he was instantly at the throat of the mocker. The tiger rolled in his own blood, and the conqueror, appeased, laid down again to sleep.

XXVII.—THE BULL AND THE STAG.

An unwieldy bull and a fleet stag were feeding together in a meadow. 'Stag,' said the bull, 'if the lion should attack us, let us stand together as one man; we will withstand him bravely.' 'Do not encourage me to do that,' rejoined the stag, 'for why should I engage in an unequal fight with the lion, when I can more safely run away from him?'

XXVIII.—THE ASS AND THE WOLF.

An ass met a hungry wolf. 'Have compassion on me,' said the trembling ass; 'I am a poor sick animal; only see what a thorn I have run into my foot!' 'Truly I pity thee,' answered the wolf; 'and I find myself bound in conscience to release thee from this pain.' Hardly was the word said than the ass was torn in pieces.

XXIX.—THE KNIGHT IN CHESS.

Two boys were going to play chess, and because there was a knight wanting, they substituted for it a superfluous pawn, with a mark to distinguish it. 'Oh!' cried the other knights, 'whither, Sir Step-by-step?' The boys heard the raillery, and said, 'Be silent! Does he not do us just the same service as you?'

XXX.—ÆSOP AND THE ASS.

The ass said to Æsop, 'When you bring out a little tale again about me, just let me say something really sensible and witty.' 'Thou something witty!' said Æsop; 'how would that suit? Would not men say, thou wast the moralist, and I the ass?'

Two Hundred Years Ago!

A DOMESTIC COLLOQUY.—ECCLESIASTES vii. 10.

'Now what in the name of goodness is your extreme worthiness poking at all the evening, that one cannot get a word out of you; if you men were not so selfish you would read aloud, and give us the benefit of your brown studies.'

So our bright cousin I.V. (surnamed Immortal Virtue),* burst in upon our reading and our musing one evening this cold March. Now as the wind was not in the east, we stood in no need of a grumblery or a growlery, and as a cousin is always a useful addition to one's solitary joys, dear domestic creatures, who will get your slippers and your dressing-gown, or fetch any book out of your library that the occasion may require, we promptly answered,—

'Dear I. V., pardon our absence of mind—we awake to a delightful consciousness of your presence—we were so absorbed in this old book, and in the reveries it occasioned, that to our shame be it spoken, we had entirely forgotten you, and the magnificent piece of crochet on which you expend your time without roughing your fingers. It must be a great improvement upon needlework, cousin?'

'Will your high mightiness condescend to mind your own affairs, and leave my crochet alone? Don't you know I am doing this for the Society for the Encouragement of the Irish Peasantry? Come, tell me, do dear cousin, what on earth you have been at all this evening, moping in your chair over that old brown book—it smells quite earthy.'

'On one condition—that you run on your nimblest pace after any book or every book that we may want, to illustrate or explain what I have been reading in this rare book you libel as "earthy."'

'With joy—you know that I. V. is never so happy as when'—

'You need not finish the sentence: perhaps it would be an hyperbole.'

'Oh no! I was going to say, as when I am gaining information: I wasn't going to flatter you: you do that yourself rather extensively.'

'Well, cousin—dear I. V.—no arguments to-night: man is vain: essentially, and therefore properly vain; and woman is the shadow of the man's weaknesses, whom she loves. Here is the "London Gazette" from 1665 to 1666. I have been going back to those "good old times," striving to realize their real character, putting myself, as far as my imagination would allow me, into the actualities of two hundred years ago, and trying to work out the social problem of this country under that second Charles, of whom the old Tory, Dr. Johnson, said, that though "he was licentious in practice, he always had a reverence for what was good."'

'And so he balanced his accounts: I beg pardon: proceed, if you please.'

* See Wisdom of Solomon, chap. iv. ver. 1.

'Well, my general conclusion is, that I would much rather be here with you, my merschaum, and my various *et ceteras*, which are all of them delightful improvements of human life, than have lived in those pre-comfortable ages. Now for particulars. I will read you a few extracts. Observe the size of this "London Gazette:" it was the only newspaper of that day: "Times," "Herald," "Morning Chronicle," &c., &c., &c., all in one, just a half-sheet of the size of the "Nonconformist," was all the newspaper that England at that time had, could have, or cared to have.

'You will notice, if you look over my shoulder, which will be very pleasant, that from November 7, 1665, to February 1, 1666, it is called "The *Oxford* Gazette." The king was then living at Oxford, on account of the plague, and the "Gazette" was then, as ever since it has been, published by authority, but was "reprinted *at* London for the use of some merchants and gentlemen who desired it." Let us skip all these details about the sea-fights between the English and the Dutch, because you can get them romanticised in Macaulay, and look at those little items of intelligence that reveal the real state of society. Here is something about the plague. "The account of the weekly bill runs thus: Deaths in London, 1,359; plague, 1,050; decreased, 428." And again: "Oxon. Jan. 13, 1666. His Majestie, with the advice of his Privie Council, hath, upon mature deliberation, resolved that the two last returns of the next term shall be held in the Castle of Windsor, for the preventing the too early resort of company to his Cities of London and Westminster, and to favour the total abatement of the sickness, which, with a little care and patience, now in the declension" (that is, cousin, the *sickness* was in the declension), "we may in a few weeks hope for:" and then on Feb. 1, we find the king at Whitehall, "upon the continued decrease of the sickness, thanks be to God," and henceforth "The Oxford Gazette" becomes "The London Gazette," printed "by Thomas Newcomb, over against Baynard's Castle, in Thames Street." Do I weary you?'

'Oh, pray go on; there is nothing, however, of much interest or information yet.'

'Here is an obituary notice of a curious character occurring amidst details about the plague:—"Durham,* Jan. 17. Wednesday last was buried here, Mr. Anthony Pearson, a man particularly noticed in these parts, as having passed through all the degrees of separation and phanaticism, in all of which he was a principal leader; but having lived to see his errors, he, with his children and family, received Episcopal confirmation, and so he dyed a true sonne of y^e^ Church of England."'

'Rather a lame and impotent conclusion to his phases of faith. One would like to know how many points of the theological compass he mastered.'

'Yes; it reminds me of what a man in humble life said to me one

* The 'London Gazette' contained provincial intelligence, although 'our own correspondent' was not yet invented.

day—"My mother used to belong to the Methodists, but she joined the Church of England, and so, thank God, she died a Protestant." But let us return to the plague: look at these weekly notices—what a reality it gives to one's impressions to read these figures, remembering with what anxiety the citizens of London would look for these weekly returns. You remember the clergy fled from London during this terrible visitation.'

'Yes. I never think of the plague without recalling to mind the heroism of our Nonconforming forefathers during that fearful period of sickness and crime. I rejoice in this recollection, and while you smoke your meerschaum, I will read the passage from "Calamy's Life of Baxter;" it is well worth a niche in the next article you write for "The Christian Spectator:"—"In the time of the plague, anno 1665, there was great mourning for that desolating stroke: the silenced ministers had till this time preached very privately, and but to a few, not so much through their timerousness, as in hope that their forbearance might at length procure them some liberty; but when the plague grew hot, and the ministers of the city churches fled, and left their flocks in the time of their extremity, several of the Nonconformists, pitying the dying and distressed people, that had none to call the impenitent to repentance, nor to help them to prepare for another world, nor to comfort them in their terrors, when about ten thousand died in a week, were convinced that no obedience to the laws of any mortal man soever could justifie their neglecting men's souls and bodies in such extremities, any more than they can justifie parents for famishing their children to death. And thereupon they *resolved to stay with the people*, enter the forsaken pulpits, and give them what assistance they could, under such an awakening Providence, *and also visit the sick*, and get what relief they could for the poor, especially such as were shut up. The face of death did so awaken preachers and hearers, that the former exceeded themselves in lively, fervent preaching, and the latter heard with a peculiar ardour and attention. And through the blessing of God, many were converted from their carelessness, impenitence, and youthful lusts and vanities; and religion took that hold upon people's hearts, as could never after be loosed." I recollect that Defoe tells the same tale in his history of the "Great Plague." Brave hearts these, dear cousin! High heroism here! The hirelings fled because they *were* hirelings; but those who were not hirelings "*resolved to stay with the people, and also visit the sick.*" But the "ministers in the city churches fled when the plague grew hot." Truly did our Lord say, "The hireling seeth the wolf coming, and leaveth the sheep, and fleeth, because he careth not for the sheep." Great, good old Puritans,—

> "Of the three hundred, grant but three,
> To make a new Thermopylæ."

But now read on, if you please, out of your earthy book; my extract is finished.'

'Well, I. V., as you are strong-minded hear this, although I fear it

would shock the rose-water ladies. It's about the king's evil. Do listen. "April 8, 1667. Proclamation. By reason of the approaching summer heats, His Majestie has been pleased to declare that there shall be no further Public Touching for the Evil till the heats be over." This is repeated in May with the farther announcement that "until Michaelmas next, all persons concerned are to forbear their addresses for being touched." And there are notices all through this Gazette of the same kind, that throw a strange murky light upon the superstitions and pretences of that period. If you will reach me that old folio, I will read you another extract on this subject.'

'Do you mean old Wiseman's book?'

'Yes, but don't be rude to a dead man. "Several Chirurgical Treatises, by Richard Wiseman, Serjeant-chirurgeon. Printed for R. Royston, printer to His most Sacred Majesty, at the Ship in St. Paul's Churchyard, 1686." Just hear what this learned medico says: "God hath dealt bountifully with this nation, in giving the kings of it, from Edward the Confessor downwards, an extraordinary power in the miraculous cure of the king's evil. His Majesty, that now is, having exercised that faculty with wonderful success, not only here, but beyond the seas, in Flanders, Holland, and France itself." . . . "Quod quidem immortale munus quasi hæreditario jure, ad posteriores reges manavit; nam Reges Angliæ etiam nunc tactu, ac quibusdam hymnis, non sine ceremoniis, prius recitatus, strumosos sanant."'

'Was this power only the *king's*, cousin, not the *queen's?* I thought Heaven s gifts were without partiality.'

'Patience, dear impetuous L. V. "Bishop Tooker, speaking of Queen Elizabeth, adds, that *she did* perform the cure, non virtute propriâ, sed virtute signi crucis, not by her own virtue, but by *virtue of the sign of the cross*, which she made at the time of healing." . . . Returning to the king, and "the great concourse of persons to Whitehall," Wiseman says, "I myself have been a frequent eye-witness of many hundreds of cures performed by his Majestie's touch alone, without any assistance of chirurgery, and those, many of them, such as had tired out the endeavours of able chirurgeons before they came thither. It is needless, also, to remember what miracles of this nature were performed by the very Bloud of His Late Majestie of Blessed Memory, after whose decollation by the inhuman barbarity of the Regicides, the reliques that were gathered on chips, and in handkerchiefs, by the pious Devotes, who could not but think so great a suffering in so honourable and pious a cause would be attended by an extraordinary assistance of God, and some more than ordinary miracle; nor did their faith deceive them in this point, there being so many hundreds that found the Benefit of it. If His dead Bloud were accompanied by so much of Vertue, what shall we say of his living Image, the Inheritor of His Cause and Kingdom?" I see you smile, but if old Dr. Wiseman were living, he would speak again as he does here in indignant rebuke "of the infidelity of this fantastical age."'

'Well, cousin, I shall never go by Whitehall again without fancying I see the old and young, men and maidens, all impotent folk wait-

ing, as they once did round the pool of Bethesda, for the touch of that blessed and abominable Charles. Rough lives those honest Puritans must have had with such a set of hollow, pretentious physicians and divines. The clergymen run away from the plague, and the doctors believe in quackery. Cromwell never touched for the evil—not he; he believed in God, a real and present, personal God, his light, his truth, and his all—and he dared not, like the hypocrite and sensualist Charles, exalt himself above all that is called God. How I do hate the memory of those perfidious Charleses; I have long since made a vow that if ever I should attain what you men call the normal condition of woman, none of my children shall bear the hated name of Charles.'

'Dear I. V., save your indignation! You will be sure to want it ere long. Let us go back to the earthy Gazette. February 12, 1667. Parliament met, and "His Majestie was pleased to come in his Crown and Robes, and was graciously pleased to express himself in the following speech." I will not read the whole; it is a rough and ready kind of thing, not very Palmerstonian. "My lords and gentlemen, I am very glad to see you again, to tell you *what I have done in the interval*, which I am confident you will be pleased with, since it is all for the honour and security of this nation," &c., &c. Very cool and Nebuchadnezzar-like. "What *I* have done!" but even then there was one "Evill" which his "most sacred Majestie" could not cure; listen to this pitiful acknowledgment of royal weakness and bluster: "There is one thing I hold myself obliged to recommend to you, which is, that you would seriously think of some course to beget a *better union and composure* in the minds of my Protestant subjects in matters of religion, whereby they may be induced not only to submit quietly to the Government, but also cheerfully to give their assistance in support of it." The English of which is, the king wanted money, and given a king in a condition of impecuniosity, how best and tenderest to bleed the Nonconformists. You may well detest the Charleses, cousin I. V.'

'I do. I wouldn't have a King Charles's dog. I have had several little pets offered me, true King Charleses—black as ink in the roof of the mouth, &c.—but no, I can't abide the name; give me one Victoria water-spaniel, and I will thank you.'

'Well, talking about dogs, let me read you some curious advertisements touching the canine creation. "July 24, 1667. There was lost in Westminster, the 3rd instant, a white greyhound, with red cheeks and a spot of red on his side. Whosoever shall bring intelligence of him to His Grace the Duke of Albemarle's porter, at the Cockpit, shall be well rewarded." And here is another: "Lost, Aug. 28, a fallow dog of His Grace the Duke of Albemarle, with a white ring on his neck," &c., &c. And here is another, and another, half a dozen, at least, about pet dogs, favourite spaniels, lost, stolen, or strayed, "to be brought, if found, to Prince Rupert's lodgings, in the stone gallerie of Whitehall." There are many other similar notices that let us a little into the domestic life of the nobility and young

sprigs of royalty in those days; but this was by the way, your vehement denunciation of Charles suggested these passages. Here are some little bits of information, picked up in various parts of this volume, touching another phase of social life in those days; just fancy we could go back to those good old times. "Whereas divers letters miscarry by not giving full directions, whence blame is needlessly put upon the letter-office, all persons are desired hereafter to be more *punctuall* in mentioning the shire, there being several towns in England of the same name, and also the street, and *some place adjacent of some note*, if there be not a signe."'

'They had not invented the mysterious symbols—S., S.E., W., N.W., S.M., &c., by which Rowland Hill proposes now to disfigure our letters; I believe ere long we shall have to direct them in Chaldee; I hate these changes.'

'You should have lived in Charles's time, and you would cease this pettishness. Listen again, dear, sensible, I. V. I beg pardon for calling you pettish. "Amantium iræ," &c., you know the rest. "All persons desirous to send letters from London to Liverpool, Ormskirk, Wiggon, &c., in the county of Lancaster, or from thence to London, may take notice that their letters will be conveyed thrice every week by horse, which formerly went on foot, and but twice a week."'

'The horse which formerly went on foot. Don't all horses go on foot?'

'Don't be perverse; it means the mail; at the same time there was "a new horse post for the advance of commerce and correspondence between Exeter and Lawnston, to carry letters twice a week." How nice the age has become since then. And look here, think of the London Apprentices and Walter Scott, and then listen while I read two paragraphs; what a fearful insight they give us into disorganization of society in those past days. "March 25, 1668. Several apprentices of this city joined themselves in abusing the liberty given them in their Easter holidays, and tumultuously got together to endeavour the pulling down some houses of ill-fame in the suburbs, were seized by the guards, and may in due time receive the just reward of their riotous motions." We have not long to wait; here follows the bloody sequel: "London, May 9. This day, Thomas Limmerick, Edward Cotton, Peter Messenger, and Richard Beasley, four of the apprentices apprehended for riotous conduct during the Easter holidays, having been tryed, and found guilty, at Hicks' Hall, and sentenced as traytors, were accordingly drawn, hanged, and quartered at Tyburn, where showing many signs of penitence, their quarters were permitted burial, and only two of their heads ordered to be fixed on London Bridge." Such, dear cousin, was life in those days; what a pity there was no "Illustrated London News" of the times; it would have been a rare treat for these days to *see*, as well as to *read*, the incredibilities of our past English history. But my earthy book must have wearied you; at any rate, you have now found out the secret of the brown study of which your dear naughtiness spoke so disrespectfully, and now let us close for the present, and retire for supper.'

'I have got a supper for you, such as neither Charles nor Prince Rupert ever tasted, or deserved to taste; you deserve anything after this evening's goodness in reading so much to your impetuous but loving cousin.'

W. G. Z.

Thoroughness in Early Instruction.

Everyone who has devoted any measure of practical attention to the subject, has made up his mind that the value of education depends on the *thoroughness* of the instructional process in its successive stages, much rather than upon the quantity or variety of knowledge supposed to be communicated by the teacher. And everyone who has closely conversed with the multitude of young or old persons around him, has discovered that this thoroughness of early instruction is a blessing which very few minds indeed have ever enjoyed. We are surrounded on all sides by whole regiments of soldiers in the battle of life, who have not thoroughly learned even the goose-step, much less the use of their arms and the evolutions of battle. A man of disciplined intelligence, whose business brings him into contact with the common people who fill the church and the forum, is constantly mortified by ascertaining that scarcely one person in a score appears to have the proper use of his inward faculties, or any vigorous enjoyment from the functions of his intellectual being. In matters of external business they may be accurate, prompt, and diligent, though even this is far from being a true representation of the character of the majority; but in everything relating to the operations and enjoyments of the mind, the masses of those who are said to have received a good education are mere children. Vividness of conception, accuracy of apprehension, strength of reasoning, confidence in their own perceptions of truth, correctness in the use of language, and a ready insight into the stick-coat-and-hat construction of a scarecrow sophism, are not attainments which can be truly attributed to the generality. Their speech bewrayeth them. They are mere Galileans. Their minds have never been quickened into continuous action. You might look in at their eyes for years together to discover only how much the 'inner man' was 'at home in the body.' 'Their talk,' as the Son of Sirach justly observes, 'is of oxen, and their glory is in the goad.' Yes; that talk, even among the upper classes of the great crowd, in what does it consist? In a series of futile interjections, of stereotyped descriptions of the weather, of inquiries after the valuable health of their companions, of the utterances of vain hopes, frivolous, pernicious slang, or theological, political, or commercial common-places. A picture is 'pretty;' a dress is 'nice;' a bill is 'good;' a book is 'interesting;' a sermon is 'striking;' and beyond this short catalogue of adjectives, they seldom enter into the regions of criticism. These are your broad-clothed, broad-

based 'seat-holders,' who, as they never were reasoned into their opinions, can never be reasoned out of them; these are your young round-collared gentlemen and crinolined ladies, who judge of all things in earth and heaven according to their respectability; these are your multitudinous shopkeepers, artizans, and labourers, who, having no sense of their own in politics or religion, resign their interest in one to the keeping of a landlord or a customer, in the other, to the charge of a priest or a loud-mouthed newspaper divine. These are the people, and they are legion, who never 'know exactly what to think' on any subject under the sun; but who dread, denounce, and if they can will destroy, any man of well-defined convictions and honest speech; who anathematize as 'eccentric' every soul that moves in an orbit which has not the mob for its centre, and as 'crotchety,' every spirit that conscientiously thinks over its opinions one by one; and who raise, of course, an overwhelming and wonderful caw, if a wood-cutter applies the axe of reformation to the roots of any one of their ecclesiastical or political rookeries. These are the people, in short, who never make any real progress in thought or life, because they never made any real beginning. Their souls are unfurnished with those driving wheels, exactly cogged and firmly fixed, by which they might be brought into gear with the machinery of the spiritual and intellectual universe, and receive a permanent impulsion from its forces. Their spindles hang loose in their sockets, and if they move at all, it is only by the action of a flabby strap that comes to them from the great revolving drum of popular opinion. The production of their lives is an empty uniform hum, not work—for nothing within them is strong enough to work in a world of realities.

Now, although a large part of this evil must certainly, gentle reader, be set down to the adult sloth, sensuality, vanity, and obstinacy of mankind, will it not be at once a charitable and a practically profitable view of the matter, if we resolve much of the general incapacity to think and act with vigour into the defects of early education—I mean, the slovenly, incomplete, rubbishing quality of their school instruction?

It seems to be fair to say that a foolish man or woman is a foolish boy or girl grown up; and if the poor fatuous blundering adult, all whose ideas are fragments of fog, never had the opportunity of knowing in early life that it was possible to have clear conceptions, that enjoyment and utility depend upon accurate information and thought, that a mind ought to go with exactness, like a clock or a chronometer, and not to flounder in mud like a blind eel in the darkness, is it wonderful that the deficiencies of youth have affected the character of age? Certain it is that in all ranks of society thoroughness of early instruction is the exception, and not the rule, and that this evil is perhaps more rife among schools of the upper class than among the lower. And I believe, further, that it is the miserable quality of the teaching common in schools, which is accountable, in a large measure, for the comparative rarity in society of minds whose life is either pleasurable to themselves or profitable to the world.

There is but one method of making real progress, either in general mental ability, or in any particular knowledge, and that is by obtaining a complete mastery of the elements in whatever department of study the mind is required to exert its energies, and it is precisely the common failure at the threshold, the failure of the pupil to attain such a complete mastery of the elements, which makes every successive step a toil and difficulty, and 'leaving school,' a time to be regarded as one for the throwing up of hats and the execution of dances in the air. No one who numbers schoolboys among his acquaintances (and if you get on the right side of them they are very interesting companions), can doubt that the majority of these young gentlemen regard the classics as a bore, and entertain by no means a reverential feeling towards the Providence which permitted the writings of the Greeks and Romans to escape the ravages of time, and the conflagration of the libraries of antiquity. There is nothing at which boys feel generally more astonishment than at the zeal with which the elder, and therefore stronger portion of the race, compel them to spend their jolliest years in making out such dry and intolerably difficult stuff as this ancient literature, in which every word is covered like a chrysalis in a tangled cocoon of inflections, and every sentence perplexed by an arrangement of the parts, which seems to them to have been contrived by the very genius of vexation and disorder. So far from rejoicing in the glories of the Greeks and Romans, it is certain that most schoolboys sincerely wish that they had never lived; just as truly as a boy, in my hearing, expressed his unsophisticated joy when he heard that poor Kerchever Arnold was dead.*

Now it is incontestable that much of this pain and weariness accompanying the process of a classical education arises from the fact that the majority of schoolboys never were thoroughly grounded in the first elements of Greek and Latin, they never thoroughly knew their declensions, their conjugations, and the simpler rules of syntax. They are always halting in uncertainty from doubt, or consciously imperfect knowledge of some portion of the rudiments. Now it is the case of a noun, now it is the tense of a passive verb, now it is a part of that 'horrible subjunctive,' which is the subject of hesitation; all of which are matters supposed to be perfectly mastered in the junior classes. But they never were mastered; and the doubt goes up through successive stages, even perhaps to the height of the sixth form, entangling at every step the feet of the unhappy disciple, and preventing him from feeling that joy in his labour under the sun, which belongs alone to the man who is master of the situation. It is all the same with his French, his German, his Euclid, his arithmetic, his history, and his geography. Progress in any one of these depends upon a thorough knowledge of the elements, and if, as is usually the case, he is set to work upon 'things too high for him,' there can be but one result—he feels as those pigs must have felt at

* It is proper to explain, for the sake of the uninitiated, that this gentleman was the most celebrated composer of difficult exercise books in modern times.

Sunderland, who were caught upon hooks that had been left overnight in a shed, baited for the deep sea fishery.

The examinations of the Government for the civil service have revealed an amount of inexact education which should attract the practical attention of all who have sons to send forth to battle in a world where exact knowledge will always be power. Intellectual and practical habits generally go together—the one being the reflex of the other. Balaklava is the counterpart and outgrowth of Harrow, Westminster, and Eton. That frightful chaos of mud, misery, and despair—of wreck, plague, waste, passion, and entanglement — of famishing heroism, ragged glory, and valour in the tatters of distress, was the natural adult development of spirits that at school and college learned nothing thoroughly, and did nothing well. Those minds which in youth were indefinite vapours, mere Will-o'-the-wisps, did not become stars in maturity, but only more widely extended fogs, some of them deadly.

What, then, are the causes of this wide-spread evil? They are manifestly these, and in a knowledge of the springs of the mischief, we shall come to learn the remedy:—First (to lay the blame where most teachers mistakingly think that it is wholly due), the common want of thoroughness in knowledge and the use of the faculties arises from the innate stupidity, slothfulness, and inattention of the majority of children, when left to their own devices. Now and then a child arises in a family with a natural aptitude for exact learning. It is born with a predisposition to minute accuracy, from some exquisite conformation of the brain; it takes to cases, tenses, and mathematical arguments, as naturally as a young duck to the water, or a swallow to the air. The mind receives perfect photographic images from the worlds of grammar and proportion, and the young scholar has a native ear for the harmonies of syntax, and feels the misery inflicted by a discord in construction as acutely as a worker on the score. But every one knows that this is far from being a true description of average boys and girls. These are by nature born like the wild ass's colt, and are to be taught exactness only by a process analogous to that by which you would accustom a colt to equal paces and good behaviour in the shafts. Of course children differ exceedingly in the measure of their natural application and accuracy of memory; but it is certainly true, that if left to themselves the large majority of them will content themselves with 'general knowledge,' to the utter neglect of details and minute particulars. And more than this, the process of reducing them to order, the task of fixing in their minds with immovable firmness a knowledge of those elemental forms of speech or argument on which all subsequent progress depends, is one of the most trying labours to which the mind of man or woman can be directed. The process of thoroughly instructing the youth of both sexes in the rudiments of the various knowledges immediately suggests images derived from all the most toilsome departments of the world of work. One thinks of the treadmill, of oakum-picking, of stone-breaking, of the crank, the hammer, and the beetle; the

thoughts involuntarily wander for a parable by which to portray such labour as that of conscientiously teaching average brains in youth the liberal arts of music and grammatical construction in the learned tongues—to the functions of the stone-paviour eternally ramming granite boulders into order upon the crowded thoroughfare—to the blacksmith smiting through a life-time of perspiration on his anvil—to the navigator for ever digging into and wheeling off mountains of mud and clay, to construct channels for the water, or railways on the land. But indeed there is no physical labour which aptly or sufficiently symbolizes that of beating conjugations into a moderately gifted booby, or time-scales and irregular French verbs, and the forms of negative interrogation, into a volatile lass. As to the modern pretences of teaching without any considerable labour, without fagging on the part of either pupil or preceptor, no manner of faith is to be placed in them. 'Multiplication *is* vexation; Division is as bad,' to the majority of the younger students of these modes of calculation; and no amount of chaff, in the shape of assurance that the Rule of Three is delightful, will entice these young birds into the steel-trap of scientific arithmetic. God has not willed that the masses of mankind should acquire either exact knowledge, or the proper use of their mental faculties, otherwise than by a severe apprenticeship. There is nothing for it but hard work; and the greater number of heads will not work to advantage, until the elements have been wrought into their understandings and memories by the strenuous and persevering action upon them of a stronger and an older mind.

This brings us to the second cause of the common want of thoroughness in instruction—I mean the difficulty of finding persons who will expend the labour necessary to establish average children in a perfect knowledge of the rudiments. Schools and school-masters are plentiful as blackberries, and governesses are not very rare; and in the present day a very large number of these persons are endued with great genius and excellence, and with various accomplishments. But to know is one thing; to teach is quite another. Every intelligent man or woman loves an intelligent child; but it is not every one who knows how to be patient with a youngster whose very soul loathes the declensions, and whose nightly sleep acts like a diurnal Lethe upon the acquisitions of the day. The prophet still finds it difficult not to smite his stubborn ass, in the narrow and gloomy passes of the toilsome journey. It is not every one who knows Latin and Greek, French, German, and Euclid, who knows also how to accommodate the paces of his own mind to the slow movements and unelastic footsteps of the multitude to whom school is a purgatory through which they must painfully pass into the Heaven of adult life beyond. Besides, there are many who can strike a good blow for one who can keep on hammering; and it is this genius for repetition in the teaching of the rudiments which is so uncommon.

The less exactness and energy there is in a pupil, the more of these qualities must be put forth by the instructor; and there is no mesmerism so exhausting as this. Accordingly, no small proportion of

those who are engaged in tuition shirk the awful labour of thoroughly grounding their average disciples. To him that hath shall be given, is their rule of action; they cultivate the quick-witted brains, and leave the generality to their fate. Now, I have a great respect for the duller, slower portion of the boy and girl population. They usually turn out well and repay labour, if they are so fortunate as to be brought in early life into the hands of a vigorous instructor, like rough cotton into the grasp of a Manchester mill. And one cannot but feel that a teacher ought to be as proud of rescuing an average soul from a barren mediocrity by his diligence, as of inspiring conspicuously able minds by his genius. But such diligence is too commonly undervalued and underpaid. In public schools, the elementary classes are usually committed to men who, among mankind, stand in the same relation as pack-horses to racers. Any hack is thought, too frequently, good enough to teach the juniors; and as the price of a hack alone is offered, nothing better can be expected for the money. Hence follows a radical insufficiency of rudimentary instruction. Intelligent perseverance requires mind, and mind will fetch money. Larger salaries ought to be given to the teachers of the elements, and altogether a higher order of persons employed upon the work. The adoption of this measure would immediately be felt throughout the whole succeeding course of instruction. Indeed, the first subject of inquiry in school examination ought always to be the quality of the elementary teaching. In the structure of the Houses of Parliament and of the Arc d'Etoile, the substructions are nearly as deep underground as the edifices are high above the surface—and the foundations of adult thought ought to be laid thus deep in the thoroughness of a school education. Happy are the parents who have found for their children so inestimable a blessing as a careful and conscientious teacher. The habit of exactness acquired in youth is seldom lost. It passes from the memory into the judgment and reason, and frequently from thence into the conscience.

The third cause of that imperfect school training which leads to so many after evils, is the common and ignorant desire of parents for show, quantity, and variety, rather than for soundness in attainment.

It is not every parent who has a clear idea of what he wants when he sends a son or daughter to school. And of those who do know what they want, many want the wrong thing. Some send their children to a school because it is conveniently near at hand, although the instruction given may be nearly worthless. Others will send their boys to a person who has a reputation for carrying youth rapidly forward, either in classics or mathematics. Others consign their children to a school of which they know nothing, but that it is respectable, and that their friends act precisely in the same manner. The great majority of parents are more pleased to hear that their children are reading Homer and Horace, than that they are thoroughly learning the grammar, which would enable them to read with facility and profit. Not many are contented with a little perfectly mastered, understanding that the object of school education is the training of the faculties

to habits of exact perception and action, as the instruments of all future acquisition and activity in the world. Thus encouraged, the teacher sinks into indolent habits, and the pupil passes from subject to subject, and from class to class, consciously building on the sand, until he leaves school and 'finishes his education' with his head full of half-knowledge, and his hand untrained for every strenuous work. The dear boy who returns in this condition to the domestic roof, is in a fair way to grow up with a fixed taste for superficial acquirements, and with that unlimited conceit in his own foolish judgment which is the peculiar characteristic of the empty dandy and buffoon. The father wonders why the expenditure of so much money has not ended, at least, in the power of speaking a French sentence correctly, or in a steady taste for some description of useful reading or polite accomplishment. But no. The young gentleman was never sufficiently master of the rudiments of any branch of learning to be able to take a hearty interest in the process of building thereon. The invaluable season of early youth has passed away when the drudgery and discipline of elementary learning is best endured, when the memory is retentive, and the organs of speech are pliable, and now it is too late to begin again. He must grow up as he best can, and find, in the necessary accuracy of business, a rough substitute for the intellectual training which he should have gained before. If that fail, there is no prospect but that he will grow up clothed spiritually in tatters. He may be a rich man; he may become a church member, and even a busy deacon, and managing director, and hold a seat in college councils and missionary boards; but he will continue, in spite of these ill-gained stars and orders, to carry within him a soul devoid of clear and conscientious convictions, devoid of beliefs gained by diligent investigation, and devoid of the power which would deliver him from being the bondslave of the 'beast-worshipping' multitude, and the time-serving repeater of its cries.

E. W.

Lights of England in the Dark Ages.

ALFRED THE GREAT.

(Concluded from page 54.)

We have seen in what a deplorably dark condition Alfred found his kingdom, owing to the incursions of the Danes. Not a single man of the most ordinary attainments to be found south of the Thames, and the state of things but very little better in those portions of the country which had been less exposed to the piratical attacks of the barbarians! The waves of the northern invasion had swept away almost every trace of culture. So far as the schools of learning were concerned the island might almost as well have been sunk for twenty-

four hours under the sea. Meanwhile on the partial retiring of the waters, the intellectual restoration was not the only, nor the first work to be attended to. The nation had to be politically and socially reorganized. Mutual divisions and jealousies had to be healed, in order that shoulder to shoulder the nation might fight in defence of its soil, its laws, and its religion. Those wooden walls of Old England had to be built, which have ever since proved a sure protection against invasion. For to ALFRED is due the discovery of this grand *arcanum* of our strength. In short, his was a task scarcely less various and difficult than that of Moses, and had he not been animated by a faith like that of the great prophet, who was called of God to make the Israelitish nation out of a horde of Egyptian slaves, he must have sunk in despair beneath his burden.

Our heroic ALFRED, as we know, though disheartened, was *not* cast down. As he looked abroad upon the wide waste he might well feel smitten with many a pang, but he put his trust in God, and, instead of wringing his hands in helplessness, set manfully to work. Striking the spade into the earth, he began to till the fallow ground in his own immediate neighbourhood, and to plant once more the tree of knowledge, confiding in Heaven to scatter the seeds afar, and to make the blasted heath again rejoice and blossom as the rose.

Happy was it for England that she could bear such a son for such an emergency, and still more happy that she had borne him for the throne! In a private station how little could even an ALFRED have accomplished. But as the royal deliverer of his people, something at least was possible. Even Mr. Baines, it is to be supposed, would hardly care to deny that here, at any rate, was an instance, however rare such may be, in which the ruling power was the only one that could be properly entrusted with the education of the people. Surely with examples like that of ALFRED to warn us against too hasty generalization, it is scarcely wise to insist too stiffly on the abstract dogma, that in no conceivable case can a government legitimately undertake the schoolmaster's function. On the other hand, every true patriot, unless drugged with a *nostrum*, like Mr. Cobden and some others of the Manchester politicians, must see that it is infinitely better that a people should educate themselves, as the people of England are (as the Census proves), at last fairly in the way of doing, than that the State should have them in its leading-strings. The paternal theory of government belongs to the creed of despotism, and is applicable only when, owing to the infantile helplessness of a people, the dictatorship of a father of his country, like our immortal ALFRED, is the sheet-anchor of national safety. Thus, here again, as ever, the exception is seeming only, and really proves the rule, so that stanch voluntary educationalists, unless *ultra* in their sentiments, can consistently join in felicitating their country on having an ALFRED at hand to disperse the darkness left behind them by the Danes.

But, further, may we not turn the beatitude round and say, Happy was it for England that she presented such an emergency for an ALFRED to grapple with? This will, it is not unlikely, be deemed a

very bold assertion. What! the Danish invasions a blessing? it may be asked. The fell swoop of the 'Raven' from its northern eyry to tear with bloody claws and beak the quivering carcase of our country, a matter for congratulation? The shivering in pieces of the beautiful work of civilisation, so auspiciously commenced under Bede and Adrian, Aldhelm and Theodore, by the heavy hammer of Thor, how is it possible to deem this triumph of savagery anything else than an unmixed evil, an unmitigated curse? Well, it certainly does seem that one must have a heart like those of 'the Bears' that made the desolation, to feel anything approaching to complacency in the sight of these smoking ruins. But stop a moment, *gentle* reader, and rein in the rising storm of indignation. Do not forget that in the life of nations also, no less than in that of individuals, it often happens (so wise and merciful is God in his chastenings) that 'dark clouds bring water when the bright bring none.' Excellent sermons, and not quite so dull as some we are occasionally doomed to hear, might be preached on the History of England, but for the paganism which pastors and flocks have unhappily agreed to christen spirituality of mind. Jehovah has as truly led us English throughout the centuries of our national history and down to the present hour as He ever led the Jews; and the same may be said of every other people. Indeed, we clean miss the lesson taught us by His miraculous interference in the affairs of that chosen people to whom His oracles were committed, if we ignore the operations of His hand in shaping the destinies of *every* nation under heaven. He is 'the God of all the families of the earth.' 'Is he the God of the Jews only? Is he not also of the Gentiles? Yes, of the Gentiles also.' Thus argues the apostle Paul, and hence there need be no more difficulty in believing that the descents of the Danish pirates upon our coasts were as wisely ordered by Providence for the ultimate welfare of England, than that the Babylonian captivity proved a blessing to God's ancient people. It does not fall within the scope of this paper to point out at large how the Scandinavian scourge turned out to be a wholesome discipline, and how the history of ALFRED, who was himself schooled for great things by its stripes, was in this respect also typical of that of his country. It is only in its bearing upon the interests of our national culture that the dreadful visitation has to be considered here. To be sure, this would seem to be the most difficult part of the problem, to show how the almost total obliteration of culture in the end furthered culture. Yet paradoxical as it sounds, this was actually the case. No doubt but for the great man whom God had raised up for the crisis the event might have been widely different. The Anglo-Saxon people might too probably in that case have sunk into barbarism to rise no more, and how immense a change in the entire history of the world would this have involved! Happily the need of the time obtained its response in the man of the time. The following passage from ALFRED'S own hand, to which William Guizot has done well to call attention, shows both how profoundly the noble Saxon king felt the necessity, and with what a brilliant inspiration of

genius he aroused himself to meet it. It occurs in the prefatory letter addressed to Wulfsige, bishop of Sherborne, and other Saxon prelates, prefixed to the king's translation of Gregory the Great's *Pastoral Rule*. 'I remember,' he writes, 'to have seen with my own eyes, before all was pillaged and burnt, the churches throughout the whole of England enriched with ornaments and full of books. There was also then a great number of the servants of God, but they got no good from their books, from their inability to understand them, because they had none written in their mother tongue. They were the fathers of our fathers who had amassed these treasures, through their love of wisdom, and who left us the inheritance of it. We see their memorials to this day, but we can no longer follow in their footsteps; for we have lost their wisdom as well as their treasures, and we lack the will to set on this object all the desires of our minds. As I have pondered these things, I have greatly marvelled that those wise men who were formerly the ornament of our nation, and were fully acquainted with all sorts of books, never thought of *translating* them into their own language. It is true that I have quickly replied to myself, it must have been because they never dreamt that men could one day be so careless, and that knowledge could sink so low; besides, they have purposely let alone this work of translation, thinking we should thus be the better forced to learn the tongues, and that learning would flourish the more amongst us. But then the thought occurred to me, that the Law of God was at first indited in Hebrew, but that the Greeks afterwards, when they came to the knowledge of it, put it into Greek, and the Latins, in their turn, into Latin, and that, since then, every other Christian people has translated some portion of the holy Scriptures into its own tongue. For this reason it seems to me very expedient, if you are of the same opinion, to set about selecting a certain number of books, those, namely, which it is most necessary to make accessible to all, and to translate them into the language which we all of us understand. We shall thus bring to pass very easily, with the help of God, and if peace continue, that the entire youth of this nation, and especially the young people belonging to free and rich families, will apply themselves to the study of letters, and will not devote themselves to any other exercise, until they shall be able to read the Anglo-Saxon books. Afterwards their masters will teach Latin to those who wish to know more, and to rise to a higher station in life. After having reflected thus, I have made choice of the book which is called, in Latin, "Pastoralis," and which we call the *Pastor's Book*. The learned men whom I have at my court have explained it to me, and when I have come to understand it thoroughly, I have translated it into Anglo-Saxon, sometimes literally, sometimes only taking the thoughts, according as it seemed preferable to me, with a view to making it easy to understand. I have sent a copy of it to each bishop of the kingdom, and on every copy there is an *æstel** of the

* It is uncertain what the *æstel* was, but it is conjectured that it may have been some sort of richly ornamented covering.

value of fifty mancuses (about 6*l.* of our money). Accordingly I ordain, in the name of God, that no one shall take away this *æstel* from the book, or take the book out of the church, unless when the bishop wishes to have it in his possession, or to lend it for the purpose of making copies.'

After the careful perusal of this remarkable letter, the assertion that the Danish sponge, which wiped out, as from a slate, almost every trace of English learning, was rather a blessing than a curse to the country, will probably sound less paradoxical than before. What was rooted up was, as ALFRED'S testimony shows, a sickly exotic, which ceased to bear fruit after the very first season of its being transplanted to our soil. And was it not a thought worthy of this greatest of Englishmen, to replace a literature locked up in the learned languages, and accessible to none but monks and priests, and, indeed, to only a constantly diminishing number of these; a literature, moreover, which was now become all but extinct, by the hardy oak of a truly NATIONAL literature? ALFRED wants books not to glitter in gilded cases in the monastic libraries, but which shall be read by the masses,—books written in homely Saxon; and especially a Bible, 'in the tongue understanded of the people.' He will not rest till all his subjects, down to the meanest serf, be taught to read. It is a vast scheme of popular education at which he already aims, in the country which he found destitute of a single scholar south of the Thames! His idea, too, is thoroughly patriotic. English first, and Latin afterwards, if necessary, is his maxim. Thanks to the northern savages who put this Saxon genius upon his mettle, to find out a kind of culture which might safely defy attacks like theirs! Their rude nudges have set him a thinking at a most energetic rate, and at last the thought has occurred to him, which hits the nail on the head. The people, 'vast and indestructible as the sea,' must be taught, and for this purpose their native tongue, and no foreign language, must be made the medium of instruction. This is his solution of the knotty problem, and it constitutes him THE FOUNDER OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. Through this telescopic letter we see Chaucer, and Gower, and Wickliffe, and Shakespere, and Milton! All hail to thy mighty spirit, great Alfred, darling of England!

Of such a national hero every Englishman may justly feel proud, and especially when we find W. Guizot, a patriotic Frenchman, assigning to our Saxon king, as a patron of letters, the palm over his own Charlemagne. His historical parallel between the two great monarchs is so genuinely *frank* (if such a play upon the word may be allowed), and at the same time so striking, that it ought not to be withheld from the reader. After citing the above passage from Alfred's letter, he thus comments upon it: 'Beneath these words, so simple and so modest, what thoughts of which we elsewhere find no example, are couched! Did Charlemagne himself as clearly take account within himself of the intellectual wants of his age, and of the means of supplying them?' 'The acts of Charlemagne on behalf of civilization,' says M. Fr. Guizot, 'present no consistent whole; de

not manifest themselves in any systematic form; they are isolated, scattered acts, at one time the foundation of certain schools, at another, measures taken for the advancement of ecclesiastical studies, and for the progress of that sort of science which is dependent upon them; on another occasion, general recommendations with reference to the instruction of clergy and laity; most frequently an earnest patronage of distinguished men, and an anxiety to surround himself with such.' We possess a circular which Charlemagne addressed in 787 to all the bishops of his empire, intended to give a new impulse to education, precisely as Alfred addressed to all the Anglo-Saxon bishops his translation of the *Regula Pastoralis* of Gregory I., and the letter which he had added to it by way of preface. 'But,' says M. Ampere, after having cited this circular of Charlemagne, 'it is in an involved style, with sophistical arguments; it is through fear of offending God by mixing barbarisms with the prayers, that Charlemagne prescribes to the whole Church the study of letters. Certainly none of those to whom this injunction was addressed had a suspicion of its importance; he himself by no means fully comprehended it.' Alfred, on the contrary, saw all that required to be done when he wrote his preface, and was quite conscious as to the whole of what he wished; no one could misunderstand him as to that. With his correct and solid judgment, with his inventive and practical resolution, he marks out all from the very first, both the goal and the way to it. His concern was not to render a little more numerous, for his own benefit, an *élite* of learned men, but to make instruction general; and to succeed in that, to wait merely for the resuscitation of the study of the ancient tongues, and to limit himself to the establishment of schools, would have been a means too feeble and too tardy. It is a national, a new literature, which Alfred from the first wishes to create. It is not the beauties of expression, the urbanity and majesty of the Latin language, that he wishes to recover in the first instance for his people, but the fund of things rather—thoughts, deeds, history, philosophy, religion itself. Down to his days, the language which had served by turns Cicero and Augustine had been regarded as the body inseparable from their acquirements, and from their great souls. Charlemagne, it is true, had declared that one could pray to God in every language; he had caused to be written a collection of ancient barbarian songs, which he wished to bequeath to the memory of his descendants; he gave German names to the months; he even commenced a Frankish grammar. Towards the end of his reign, in 813, the Councils of Rheims and Tours enjoined on the bishops the translation of the homilies of the fathers into the Romance tongue, and into the German *patois*, that they might preach them to the people, who could only with difficulty understand the Latin of literature. But even here we can discover nothing beyond isolated traits; sometimes patriotic erudition on the part of Charlemagne; sometimes, in the acts of the councils, pious policy and concessions to the ignorance of the masses, without anything to indicate the legislative expression of a general purpose of aiding them in practising and developing their

every-day language. In spite of these particular facts, it is evident that in the opinion of Charlemagne and his learned contemporaries, learning was always one of those ruins of Roman civilization which had to be restored. Mental culture, in their eyes, continued to be Latin. One knows not how to reproach them. The language brought from Germany by the barbarians had not been so inflexibly maintained on the continent as the Anglo-Saxon in England. The Franks in Gaul had directly followed in the footsteps of the Romans. The Anglo-Saxons, when they came to settle in Great Britain, had not to do with the Romans, the traces of whom were already pretty well effaced there, but with the Britons, the Picts, and the Scots. Hence the unique and sturdy persistency of their language as of their laws, whilst on the Continent every thing was in a state of fusion. Bede, Theodore, Adrian, and Ælbert, had not perceived this difference, or had not taken account of it; and that is the reason why, after the Danish invasion, not a vestige of their successes remained. They had extensively propagated amongst the Anglo-Saxons, though without naturalizing it, the cultivation of Latin genius. Alfred was the first to reflect within himself, that it must become Anglo-Saxon, under penalty of remaining yet for a long time the costly and infertile luxury of a few, like the banana in our green-houses. Aldhelm alone, in the eighth century, seems to have had a sort of half presentiment of what Alfred only must needs fully have comprehended; and it is Alfred himself who has recorded this fact, to the honour of Aldhelm. An historian who evidently had in his hands that book, the first sheet of which Asser had stitched together—that Handbook, which Alfred had filled with passages with which he had been struck in his reading, and also with his most private thoughts, namely, William of Malmesbury says he had read therein, that Aldhelm was, of all the men of his time, the cleverest in composing, reciting, or singing Anglo-Saxon poems. The king was even wont to recall a popular song of Aldhelm's, which was still in vogue in his reign; and evidently brought back by this reminiscence to reflect on his own endeavours, Alfred added, that this was probably the cause and the means, trifling in its appearance, which had rendered easy to Aldhelm the task of instructing a rude population, not very attentive to Divine things, and always in a hurry, the prayers scarcely over, to get away and to run hither and thither. But although we ought to give Aldhelm his due in reference to this degree of care accorded to his mother tongue, in perpetuating and diffusing Anglo-Saxon poetry, or even in enriching and polishing it by the addition of new songs, this was not enough. It was nothing more than the mark of an instinct, true indeed, but vague. It was but availing himself of the national idiom as a bait to draw to himself more disciples. From the indirect and almost furtive manner in which Aldhelm anticipated the too tardy curiosity of his countrymen, we perceive how insufficient and incomplete was his attempt. He used to post himself on a bridge, by which the town he lived in communicated with the neighbouring fields, and stopping the people

as they crossed over, he would give himself out to be a minstrel. Doubtless he afterwards turned to the more serious profit of his hearers their once awakened curiosity, by detaining them for other lessons—for Latin teaching. But this was not to liberate instruction from its Latin prison for ever, and to transplant it—to give it a lasting right of citizenship amongst the Anglo-Saxons. Alfred, also, when he set himself to the work, found nothing ready to his hand, save an idiom which had always been barbarous, although already rich in beauties—beauties, however, exclusively poetical—not as yet suppled to the use of science and of reasoning, or to the labour of prose composition. He seized upon this imperfect idiom. All his subjects were acquainted with it, without having to learn it: he availed himself of it to teach them what they did not know. He thus lightened their task by one-half, and to that extent accelerated their progress. He thus secured beforehand, as much as lay in his power, the vitality of the seed he was sowing against a future whose troubles he foresaw. He inaugurated for the Anglo-Saxon language itself a new era, by causing to penetrate within it the vigorous thoughts and the precise notions which till then it had not been accustomed to sustain. That is the original achievement of Alfred, the seal of his genius; and if, from the point of view of education and literature, we are right in calling the reign of Charlemagne a *renaissance*, that of Alfred ought to be styled a metempsyschosis.'

Alfred spared himself no pains in the realization of his great thought of the creation of an Anglo-Saxon literature. Not a few translations from his own hand have come down to us, and there is reason to believe, on the strength of the repeated assertions of ancient writers as to the great number of works thus rendered by him into the vulgar tongue, that these are but a small portion of the whole. Geffroi Gaimar, a French poet of the twelfth century, seems to attribute to Alfred the composition of a portion of the 'Anglo-Saxon Chronicle;' a statement which, could it be relied on, would present the great king in the light, not only of an original writer as well as a translator, but also as the founder of our national history. He adds, that the king caused a copy of the 'Chronicle' to be chained to a reading-desk in certain localities, just as was the case with the Bible in the early times of the Reformation. It is pretty certain, as already observed, that this venerable work was commenced during Alfred's reign, whatever doubts may rest upon his share in its authorship. Moreover, even if strict criticism must deprive him of the honour of having aided in the production of this particular Chronicle, some similar work, now unhappily lost, must have proceeded from his pen. In his versions, too, he was almost as much an independent writer as a translator. Not merely explanatory clauses and paragraphs, but whole pages, often drop from him, in elucidation of, or by way of supplement to, his text. In the preface to his translation of the work of Boethius, 'On the Consolation of Philosophy,' his method is thus described:—'King Alfred was the interpreter of this book, which he rendered from Latin into English. Sometimes he has given word for word, sometimes sense for

sense, just as he could interpret most plainly and comprehensibly, in the midst of the most various and manifold worldly occupations which often claimed his attention, body and soul. It would be a hard task to enumerate the concerns which in his days came upon the kingdom which he had received. Nevertheless, he studied this book, and translated it out of Latin into the English tongue; and at a later period, he turned it into verse.' In his version of the 'Universal Chronicle of Orosius' there occurs, besides many other noticeable additions, a very valuable supplement, in the shape of a report of the exceedingly interesting North Sea voyage of Othere, which that early Polar navigator and whaling captain himself narrated to the great Anglo-Saxon king, his master and patron. Bede's 'Ecclesiastical History,' also, as was fitting, found a translator in Alfred. Of the version of Gregory the Great's work on pastoral theology, mention has already been made. To this he added the 'Dialogues' of the same pope, to whom Anglo-Saxon Christianity was so much indebted, and large extracts from the 'Soliloquies' of St. Augustine, of Hippo. William of Malmesbury speaks also of a still more important work which he commenced, but of which, alas! we have no further knowledge. This was a translation of the 'Psalms.' And this reminds us that M. Guizot, in the passage cited above, has hardly done justice to the Venerable Bede as having done something to pave the way for Alfred. For Bede, as will be remembered, was actually engaged in translating the Gospel of John into the vernacular at the time of his edifying death.

When it is borne in mind that ALFRED was unable to make even a beginning in the intellectual elevation of his people till the last fourteen years of his reign, and that four of these years were fully occupied in repulsing the pirate Hastings, it will easily be seen that without indomitable perseverance and industry he could never have accomplished what he did. Even thus, however, and with his overwhelming burden of state cares of another kind, his success would have been impossible apart from a methodical division and husbanding of his time. Yet even the mechanical means of measuring the hours he had to invent himself. The sundial was of no use by night, or in cloudy weather, and Alfred wished to redeem time from sleep, and to leave not a moment to the sport of the weather. His plan was to devote eight hours to the cares of royalty, eight to religion—under which head he rightly included the instruction of his subjects—and the remainder to repose, refreshment, and exercise. Asser's *naïve* narrative of his hitting on the well-known device of the candle-clock and the horn lanthorn, brings up before our eyes, in a most picturesque way, the royal genius struggling with his difficulties. 'Inasmuch as he could not equally distinguish the lengths of the hours by sight, on account of the darkness, and ofttimes of the day, on account of the storms and clouds, he began to consider by what means, and without any difficulty, relying on the mercy of God, he might discharge the promised tenor of his vow until his death. After long reflection on these things, he at length, by a useful and shrewd invention, commanded his chaplains to supply wax in a sufficient quantity, and he

caused it to be weighed in such a manner that when there was so much of it in the scales as would equal the weight of seventy-two pence, he caused the chaplains to make six candles thereof, each of equal length, so that each candle might have twelve divisions marked longitudinally upon it. By this plan, therefore, those six candles burned for twenty-four hours, a night and day, without fail, before the sacred relics of many of God's elect, which always accompanied him wherever he went. But sometimes when they would not continue burning a whole day and night, till the same hour that they were lighted the preceding evening, from the violence of the wind, which blew day and night without intermission through the doors and windows of the churches, the fissures of the divisions, the plankings, or the wall, or the thin canvass of the tents, they then unavoidably burned out and finished their course before the appointed time. The king, therefore, considered by what means he might shut out the wind, and so, by a useful and cunning invention, he ordered a lanthorn to be beautifully constructed of wood and white ox-horn, which, when skilfully planed till it is thin, is no less transparent than a vessel of glass. This lanthorn, therefore, was wonderfully made of wood and horn, as we before said, and by night a candle was put into it, which shone as brightly without as within, and was not extinguished by the wind; for the opening of the lanthorn was also closed up, according to the king's command, by a door made of horn. By this contrivance, then, six candles, lighted in succession, lasted four and twenty hours, neither more nor less, and, when these were extinguished, others were lighted.'

The story which attributes to ALFRED the foundation of the University of Oxford is a fable, which, however, like many other mythical traditions concerning great men, is not without its deep ideal truth. It does not exceed, but falls short, of the reality. It is simply a poetical expression of the national consciousness that to ALFRED we owe all our schools of learning. The legendary accounts of the life of the Saxon abbot St. Neot, who died not later than A.D. 878, and was, therefore, the king's contemporary, are the original source of the tradition. The monkish biographers of the Saint may have lived about the fourteenth century, and, of course, are the more particular in the details of the fact, on account of their remoteness from the time. One date assigned is A.D. 874, whilst another version of the story places the event twelve years later, or eight years after the lowest date assignable to the death of the ecclesiastical hero, whom, more than Alfred, it is the aim of the writers to glorify. The king, it is said, appointed St. Neot the first Chancellor of the newly-founded University; Grimbald, Professor of Sacred Literature; Asser, Professor of Rhetoric and Grammar; and John, the old Saxon, Professor of Arithmetic, Music, and Logic. In former times, Oxford was wont to cherish the notion of its establishment by Alfred as an article of almost religious belief, and masses were offered for the soul of the king in these terms, 'We pray for the soul of King Alfred, founder of this university.' The fond conceit survived far down into the Protestant times. Even so late as 1770, young Scott, afterwards Lord Eldon, being questioned in the course

of his examination for his degree as to when the university was first established, replied, that the general belief attributed its foundation to Alfred—an answer which, so far from ensuring his being plucked, was rather applauded than otherwise by the dons. A crypt under St. Peter's church is still shown as Grimbald's crypt; and there are not wanting antiquaries of the present day who believe it to date from Alfred's time.

However small the credit to which this opinion of a few obsolete Dryasdusts may be entitled, it is certain that coins and manuscripts produced in the great king's reign are still extant, which show that he patronized the arts as well as learning. The style of the former, to be sure, is none of the best, and gives us no very high idea of the taste and skill of ALFRED'S moneyers. Time, it is true, has made sad havoc with the features impressed upon the metal, or we should still be able to form some rude notion of the physiognomy of the illustrious monarch. But even when first struck, the image and legends must have been very imperfect, and lamentably lacking in artistic beauty. It is otherwise with the Anglo-Saxon *codices* written during his reign. These are often tastefully illuminated, and illustrated with figures and groups, quaint indeed, but not deficient in spirit and truthfulness. In 1693, a curious jewel was found in the Isle of Athelney, bearing indisputable evidence of its having formerly been the property of the dethroned sovereign, who lived so long a refugee on the spot. It is an oval piece of polished crystal set in gold, and surrounded by the legend: ALFRED MEC HEHT GEWYRCAN, *Alfred commanded me to be made.* Within is a miniature in mosaic, representing a man seated, with a crown on, and holding in each hand a *fleur de lis*. Some think this must be meant for Alfred himself. Others regard it as a picture of the Saviour, or of St. Neot.

ALFRED died on the 28th of October, A.D. 901, after a reign o twenty-nine years and a half, and was buried at Winchester. It is greatly to be regretted that we have no particulars of his last hours. We may form, however, some estimate of the spirit of Christian patriotism which ennobled the closing scene, from the following brief extract from his will, comprising his dying counsels to his son and successor Edward: 'My son,' he there says, 'place thyself now beside me, and I will give thee precepts of truth. My son, I feel that mine hour draws nigh; we must part. I am going to another world, and you will be left alone, with all my wealth. I beseech thee (for thou art my dear child), determine to be a good master, and a father to thy people. Comfort the poor man, and uphold the weak, and redress wrongs with all thy might. And above all, my son, rule thyself according to the laws. Then the Lord will love thee, and God will be thy supreme reward. Invoke his aid, that he may advise thee in thy perplexities, and he will help thee to carry out thy designs in the best way.' What a noble setting of this glorious luminary of the great Anglo-Saxon race!

Y. Y. C.

Mr. Kingsley's 'Two Years Ago.'

In 1851, Mr. Kingsley addressed to the working classes of England a series of papers called 'The Long Game, by Parson Lot,' and published them in the (now extinct) 'Christian Socialist.' We remember among the other warnings they contained, this sentence—'In the last place, slowly but surely stalks onward a great European war.' This was said in the hey-day of the Great Exhibition—how many persons noticed it? How many have remembered it?

In all Mr. Kingsley has written since, we have seen no reference to this prophecy. But the war could not pass by such a man like the idle wind; and—as the very title will suggest—he has endeavoured to make dramatico-homiletic capital (we mean no offence), out of the crisis of 'Two Years Ago.' Mr. Tennyson tried to do a similar thing—and failed. Alexander Smith, Sydney Dobell, and Gerald Massey, have made their respective attempts in the same direction—and failed. Mr. Kingsley has now tried his hand at (what Tennyson calls) 'hooking' his peculiar gifts to 'some useful end;' and he, too,—has failed. The best war poetry we have had, was to be found in the Sonnets of the two first-named gentlemen, and *they* were artificial. Gerald Massey's lyrics, with all their fire and swing, never—we will stake our head—stirred a pulse, or started a tear. Sydney Dobell's 'England in Time of War,' contained, like 'Maud,' some exquisitely beautiful poetry, and yet it was a mistake. Mr. Kingsley's novel contains, too, some exquisitely beautiful writing; and yet it is also a mistake.

'Tis true these things are pity; but 'tis greater pity they are true. We take it that *occasional* writing is very rarely good, still more rarely a success in the sense of taking hold of other minds. Pegasus will not be put through his paces of malice prepense. We know that some occasional writing has lived and been loved: but that is an exceptional thing. Usually, it is the resource of small wits to be dithyrambic or admonitory upon the hint of the hour, *at* the hour. Whatever may be the ultimate cause, men of imaginative genius are seldom improvisers in the sense in which journalists are so. A man may sing or write a story upon the strength of strong private emotions, and that immediately—it is a common case; but it is rarely that any external theme is successfully idealized, while its suggestions are fresh in the mind. If Mr. Kingsley had allowed the suggestions of 'two years ago' to lie quiet in his soul for a time, they might some day have borne fine fruit in an imaginative generalization of England in time of war; but with rare genius and the best intentions, he has *not* succeeded in combining the functions of journalist, homilist, and poet, in this volume. It is, we know, a common cant to say, that the poet should give us 'this live throbbing age, not Charlemagne's,' in his verse. Mrs. Browning says it in 'Aurora Leigh,' and beautifully stultifies her own

theory in the same. All we have to say to the poet about the matter is, Do it—if you can. But we know you can't. Lapse of time *must* filter your material for you, before it will be fit for use on any grand scale.

Of course this only applies to Mr. Kingsley in so far as he is a poetic novelist; in fact the most poetic of our novelists; an author who (it was very plausibly said in the 'Westminster Review,' apropos of 'Westward Ho') would never have written novels at all, only poetry, if he had not had a hobby. This is an extreme view, but it puts in a strong light the very imaginative character of the man's mind. In 'Two Years Ago,' Mr. Kingsley has heaped Pelion on Ossa in blundering, by adding to the prime mistake of the book, that of trying to treat material which would have been plastic as clay in the hands of Thackeray or Reade, but which, under his manipulation, turns out nothing but grotesques and torsos. Mr. Kingsley cannot paint common life. This book contains common life of all sorts, but chiefly that of Mayfair; and it is enough to make a critical angel weep to find a man of Mr. Kingsley's calibre making his characters interlard their talk with French in May-fair fashion, when English would do better; to find 'publicity' turned into *esclandre*, and 'of course' into *cela va sans dire*, and 'why not?' into *pourquoi*, and 'for instance' into *par exemple*. Especially when, instead of writing either of the purely natural school, or the imaginative school, in other portions of the story, we have spasm and melo-drama to throw the contrary affectations into stronger relief; such as 'reeling,' 'wildly,' 'fiercely,' 'wretch,' 'curse you!' 'paralysed,' 'stupified,' 'wail,' 'holding their breaths,' 'grovel at his feet,' and so on. While, as if to turn all this into merest burlesque, at page 74, of vol. ii., a Cornish curate answers the question, 'Is not murder a moral offence—what you call a sin?' with—'*sans doute!!*'

'In a word,' you say, 'Mr. Kingsley has produced a bad book?' Patience, dear sir! Mr. Kingsley has produced an *anomalous* book—but sorrow befall the pen that should say a bad one! 'Then why do you abuse him at this rate?' Because he deserves it. Cannot you discriminate, dear sir? 'Spare Byron, who is a poet, and abuse some one else,' said Talboys to North, 'under Canvass.' 'I will *not* spare Byron, and that just *because* he is a poet,' said North. And North was right in principle. We are vexed with Mr. Kingsley; and we say it because we dearly love him, and almost worship his genius. He must pull up, rest awhile, and begin afresh.

We have *all along* been painfully certain—and here we bespeak the grave attention of the thoughtful reader, for we must be brief—that Mr. Kingsley is a man of noble nature, and very great genius, *in a false position*, which is exerting a deteriorating influence upon his powers. Shall we be quite plain? It is perhaps better. Honestly, then, we think Mr. Kingsley is a man without a consistent theory of life, and one upon whom such spiritual coherency as he has, is forced upon him by his position as a teacher in the Church of England. We believe his incessant mental activity is the natural refuge of a

dissatisfied and fluctuating mind—dissatisfied with its environment, and fluctuating between philosophic and theological extremes. We do not apprehend that he has ever got beyond 'Yeast, *a Problem*.' We do not think he could clearly and harmoniously *state* his own views upon some of the great questions which constantly turn up in his writings. We do not feel sure that Mr. Kingsley could ever, from the constitution of his darting, Saladin-in-the-desert, emotional, paradox-loving mind, arrive at absolute intellectual consistency; could ever be more than a daring *critic* in theology and in morals. But if a Pythagorean course of silence and meditation would *now* enable him to attain mental unity (alas, that is a thing for which, two or three golden opportunities missed, fresh chances come not soon!) we feel sure that both he and the world would be a gainer, though his subsequent writing would, for a time, lose in splendour, in daringness, and, most indubitably in saleableness. At present, every book he prints is 'a problem,' and the characters contradict each other in the most headlong way, not for the purposes of consistent exposition, but, apparently, to allow the author to unburthen his mind. Perhaps self-contradictoriness is Mr. Kingsley's normal condition? If so, it is very uncomfortable for his reader, who wants some other plea for writing which becomes vague from excess of paradox than Lord Byron's audaciously comic—

> 'If my Muse were perfectly consistent,
> How could she possibly show things existent?'

Candidly—for a last word on this point—we believe Mr. Kingsley's opinions in theological and sociological science to be farther aside from understood standards than anything he has stated, and that he is pursuing, rather uneasily, a plan of indoctrination for which his varied gifts give him excellent facilities.

It is no easy task to review eight hundred pages of Mr. Kingley's story-telling, when all his incidents lead up to theories, and all the theories knock each other on the head; and when, moreover, splendid passages of description and philosophic declamation are perpetually breaking the thread of the narrative. The only comfort is, that your author, like so many of the children of genius, is an incessant self-repeater. In the present story, we have the 'old, familiar' contrast between 'healthy animalism,' and namby-pamby intellectualism; the same unintelligent semi-snubbing of Dissent, and the same rampant Churchism (Grace Harvey's pulses are said to 'throb like—church bells!'); the same still stranger semi-snubbing of literature by one of the high priests of literature, whose own varied reading blazes in every page; above all, the same incessant refrain of '*C'est l'amour, c'est l'amour!*' chanted over pictures painted *sans feuille de figuier*. There was, we believe, a magistrate who, whenever a gentleman was brought before him for wrong-doing of any kind, invariably exclaimed, first thing, 'Who is she?'—his theory of all malfeasance being, that there *must* be a lady at the bottom of it. Mr. Kingsley's idea is better than this; we all know *his* doctrine is, that woman is the one mundane hope left at

the bottom of the Pandora's box of mundane mischief, and that all his characters sing one song at last:—

> 'In thy dear eyes, long sought and lately found,
> The riddle of my life seems all unwound;'

while those who cannot, to use Mr. Kingsley's phrase, 'find their mates,' are either killed, or sent to Weissnichtwo to do nobody-knows-what, like Launcelot and Tregarva. 'Two Years Ago,' then, has the family likeness not only of style, but of material. On the question of style, it has struck us that the intermittent manner in which the present volumes are written may be transitional; we should certainly be glad to see Mr. Kingsley permanently lose some of his old dogmatism, hurry, and *dash* of language, which now and then used to tread rather closely on the heels of bullying. In 'Two Years Ago' there is one most welcome amendment—we do not find so much of that incessant dragging in of 'God,' and 'God's Christ,' which used to read so very much like irreverence in Mr. Kingsley's former books. What will our readers think—what would Mr. Kingsley think—to learn that that one feature, by itself, for some time made the present writer shy of reading his books? Mr. Kingsley used to write too much like a man worked up to a towering passion of godliness; we fancy we discern *latent* traces of the sobering hand of time in these volumes, and hope it may prove so indeed. Our author will well bear toning down.

'Two Years Ago' is crammed with character and incident; and yet there is little story. At the very outset, we are pleased by meeting again our old friend, Claude Mellot, with the chestnut beard, and we look for, and get subsequent glimpses of, Sabina, whose stockingless little foot we do not forget. Honoria Lavington—left at the close of 'Yeast' a sofa-ridden victim to spinal complaint—is dead. A quadroon offshoot of the Lavington stock—Marie, otherwise Cordiflamma—and her lover, Stangrave, a sort of æsthetic walking-gentleman, represent the great American problem, and vindicate the dignity of 'purpose in life' in the terms of their love-contract; Stangrave being accepted on condition of going in quest of the *San-greal* she urges upon him, viz., the freedom of her race by the mother's side. Almost all the characters exemplify, in different ways, the sin of self-will under numerous disguises; they are either cured of it, or they break down in the conflict with the Highest Will. The lesson of the story is, in truth, that the happiness, which is also blessedness, can only be found in obedience and simple trust, while self-sufficiency in individuals, as well as in nations, is sure to be chastised by providential reverses. The events of two years ago, war and pestilence, are, in conception, the instruments of providential teaching; the execution is indistinct and feeble. The most prominent figure in the book is, perhaps, Elsley Vavasour, and his break-down and death are the most powerfully told episodes; but what had 'Two Years Ago' to do with chastising *him*? If any character in the story can compete with Elsley for prominence, it is Tom Thurnall, who gets his cure

incidentally, but not consequently, in any necessary sense, to going to the Crimea. Really 'Two Years Ago' is hardly a fair name for the book.

Tom Thurnall and John Briggs are apothecaries' apprentices at Whitbury, the latter under the kind tutelage of Tom's gentle old father, who has discovered in him the germs of real poetic genius Tom is one of those hearty, rough-and-ready, practical-joking, clever, shrewd, always-fall-on-feet personages, whom you often meet in novels. Briggs is delicate, recluse, hectic, vain, and irritable, and neglects his daily work for 'po-o-etry,' as Tom calls it; for which he is mercilessly hunted up by Tom, and by old Mark Armsworth, the Whitbury banker, who is a jolly, fox-hunting 'Berserker,' not without his merits, but a great deal too coarse and thick-headed for our taste. He seems to us to be the most conceited personage in the story, worse even than poor mad Elsley; though he comes off ever so much better. Elsley's 'moon-raking' hastens to a climax; he one day sends Armsworth an old maid's black draught by mistake, thereby doing the gentleman out of his day's hunt—rather a vulgar and common-place device for Charles Kingsley to condescend to. The result is a grand explosion, followed by the desperate flight of John Briggs to London, to try his pegasus among his peers. In due time, he publishes 'A Soul's Agonies, and other Poems,' under the name of Elsley Vavasour, and takes his place among drawing-room lions, after a brief career among *les Precieuses Ridicules* of the *soirées* of 'Mr. Hatchgoose,' the publisher.'* Finally, he elopes from Lord Scoutbush's in Eaton Place, with the little military lord's sister, Lucia, and marries under the name of E. V., which has grown quite familiar to him, and to all the world. This 'Sham' plays a too terrific part in Mr. Kingley's melodrama. It was very wrong for Briggs to get married as Elsley; but we were quite puzzled to account for the blue fire which Mr. Kingsley has thrown around the thing, till we suddenly recollected his savage Churchmanship, and that Briggs had, of course, been—christened. Elsley goes to occupy a disused domain of good-natured Scoutbush, at Aberalva, in the west country. There, after buffeting about the world, and making money at the diggings, Tom Thurnall is flung on shore by a shipwreck. His life is saved by Grace, the (dissenting) schoolmistress of the town, whose (dissenting) mother steals and secretes his belt of hoarded guineas, intended to make his (now blind) old father at Whitbury at ease for life. Tom Thurnall and Vavasour meet—the former, possessed of Vavasour's secret, is a perpetual thorn in his side, and keeps in check (or tries to do so) his pettishness to poor Lucia, to whom he plays the cross 'curled darling' of the muse, while she mends stockings, and eats her fond little Irish heart away in secret. Then comes Cholera to Aberalva, while

* We never attended one of Mr. Hatchgoose's *soirées*; but it strikes us that the picture drawn of the lady frequenters is rather venomous. We happen to know more than one of them, the loss of whose 'eyes' *would* be (contrary to Mr. Kingsley's unhandsome suggestion) 'a loss to the aggregate loveliness of the universe.'

Scoutbush, his sister Valencia, Claude Mellot, and good Major Campbell,—a Christian Colonel Newcome,* and in love with Lucia, coming back from India to find her married to a poetic coxcomb—are on a visit. Frank Headley, the high-church Curate of Aberalva, Thurnall, and the saintly but half-insane Grace, work together in the cholera crisis, learn good lessons, and understand each other better. Church wins at last, Grace being brought over, with the other parishioners; her chapel-going mother found out, just before she dies; and the Chadband of the place *judicially* struck down with cholera. Frank Headley falls in love with Valencia, and they two, Elsley, Lucia, Campbell, Claude, &c., are shipped off to Wales out of cholera's way. There, Campbell, blinded by his now unallowed, but unconquerable love for Lucia, is betrayed into a vague sort of interposition, which Elsley's delicate faculties cannot miss seeing; and a foolish misunderstanding with Campbell about a flower—in which little matter, by the bye, we think Lucia was very greatly to be blamed, and Elsley greatly to be pitied—drives Elsley to despair and to London. The vain, pettish, frantic man! It ends in his illness, and his death, as plain John Briggs, at Whitbury. Lucia soon follows him. Campbell is shot in the Crimea, not judicially by any means. Thurnall goes out there, and is tamed out of his man-of-the-world filibustering self-sufficiency, by getting his wings clipped in prison. Grace follows him, in order to give him back his belt (which he had—shame on him—once suspected her of stealing), having left the *money* at Whitbury; though why, except because she *was* insane, she should wear the belt against her heart till it had literally (so we read Mr. Kingsley) made a sore there, we cannot conceive. We cannot make out that Grace was fit for any man's wife, or bring ourselves to regard her marriage to Tom with any satisfaction.

If the test of true eloquence be, as we forget who once observed, that it makes you uncomfortable, 'Two Years Ago' is about the most eloquent book we ever read. We do *not* think, really *cannot* think, that its ostensible lessons will be seized by average readers. The unnaturalness of the story is very great; it is such as might result if a Fuseli were to try and draw John Leech's class of subjects. You are impressed, too, with the idea that the design is confused. The rebuke administered to literary coxcombs fills too much space for the working-out of the general scheme; and Elsley runs away, after all, with nine teenths of the reader's sympathies. The colours are thickly laid on in the painting of this unhappy wretch; but we fear, sadly fear, the picture is only *too* near the truth, melo-dramatically as it may be posed. We hope that this part of Mr. Kingsley's work, at least, may not be thrown away. For a few pages of real good story-telling for extract, we are really at a loss; let us pick out a

* The military hero, of a gentle, pure-minded manliness, has been rising in the market, ever since Thackeray created Newcome. We may say here, that we cannot separate Grace in our thoughts from a female character in a story of Sheridan Knowles, called 'The Wreckers.'

scene or two for a word of special comment before concluding. We are at Aberalva during the cholera crisis, where the Chadbands of the place are represented as trading upon the panic of the poor people:—

'At six o'clock that evening, the meeting-house was filling with terrified women, and half-curious, half-sneering men; and among them, the tall figure of Major Campbell, in his undress uniform (which he had put on wisely, to give a certain dignity to his mission), stalked in, and took his seat in the back benches.

'The sermon was what he expected. . There is no need to transcribe it. Such discourses may be heard often enough in churches as well as chapels. The preacher's object seemed to be—for some purpose or other which we have no right to judge—to excite in his hearers the utmost intensity of selfish fear, by language which certainly, as Tom had said, came under the law against profane cursing and swearing. He described the next world in language which seemed a strange jumble of Virgil's Æneid, the Koran, the dreams of those rabbis who crucified our Lord, and of those mediæval inquisitors who tried to convert sinners (and on their own ground neither illogically nor over-harshly), by making this world for a few hours as like as possible to what, so they held, God was going to make the world to come for ever.

'At last he stopped suddenly, when he saw that the animal excitement was at the very highest, and called on all who felt "convinced" to come forward and confess their sins.

'In another minute there would have been (as there have been ere now) four or five young girls raving and tossing upon the floor, in mad terror or excitement; or, possibly, half the congregation might have rushed out (as a congregation has rushed out ere now), headed by the preacher himself, and ran headlong down to the quay pool, with shrieks and shouts, declaring that they had cast the devil out of Betsey Pennington, and were hunting him into the sea; but Campbell saw that the madness must be stopped at once; and, rising, he thundered, in a voice which brought all to their senses in a moment—

'"Stop! I, too, have a sermon to preach to you; I trust I am a Christian man, and that not of last year's making, or the year before. Follow me outside, if you be rational beings, and let me tell you the truth—God's truth! Men!" he said, with an emphasis on the word, "you, at least, will give me a fair hearing, and you, too, modest married women; leave that fellow with the shameless hussies who like to go into fits at his feet."

'The appeal was not in vain. The soberer majority followed him out; the insane minority soon followed, in the mere hope of fresh excitement; while the preacher was fain to come also, to guard his flock from the wolf. Campbell sprang upon a large block of stone, and taking off his cap, opened his mouth, and spake unto them.

* * * * *

'Readers will, doubtless, desire to hear what Major Campbell said; but they will be disappointed; and, perhaps, it is better for them that they should be. Let each of them, if they think it worth while, write for themselves a discourse fitting for a Christian man, who loved and honoured his Bible too much to find in a few scattered texts, all misinterpreted, and some mistranslated, excuses for denying fact, reason, common justice, the voice of God in his own moral sense, and the whole remainder of the Bible from beginning to end.

'Whatsoever words he spoke, they came home to those wild hearts with power. And when he paused, and looked intently into the faces of his auditory to see what effect he was producing, a murmur of assent and admiration rose from the crowd, which had now swelled to half the population of the town; and no wonder; no wonder that, as the men were enchained by the matter, so were the women by the manner. The grand head, like a grey granite peak against the clear blue sky; the tall figure, with all its martial stateliness and ease; the gesture of his long arm, so graceful, and yet so self-restrained; the tones of the voice which poured from beneath that proud moustache, now tender as a girl's, now ringing like a trumpet

over roof and sea. There were old men there, old beyond the years of man, who said that they had never seen nor heard the like; but it must be like what their fathers had told them of, when John Wesley, on the cliffs of St. Ives, out-thundered the thunder of the gale. To Grace he seemed one of the old Scotch Covenanters, of whom she had read, risen from the dead to preach there from his rock beneath the great temple of God's air, a wider and a juster creed than theirs. . . . . .

'Major Campbell, looking round, discerned among the crowd the preacher whispering and scowling amid a knot of women, and a sudden fit of righteous wrath came over him.

'"Stand out there, sir, you preacher, and look me in the face, if you can!" thundered he. "We are here on common ground as free men, beneath God's heaven and God's eye. Stand out, sir! and answer me if you can; or be for ever silent!"

'Half in unconscious obedience to the soldier-like word of command, half in jealous rage, the preacher stepped forth, gasping for breath.

'"Don't listen to him! He is a messenger of Satan, sent to damn you—a lying prophet! Let the Lord judge between me and him! Stop your ears—a messenger of Satan—a Jesuit in disguise!"

'"You lie, and you know that you lie!" answered Campbell, twirling slowly his long moustache, as he always did when choking down indignation. "But you have called on the Lord to judge; so do I. Listen to me, sir! Dare you, in the presence of God, answer for the words which you have spoken this day?"

'A strange smile came over the preacher's face.

'"I read my title clear, sir, to mansions in the skies. Well for you if you could do the same."

'Was it only the setting sun, or was it some inner light from the depths of that great spirit which shone out in all his countenance, and filled his eyes with awful inspiration, as he spoke, in a voice calm and sweet, sad and regretful, and yet terrible from the slow distinctness of every vowel and consonant?

'"Mansions in the skies? You need not wait till then, sir, for the presence of God. Now, here, you and I are before God's judgment seat. Now, here, I call on you to answer to Him for the innocent lives which you have destroyed, for the innocent souls to whom you have slandered their heavenly Father by your devil's doctrines this day! You have said it. Let the Lord judge between you and me. He knows best how to make his judgment manifest."

'He bowed his head awhile, as if overcome by the awful words which he had uttered, almost in spite of himself, and then stepped slowly down from the stone, and passed through the crowd, which reverently made way for him; while many voices cried, "Thank you, sir! thank you!" and old Captain Willis, stepping forward, held out his hand to him, a quiet pride in his grey eye.

'"You will not refuse an old fighting man's thanks, sir? This has been like Elijah's day with Baal's priests on Carmel."

'Campbell shook his hand in silence, but turned suddenly, for another and a coarser voice caught his ear. It was Jones, the lieutenant's.

'"And now, my lads, take the Methodist parson, neck and heels, and heave him into the quay pool, to think over his summons."

'Campbell went back instantly.

'"No, my dear sir, let me entreat you for my sake. What has passed has been too terrible to me already; if it has done any good, do not let us spoil it by breaking the law."

'"I believe you're right, sir; but my blood is up, and no wonder. Why, where is the preacher?"

'He had stood quite still for several minutes after Campbell's adjuration. He had often, perhaps, himself hurled forth such words in the excitement of preaching; but never before had he heard them pronounced in spirit and in truth. And as he stood, Thurnall, who had his doctor's eye on him, saw him turn paler and more pale. Suddenly, he clenched his teeth, and stooped slightly forwards for a moment, drawing in his breath. Thurnall walked quickly and steadily up to him.

'Gentleman Jan and two other riotous fellows had already laid hold of him, more with the intention of frightening, than of really ducking him.

'"Don't! don't!" cried he, looking round with eyes wild—but not with terror.

'"Hands off, my good lads," said Tom quietly. "This is my business now, not yours, I can tell you."

'And passing the preacher's arm through his own with a serious face, Tom led him off into the house at the back of the chapel.

'In two hours more he was blue; in four, he was a corpse. The judgment, as usual, had needed no miracle to enforce it.'

Are we wrong in calling this most strained and unnatural, both in the conception and in the writing? Are not the invocation of divine judgment and the result as vulgarly imagined as anything could well have been in the poor Chadband's sermon? 'In two hours more he was blue; in four he was a corpse.' Oh, Mr. Kingsley, can you forgive us, and believe that we love you, if we say that is more like G. W. M. Reynolds than like the author of 'Yeast' and 'Hypatia?' We have known very ignorant and foolish dissenting preachers, regular and irregular; we have met, and still meet, egregious bad taste and sordidness among some classes of church-members; but we don't like this Aberalva bit of business, take it all in all. Such writing indicates a disagreeable *animus* on your part, Mr. Kingsley. But there! we remember Paul Tregarva, and cannot bear malice—and Sandy Mackay, too, though he taught us that you didn't understand Calvinism, taught us how Catholic was your perception of what is truly Christian. But we do wish you had left Grace unchurchified. Yet that would not have squared with your Churchman's ideal, we know: Frank Headley *must* win, and Aberalva be clericised, if you are to close your story in peace of mind!

Finally, let no one leave "Two Years Ago" unread, because we think it marks a point in the progress of its author at which he cannot rest. He must now do much better or much worse in the story-telling way, or renounce it wholly. Meanwhile, let Dissenters read him, and learn the lessons they need from the sense of beauty, the varied culture, the love of woman, and the keen social feeling in general which humanize and irradiate Mr. Kingsley's pages. Of all Christian writers of our day he has done most to popularize the ideas that unless the faith we profess can be wedded to life and action, it is something worse than a dead letter, and that there is nothing in the New Testament opposed to the highest art, the most active philosophy, the tenderest, sweetest amenities of affection, and the freest social development.

Poetry.

'L'homme n'est qu'un roseau, le plus faible de la nature, mais c'est un roseau pensant. Il ne faut pas que l'univers entier s'arme pour l'écraser. Une vapeur, une goutte d'eau suffit pour le tuer. Mais quand l'univers l'ecraserait l'homme serait encore le plus noble que ce qui le tue parce qu'il sait qu'il meurt: et l'avantage que l'univers a sur lui l'univers n'en sait rien. Ainsi toute notre dignité consiste dans la pensée.'—PASCAL. *Pensées*, Partie I. art. 4.

TRANSLATION.

Man's but a reed, a brittle reed,
The frailest stem that nature grows;
But, fruit of an immortal seed,
He is a reed that thinks and knows.

The universe each moment arms
Its countless forms this reed to crush;
To wither all its slender charms;
Its tender melodies to hush.

A noiseless puff of poisonous breath
Blows o'er it, and its beauty droops;
A drop, tinged with a hue of death,
Its tall erectness swiftly stoops.

Yet when he falls by such mean blow,
Man nobler is than all his foes!
A *mindless* thing has laid him low;
But, that he goes to death, he knows.

The breath knows not the death it works,
The havoc dire, the ruin dread;
The drop thinks not what poison lurks
Within its globe to swell the dead.

So when he dies, his force quick spent,
Man's battle brief is nobly fought,
His glory, not to be unbent,
But to inform his deed with thought.

February 1, 1857. C. W. C.

Record of Christian Missions.

We are happy to be able this month to devote a few paragraphs to the missions of the oldest and one of the most honoured of all missionary bodies—the UNITED BRETHREN. We do so with the more pleasure that the great work which these devoted pioneers of Christianity are discharging, stands in such remarkable contrast to that of nearly all other Christian denominations. It is, probably, the only *silent* missionary work that is performed. The Moravian Brethren hold no 'May

meetings;' produce no Greenlanders, Laplanders, or Croixians, before the astonished and wondering gaze of London audiences; never, that we can remember, asked a noble viscount, or a *very* rich 'hon. member,' to take the chair at one of their public meetings—indeed, we half doubt whether they hold any public meetings whatever. Their total number in all Europe and America scarcely exceeds 10,000, so that the whole denomination might be conveniently accommodated in the Music Hall of the Surrey Gardens. Yet what have not this devoted band done? Numbering, a little more than a century ago—full forty years before Carey thought of the Baptist Mission—only 600 exiled souls, they set their heart on the conversion of the savage nations of the world. From this 600, there went, in less than ten years, missionaries to every part of the globe, while, at the present time, this little band of 10,000 supply one-sixth of the total number of missionaries of all denominations, who have nearly one-third of the total number of converts in the world. Yet, probably, they have spent in the whole course of their century and a quarter of labour, not so much as the three great missionary societies of Great Britain spend in a single year. They have relied, not on money, but on Christian zeal, and; before all the world, their reliance has been justified.

One of their first stations was Greenland, and it is of this station that we have news this month. Here it was that they first learned the way of gospel teaching. The impressive incident by which they were taught appears to have been received as a perpetual warning against worldliness of spirit. We are told by their historian that for many years their missionaries in Greenland had laboured to train the natives to habits of industry, and to instruct them in moral truth, preparatory to opening up the mysteries of revealed religion. Year after year passed away, and no effect appeared to follow. They laboured as Dr. Chalmers laboured during the first years of his Kilmany ministry. They told the people not to lie, nor steal, nor be unfaithful, and neither lying, stealing, nor unfaithfulness, diminished one iota. One day, however, whilst one of their number was engaged in making a copy of a translation of one of the gospels, a crowd of inquisitive natives gathered round him, who wished to know the contents of the book. The copyist read to them the history of our Saviour's sufferings and death. 'How was that?' said one of the savages, stepping up to the table at which the missionary was sitting, his voice trembling with emotion as he spoke. 'How was that? tell me that once more, for I, too, would fain be saved.' 'These words,' wrote the missionary, 'the like of which I had never heard from any Greenlander, pained my very soul, and affected me so much that, with tears in my eyes, I related to them the whole history of the sufferings of Christ, and the counsel of God for our salvation.'* This Greenlander was the first convert of the Moravian missionaries, and now there are 50,000 living witnesses to the zeal and faith of their successors, and the surpassing love of the Saviour.

The latest intelligence regarding Greenland we derive, through the 'News of the Churches,' from the missionaries' letters published in the Annual Report of the Moravian missionaries for the past winter.

Mr. Kögel writes as follows:—'The past year has been unusually favourable for our people in temporals. I think I cannot remember any previous one equally

* Klingsmith's 'Historical Records.'

so. One cause of this is mainly to be sought for in the fact, that we have had scarcely any real winter. Before Christmas, the thermometer fell only once to 10° Fahrenheit, and did not remain long even so low. After new year, we had fine spring weather, and, with the exception of some sharp night-frosts, this mild weather continued. Our gardens look more promising than could well be expected in Greenland. There is, also, abundance of grass, so that our cattle and goats are thriving, and give plenty of milk. So little snow was there during the winter, that the Greenland women could go out and gather berries at all times. There was also abundance of fish and wild-fowl; and the calm weather permitted the Greenlanders to go out hunting or fishing every day, so that they obtained quite as much as was required to supply their wants. The summer has also been so propitious, that they have been enabled to lay up a good stock of dried provisions for the winter.

'That much of this prosperity, however, is merely outward, will appear from the circumstance that the fatal sign of the decline of a race—viz., decrease of population—has begun to be exhibited. Is there a death-touch in civilization? Red-Indian, Hottentot, Australian, and Greenlander, disappear before it as the fair figure of a long-buried corpse vanishes, at the first breath of moving air, or the first touch of living mortal.'

Yet these people are growing in the knowledge of the truth, are grasping the word with a firm hand, and show all the signs that characterise a vital Christianity. Mr. Uellner, another Moravian, thus writes of their religious condition:—

'Although our people were often absent from the station, they took care that the young people did not neglect the schools. Nor have we any reason to complain of the attendance at church. We trust to our Lord's gracious promise, that his word, which is so freely made known, will not remain without fruit. Indeed, I may say, that we are not without proofs of this, in the walk and conversation of our people, although these are not so numerous as we could wish, and might, with justice, expect. You will be gratified to hear, that all who can read are well provided with portions of the Holy Scriptures, as well as good and edifying books. I may mention, besides the entire New Testament, the Psalms, an extract from the Old Testament, the Harmony of the Four Gospels, an excellent catechism, which was translated into Greenlandish about fourteen years ago, and a very suitable devotional book, containing meditations for every day in the year, which we have had about three years, and for which we are indebted to Br. Poulsen Lund. All these books are diligently made use of by our people in their dwellings, and, except the last mentioned, in the schools. The hymn-book, containing about 600 hymns, is also faithfully turned to account. A great number of the hymns are learned by heart by the younger portion of our congregation, and these are frequently sung by them in their houses. They have much taste for music, and their singing is very good.'

It will surprise many readers to be told, after this, that no Greenlander has ever yet had an opportunity of reading the whole Bible. There are parts which have not yet been even translated, much less printed and published. Yet they literally 'crave for information,' and devour anything in the shape of a book. Their deficiencies, we are glad to learn, are likely to be fully supplied by a corps of native evangelists, who are about to be trained at the Moravian Institution for this pur-

pose—the United Brethren discovering, like other missionary bodies, that the only effective way of educating a people is to send them native teachers.

The 'Baptist Missionary Herald' contains a statement relating to female education in India, bearing upon this last point. In the last number of this journal, the editor calls attention to a remarkable spontaneous movement going on in the north-west provinces of India, and initiated by Pundit Gopal Singh, who had succeeded, during 1855, in establishing, in the district of Agra, upwards of fifty schools, attended by 1,200 girls of the most respectable families.

'We now learn,' continues the editor, 'that this movement has proceeded with extraordinary rapidity, and that, up to November last, 200 schools had been established, with an aggregate daily attendance of nearly 4,000 girls. As the editor of "The Friend of India" justly observes, "it is rather a social revolution than a local movement which Pundit Gopal Singh has inaugurated."

'"The Friend of India" goes on to say, "our information is not yet precise enough to enable us to trace the steps by which results have been attained. But it appears that Pundit Gopal, who is a man of high character, and of a social standing above his official position, was convinced that a failure of former attempts to establish girls' schools was attributable to the suspicion with which everything coming from a foreigner is received by the natives, and to the want of co-operation of the educated natives." The fact is, when stated in less decorous language, that an educated native cares nothing about education. "But," continues the pundit, "the establishment of a little school, in which my own daughters and those of my immediate friends and relations attended at first, like a charm, dispelled, in a great measure, the prejudices of my neighbours, and induced many to send their girls also. This example, and my constant persuasion and reasoning, have at last succeeded in inducing many respectable inhabitants of other villages to yield." And so the movement promises fair to become national.

'The pupils are nearly all Hindoos, belonging, as the European officials assure us, to the most respectable classes of the native community. The teachers are *all males*. "Want of female teaching," says the pundit, "was one great obstacle in the way; but the guardians of the girls composing the respectve schools, pointed out men of approved character, in whom they have full confidence, and I have appointed such persons only as teachers, and the result is very satisfactory."'

We are told that all attempts of this kind, in the hands of foreigners, are said to have failed, and that simply because they were made by foreigners. 'If so,' asks the 'Herald,' 'does not this fact tend to strengthen every argument which has been used for the free use of native agency, in every department of mission work?'

We are glad to see, by the same journal, that the missionaries, in its Indian field, are active, though not always successfully so. We give one quotation from a letter of the Rev. S. Laurence:—

'In some villages, where a few years ago we met with uncivil treatment, we were received this time with respect. The principal men of the villages recommended their dependents to listen to our addresses, while they themselves set the example. It has been often repeated to us, "What you say about the prevalence of sin, its degrading and awful consequences, the necessity of repentance and reformation, the importance of salvation, the impossibility of obtaining salvation by any works of our own, the folly of idol worship, and the usefulness of our

religious ceremonies in general, we approve of; it is all true; but what you tell us about Jesus Christ we cannot understand. We have never heard of him from any of our learned men; there is nothing about him in any of our holy books. We have nine incarnations of our own, and expect a tenth; why should we be told to believe on Him of whom neither we nor our forefathers have known anything? If our own incarnations are all false, and utterly insufficient to effect our salvation, as you say, and as we are disposed to admit, then why should we have recourse to another incarnation? Why not return to the Supreme Being himself?'

But the same writer adds testimony that reads rather discouragingly after fifty years' labour:—

'The minds of the people in general are very far from being ready to embrace Christianity, and the instances of a better mind are rare. Still good, I have no doubt, is being done by the preaching of the gospel among the natives. A few are converted, and the attention of many is aroused to the awful prevalence of iniquity in the land, and to the need of a great national as well as personal reformation. When this necessity is more deeply felt, the salvation of the gospel will be more highly appreciated. We want more preachers and more preaching, and above all we need more of the influence of the Spirit to render the preaching of the word effectual.'

It is not often that one meets in missionary journals with such 'gratifying' circumstances as that narrated by a missionary of the American Presbyterian Mission in Africa, in the following extract. We insert it by way of light to the shadow of our previous quotation, premising that Nifou is a large mart for the growing trade of palm oil:—

'We have been much interested by a visit from Nimle, the oldest son of the king, and now acting-regent of Nifou. He came as the representative of his people to procure a missionary for them. He is the gravest and most candid heathen I have ever met, and one who has gained the confidence of all the Liberians who know him. I regret that I cannot give you a fuller statement of the case at present. I must, however, mention a few facts, leaving the subject for another time.

'He says they have wished to have missionaries among them for ten years. He is an extensive trader, and values time. Yet he came here, two hundred miles, requiring an absence of near a month, for the express purpose of getting a missionary. The town of Nifou is about twenty miles from Settra-Kroo, and contains, it would seem, more than three thousand souls. Seven other towns belong to it as dependencies. No doubt one great reason of their wishing the gospel, or rather 'book,' is, the advantage which learning would bring them in a worldly point of view. Still, I think, they are convinced, from what they have seen, that Christian habits and morals are better than theirs. Hence, Nimle expressed their willingness at once to commence the observance of the Sabbath; and, although, he said, the older ones could not abandon polygamy, they would wish their children to do so. The king would desire all the children, boys and girls, to be taught, even those several days back in the "bush."

'He says that all hands would unite in building a "country" house for the missionary, and also a church, and he would be allowed to select as much land

anywhere as he pleased. Altogether, I think, this is a very loud call, and the appeal should touch many Christian hearts.'

We are glad to set this by the side of a cheerful picture from Turkey, furnished to 'Evangelical Christendom,' by Mr. Parsons, American missionary in Asia Minor. Mr. Parsons writes under date of January 6:—

'Our good deacon, who acts as physician's assistant and as bookseller, is doing a good work. At the shop, where he disposes of books and medicines, he has daily discussions with the Armenians, and is not a little encouraged by what his eyes see and his ears hear of the progress of evangelical doctrines. He says one or two good men should be constantly preaching "Christ and him crucified," in the shops and market-places of the city. The passers-by, almost without exception, will stop and listen attentively, and at almost any hour of the day, to one who holds forth the doctrines of the religion of Christ. It is questionable whether such an one is any more liable to interruption or insult, than is one who attempts what is termed "street preaching" on Boston Commons. But, alas, *where are the men?* We feel deeply our need of labourers, and must be crippled in all our efforts to do good, so long as the men are wanting. "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few."'

'Many books, mostly, however, Bibles and Testaments, in different languages, have been disposed of during the past year. It is peculiarly gratifying that so many copies of the Word of Life have, within these few months, been placed in the hands of this dying people. May the blessing of God attend upon his word, and make it "a savour of life unto life" to all who read it.

'We suffer but little molestation from the Turkish population. Indeed, we can with gratitude say, we have been permitted to prosecute our work with "*none* to molest or make afraid." God hath guided, protected, smiled upon us; and we are encouraged by the light of his presence, and by the many exceeding great and precious promises which he hath given us, to go on our way rejoicing.'

Our readers, doubtless, are acquainted with the loss that the Christian Church in this quarter of the globe has sustained, in the death of Dr. Eli Smith, missionary of the American Board for upwards of thirty years. Dr. Smith was the pupil, and subsequently the travelling companion, of Dr. Robinson; the associate, also, of Dr. Dwight and Bishop Gobat; and one of the most successful explorers and diligent scholars that the missionary cause has seen. To him, the Church owes the great work of the translation of the Scriptures into Arabic. A writer from Syria to the 'News of the Churches' thus closes a brief sketch of his life.

'Dr. Smith's mental powers were of a very high order; though he was by no means popular, either as a speaker or a writer. His language was simple and clear, and his reasoning eminently logical. He was especially distinguished as a biblical critic; acute perception, sound judgment, and indefatigable industry, fitted him for this department of literature. As a linguist, he had few equals. Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, he had studied carefully. He had also spoke fluently Turkish, modern Greek, German, and French; but it was as an Arabic scholar he was chiefly known. Not only had he mastered all the minutiæ of grammar, but he had so thoroughly acquired the idiom and pronunciation, that his conversation could not be distinguished from that of a highly educated native. His per-

sonal appearance afforded scarcely any indication of his intellectual powers. He was rather below the medium height, spare in form, and dark in complexion as an oriental. His countenance was grave, and almost stern, his features small; his manners, too, were constrained, and his address somewhat cold and distant. But all these things were at once forgotten or overlooked when he engaged in conversation. Dr. Smith's name will be long cherished with affection by both native Protestants, and foreign residents in this land. He died at his home in Beyrout, on the 11th of January. On the following day, his remains were followed to the grave by a large concourse of people, of every class and sect. Religious services were conducted in the chapel in English and Arabic; and the gospel was preached in the latter language to one of the largest congregations ever assembled for Protestant worship in this land.'

Monthly Retrospect.

We are afraid that it would be refreshing to the reader, if we were at once to refer him for all information, remark, diatribe, and denunciation, concerning the General Election, to the columns of the daily newspapers. Indeed, to speak our own mind plainly, nothing but dire necessity could compel us to add a feather's weight to the thought of statesmen, journalists, and politicians, on the great struggle now agitating the kingdom. We are quite aware, good reader, that you have read three articles daily in the 'Times,' two in the 'Evening Star,' three weekly in the 'Nonconformist,' twelve ditto in the 'Saturday Review,' and another odd dozen in various papers that you have seen at your reading-room; but what are we to do? It is notorious that nothing happens during a general election. The only fires of which we hear, are the 'fires of intellect;' even mines leave the business of 'explosion' to 'shams;' while thieves become disgusted with their employment, on observing the gigantic scale on which hustings orators steal each other's brains and principles. All the while a curious observer, taking notes for a new edition of Abercrombie's 'Intellectual Powers,' might remark how wide-spread becomes a disease, which has been hitherto considered one of the most frightful, in its nature and results, of any which has visited the abodes of mankind. A sudden *lapsus memoriæ* spreads like an epidemic through the length and breadth of the Parliamentary ranks, while, on the other hand, a feverish excitement of the intellect in the minds of journalists and other viciously inclined individuals, enables them to supply the public, at the exact time and place that circumstances may require, with the very events which parliamentary candidates have forgotten. Before we proceed to some illustrations, we may remark that the first disease is not, as physicians commonly consider, the effect of a softening of the brain, but rather of a process of a reverse nature, while the second is unquestionably the result of a hardening of the heart. Look at two or three notable instances. The following are some events in Lord Palmerston's political life:—massacre at Peterloo; betrayal of the Portuguese con-

stitutionalists; betrayal of Poland, ditto Hungary; snubbed by Kossuth; ditto by the French Republic; ditto by Schwarzenberg; anti-reform protest in 1853; diplomatic defeat by Russia; ditto by Bomba; eating the American leak, and many similar achievements. It is unquestionable, that when the noble lord decided to dissolve Parliament, he imagined that every one of these events had been forgotten. And now, in every newspaper that he takes up, he may find a mirror of his former self. Every editor seems to have considered it to be his particular and bounden duty at the present crisis, to 'hold the glass to nature,' and every independent candidate to furnish his own especial contribution to the national portrait. We have, as a general result, a man with the manners of a lady, the aspect of a fop, and the wit of a clown—a second M. de Maurepas, who might, this day, be described in the identical language used thirty years ago by the historian of the French Revolution:—'But now, among French hopes, is not that of old M. de Maurepas one of the best grounded, who hopes that he by dexterity shall contrive to continue minister? Nimble old man, who for all emergencies has his light jest; and even in the worst confusion will emerge, cork like, unsunk! Small care to him is Perfectibility, Progress of the Species, and *Astræa Redux*; good only, that a man of light wit, verging towards fourscore, can in the seat of authority feel himself important among men. In courtier dialect, he is now named the "Nestor of France," such governing Nestor as France has; long a despotism tempered by Epigrams, and now, it would seem, the Epigrams have got the upper hand.'* Is that a prophecy or a 'historical parallel?' Or shall we call it a case of metempsychosis?—But there are others who put in the darker shades to this character; who say that Palmerston's frank manners are used only to conceal an impenetrable reserve; that his reputation for boldness is built upon bullying; that his connexion with the Liberal party is that of a drag instead of a wheel; that he is a Tory in disguise; that he has done more than any man living to break the exile's heart and to rivet the prisoner's fetters; that, like Wilkes, he laughs in his sleeve at any one who calls himself his follower, for he, at least, is not a Palmerstonian! We could say harsher things than these, but is it worth while? History has given his predecessor twelve lines; it may bestow as much honour upon him. If it ever reviews the circumstances of the present contest it will only be to illustrate the old fable—for, for every dragon's tooth that Palmerston has sown, there has now sprung up an armed man.

But we had intended, after the fashion of the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' when it was under Sylvanus Urban's dictatorship, and when the great essayist wrote his imaginary parliamentary reports just once a month, to give you the *news* of the past four or five weeks. Were we to do so, we should begin with the debate on the budget, pass on to Mr. Locke King's motion, and report the best speeches in Lords and Commons on the Chinese war. We should then notice the bit of poetical incident in the vote to the Speaker, and as every tragedy has its comical scene—even Hamlet its grave-digger—the bit of comedy at the funeral of the old Parliament, when the Speaker called on the new Irish member to be sworn. Having

* Carlyle's 'French Revolution,' book ii. chap. iv.

done something by this time to establish for ourselves a fair antiquarian reputation, we should proceed to a solemn review of the acts and deeds of the Parliament just dissolved, and discuss the respective merits of Mr. Roebuck's and Lord Palmerston's description thereof, beginning with the vote which upset Lord Derby, and ending with the shaking of hands with Mr. Speaker. We should next proceed to say, that the past, like every preceding Parliament, had marked and made an epoch in history, for there had never been a Parliament since the close of the war in 1815, that had not been ennobled by some great act of legislative reform. In proof of this, we should point to the Parliaments that settled the currency; that reformed the criminal code; that emancipated Protestant and Catholic Dissenters; that passed the Reform Bill; that gave its sanction to the abolition of the slave-trade and slavery; that repealed corn-laws; established county courts; abolished five hundred import duties; that set its seal on a free-trade policy. The last was the work of the late Parliament, almost the only work for which it will receive honour from posterity. A succession of reforms will be noticed in the above enumeration, financial reform coming immediately after the war, as will be the case a second time—ecclesiastical following financial, political following ecclesiastical, and social following political. It will be noticed also, that what we may call a *crop* of reforms generally springs up at once. Thus the Emancipation, Anti-slavery, and Reform Bills, were all carried within the space of two years. The fact is, that the impetus of the popular will is felt in every direction at the same time. The people *grow* and grow healthily. And there are seldom any deformities in their growth. One limb is not lengthened while another remains short. And so there is now, as there was a generation ago, a demand for reform in all directions. The people who ask for an extension of the suffrage, ask also for new financial regulations, and for the abolition of Church-rates, and boldly question about the ballot and the Irish Church. He who, like Lord Palmerston, would seek to impede this natural expansion of a nation's mind, will have to fight against the laws of mental and moral growth. He cannot stunt a nation as boys stunt rabbits, by intoxicating them. The fumes of the Chinese question are passing away, and leaving the people sober in mind and unimpaired in the use of all their faculties.

If Lord Palmerston cannot dwarf the growing stature of the people, neither can he, as events have shown, succeed even in calling away their gaze from the great objects set before them by the leaders of the Liberal party. He has thrown the Chinese question in their midst just as a traveller will throw down any article that might serve to divert the attention of a pursuing lion. But the nation, so far from having been thrown off the scent by such an artifice, has only redoubled its claims. Wherever the sham has been discovered and exposed, there the demand for Reform and Reformers has been uttered with an earnestness that none before suspected to exist. For years past it has been the complaint of Radical politicians, and the excuse of Whig statesmen, that the people cared nothing for any addition to their political power. *Now*, scarcely a candidate presents himself but he is obliged to declare his approval of the

abolition of Church-rates, of household suffrage, of Mr. Locke King's bill, and pretty frequently of the ballot. The Chinese question, except for the purpose of expressing their abhorrence of that blood-stained iniquity that —saving the massacre at Sinope—is without a parallel in modern history, and of recognising it as the occasion of the present contest, is now pretty nearly forgotten. Not a single large town has yet pronounced for Palmerston, while those Liberals who succumbed to fear, or to Government influence in voting against Mr. Cobden, have run the risk of losing their seats. The city, in the most enthusiastic political meeting that we ever remember to have attended, enthusiastically supports Lord John Russell. Manchester has done itself immortal honour by its reception of Mr. Milner Gibson and Mr. Cobden. Rochdale receives Mr. Miall with an unprecedented demonstration of approval; Sheffield still welcomes Mr. Roebuck; Carlisle, Sir J. Graham; and the Oxford students, Mr. Gladstone. On the other hand, Mr. Bernal Osborne flies Middlesex; Mr. Massey, Newport; Chambers and Ferguson are amongst the first of the rejected; Mr. Lowe is in danger at Kidderminster; and Mr. Crossley at Halifax; and the Premier himself dares face no greater constituency than the pocket one of Tiverton. These are signs that any who will read can; we read them, and think we see that the next Parliament will endorse the vote of the last, and that it will stand far in advance of its predecessor on all questions that affect popular rights and privileges, and sound principles of government.

The healthy glow of excitement, and right direction of its energies, that have succeeded the previous fever and false alarm of the body politic, are, doubtless, to a great extent, due to the action of two public bodies, and to the influence of the metropolitan and provincial press. The Religious Liberation Society, with an energy and promptitude deserving of the highest praise, as soon as the dissolution of Parliament became a certainty, at once took the field, and in a manly and comprehensive address, put the great questions of ecclesiastical freedom before the electors. This step has, we believe, been followed up by a direct stimulus of local effort in almost every borough, and by the recommendation and practical support of all those candidates who have expressed an approval of the distinctive views of the society. The result has been, that the Anti-state-church 'card' has been laid down before every constituency, and that in very many boroughs it has been made the basis of distinctive political action. The society has thus proved not only the wisdom of the Parliamentary course on which it entered in 1853, but the thorough effectiveness of its organization, and the perfect readiness of its resources. A good theory has been backed by wisely directed effort, and the results have far exceeded the most sanguine expectations that any ventured to entertain. With a more numerous supply of thoroughly eligible candidates, there can be no doubt that much more might have been accomplished.

The Administrative Reform Association has also done something. Although there appears to be some division in its ranks—Mr. Gassiot writing one way and Mr. Morley and Mr. Roebuck another—its work has unquestionably told. It appears to have watched over the short-comings

of Parliament with the very eyes of Argus, and it has exposed them on occasions with such effect that every member must now feel that his future sins will most surely 'find him out.'

No newspaper has done more effective service than the 'Morning Star.' With a circulation nearly equal, we believe, to that of the 'Times,' with apparently ample resources, and with a skill and dexterity scarcely inferior to that of its great contemporary, it has been behind no journal in its intelligence, while it has often supplied news with a candour and truthfulness that might shame its rivals. In one or two instances, such as in the articles relating to the diplomatic correspondence concerning Naples, and the comparison of Lord Palmerston's statements in his address with the dates given in the Chinese blue-book, it has done very effective public service. With a little more sub-editorial care, and the accession of more cultivated talent to its editorial staff, it need be second to no existing journal, either in point of literary character or political power. Even as it is, we look upon it as one of the most creditable and successful experiments in the history of English journalism.

The 'Daily News,' by the openness, ability, and courage with which it has defended the right, has regained much of its lately lost *prestige*, and bids fair to be *trusted* as an organ of the Liberal party. Of weekly journals, the 'Nonconformist' claims to be mentioned first, because it has *always* been of the opinion, and for years, in the face of much evil report, has defended it, that Lord Palmerston is what all the leaders of the Liberal party now see him to be—nothing but a sham. The 'Saturday Review' would have done, occasionally, effective service but for the Pyrrhonism that taints its cleverest articles. The people's journals, such as the 'Dispatch,' have, we believe, without exception, taken their stand against Lord Palmerston, while nearly the whole of the country newspaper press has pronounced against the man. If these do not indicate on which side are the people's sympathies, there are no indicators in existence.

Well, such are the events, and such some of the means, by which they have been accomplished;—what will be their ultimate issue it would be hazardous to predict. Most probably a few weeks will see Lord Derby in power, to be in his turn supplanted on a Reform measure by Lord John. The Liberals need yet the bracing air of Opposition. A parliamentary struggle will do more to intensify the feeling of the people than any other means. A swimmer is never very bold till he has encountered a few waves. It is struggling that adds to muscular strength, and that adds also to the appetite. A strong and keen parliamentary battle, and Lord John may possibly be able to digest the unconditional abolition of church-rates, and something more than a *5l.* borough franchise.

If our space permitted, we should be glad to add a few words on one or two other topics, such as the bishops—would they, after their vote on the Canton massacre, if they were candidates for the popular suffrage, be likely to be sent back to the House of Lords? Then there is the Knightsbridge church case, the difficulties of which have been very cleverly solved by a pretty equal division of spoils and costs. The financial condition of Spain, the state of diplomatic relations between Austria and Sardinia, the revival

of the old case of Denmark and the Duchies; each, doubtless, will furnish matter for a nine days' wonder when the elections are over, and then be allowed quietly to drop. More important in their issues are two events that have occurred on the other side of the Atlantic, viz., the reduction of Import Duties, and the decision of the Supreme Court, in the case of the slave Dred Scot. Were not the course of legislation in the United States of so perfectly arbitrary a character, we might predict great events from the first measure. England would never retrace her steps in such a matter, but there is no certainty that America will not, any day, return to almost prohibitory duties. The importance of the present reduction, therefore, lies not so much in the reduction itself, as in the declaration by which it is accompanied, viz., that duties are levied not for protection but for revenue. Two years after the death of Henry Clay, we thus see the great principle of his political creed for ever abandoned by his countrymen.—The decision of Chief Justice Taney will only, we suspect, increase the sympathies of the free man for the slave. If the case of the latter was miserable before, it appears almost hopeless now. The several laws of the slave states have been declared to be the law of the United States by the highest judicial authority. And we are afraid the Chief Justice is really right in his decision. But, be it so, we can remember that the weaker is man, the stronger is God. Faith is not faith until in extremity. 'Fear ye not, *stand still*, and see the salvation of the Lord.'

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Of Thoroughness in Reading.

Once there were no books. Before the deluge they seem to have had not even a spelling-book. It was a great bookless world for two thousand years. The schoolmaster was not abroad,—and it must be confessed that in those ages men generally appear to have done little credit to the simplicity of nature. The portion of the earth which was peopled became one immense battle-field. The earth was 'filled with violence.' It was a population of ruffians at last, whose history did not deserve more than half a dozen verses in a post-diluvian Bible. Not, however, that it was impossible for the world in that age to produce great and good men without books, for, although destitute of circulating libraries, it was very far from being devoid of high methods and instruments of instruction. It was a world that produced an Enoch, a man so wise and so holy, so intimate in the closest relationship with the Infinite Spirit, that for him God antedated the resurrection by a bodily translation to the upper glory. And he—the best—was but one of many good. Truth-seeking souls were not abandoned, although Paternoster-row was then overgrown with the primæval forest. The thinking power was in each man; and he who could reason strenuously before the flood was in a better position than the unreasoning book-glutton after it. Intellect was fresh upon the planet. It was a clear prism through which the light of nature flashed in refracting glories. Ideas were not too numerous for the mind. There were no encyclopædists. They lived nine hundred years and thought slowly, and, if disposed, could see clearly in consequence. There were no express trains, and they read leisurely, if they pleased, the direction posts and milestones on the high-road of life. There was not that congestion of the faculties through omnivorous consumption of intellectual aliment which causes in modern times confusion of thought

from the gorging of the mind's digestive apparatus. A man's ideas might under such circumstances consist of original perceptions, and be as clearly defined and brightly coloured as the images in a solar microscope. The feeling of being long-lived must have given a leisurliness and repose to meditation, which added tenfold to its enjoyment. They had immediate revelation to instruct them; a wonderful quickener of all the energies; they had tradition from their fathers, and even from Adam himself, the mysterious descendant of the Eternal; they had observation of nature and Providence; they had private thought, dialogue, and public discussion; and with all these sources of instruction a patriarch would be very nearly as well off as if he were the possessor of the Bodleian library.

In these days of men formed wholly on books, one would like occasionally to meet with a mind fresh from that great bookless world of early antiquity; one of the men who had noticed for himself, because there was no nautical almanack to tell him, what stars rose and set at the different seasons of the year in the spangled sky; who had observed with his own eyes what plants grew around him, and when they crowned themselves with flowers, and who tried experiments with his own hand on the medicinal virtues of the herbs of the field; one who had derived impressions respecting the Divinity himself from an original insight into the creation, and from reflection on the awful operations of conscience within him. Such a man would be an inspiriting companion. He would make us feel that there was something ALIVE within. We could not mistake his soul for an intellectual mummy painted all over with other men's ideas.

The progress towards a book was as gradual as that towards a steam-engine. First there was a representation on wood or stone of a natural object, an engraving in fact. This was picture-writing. To this was added next a symbol to represent things which could not be themselves portrayed—an eye to represent intelligence, a horn to represent power. This was the basis of hieroglyphics. And it is still the essential principle of Chinese writing. The ideas of the mind and the perceptions of the senses were represented, not the sounds of language by which they were denoted. At length came the grand discovery of alphabetic writing, founded on an analysis of the sounds of speech, and on a determination of symbols to represent the elementary sounds. These symbols, at first, were objects whose names commenced with the sound which it was desired to convey. Thus, the sound of A was represented by the head and horns of an ox, because the word *aleph*, an ox, commenced with that sound. And thus through all the letters of the alphabet. In this manner the names of sovereigns are spelled out in the Egyptian hieroglyphs. And the Hebrew alphabet consists of a series of such phonetics. *Beth*, or B, is a rude drawing of a house. *Gimel*, or G, of a camel. *Daleth*, or D, of a door. The first writing was thus a representation of thought; the second, a representation of speech.

There was a similar progression in the selection of the materials employed for writing. Wood, stone, the leaves of trees, bark (hence

bok—the bark of the beech), skins, papyrus, parchment, paper. Here, at last, was a book, a mighty instrument by which one man might convey his inmost thought to any other man who could read, and at any distance of time or place. And accordingly—ever since—men have been writing down their thoughts, good, bad, and indifferent, in the strong desire to communicate them to other minds. Thousands of years ago the accumulation was already so vast—such mountains of recorded thought had been piled up by the industry of authors (of the 'making of many books there was no end')—so great was the labour of copying, and the expense of multiplying them—so constant and destructive was the wear and tear of ages—and so vigorous the desire of each new generation to write new books for itself, that myriads disappeared from the earth, and only the best, or the most famous, were preserved.

At length came the printing-press, multiplying the copies of a book or tract indefinitely; and, lastly, the steam-engine, increasing the power of the printing-press a thousand-fold. It is understood that nearly 60,000 copies of the 'Times' are printed daily. Yes! those great revolving cylinders—they are the mightiest forces among men!

Books of all sizes, pamphlets, tracts, papers, are now multiplied beyond calculation. All minds are surrounded with the profuse records of other men's thinking, and this places every man in a new position of moral trial. Before, a bad soul was confined to the area of its own corrupt thinking, or to that of its associates. Now, a bad man can summon to his help the most wicked thinkers of all ages. He can receive into his soul, by reading, the condensed essence of the sin of the world, as a virulent stimulant to his own corruption; he can store his own spirit with the perilous stuff treasured up by generations in the devil's arsenals, and thus convert it into a sort of bombshell, ready to flame and burst and scatter destruction amidst the fairest works of God or of man. Every day bad books, or a wrong mode of reading, are perhaps inflicting as much of injury as good books are conferring of benefit, around the world; and, under these circumstances, it is never out of place to dwell upon the right use of literature. To turn the reading of but one person into the right direction is at least worth an endeavour.

First, then, with respect to the *manner of reading*. It is not every one in the present day who knows how to read, although every one fancies that he has acquired this accomplishment. The object of reading is to obtain a thorough transfusion from the book into our own minds of the author's conceptions, reasonings, and feelings, and this is not attained in most cases by the rapid swallowlike skimming of the surface, which is what the majority of persons call reading. To read a book thoroughly which is really worth reading is a work that requires a throwing forth of the soul upon the page, in the last degree unlike the indolent easy-chair-style of attention which is all that the majority of men afford to the business. The attention of the mind requires to be brought to a focus, like the rays of a great burning glass; not to wander on the ceiling like reflected beams from a vase of water

on the table. This habit of concentration and vigorous receptiveness is possessed by none but those who have really devoted themselves to the study of a few favourite books. There are multitudes who say that they have read hundreds of books, who never yet honestly and manfully read one. Between true and false reading there is all the difference that exists between eating and digesting solid food for the purpose of nutrition, and the smoking of opium or tobacco. In the one case there is mastication, chemical action, useful absorption—in the other, mere suction and diffusion of vapour, leaving behind no result but stupidity and sloth. There is plenty of this intellectual smoking all around us. A book in the hands of the generality is a mere cigar or opium pill. Cheap and abundant 'literature' is the opium of this China of the west, Great Britain, where men's ideas are for the most part stereotyped and unalterable. Nothing more certainly puts out a feeble fire than too much fuel heaped upon it so as to exclude the air; and nothing so certainly extinguishes the flame of honest and independent thought as the perpetual reading of easy writing by those who have scarcely learned to think at all. It is impossible, therefore, to lay too much stress upon a young person's obtaining a perfect acquaintance with a few masterpieces in literature. Suppose, for example, it be such a book as Milton's 'Paradise Lost,' or John Foster's Essays. Let these books be read line by line with perfect deliberation, with the endeavour to obtain, as from a steel die, a vivid image of each illustration, to affix a clear meaning to every word employed, to comprehend every argument, to receive an impression from every moral sentiment, or gleam of beauty or sublimity; above all, with an endeavour to watch the thoughts suggested in the mind of the reader by each passage in the writer, to mingle spirits, to allow the recorded argument or passion of departed greatness to exercise its full inspiration upon the learner; let the mind, like the sunbeam, dwell on each sentence until like a flower it unfolds its beauties, and its fragrance. Let the reader believe that there are pages deserving of hours of protracted and repeated meditation—let the work of the understanding and of the heart upon these pages resemble in slowness almost the work of the sculptor upon marble, imitative, yet creative. Let him return to the beginning when he has reached the end. Let the same work be re-read, and read again, until it is nearly learned by heart; and thenceforth the student will have a right to say that he has read one book. But the process will not end there. He will hereafter look with a different feeling upon books, and the generality of their so-called readers. He will know that few of the minds around him ever thus diligently sat at the feet of a great man to 'hear his words.' The Mary-soul will seem to him a rare vision of beauty among a world of confused, dinner-loving, cumbered Marthas. He will recognise in the multitude that grey-shadowed style of thought, that monotonous uncoloured aspect in their conceptions, which prevents them from clearly distinguishing their ideas, and leads them so readily into a muddle. Common-place minds are like the thickly dusted glasses of a bad microscope. The lenses are imperfect, and

the dust makes them dimmer still. There are no clearly defined, brilliantly illuminated images. And to common-place minds every thing around seems common-place.

How full of force and beauty are the following lines of Wordsworth, in which he describes the opposite condition of an earnest spirit in youth :—

'So passed the time; yet to the nearest town
He daily went with what small overplus
His earnings might supply, and brought away
The book that most had tempted his desires,
While at the stall he read. Among the hills
He gazed upon that mighty orb of song,
The divine Milton.
So the foundations of his mind were laid
In such communion, not from terror free.
While yet a child, and long before his time,
Had he perceived the presence and the power
Of greatness; and deep feelings had impressed
Great objects in his mind, with portraiture
And colour so distinct, *that in his mind*
They lay like substances, and almost seemed
To haunt the bodily sense. He had received
A precious gift; for as he grew in years
With these impressions, he would still compare
All his remembrances, thoughts, shapes, and forms;
And being still unsatisfied with aught
Of dimmer character, he thence attained
An active power to fasten images
Upon his brain; *and on their pictured lines*
Intensely brooded, even till they acquired
The liveliness of dreams.'—*Excursion*, book i.

Assuredly the main difference between minds is in the clearness of their perceptions, and the distinctness of their ideas. Almost any mind possesses the power of interesting itself, and of interesting others, which sees objects and events through a bright atmosphere in their individuality. This is the main charm of Dickens among the story-tellers, and of the pre Raffaellite painters. These men throw the sunlight of distinct vision from within on the commonest objects, and in the morning sunlight even a pebble in the road glistens into beauty. Whether they describe the dress of a pauper child, or a heap of autumn leaves, or the interior of a furnished drawing-room, it is the distinctness and the truth which interests and delights us. The eye looks, but the mind sees, and as the prophet Isaiah said long ago, 'the multitude look, but see not.' If this is true with regard to outward nature, it is at least equally true with respect to the world of books, and especially with that part of literature which does not arouse the action of the mind by the enticement and stimulus of sensual passion. It is the exception, and not the rule, in the present day to find a reader 'deep' in a book of the better class. The absorbing and fatiguing multiplicity of outward affairs leaves but small leisure to men of business. From morning till night they are engaged in coining money, copper, silver, or gold, as the case may be, in the great mint of the business world, and after their labours they are generally

ready for dinner, amusement, or sleep. Their anxieties accompany them to their homes, so that if even they were less weary, they do not possess a mind sufficiently undistracted to devote themselves to anything that can be called study. Accordingly, unless they have formed in early life a habit of thorough reading, a taste 'unsatisfied with aught of dimmer character,' it is certain that no book which requires a manly and protracted exertion of the faculties will obtain any portion of their regards, or at least that portion of them which is essential to the mastery of it. Hence arises a desire for something which is interesting, without laying a perceptible tax upon the understanding, or demanding a process of steady induction or continuous logical attention. The 'railway literature' of the day abundantly satisfies the demand. It is expressly designed for a scrap-feeding generation. Those charming little books in green, pink, and yellow, form, along with the newspaper, the real working library of the majority of readers. Mr. Cobden says, that in Lancashire they read nothing but the newspaper, and he holds that nothing else is necessary. Farewell to the headache! Your brisk, sharp, modern man can master every subject in an hour. With a speed equal to that of the express train in which he is travelling he can race through a story-book, and learn all about a country, or a principle, or a national policy. By the help of 'Half Hours with the Best Authors,' he can absorb the wisdom of the ancients, and 'use it up' in a twinkling. He has his opinion ready on a thousand subjects weekly, and advances it with the utmost confidence and authority. He has made up his mind, and as Mr. Carlyle says, he is unwilling to untie the precious bundle. In politics, in religion, in literature, he is equally ready and decisive. There is nobody so 'orthodox' and so anathematizing as your man of magazine-scraps. He is ever ready to rush into the theatre with his hands full of dust, and throwing it into the air along with his hat, to cry, 'Great is Diana of the Ephesians.' In public meetings of such people it is natural that the 'more part should not know wherefore they have come together,' since the aggregation of foolish units never produces a wise myriad. In the presence of such a generation as this, which learns everything too soon, the office of the instructor sinks almost into that of the fly-fanner or the worker of the punkah. The generation is to be assisted to feel itself wise without the old-fashioned labour of thinking and learning. It is the age for the power of the multitude, and if knowledge has not yet fitted them for all power, half knowledge must stand in its place. A morning's glance at the 'Times,' or at the 'Morning Star,' has fitted them to 'understand all mysteries,' and to legislate for the universe. That which school-boys call 'cheek' is dominant both in the church and the world.

Now pardonable as this superficial style of reading and choice of literature may be in the less instructed classes, and pleasing as it is to hear that working men find time to look into even the lightest historical romances and scientific compendiums of the bookstalls, it is a shame and a sin for this to be the only style and choice of reading of those

who pretend to be educated persons. Flysheets and illustrated weeklies can never take the place of good books in the world's reading, without raising up a generation of triflers and empirics—of empty dogmatists and epicurean sceptics. Yes, of sceptics as well as dogmatists; for while one class of minds, from this course of reading, continued through years, will develop into desperate partizans, another, equally large, having learned just enough to know that there is a something to be said for all forms of opinion by their professors, but not enough to enable them perfectly to master the principles or the evidence which should guide their decision between conflicting beliefs, feel honestly unable to come to conclusions amidst so wild a *mêlée* of ideas, and lapse into indifference or incredulity. Myriads of our fellow-countrymen are precisely in this condition of scepticism caused by half knowledge; but it is not so commonly remembered that this half knowledge is the direct result of the prevalent habits of hasty reading. American superficiality is only a laughable exaggeration of our own.

The thought has often occurred, when pondering grievously on these *soi-disant* reading habits of the new generation, that in all schools of the higher class, the reading of a few good books might advantageously be required, as a part of the last year's work in the curriculum. In the majority of 'classical' schools, the boys are fed upon words, words, words, up to the last moment of their educational course; and they leave school without any idea of a book, beyond a classic or a railway novel. In the London University School this matter is better understood; for there Shakespere is read in the English classes, and commented on with a minuteness and vigour which cannot fail to make an impression on a boy in favour of good literature. In Sweden, at the close of the school-course, a young gentleman reads for a year with the priest; and there can be no doubt, that if our merchants and wealthy men of business would imitate the Swedish example in favour of their sons, by affording them a year's private and personal instruction in the art of thinking and reading, before the commencement of mercantile life, we should find a larger number of middle-class men arising amongst us, adorning material prosperity by force and elegance of mind, and rendering success respectable by the force of disciplined intelligence. But, indeed, the ancient conception of the British merchant has gradually been lowered, and it is not one man in a score of our upper class gold-finders who can apply the principles of severe reasoning, or of a refined taste, to the contents of their libraries, or who can reflect, with any considerable accuracy and comprehensiveness, on any other topic than commercial concerns. Those wonderful concentric circles of villas that surround the metropolis, adorned outside with freestone, plate-glass, and geraniums—within, so many glittering museums of furniture and decoration—of how many of their masters and inhabitants is it possible to think as lighting the lamp of wisdom in their retirements after the labours of the day, and vindicating the providential allotment of purple and fine linen by an intellectual superiority

to their gardeners and footmen? It is to be feared that we can think thus but of a small minority; and perhaps it is hopeless, under the present system of society, to look for any union on an extensive scale between commercial opulence and intellectual refinement. In this, as in a hundred other particulars, the world will never be right until men are trained, under a strong and ennobling religious influence, to devote at least as much thought to the expenditure as to the obtaining of their money.

'But,' perhaps some man will say, 'you forget, in the midst of these uncomplimentary remarks on the quality of mercantile and fashionable reading, the existence of Messrs. Mudie and Westerton, and of all the booksellers in the kingdom.' By no means. These gentlemen undoubtedly exist and flourish, and some of them are among the chief benefactors of their age and country. But, unfortunately, booksellers and librarians cannot control the reading habits of the majority of their customers; and what we affirm is, that in the greater number of instances these habits are to the last degree slovenly and destructive of all sound knowledge and thought. A constant series of books, good, bad, and indifferent, passes through the houses of subscribers to 'societies' and 'select libraries,' and these are hurried through, looked into, dipped into, glanced over, in endless succession, by all but a very few, so that as nearly as possible they effect the destruction of the thinking power in these omnivorous cormorants of literature. Our own genus of monthlies and quarterlies must come in for their full share of the blame. We assist idle people to attain a fallacious omniscience. We condense a science, a biography, a policy, into the brief limits of an article. We make mincemeat of leviathan, and distribute soup to the indigent made of the bones and sinews of behemoth. We hash up with sippets and sauce, to suit the taste of the indolent, the bodies of the old giants of history, and exchange the nutritious feast of oxen and fatlings which wisdom proclaims in the market-place, for the frosted and sugared confections of an amusing *causerie*. We see the result on all hands around us. In the want of serious purpose in life; in the growth of a mere decorative Christianity; in the most grotesque and degrading mimicries of the middle ages; in an obstinate assertion of ceremonial laws, and an equal detestation of all Christian 'doctrines.' We see it in the extreme frivolousness of evening company; in the audacious handling of a hundred subjects in an hour by beardless boys, and a crowd of 'earnest' scorners under twenty; in the direful affectations of a countless throng, too deeply taught by the universal spirit of nature to have any special interest in the Christian religion, or in the Christian Church. We see it in the preaching which is popular; in some cases, in a hard mixture of the spirits of Christ and Falstaff, employing the language of the deepest emotion, obviously without any genuine emotion at all, a manifestation which has its attractions for many beside the 'great unwashed;' in others, in the trifling endeavour to exchange 'the grand and ancient received truths' of Christ's salvation for a gospel without an atonement, and a cross without either 'shame'

or offence; in still more numerous instances, in a dull mediocrity of phrase-mumbling, which disturbs nobody's digestion, and assails nobody's self-esteem. We see it still more clearly in the preaching which is *not* popular—that which consists in a steady explanation of the Scriptures, which alone, in our age, is able to give the pulpit more authority than the press; which places a direct message from God, free from grotesque eccentricities, in the stead of a weekly harangue from a mortal; and which necessitates thought, by applying a strong stimulus to the conscience.

There can be no rational hesitation in attributing a very large part of these evils, which make considerate men groan in secret places, to the trifling character of the reading of the men and women of this generation. It is not that there is any deficiency of good books; it is not even that imaginative or periodical literature is too abundant, in comparison with more solid material. The fault is not nearly so much in the books as in the reading. It is the want of *study* of a few books which makes the reading of many books so dangerous. It is the absence of that concentration of mind which toils through the great work of a master spirit—of that perseverance which fags through an inspired octavo—that renders men none the wiser for their learning, not to say more foolish the more they know. Of scholars and professed students we do not presume to speak; their practice, probably, is less in accordance with the post-haste spirit of the day. But this one may confidently affirm, that the multiplication of books is in the inverse ratio of the right use of them by the multitude. They come in succession so rapidly, that none can leave any permanent impression behind, as if wax kept constantly hot should be stamped with a perpetual succession of seals. The reading is not for profit, but for amusement; and the natural result is, that there is a growing distaste for the manly discussion of the claims of truth and falsehood on the grand interests of politics and religion. Men will not be bored with that which they have learned to denounce as 'controversy.' Give them a pleasant story-book, a volume of travels, an exciting romance, and the great questions on whose study England's old heroes nourished their intellect and their genius may go to the crows or the winds. Yes, this cheap production of easy and amusing literature, when it is unaccompanied by a strenuous education of the mind by severer discipline, can end in nothing but the utter emasculation of the national character.

The bearing of this train of reflection on the *reading of the Bible* is too important to escape observation. The Bible is wonderfully well diffused, and wonderfully little studied. We hear of millions of copies spread abroad in all languages; but one Bible opened and explained is worth the mere printing of a million. Now, the understanding of the Bible is not nearly so popular a process as the distribution of it. A British and Foreign Bible Society for allowing the book to speak for itself, and to be read otherwise than through the smoky glasses of a too scholastic theology, would indeed create a commotion both at home and abroad. Yet earnest personal study of the Scriptures is

surely the very end of their diffusion; and there is no book which requires so much intense vigour of attention to profit by it as the Bible.

But what are the actually existing habits of Bible-reading among the Christian population of this country? Let each person ask himself, herself, what number of hours *per annum* they have been in the habit of devoting to anything that deserves to be called by educated persons a continuous study of the Bible? Let the question be asked by each one, how much of the Bible has ever been read in any other than the most cursory manner, with a distinct intention of receiving original impressions of sacred truth from the supreme authority? Let each one consider how many of their professedly Christian acquaintance are noted for taking any special interest in the study of the Scripture, as they might be noted for the study of Homer or Shakespere. It must be a singularly happy connexion in which such inquiries would meet with a favourable response. From long disuse of original investigation, most men have come to distrust their own faculty for it. Some feel safe in the teaching of the Church; others repose upon an ancestral sectarian creed; but it is not one in a score of the people who crowd our sanctuaries who would dare to think differently from their immediate connexions, on the strength of their own interpretation or study of the Bible. Like people, like priest. The education of our ministers does not mainly consist in the study of the Bible; and the spirit of their ministrations does not generally lead to it. The Bible, indeed, is read—certainly in the sanctuary, probably in the family, perhaps in the closet, but for the most part it is read, as other books are read, without zealous attention, without continuous perseverance, without the page-lighting flame of a spirit of honest investigation. It is pondered in detached texts—and, happily, these are diamond *dust*—but the great crystalline orb of the whole Bible, where the light of heaven is enshrined for devout students, shines in vain for the multitude. Ignorance of the *contents* of the Bible is at the foundation of much of the popular and profane tampering with Christian verities, and with the *authority* of the Bible. The men who quote it in the same breath with Plato 'know not whereof they affirm.' But, indeed, this is the root of the dreadful cancer that is eating into the breast of the modern Church—ignorance of the Scriptures. 'Ye do err, not knowing the Scripture.' The Bible may be open for ages before a nation, as we see by the example of the Jews, and still be unknown. And it is alone in a renewed study of the Bible—in the application of the Protestant principle to individual belief and spiritual life—in a prayerful and intense devotion of the mind to the writings of the prophets and apostles—that hope is to be found of renovating the reading of the age by infusing into it a motive and a principle. The chief end of all reading in a world like this should be action; but decisive and strenuous action depends upon the possession of principles; and when either there is no serious reading at all, no solemn and deliberate study of that book which is the fountain of principle and the source of truth—or where there is so large

a proportion of reading for amusement in books which deal only with the external world of events, that the reason and conscience are smothered in a bed of roses—there can be but one result accruing, whether to a man or a nation,—that men will be governed by the things that are 'seen and temporal,' and become nearly blind to those which are 'unseen and eternal.' The sensuous, the profitable, the comfortable, the entertaining, will absorb all their attention; enthusiasm for truth, sacrifice for righteousness sake, stern battle for the faith once delivered to the saints,—will be reckoned among the dramatic attractions of a bygone age, fit, indeed, to adorn in gilded pictures the walls of a modern drawing-room, but wholly unfit to mingle with the substantial pleasures of modern life. Ah! how many of our luxurious contemporaries are reading themselves to perdition! Thrice happy the men who understand the apocalyptic warning, '*Blessed is he that readeth, and they that hear the words of the book of this prophecy, for the time is at hand.*' To this reading there is promised an assistance by the Infinite Spirit which belongs to no other series of books in the world.

E. M.

Jephson; or, Midnight and Dawn.

A TALE OF INNER LIFE.

CHAPTER VIII.

'If haply they should seek after Him and find Him, though He be not far from every one of us.'

JEPHSON was to spend a few days with the major before leaving the neighbourhood, and was also engaged to take the town of F—— on his way, where Blair, at the time, held some appointment. From Myrtle Lodge he wrote to me, that at the dinner-table there was an extra knife and fork laid, and at the major's right hand too; so that he had wondered what new guest had been expected, but had failed to appear. Will the reader be surprised to learn whose appearance had been regarded at least as a possibility? The major had come to the conclusion, that the personal and visible return of Christ was now at hand, and since there was no knowing who might be destined to the honour of first welcoming him, there was a possibility of that honour being graciously conferred on himself. The reader will see that I put no note of admiration to the sentence. No; not even by so slight a token would I intimate that the opinion which was so reverently and modestly held by this devoted Christian may be treated with any approach towards the contemptuous in feeling. For a time, even apostles themselves anticipated 'that day' as near at hand; and time only, and increasing enlightenment, gradually moved that event into the distance. And where is the wonder that a sincere and

earnest man, becoming a Christian somewhat suddenly, and receiving the kingdom of heaven as a little child, in all simplicity, and experiencing a present salvation so glorious, as to be the sufficient germ of all the glory that should be revealed in him, should, when such a book, or rather library, as the Bible is all his own, and he must be his own interpreter—I say, where is the wonder that he should, for a time at all events, commit many mistakes in the reading of it? Truly I think older and wiser Christians must remember the patience with which the Master bore the strange obtuseness of his disciples, even up to the very day of his death. The wise must be gentle to the erring, albeit the latter are not unlikely to be very positive, appealing to 'chapter and verse.' And, possibly, as wisdom mores itself among us, we may find a happier disposition to take revelation as a whole, and to understand what that meaneth, 'The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life.' The major had made such sacrifices for conscience sake, and, as he devoutly believed and meant, for the honour of his Lord, that the very mistakes of such a brother are nobler (seeing the warmth and earnestness, the simplicity and honesty, which so often co-exist with an unripe understanding), than the correctness that may possibly be allied with a comparative coldness, which, while it is a preventive of one class of errors, leaves the individual, it may be, on a lower Christian level.

It was while Jephson was staying at the major's that I received another communication, which I scarcely know how to bring myself to lay before the public. It was at once the briefest, the fullest, and most sacred communication I ever received. On opening the envelope, I found within it a letter sealed, and on it written, 'Not to be opened till you are alone, and at full leisure.' Within, there was but a single sentence:—'I BELIEVE IN GOD.'

I cannot say I was altogether surprised. At least, the knowledge that he recognised the absolute necessity of God did not surprise me; although the announcement of it thus strangely affected me. I knew how much this meant, when said by so conscientious and earnest a man. To believe in God! Will he ever believe anything grander? Who are they that deem that a slight thing for a man to believe? To rejoice that there is a God, is it not in a measure to joy in God? And is not the one design of all revelation, aye, even of the revelation of the Word made flesh, and of the self-sacrifice of Christ, just this—that we may be brought to God? And when a long benighted soul at last reveals, as the greatest fact he knows, 'I believe in God!' will not such a truth be to him, coming upon him in its majesty and glory, and not as mere hear-say, as life from the dead?

It must have been a month or more after this (he often omitted to date his letters, so that, though I have preserved them most carefully, as to me now precious and sacred relics, yet I could not easily give the dates), that he wrote again. In that letter he says, without giving me the least clue to the train of reasoning or thought which had succeeded in brushing away the last cobwebs from his brain, 'Oh, my friend, to believe in God! Can words ever express the grandeur,

the glory! Yes; to me, at length, the sun has arisen; and what a rising! Existence is a blessing, for I exist in God. God is. And now I see the tokens of it everywhere. Nay, he himself seems to lay his hand on me. I understand what you meant by the voice of God. There are manifold voices in the universe; in the world even; strange indeed, if God is, if he did altogether leave his creature unspoken to, his child without a word. Now the infinite, the eternal, opens upon my soul. I believe in infinite goodness. Now truth is immortal. Now I shall be a painter.'

In a few days more he wrote as follows: ' . . . I have been conscious of a profound want. I felt that I must *utter* the grand belief to which I have opened my soul; that it would be a relief to me to stretch my hand upward to the sun, and say, "I believe in God!"—to stand before some waving tree, and while life trembled exquisitely in every leaf, and the whole creature of God moved gently and with grace as a whole, to say there, too, "I believe in God!" And to lie down on the living grass, which is so full of such various life and beauty, and as I gazed on the happy innocence of violet or daisy being, to say tenderly, "I believe in God!" Now shall you laugh? But no; you will not, you could not. Well, pardon my prolixity; you know you can lay the letter down at will, so I continue. This feeling was so intensely strong within me, that I resolved to gratify it—to stand in that holy temple made without hands, "its roof, star-pictured nature's ceiling," and utter aloud my grand and glorious "creed," breathe it into the air that circulates everywhere—"I believe in God!" But where should I make my "profession?" Ah, there were spots that now seemed to me to acquire an added sacredness. The church where my father had ministered!—the distant church-yard where my mother slept! I went on a pilgrimage to this latter shrine. And as noise and bustle were irksome to me, and I am so accustomed to long rambles on foot, I resolved to walk. I avoided the high ways and the larger towns, and, knowing the direction in which I wanted to go, I allowed myself considerable liberty, and so went, in softened gladness, over hill and dale, through wood and meadow, by murmuring brook and flowing river; sometimes stopping to sketch, sometimes to sit and muse, and sometimes to abandon myself to all the truth of form, and colour, and light, and shade, that would shape itself to the feelings, till at last, quite at dusk, as I all along intended, I reached—not the town—no, not that miserable town—but the quiet church-yard where she rests most truly, "in holy earth." But what tumult arose within me! How the heart beat, as I actually stood once more beside her dear grave. All was still. All busy life was hushed. Only the night-wind was awake; and this respected my feelings, or perhaps the place. Is it fancy, or have you too ever thought that there was some added tenderness in the voice of the wind, whispering to the tall elms that guard, like wakeful sentries as they be, the sleeping-place of the dead? But no; it is fancy. No matter; thought and feeling are realities while they last, and even after; and so I felt and thought. The stars came out, one by one, so

silently, so reverently, as worshippers taking their proper places in a mighty temple. The full-moon rose behind the hill, and flooded the lower heavens with yellow glory before she was visible, then shimmered through the trembling foliage of the tall, friendly elms; and the glittering light, broken by the trees, fell on the ground, where it was still more broken by the irregularity of the graves. At last, the moonlight reached her grave; I still waited. A few moments and the whole ground was bathed with it, and harebell and daisy and every blade of grass drank the softened glory; and then I arose, and there, standing beside her dear, dear grave, uttered my long pent-up word, and said, with solemn joy—surely the mother heard her son—"I believe in God!" . . . That was my sacrament. . . . '

A month later he says: 'Luxury as I find it to be alone with my thoughts, and ever and anon, beside the silvery river or beneath the oak tree, facing the purple hills, to pronounce the word, GOD! in which word, I feel, is worship—a whole liturgy; yet another want has made itself heard within. I used to look on men with profoundest pity, as fellow-doomed, and seldom or never felt drawn to them; but now, a rainbow seems to overarch them. They are not the same race. To believe in God, is a great step to believing in immortality. Whether all are capable of sustaining this awful prerogative, and sharing a whole eternity in the future with God, I know not. But the truthful, the loving, the generous, the noble, surely in their very qualities the germs of immortality are latent. But be it as it may, I felt the need of the social element in religion. I would repeat my *creed*, brief but pregnant as it is, with my brother-man. I should like the voices of age, and childhood, and youth, and the soft tones of woman, to unite and blend with mine, and say together, "I believe in God." Truly, I think that this simple and grand utterance, with suitable prelude, and silent pause, and fitting anthem, might gather together all the kind and thoughtful. A thought struck me. I would go to the village of G——, in Oxfordshire, where once my father was the clergyman; and I said to myself, "I will stand again in the familiar church of my childhood, and if I pass by all the rest of the service, I will stand up and say, with the honest rural congregation, that first clause, at least, of the Apostles' Creed; and whatever else of worship I can join in, I will, even there, my mother! and think I hear again the old familiar voices. . . . .'

CHAPTER IX.—AN EPISODE.

His next communication was but a brief note, accompanying a paper, which he said was a memorandum of an evening party, in which a young man that interested him had illustrated, in a novel manner, a remark somewhat similar to one he had heard at my house. Perhaps the reader will pardon the partiality of friendship if I insert it here, as communicated. It might be entitled,

THE MAN AND THE TREE.

How such an 'odd lot of sundries,' as the auctioneers say, came to

be thrown together that evening, I scarcely know; but, certainly, a more thoroughly miscellaneous and unsorted company have seldom met, I should imagine, to make the hours seem doubly long. But as I shall note only one circumstance, so it is but one member of the party that needs to be described. Mr. Whitley was a compact, firmly built man, of some forty-six or seven years. There was an odd mixture of expressions in his not very prepossessing countenance. The head, as a whole, reminded one somewhat of the bull-dog nature. The face was very high-coloured all over, and revealed a character in which neither modesty nor humility was unduly prominent; while there was a positiveness, a self-sufficiency, a know-all sort of air, about him, which, also, his somewhat turned-up nose, and unloving, though not positively unkind, small grey eye helped to indicate, and which prevented all surprise at either the tone of his conversation or the tone of his voice; this last intimating its possessor to be one who made very light indeed of any and everybody who differed in opinion from his noble self. In fact, it is questionable whether, in Mr. Whitley's estimation, a wiser than himself had ever been or would be. And this, not merely from the habit of over-valuing himself, but also from the equally disagreeable one of under-valuing everybody else. He must always be the Sir Oracle of the party. Not, indeed, that he insisted on no dog barking when he spoke, for he rather liked a dog or two to bark; but then the dog must be a smaller dog than himself; one whose bark he could outbark, or bark down. None had ever heard, I learned, of his confessing himself in the wrong, or admitting that anyone else could have a truer insight into things. He was always ready with all his stock of acquirements, and could at any time bring out all he had, though his way of doing it was none of the happiest. Of a tough constitution, he did not know what a headache was; and as to heartache, the word was not in his vocabulary. Indeed, the physiologist's definition of the heart was the only one he knew of. Sentiment he did not believe in. And thus, altogether, as he had a thick skin of his own, there was a rough-and-ready off-handed style about him which seemed to say that ass's skin was your only proper clothing. If he differed in opinion from you, which he was sure to do, he expressed it by little short jerks of dissent, in which the words of his reply were mingled with very significant but most unwritable sounds, that resembled the half-suppressed half broken-off sniggerings of a something between a grunt—in which the throat and the most prominent member of the face formed a partnership—and a somewhat subdued contemptuous undertoned laugh, such as would not interfere with the reply, in which suitable words came scarcely so fast as the oracle would have liked, but which served as a sort of running accompaniment and back-ground, and filled up the gaps when he was mentally groping for the right expression, and so retained for him the ear of the company, or, in parliamentary phrase, kept him in possession of the house.

I think he prided himself on his logic. And, certainly, it was his own; for of Aristotle, Whately, or Mill, he was altogether innocent.

But logic could do everything. Whatever refused to be brought within its sphere and jurisprudence was to him nought, an utter nothing; and then he would stick to his favourite dictum, *ex nihil nihil fit*. His creed was soon said. A word expressed it—I believe in logic. With Mr. Whitley words were everything. He not only spoke in words, but thought in words: and *all* his thoughts were expressible in words, and all his feelings too. Words with him were the full, and adequate, and perfect measure of all things. He had no notion of truths that swelled beyond the words they were sought to be conveyed in, and which could only be indicated. Every truth whatever, he maintained, could be precisely stated. Of course, he scouted paradox, and had one uniform set of terms for one idea or truth; and had no conception of opposite poles of truth; or of a truth having many sides, and so requiring to be presented in many different ways, and with totally different terms—terms which would be antagonistic, and, indeed, mutually contradictory and destructive, if taken too rigidly, if taken absolutely, *i.e.*, instead of as mutually corrective and complementary. So that he would hold fast by only one form for one thing, and invariably discovered contradiction in a second. He had, therefore, ample scope for his antagonistic propensities, and his imagined logical skill, and found, of course, as he would wish to find, abundant room for indulging his tendency to doubt and deny.

This was the man, then, who, sometimes occupying the great chair, sometimes standing before the fire (a little on one side though, it should be said), with one hand in his pocket, and the other under the tail of his coat, had been making himself the most prominent man in all the various topics of the evening; laying down the law on all kinds of matters, and that in a manner which made it difficult to reply to him; owing, however, rather to the peculiarity of his style than the weightiness of his arguments.

At last, after listening for some weary hours to the dogmatism and counter-dogmatism of the great man and his associates, a quiet, student-like looking young man, who had hitherto taken no part in the conversation, cleared his voice a little nervously by a few preparatory 'hms,' and begged permission to ask the oracle a question. The invincible Whitley measured the intruder with his eye, and, seeing the modesty and even timidity of the new speaker, felt himself perfectly safe in permitting what is often a dangerous experiment.

'Did I rightly understand you to say that, on all subjects whatever, words always convey definite, and exactly correct, and the same, ideas to the mind?' asked the thoughtful-looking querist.

'I affirm that,' said the other. 'And, indeed, it must be so; else, of what use were language? If my words conveyed different ideas to different persons, there would be an end to all intercourse.'

The company acquiesced, and the student was looked at somewhat contemptuously for even seeming merely by his question to doubt it. And a little jocular cross-fire was kept up at the position he was supposed to occupy; and one and another made themselves witty, in their way, at the modest young man's expense.

Mr. Whitley seemed at once to fall into his proper place again, and took the lead in a little parlour crusade against 'the spiritual, ideal, unreal, mystical, unpractical, pseudo-philosophy, which was evidently indicated and favoured by our silent friend,' as he designated the student, and who, he said, 'had not spoken or moved all the evening, until now, when he threw himself into the form of a note of interrogation.'

'A man is a man,' continued Mr. Whitley, in his short, jerking, sniggering way, 'not a horse, or a dog, or a woman, or a child. When I say "a man," everybody has the precise idea, image, picture, in his mind which I have. So, if I say "a tree," no one has the idea of a house, or a river, or a cart, or of anything but a tree. The precision of language is perfect. And an idea no more swells beyond the terms in which we convey it, than you do, Mr. Student, beyond your skin.'

'Well, I will not retort on you, Mr. Whitley,' replied the other; 'but I have been accustomed to think that much depended on the state of culture, both mental and moral, of the individuals who spoke or listened, wrote or read; and that, especially, when we leave the region of the senses, and speak of things spiritual, we can often but approximate to correctness or precision.'

'Then you have been accustomed to think wrong, young gentleman, depend on it. Why, as I have said, when I pronounce the word "tree," or "man," everybody mentally sees the precise thing that I do myself. Do you dispute that?'

'I understand you to say, that always, and under all circumstances, words are exact equivalents of ideas, as figures are of numbers; and, indeed, I gather from the whole tenour of your conversation that you have full confidence in the power of words to convey precisely all thoughts and ideas whatever; and that even spiritual truths are capable of being adequately presented by one set of terms, without needing to be set in a number of cross lights, or to be presented by several various and mutually corrective images. So that if a speaker or writer uses apparently contrary or ill-agreeing terms, you either disregard him altogether as "an ignoramus," or, if you cannot consistently do that, you select one class of expressions, and pin him down to them. I gather this from the principles which seemed to lie at the basis of your remarks, some time ago, on certain writings that have come down to us from antiquity, and which I may acknowledge I hold in the greatest reverence.'

'Well, sir, and what then?' asked Whitley. 'Do you mean to dispute it? If so, I am perfectly at your service.'

'No,' replied the other; 'I have little faith in such disputes, for truth is seldom discovered by this means. For frequently it is a mere sword-play with words, by way of pastime, or for the sake of victory. But if the company, for want of any better amusement, would consent to spend a few minutes as I propose, I think they might possibly find themselves interested.'

The attention of the party being now fairly drawn to the student, and their curiosity being a little excited, they begged him to state his

plan, and promised to act under his directions. He accordingly required each individual to be furnished with pencil and paper, and then explained himself thus:—

'Words are precise and invariable representatives of things, our friend here says: they always call up precisely the same image in the mind of the hearer as in the mind of the speaker. I do not dispute his doctrine, but propose that we amuse ourselves for half an hour by subjecting it to a simple test. And, in order to be more than fair, I will avoid all spiritual expressions, or ideas (though it is to such that my question really pointed), and will confine myself to words that relate only to the outward and visible world. I will accordingly take the same things he has himself already adduced, and will only add a verb, without which a sentence we say cannot be, and a necessary preposition. This will make a very brief and simple sentence; and my proposal is—since the assertion I shall make cannot fail to call up before all your minds, instantly on being uttered, not only some distinct image, but the very same in fact which I have in my own mind—I say, my proposal is, that, immediately on my uttering the sentence, each individual, without speaking or communicating with any other, shall write down the idea or image that the words bring before his mind. When all have done so, we will compare notes, and I have no doubt the agreement will be very striking.'

Mr. Whitley 'could see no use in such child's play,' and turned to one of his cronies, to expound a portion of one of his favourite volumes that he had already been quoting and commending, the 'Vestiges of Creation.' But as the rest of the company was taken with the novelty of the proposal his objection was overruled, and the student was called on for his sentence. 'Are you ready, gentlemen?' he inquired, rising from his seat; and a half smile I suppose passed at the moment over the face of his inner man, as his question brought to his mind (he has told me since) the way in which Fichte commenced one of his metaphysical lectures in the University Hall. And then, seeing every eye fixed, and paper and pencil all ready, he said aloud, and rather slowly,

A MAN SAT UNDER A TREE.

And the student resumed his place in the quiet corner he had occupied the whole evening. The company seemed a little surprised, and more than a little disappointed. They had expected something more interesting, and one and another asked what they were to do; 'for their part they did not see what there was to write;' and one or two crumpled up their paper and put their pencils in their pockets. The student was obliged to repeat.

'When I said what I did, every one of you at once had an image presented to his mind. You saw, each one of you, I presume, a man sitting under a tree.' They acquiesced. 'Well, then, I ask each to describe what he mentally saw. You saw a tree; describe it. You saw a man; give us his appearance. What sort of a man was he that you saw? Let each give the picture that was called up by the sentence.'

Some of the company still looked puzzled, but presently others began to write rapidly, and soon all were busy at the task assigned them. Several minutes passed before all had finished, and then the papers were presented to the student, who asked Mr. Whitley to read them aloud; but as he rather sullenly, rather snappishly, declined, the student undertook the office of reader, while all now seemed to be interested in the experiment, and to understand something of the proposer's drift.

The first paper was as follows:—

'On hearing the sentence, "A man sat under a tree," there instantly rose before my mind the picture of a wide-spreading beech-tree, and a man reclining beneath it in the dress of an ancient Roman devoted to pastoral pursuits. His face had a contented, and rather dreamy expression, and he held in his hand an oaten reed, which he had fashioned into a sort of pipe, on which he now and then played a strain as his sheep lay quietly around him, as if listening. N.B.—My eldest boy, who goes to the grammar-school, has been just "put into Virgil," and has been reciting no end of times during the last two days the line, "Tityre tu patulæ recubans sub tegmini fagi"—which very vividly brought back to my mind a crowd of my own schoolboy reminiscences.'

SECOND PAPER.

'Under a lofty tree, of gigantic size, and up the towering trunk of which a profusion of gay creepers had wound their interminable shoots in graceful entanglement, there sat a young man from a distant region. He was asleep. It was Chateaubriand, in Florida. I was reading, at breakfast-time this morning, the account he gives in his "Memorials from beyond the Tomb;" and your words called up a vivid image of the scene.'

THE THIRD.

'A fig-tree grows by the way-side. It is just out of Jericho. A blind beggar, barely covered with filthy rags, is sitting under its shadow. He rolls his sightless eye-balls vacantly, but his countenance looks eagerly in one direction, as he himself bends earnestly forward, listening with strange excitement to the many-voiced crowd that is tramping irregularly towards the spot. It is Bartimeus. Longfellow has a pretty little poem on the subject, which I read this afternoon in a review.'

FOURTH PAPER.

'I saw a copper-coloured American Indian sitting under a pine-tree in a mighty forest. His rifle was laid across his knees, and he was adjusting one of his moccasins. It was the last of the Mohicans, as Cooper so admirably paints him.'

THE FIFTH.

'Last Sunday I heard a sermon at church about Elijah; and as soon as you said, "A man sat under a tree," I saw a grave, but most energetic man, past middle life, sitting pensively under a juniper-tree. He seemed weary and sad, but a strange light shone in his eye, and

his countenance wore the blended expression of high-souled heroism and enthusiastic religiousness, while genius seemed stamped on his brow, and command in his form. A man to be caught away by the chariots and horsemen of heaven, one might say.'

THE SIXTH.

'I saw a lofty and wide-spreading palm-tree; while a tall *Agnus castus*, in full flower, made a delightful shade, and at the same time filled the air with perfume. A fountain sparkled near, and not far off the Ilissus babbled on its way. Beneath the palm-tree was a man in the scanty and threadbare cloak of an ancient philosopher. A strong-headed looking man, whose broad, flat face, with a turned-up apology for a nose of the snub species, was the oddest I ever saw. It was Socrates, whom Phædrus had enticed to a morning walk outside the city, in order to inflict on him the speech of Lysias.'

SEVENTH PAPER.

'What I saw was this. A labouring man, with his coat off, sitting at the foot of an elm that grew in a hedgerow of the field where his employment was hoeing turnips. He was now munching his bread and bacon with a relish that an alderman would give a guinea for. I saw the fellow this very day, about noon; and your words brought him up again in full feather.'

The reading of these papers (there were others, but these may suffice) produced something like a feeling of interest; and the student was appealed to to give some sort of summing up to the subject, which, if left off just where it was, would leave the disagreeable impression of incompleteness, dislocation, a fragmentary thing by itself, a middle, or part of a middle, without either beginning or end.

But he disavowed the presumption of intending to obtrude on the company in the character of a lecturer on language. He had only wished to modify a little the undue stress, as it seemed to him, which one of the party was disposed to lay on the absolute sufficiency of words to convey to a listener the precise idea which was in the mind of the speaker. And he had taken the two words, man and tree, because they had been previously adduced as so strictly definite that, of necessity, one and the same image must be called up by them to all persons alike. It was evident that, if the sentence which had amused them had been uttered in the presence of a thousand persons, there would have been as many different pictures called up before their eyes. Every kind of tree in the world, every kind of tree at every stage of its growth, might present itself. Then as to the man, he might be a native of any country; in every variety of costume; of the most remote ages, or the present day, or any intermediate period; a man of every variety of age, from early manhood to decrepit feebleness; of every variety of rank and character; and in any kind of attitude. If this were the case with words that denoted merely outward and visible objects, how much more room there must be for different conceptions to arise in the mind when the purely mental or spiritual was spoken

of, the subject-matter of philosophy or religion. Nay, he had heard a preacher say that he more than doubted if the sermon to which any congregation listened were the same to any two minds that heard it. From all which he very modestly deduced the necessity for caution, especially in controversy; the desirableness of as close an acquaintance as possible with the proper force of words; and the very great propriety there was in abstinence from dogmatism, and in the exercise of patience and candour.

CHAPTER X.—WHICH CONTINUES CHAPTER VIII.

It was mentioned on a previous page that Jephson was to spend some days with Blair before going on his professional tour. I omitted to refer to the visit till I could connect two or three circumstances which were better mentioned together. Jephson went from the major's to pay the promised visit to our young medical friend. It will be remembered that it was while staying with the former that he sent me that brief but voluminous declaration, 'I believe in God!' so that it was in the freshness and fulness of his sense of treasure found that he became, for a few days, an inmate of Blair's apartments. My versatile friend had already become somewhat shy of any allusion to the peculiar tenets of Romanism. Dr. Wiseman lecturing on the connexion between science and revealed religion was one thing; and the same Dr. Wiseman going about the Continent to collect dead men's bones, or reputed bones, tufts of martyr's hair, and other sacred relics, wherewith to enrich some church that he was interested in, was quite another. Mr. Wilberforce, too, perambulating with a log of wood fastened to one foot, like a gipsy's horse on a common, and a few other innocent Romanist peculiarities, which are sadly lost on an Englishman's obtuseness to the romantico-religious, put him a little out of conceit with the infallible Church, and gave a better chance of success to those graver arguments and historic illustrations which had been set before him. So that the connexion between a scraped carrot and superior piety was now somewhat too subtle to be discernible by his Eminence's 'nobly candid young friend;' and 'whipcord' stood a poorer chance of being reckoned among the 'means of grace.' Or, since there can be no doubt that considerable moral earnestness it is which has led some of the English converts to Romanism to kneel before the tonsured priest, and in the dark confessional, we will abstain from a style of remark which, however legitimate, would, I know, have been offensive to one gentle and holy, though sadly mistaken spirit, for the sake of whose dear memory sanctimonious absurdities, that look strangely like something that our Lord cautioned his disciples to be aware of, shall by the present writer be passed by. And if his friend Blair should stand in need of further warnings in the future, the experience of Maria Magdalena Margaretta shall supply them.

Jephson found Blair in a mood of considerable discomfort. I have said that he was earnest. But earnestness pent up and without an object, without a purpose, is a sword that cuts its own scabbard. He was restless and uneasy. He had tried so many parties, and become

dissatisfied with them all, that he began to despair of finding a congenial home. Were all sects wrong, and all Christians crude, uninquiring, and given to believe on insufficient grounds? And was this young man wiser than they all, or more honest? Or was he, in utterest unconsciousness, altogether wrong in his mode of search? I imagine that some such unflattering surmises, though perhaps scarcely so definite, came intruding themselves into the poor fellow's mind. For he was not one that was by any means insensible to the *argumentum ad verecundiam*. And, indeed, it may as well be confessed that the existence of so many religious parties, all of whom profess to be, if not infallibly and exclusively right, yet nearer to the truth than all others, is sadly bewildering to earnest and sincere but ill-informed minds. And still more hurtful is the habit, indulged in by the less wise and candid, and more sectarian of all parties, of exaggerating the points of difference. Let no man be wished to disguise his matured convictions; but, at the same time, let it be more generally recognised that, while all truth is sacred, all truth is not of equal importance; that as there are primary truths, so there are secondary ones, and truths that may not claim even this rank; and that it is one part of wisdom to regulate their respective claims to prominence. And if Christian churches would not repel many of the most earnest inquirers, let them learn, not merely a prudent tolerance, but a generous sympathy. Possibly, there is room still for another and better considered Essay on the Construction of Sheep-folds. One could wish to have one by the author of the saying, 'The bond of perfectness, or perfect bond, is charity.'

Blair was a sheep (or a lamb, if the reader pleases) without a fold. Sheep are gregarious; and the Good Shepherd, who charged the apostle to shepherdize (if I may coin a word which we seem to want) the sheep, as well as feed them—which is but one part of a pastor's duty—the Good Shepherd recognised the associative tendency and its desirableness. Let us concede that, unhappily, it was in a measure Blair's own fault that he was now as one that had left all folds, and all green pastures, and quiet streams. So much the more to be pitied and sympathized with; though, it must be confessed, that perhaps blame is easier, and to some of us more natural. I do not know. We have all something to learn. We eulogize freedom, independence, investigation, the following of Truth whithersoever she may lead; but we all cry out upon anyone whose earnestness may for a time lead him sadly hither and thither away from our own track. Strange! It is earnestness, and sincerity, and praiseworthy love of truth that brings a man into our own particular communion; but instability, and some questionable motive, that leads him away from us to another group of pilgrims bound to the same shrine. No doubt that Blair, unless he could be well taught (and, perhaps, sad experience must be the chief teacher of such versatile ones), would not promote the afternoon quietude of any community; but these somewhat wayward ones are worth caring for, perhaps, if not for our sakes, yet possibly for their own, not to speak of His who has loved them and given himself for them.

Having tried, or rather fancied that he had tried, all these various sms, it was not merely a home or a fold that he felt the want of; but Pilate's question (though it was far older than the time of that Roman gentleman who, unfortunately for himself, was procurator of Judea when the presence of the LIFE that was the *Light* was either grace or judgment, as men made it)—I say, the question, What is truth? was now constantly recurring. And, in the absence of sound knowledge, he was becoming enamoured of that very easy, and to all lotos-eaters, comfortable notion, that truth was what every man troweth; that what a man believed to be true was thereby 'true for him.' That is, that truth is subjective merely, and not objective. Had Mr. Kingsley's Phaethon been written then, that admirable pamphlet, almost worthy of the sage whose spirit the author has so happily caught, might have saved him from that idle, dreary, heart-wasting belief, or misbelief, or downright unbelief rather, and no faith.

But Jephson knew the symptoms. He had sailed over that Dead Sea himself, before he had found himself drifting without rudder or compass on the shoreless waste of waters where dark night hovers evermore. And finding Blair honest and amiable, and yet anxious and unhappy, he devoted himself to the study of his young friend's mind, and took the gauge of his understanding, and gradually made himself acquainted with all his interior experience. And thus it occurred to him that he might be rendering some service to a brother wanderer, if he could 'begin at the beginning,' and lay down a few of the very first certainties of things, leaving it, as he said modestly, to men more enlightened than himself, and Christians, perhaps, to further develop and complete the idea.

He was absent from us for several months; during a part of which time he occasionally employed himself in writing the paper referred to. The feelings under which the commencement was written are very obvious. A sentence or two from letters received at this time may serve to introduce the few pages which I trust the reader will suffer me to offer him:—

'. . . You remember our trip together to dear old Oxford. Yes, you will no more forget that week than I shall. I can recall, not only all those long, interesting conversations we had, but at this very moment, the particular topic is vividly connected with the exact spot we stood or sat in when it was touched. It was in Addison's Walk you tried to show me the relation of logic to truth, and thereby moved me from ground I had, perhaps, never suspected. But that conversation, I remember, was a parenthetical one; and being a distinct topic, you said (we were walking up and down the Broad Walk at the time) "Since it is desirable to go into this question separately, suppose we change our walk for the digression, and return hither, when completed, to resume the present subject." So, being then at the bottom of the walk, we adjourned to the Magdalen-water Walks. You recollect? . . The day we pulled down to Nuneham, you will remember, was a day on which, if my mind had been at ease, I should have deemed it almost profane and sacrilegious not to give

myself up to the glories and sanctities of the revelation that Nature (I now say, God) was addressing to eye, and heart, and mind, and soul. But I was too unhappy and disturbed then to receive the inspiration which I might else have drunk in; although, since I have returned to my rest, I am rejoiced to find that, unawares almost, that day and that scene, all the different hours and different features of both, were stamping themselves upon the memory for after-enjoyment. You were rowing, and I steering, when you smiled as I asked your opinion on the word—"I think, therefore I am." I recall it now, merely for the sake of accounting for the beginning of the paper which I transmit to you, and which I am writing expressly for Blair; though, in truth, a part of it was written for my own mental relief. You said you thought Descartes might as well have gone a step further back; that his *ergo* seemed valueless, because he might just as well have affirmed, "I am," at once, as "I think," inconsistently attempting to prove the fact of his existence from an assertion which was no more evident than that. This, you remember, led us into long discourse on consciousness, its irrefragable authority, and its deliverances. This we discussed sitting on the hill above the wood, which commands all that wide-spread valley of the Isis, till the eye rests on the towers and spires of the city which has no equal in all England. But my pen is rambling most inexcusably. I will spare you for the present; but is not nature holy? Is not God revealed in all her infinitude of beauty? The pure One!

A Reading from Blue Books:

REPORTS OF THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL ON THE POST OFFICE.

'RAILWAY travelling,' said Sydney Smith, 'is a delightful improvement of human life. Man is become a bird; he can fly longer and swifter than a Solan goose. The mamma rushes sixty miles in two hours to the aching finger of her conjugating-and-declining grammar boy. The early Scotchman scratches himself in the morning mists of the north, and has his porridge in Piccadilly before the setting sun. The Puseyite priest, after a rush of one hundred miles, appears with his little volume of nonsense at the breakfast table of his publisher. Every thing is near, every thing is immediate; distance and delay are abolished.' This racy bit was quoted in the 'Quarterly' of June, 1842, when as yet the radical reform effected by the penny post was but a germ in the brain of Rowland Hill. What would this reverend and sunny-hearted man have said if he could have read the last Blue Book on the Post Office? But as penny postage stamps were not then invented, he does not place them in his category of 'improvements of human life.' Such, however, *par eminence*, we consider them, and

propose in this paper to take a retrospective and brief survey of those steps by which we have reached our present extraordinary position of facility, cheapness, and speed.

Rowland Hill is the product of many generations. Let us look back, through the vista of a few departed years, and endeavour to realize the singular, and now incredible difficulties which have been surmounted before we attained our present marvellous position. Step by step have the most extraordinary prejudices had to be met; and the whole progress of postal reform is an illustration of the painful necessity that existed for the 'Administrative Reform Association,' long before its actual genesis. Infatuated as some appear to be in an idolatrous attachment to governmental agencies, relying almost solely on government to educate the people, to drain and ventilate the countries of malaria proper, and to do all things communistically, that can only be done by individual exertion, we would ask the abettors of parliamentary intervention in matters not falling within its proper province, to consider the statements we are about to make.

Reforms are seldom, if ever, effected by those trained up in practical familiarity with the details of public institutions. To say nothing of vested interests there is always the conservative fear lest reform should involve ruin. Besides which, long familiarity with old-established usages makes us all insensible to defects that a stranger discovers in a moment. We don't believe in 'wear and tear,' and fondly dream that our machinery fifty years old is not only as good, put possibly better than when it was 'bran new.' Hence we see in every department of the public service, the true reforms are always commenced by men standing apart from official action and official pay. A placeman can hardly be expected to possess the rare 'bump' of disinterestedness. Do we not all, like Judas Maccabeus, 'fight for our lives and our laws,' even when both had better be amended?

A certain man named Palmer, long since 'forgotten, like a dead man out of mind,' towards the close of the last century, was the first true reformer of the Post Office. He was the Rowland Hill of that day. He arose in 1784 to commence his innovations, and though sneered at and snubbed, as a matter of course, he lived to see them adopted by Parliament. At this time he was manager of the Bath and Bristol Theatres, which accounts for the style of such parts of his correspondence as we have seen, which indicate a man of low tavern habits, and gifted with great power of profanity. Vulgar and coarse, he was nevertheless a shrewd, long-headed, practical man. Like all true reformers, domestic or social, he resolved not to defeat his plans by undertaking too much at a time. There was plenty to be done. There was the greatest and most continual irregularity in the departure of the mails and the delivery of letters; the robbery of the post was as common as daylight; the average rate of carrying the mails was the delightful figure of three miles and a half an hour, and the total revenue of the Post Office was only 150,000*l.* per annum. Such were the good old times of 1784.

Mr. Palmer proposed, first to himself, and then to Parliament, to

put a new life into this great national educator—the daily post. Modestly he undertook certain substantial improvements. He would, if Government allowed him, prevent robbery of the mail coaches and carts, and double the ordinary rate of progress; in short, he offered to substitute coaches for carts, speed for slowness, punctuality for irregularity, and security for danger. We should have supposed that any suggestions towards such aims would have been gladly hailed. But we remember that our friend 'Punch' once said a weighty, but a bitter thing, when he assured his readers that the smallest dose ever taken was when an honourable gentleman took the '*sense of the House*.' And we fear he might have said this with equal emphasis at the period to which we are referring. In the parliamentary records of 1788, we find Mr. Palmer's plan denounced as 'not only utterly impracticable, but dangerous to commerce and the revenue;' that the 'more his suggestions were considered' (to carry the mail *seven* miles an hour), 'the greater appeared the number of insuperable difficulties;' and as in olden time, when the celebrated ram of Derby was killed, that ancient monstrosity,

> 'The butcher that killed this ram, sir,
> Was up to his knees in blood;
> And all the houses of Derby, sir,
> Were washed away in the flood,'

so, on this occasion, 'all the *functionaries* (we fear they were very perfunctory ones) connected with the Post Office gave their separate opinions *against* the utility and practicability of the scheme *in toto*.' Blessed unanimity. 'No progress for ever, and three times three.'

Nine long tedious years drag on—Palmer makes no way—and the Post Office remains in '*stattery quo*.' At length, in 1797, a report is adopted by a committee of the House of Commons, and sent up to the House for it to undertake the initiation on Mr. Palmer's suggestions. When it was debated in the House, one of those old ichthyosaurus-type of members, *Mr. Draper*, of Junius notoriety, 'strongly objected to coaches travelling three miles and a half an hour,' as decidedly '*too fast*,' because, as he sagely argues, 'the post cannot travel with the same expedition that chaises and diligences do, on account of the business they have to do at each office in each town.' And he adds, doubtless with an eye to the creature comforts of the antediluvian coachman and guard of that day, 'which business will at least require a quarter of an hour at every place where it is necessary to transact business.' Even Rowland Hill did not foresee the day when a gentleman might leave Manchester in the morning, spend four or five hours in London, and be home to supper the same night before eleven; for he gravely says, 'this allowance would bring a peal of laughter from a guard of the present day' (1837), 'who flings down one set of bags and takes up another, while the coach scarcely slackens its speed.'

But in the course of this debate, a Mr. Hodgson, another antediluvian Conservative, or rather some pre-Adamite Tory, capped the climax by assuring the House that 'he did not see why the post should be the swiftest conveyance in England,' and he 'cannot think,'

he has never been used to that, 'why a guard added to each mail would increase its safety,' and is quite 'convinced, in his own mind, that there are no other means of preventing robberies with effect, as it has been proved that the strongest carts that could be made, lined and bound with iron, was' (*sic*) 'soon broke open by a robber, against whom it would, therefore, be in vain to attempt such a kind of defence;' and Mr. Palmer's 'proposal to bring the Bath mail to London in *sixteen or eighteen hours*,' he shouted down as absurd and impossible. We do it now in two hours and three quarters—but these days were not then begotten; we have come now to a uniform rate of postage, to perforated 'queen's heads,' and to 'Australia in fifty-eight days.'

And here, from another old Blue Book, let us give briefly a story showing the advantages of a cheap postal rate, and of charging letters by weight. We now send bank notes in halves, because it costs so little, and postage is charged not as a 'single or double letter,' but by weight.

In January, 1834, a Liverpool merchant, Mr. Duncan, posted a letter to his mother in Forfarshire, containing a 50*l.* Bank of England note. The letter did not reach its destination, and Mr. D. forwarded the number and date of the note to the Bank, that its payment might be stopped. The letter was traced through Liverpool, Dundee, and Broughty Ferry, but where it had gone to, how lost, or otherwise mislaid, could not be ascertained.

One night, one of the tellers of the Bank of Edinburgh, being in the pit of a theatre, had his attention attracted accidentally to a person sitting next to him. Next day, a person whom the teller recognised, although in other dress, called at the bank and presented a 50*l.* Bank of England note to be exchanged. On the back of the note he wrote his name and address, 'Jo. Wilford, College P. O.,' and the money was paid him by another clerk. When he had gone, the teller, who had been in the theatre, out of curiosity, looked at the note and the address on the back. On transmission to London it was ascertained to be the identical note stolen from Mr. Duncan's letter. The recognition in the theatre furnishing the clue, the teller was so placed in the Post Office, Edinburgh, that he could see every officer as he arrived, and before long he detected the person who presented the stolen note. His name was James Wedderburn Nicol, and he was at once apprehended. He had borrowed a cloak, and in this disguise slipped out of the office for a moment, changed the note, and returned before his absence was observed. He pleaded guilty, confessing that on holding the letter up to the light to ascertain whether it was single or double, he was tempted by observing the presence and value of its contents.

Here, too, are some curious details, not without grave suggestions, concerning the very modern improvement effected in postage-stamps by their perforation, which was finally and officially approved in 1850. We talk of law and its delays, and there is an old song, part of which runs thus:—

'If you're fond of pure vexation,
And long procrastination,
You are just in a situation
To enjoy a suit of law;'

but governments can be more capricious, and cruel, and unjust, than law or lawyers. A Mr. Archer, managing director of the Festiniog (N. Wales) Railway, after spending four years and a half in perfecting his invention, came to London, and submitted his machine for perforating postage-labels to the Postmaster-General in 1847. He offered to furnish the machine for gratuitous trial, and waived all claim to payment until its utility had been ascertained. The practical department, to which the matter was referred, reported most favourably of the invention, and it was passed on to the Government contractors, Bacon and Petch, to be tried. They appear to have set to work purposely to spoil it; they tried it on sheets wet with gum, and the machine got clogged; then tried it on sheets of different sizes, and reported that it was a failure. Meantime, the Government had communicated Archer's secret to these contractors, thus virtually robbing him of his patent right.

The machines had cost Archer 900*l.*, exclusive of two experimental ones; over its elaboration he had spent nearly five years; he had resigned his situation on the railway, and for some years had resided in London, hoping to be fortunate enough to obtain the Government reward for his invention. After weary delays, Government offered him 300*l.*, then 500*l.*, then 600*l.*, all of which the inventor wisely refused, knowing what his machine was worth. At length 900*l.* was offered, and again Mr. Archer declined being cheated. The Government allowed him nothing for his time, and because he happened not to be an official, tried quietly to bribe him to acquiescence with their mercenary proposal. In 1852, when it was acknowledged that the invention had saved Government 1,000*l.* a-year, a fifth offer was made, and the sum of 2,000*l.* laid at Mr. Archer's feet if he would accept it for his machine. This, also, was refused, and rightly too, and the inventor resolved to appeal 'to the honour and justice of Parliament.' The Committee to whom the matter was referred, after examining a number of witnesses, drew up a report most condemnatory of the Government; its substance was, that Mr. Archer was the inventor of perforated stamps, and ought to be paid accordingly; that the Government had acted wrong in communicating Mr. Archer's secret and tender to their contractors; and that their entire arrangement was such that 'neither the interest nor the convenience of the public were secured. And so, at last, Archer got his rights, thanks only to his British pluck, backed by the 'honour and justice of Parliament.' A very pretty lesson this for the gentlemen that are for everlastingly running after the Government, and crying, 'Please remember the drains;' or, 'Please remember the poor;' or, 'Please remember the art-treasures;' or, 'Please remember the pensioned rich;' and so on—as if God had set up earthly governments, and taxpayers were to support

them, only that this same Hercules might help their stupidly-driven waggons out of the mud, instead of each bucolic driver putting his own shoulder to the wheel. We know of no one single thing that Government has done which private enterprise would not do cheaper and better, and believe that if the Post Office were managed by a private firm, there would be less jobbery, and more revenue.

As this same Post Office is one of the great religious, moral, and social instrumentalities that so greatly distinguish the nineteenth century, and as 'Christian Spectators' we can look at its history not simply from a politico-economical point of view, let us come down to the year 1855, and briefly summarize the last Blue Book presented to the House of Commons on the Post Office. At the present time there are in the United Kingdom 10,498 post offices, through which, in 1855, passed about 456 millions of letters and newspapers, being an increase of three per cent. on the previous year. This gives about sixteen letters to each person per annum, and is largely in increase of all previous years. No wonder that rags are 'up,' and that paper 'rules high' in the market. Of these letters, 300,000 came *from* Australia; a significant fact, when we recollect that it was so recently as 1788 the first Europeans pitched their tents in Sydney Cove. Truly 'a nation has been born in a day.'

The revenue of the Post Office furnishes another singular illustration of national progress. In 1836 it was only 1,400,000*l.*, since which it has steadily risen to 2,717,000*l.*, and, so far as the signs of the times go, appears likely to continue to rise, for everybody now writes to everybody, and the penny post has become a very dear item in domestic expenditure. More extraordinary still are the two following details—every day the mails *within* the United Kingdom overtake a distance of 59,000 miles, and yet, gridironed as this country is with railroads, coaches and carts do the larger part of the business. The rail carries the mails* 27,109 miles, and coaches, &c., 31,667 miles, so that the descendants of Mr. Weller, and all lovers of 'blessed pikes,' may yet take comfort. To accomplish all this, as it is now accomplished with marvellous and most acceptable regularity and despatch, 22,547 persons are employed, exclusive entirely of colonial and foreign agencies, of which number great London requires 2,800 for its share in the Chief Office, the gross amount of whose salaries is 813,000*l.*, or close upon a million of money.

In July, 1566, we find that a letter from his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, and a letter requiring urgent speed too—for it contained a form of prayer just approved of by the 'good Queen Bess,' and commanded to be said in all churches—'left Croydon at four in the afternoon of July 22nd; reached Waltham Cross, a distance of twenty-six miles, by nine at night of the 23rd; in three hours advanced eight miles to Ware, and in eight hours more reached Croxton' (where

* The night mails despatched every evening from London weigh on an average thirteen tons.

the Right Honourable William Cecil was residing); 'having taken nearly forty hours to travel sixty-three miles!' One can hardly fancy that this is the same England, or that our forefathers and foremothers were resigned to this 'slow-coach' movement.

With regard to the charges of dishonesty, &c., made so often against the Post Office officials, we believe not only that there is much exaggeration in these complaints, but that oftentimes the public are very much to blame themselves. Coin and bank-notes are continually sent, in spite of repeated warnings, in unregistered letters. Not long since (though this was, we must admit, very characteristic, for it happened in Ireland), a 'considerable sum of money was sent in a letter open at both ends, like a book or a newspaper;' whilst last year, no less than nearly 8,000 letters were posted *without any address*.

With a romantic story we must bring these details to a close. Having some liking for Blue Books, we have ventured to draw on our readers' patience while giving them this summary of facts connected with our postal arrangements. Should all the preceding be what is called 'dry,' we think the following romantic enough to please the greatest lover of news. 'In the spring of last year a young lady, about fifteen years of age, whose parents reside at a small town in ——— shire, was sent to a school not far from ———. The mother of the young lady was suffering from illness in April last, and letters were written from time to time to the daughter at school announcing the state of her mother's health.

'The young lady declared that she wrote on the 17th of April, to inquire how her mother was; that the letter was not delivered; and that on the morning of the 19th of that month, a brown paper parcel was placed in a very mysterious manner in the hall of the house at which the young lady was at school. This parcel contained a letter which stated that her mother was dead, and that the parcel had been conveyed by a friend, which accounted for its not bearing any post-marks. Other circumstances were related by the young lady, such as her having seen a man galloping on the road, who halted and informed her that he had left the parcel announcing her mother's death.

'On the 21st of the same month, a letter, enclosed in an envelope, was posted at the town in ———shire, informing the young lady that her mother was much better; but, when the envelope was opened, the young lady produced another letter requiring her immediate presence to attend her mother's funeral.

'The case excited great interest, and suspicion arose that a conspiracy existed, aided by some person in the service of this department, to carry off the young lady. The papers on the subject were referred in the first instance to the surveyor of the Home District, but he was unable to solve the mystery; and the surveyor of the Western District, to whom the papers were subsequently sent, was equally unsuccessful. At length, the solicitor to the Post Office suggested that Mr. Christopher Hodgson, an officer attached to the Home District, who had displayed considerable skill in investigating matters of this nature, should be despatched to the school to make further

inquiry. This was done, and on a full examination, Mr. Hodgson reported it as his opinion that the whole proceeding was but a plot of a schoolgirl to get home, as its *contriver afterwards confessed to be the case.*'

We have in this paper avoided all moral and religious reflections; these will naturally suggest themselves to all those readers to whom the study of social progress in any department is full of interest; all such will join us in the aspiration and acknowledgment—

> 'The bells of time are ringing changes fast;
> Grant, Lord! that each fresh peal may usher in
> An era of advancement; that each change
> Prove an effectual, lasting, happy gain.'

And for this digest of books that are seldom read, and quickly find their way to the 'waste-paper' merchants, we can only say in its behalf, that which is said by the author of the second book of Maccabeus as his apology for abridging Jason's five books—'For, considering the infinite number, and the difficulty which they find that desire to look into the narrations of the story, for the variety of the matter, we have been careful that they that will read may have delight, and they that are desirous to commit to memory might have ease, and that all into whose hands it comes might have profit; for to use brevity and avoid much labouring of the work is always to be granted to him that will make an abridgment.'

W. G. Z.

True Orthodoxy.

Nothing is more amusing than to observe the different criteria which men apply for the purpose of forming an opinion of each other. With some the standard is a social one. If the individual toward whom they direct their attention be a possessor of wealth, having much money in the bank and invested in shares, or the descendant of an undoubtedly aristocratic family, or an official of considerable civic importance, he secures their approbation. Others employ an intellectual test. If the object of their scrutiny seem to them a profound thinker, a patron of education, and a great reader, they will not fail to render him the homage of their praise. A political crucible is used by a third class. If a fellow-citizen be a believer in, and a follower of, a certain notable legislator, a careful student of his speeches, and a warm partizan at his elections, they regard him with emotions of profound satisfaction. Such are some of the balances in which men deem it fit that others should be weighed. There are more, many more, but it is not our design to enter into an enumeration of them. We wish to point out a rule of judgment which is now in great request among that heterogeneous and almost indescribable phenomenon

usually termed 'the religious public.' As will be surmised, our reference is to orthodoxy. This is now the favourite criterion by its relation to which humanity stands or falls in the esteem of the Church. It is the barometer by which the condition of the moral atmosphere is ascertained; it is the pulse-beat which indicates the sickness or health of spiritual patients. If the reader, growing impatient, asks us, 'What *is* orthodoxy?' he asks us a question at which he must pardon us if we smile. To our humble thinking, 'Christ is orthodoxy,' and none else. But looking at the inquiry with reference to those who clamour so loudly about orthodoxy, we should say, orthodoxy is relative. What is healthy evangelical doctrine to A, is rank heresy to B. The other day, we heard a lady say, 'to be orthodox is to think as I do.' That is just the plain English of the matter. If folk would speak openly instead of covertly there are few who would not affirm that he is the heretic who holds views contrary to theirs, and he is unsound in creed who does not interpret the Bible as they do. To return, however. We were saying that the pet plan by which the Church now forms its views of men, is by applying this standard of orthodoxy. Whether you will be regarded with a favourable or an unfavourable eye, accosted with a smile of welcome or a frown of disapprobation, depends upon the reply which you give to the query, 'What dost thou believe?' Doctrine is the infallible touchstone. It is only a minority who believe that a man may be better than his confession of faith. As a general rule, if you will only be kind enough to sign a parchment, with words like these on it, The Trinity, Election, Justification, you will have obtained a passport to the society and confidence of nearly all the sects. If you decline doing this, woe betide you! Although thumb-screws and racks are no longer in vogue, but are exhibited as curiosities in the Tower of London, yet would it be correct to affirm that the spirit which instigated the use of these instruments has ceased to exist? We trow not.

Let us now turn from what *is* to what *was*. Leaving the Church, let us glance at Christ. By so doing, we may be able to come to some definite and satisfactory conclusion, as to the wisdom and godliness of the course now so generally adopted. What was the standard by which our Lord and Master measured men? 'By their fruits ye shall know them.' He did not ignore the importance of a right belief. To instil into the minds of his hearers correct ideas of God, life, and eternity, was one of the great ends which he ever kept in view. At the same time, one cannot read the narrative of his earthly career without being struck with the fact that his attention was more especially directed to the heart and the conscience. He gave heed, in a very marked manner, to the emotional and moral powers of human nature, rather than to the intellect. When, after his resurrection, he met with recreant Peter, the point on which he insisted, and concerning which he was so urgent, was this—'Lovest thou me more than these?' Although he was not dependent on the confession of the apostle for a knowledge of his inward condition, yet he wished to hear a bold, out-spoken

declaration to the effect that the once perverted affections were rightly directed. The test employed was a moral, and not a mental one. No mention is made of a rigid examination as to theological sentiments. The evangelist does not record a series of questions and answers with respect to what are called 'fundamental' and 'essential' articles of faith. What the Saviour was most urgent about was this, healthful feeling, and aspiration which would develop into a course of persevering usefulness. We cannot but think that in the plan thus pursued there is a lesson which Christ intended his followers in after-ages to learn. The scribes and pharisees were, we presume, regarded by many as being very orthodox. They were punctual in their attendance at the temple or the synagogue, scrupulous in the observance of rite and ceremony, and tenacious of the least constituent of their dogma. But what said the Lord? 'Woe unto you!' And wherefore? Not merely because their creed was sometimes a perversion of the law and the prophets, but chiefly because their souls were destitute of spiritual life, and their intercourse with mankind was characterised by selfishness and pride. The men reputed to be orthodox were abhorrent to him; and that mainly because they had not orthodoxy of motive and action.

Seeing what was the general tenor of Christ's life and teaching as regards the question before us, surely we have presented to us the true criterion by which to judge of those who profess to be his disciples. It has reference to the heart rather than the head, the character rather than the creed. If we believe a brother to be in error, let us try to show him wherein he is mistaken, but let us not brand him as unchristian, and exclude him from our sympathy because he does not think as we do. The inquiry should be, What is his spirit, what his conduct? If his spirit be loving and devout, and his conduct righteous and philanthropic, let us greet him fraternally and kindly. On the other hand, should a man, however correct in theology he may be esteemed, display what is mean, dishonourable, and selfish, let us not excite the ridicule and contempt of society by speaking of him as if he were, in the truest and hightest sense of the term, a follower of Jesus. Let him be pitied, if you will, but never approved. An evangelical belief will not atone for an indifferent and a paltry life. 'Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit.' It is not in thinking harshly and judging hastily of those who differ from us in opinion that we honour the Infinite Father, but in allowing the seed of truth within us to produce piety, love, and self-denial.

C. B. S.

The Westminster Review on the Present State of German Theology.

The current number of the 'Westminster Review' gives an estimate of the 'Present State of Theology in Germany,' some account of which may not be unacceptable to our readers. The article follows in the main the lead of Professor Schwarz, of Halle, whose clever, but somewhat one-sided book, entitled 'Zur Geschichte der Neueste Theologie' (Contributions to the History of the most Recent Theology), has already reached a third edition. The pretty evident Rationalistic bias of Schwarz would naturally dispose the 'Westminster' writer to look at matters through his eyes, rather than through those of Hagenbach and Kahnis, whose productions on the same subject, however, are not altogether overlooked, and have due prominence given them at the head of the paper. Whilst the Halle professor represents what the reviewer designates the 'Critical School of German Theology,' Kahnis is a leader amongst those whom he styles the Orthodox, and Hagenbach would take rank amongst those whom he designates the Mediation Divines, who endeavour to hold the balance between the other two parties, and to reconcile their jarring claims. This is a tolerably fair selection of authorities, indicating a laudable anxiety to arrive at impartial views. If the article betrays an unmistakeable leaning to Schwarz, this is no more than was to have been expected. The Rationalist historian will of course be the favourite with the Rationalist critic; just as Hume continues to be the oracle of old-fashioned Tory squires. If philosophical sceptics imagine themselves to be sublimely elevated above worshipping the 'idols of the tribe,' this is only a piece of that Pharisaical spirit to which poor human nature is so prone, and against which Sadducean opinions afford but a sorry safeguard. It is enough that the 'Westminster' writer has done his best to give an intelligible account of the present state of theological opinion in Germany as surveyed from his own stand-point, which is akin to that of the author on whose statements he principally relies. It would, perhaps, have helped to improve his certainly very interesting sketch, had he consulted Hundeshagen's work on German Protestantism, which he does not seem to have done. More than most of the leading German theologians of the present day, Hundeshagen is wont to hold aloof from controversial strifes. His voice, therefore, is that of a calm witness to facts, which he has a keen eye for observing, and a philosophical mind of no common reach and vigour to appreciate in their full significance and bearing. His work was reviewed some years ago in the 'British Quarterly,' by, perhaps, the most competent man for the task in the United Kingdom—we mean Principal Tulloch, of St. Andrew's—and it has since been revised by the author, so that it can hardly be said to be antiquated. A production of such importance ought not to have been overlooked. With all its draw-

backs, however, we deem the paper in the 'Westminster' a far from contemptible contribution to our knowledge of the theological movements of Germany—a subject on which such a vast amount of crass ignorance and stupid prejudice obtains in this country, and that even in minds from which better things might confidently have been expected. But let bigots and fools rave as they may, 'German Theology' is a phenomenon which cannot be ignored. It is a great mistake to imagine that it is an isolated idiosyncrasy with which the rest of Christendom has nothing to do but to stand afar off and shriek. The German Church is the most intellectually advanced in the world at this hour, and her thinking, morbid as it has been, and to a sad extent still is, is the thinking of the brain of the one body of which the other Christian nations are members. On this subject the following remarks of the 'Westminster' are far nearer the truth than the platitudes in which the *soi disant* religious press so frequently indulges:—

'It must not be supposed that German Theology is some obscure national product, the concern exclusively of the country which has given it birth. It is no insulated phenomenon. Though generated in Germany, it belongs to Christendom. It is the theological movement of the age. It is only because there is fuller intellectual life in Germany than elsewhere,—only because it so happens that, at present, European speculation is transacted by Germans, as our financial affairs are by Jews, that German characteristics are impressed on the substance of the Christian science. The capital of learning is in the hands of Germans, and theirs has been the enterprise which has directed it into theological channels. The stream may be strongly coloured by the peculiarities of the locality through which its course at present lies; but it is the old stream of Christian tradition still, whose source is in the Galilæan lake. If we have not been drawn into it, or contributed to it, it is not because we have found a better channel for thought, but because we have dispensed with thought upon such subjects altogether. So far as there has been speculative movement in any other of the constituents of the European commonwealth of nations, so far they have participated in the German impulse. For this is the historical law of the progress of the human mind. In each wave of its advance, in each epoch-making conquest, some one nation has taken the lead, and done the work, while all have shared in the profits. *Sic vos non nobis* is the condition of all industry, intellectual as well as material. In quite modern times it would seem as if the burden and labour of human progress was pretty evenly shared between the three nations of Europe who have any liberty of action at all. The French have had hitherto the working out of the political problem. To the share of the English has fallen the social and industrial difficulty. Speculative Germany has claimed for her own the problems of thought, the abstract matters of philosophy and theology. To each of these separate tasks is attached its own burden; its own peculiar danger. We each do our work at our own risks and perils. It is a venture in which each, if he loses, wrecks only his own fortunes; what each gains, is equally gained by all. The political experimentalist, France, undertakes hers, subject to the most terrible casualties—to violent revolutions—to the sudden transference of power from one extremity of the body politic to the other. The English industrial development is big with the threatening evils of pauperism, fraud, and bankruptcy, of which none can yet foresee the issues. It cannot, therefore, be expected that the work of the intellect should not be subject to its own dangers—to the destruction of faith—to the too absolute rupture with the past—to exhaustion and paralysis from over-exertion, and other diseases incident to vigorous life.'

We have already mentioned the three schools into which the reviewer distributes the modern theologians of Germany. Of Dr. Baur,

acknowledged leader of the first in order, the Critical, or so-called Tübingen school, he thus speaks, probably from personal knowledge :—

'F. Ch. Baur—the initials are necessary to distinguish him from a critic of a very different stamp, Bruno Baur*—is not only the chief of the Tübingen school, but is unquestionably the first of living theologians. His exterior, by which one is involuntarily reminded of Gibbon—heavy, sleepy, and somewhat coarse—gives indication of the intellectual power locked up within. This exhibits itself in his books and lectures, in the rare union of the opposite qualifications—viz., the most extensive reading, with the most elastic vigour of original speculation. He has Mosheim's colossal capacity for details, with Schleiermacher's inventive genius. A deficiency in either of these points would have equally destroyed his means of remoulding the subject as he has done. With the exception of a few, and those certainly interesting, recent discoveries, all the facts of early Christian history had been long in the hands of theologians—had been turned over and over—commented and illustrated on a thousand sides. On the other hand, the speculative and *à priori* method had fairly exhausted itself in the various Hegelian schools. "Mere theory" had shown its impotence in Strauss' "Leben Jesu," in which it professed to dissipate all fact and reality, to disperse history into air. Forsaking the illusory path of speculation, Baur undertook to submit all the remains, genuine and spurious, of early Christianity to a new examination, on the same rigidly critical method which had been applied to the remains of classical antiquity. A bare enumeration of his labours may convey some idea of their compass and drift. No description can do justice to the fund of learning and vigour of thought which they contain. Baur first came forward as a writer in 1824, with his 'Symbolik und Mythologie," in which he still stands on Schleiermacher. In 1831 he published, in the pages of a theological journal, the "Tübinger Zeitschrift," two essays, on "The Derivation of Ebionitism and Essenism," and "Church Parties at Corinth." The latter of these essays contains already the germ of that view which he has since expanded—viz., the view of the development of Christianity through the antagonism of Petrinism and Paulinism continued within the Church up to the middle of the second century. In 1833, he first descended to the times of the Reformation, and stood forward as an expounder of the principle of Protestantism against Möhler. After this, there followed in rapid succession a series of striking monographs—"Gnosticism" (1835), "On the Pastoral Epistles" (1835), "On the Epistle to the Romans" (1836), "Manicheeism" (1838), "The Origin of the Episcopate" (1838); these were smaller essays preluding to works of greater extent and compass. These were a "History of the Doctrines of the Trinity and Incarnation" (1841—43), "The Apostle Paul" (1845), "On the Canonical Gospels" (1847), and, lastly, "The Christian Church of the Three First Centuries" (1853).'

We are glad to find the reviewer candid enough to admit that the Critical school, to which his sympathies undisguisedly belong, is not without serious shortcomings and defects. He allows freely Baur's lamentable one-sidedness, and too exclusive reliance on the laws and categories of thought, as the order of historical sequence. He is sensible, too, of the scholastic, frigid, unfeeling character of the Tübingen theology, and, since he concedes in handsome terms the perfectly satisfactory nature of Bleek's demonstration of the genuineness of the fourth gospel, which Baur, contrary to the clearest evidence, persists in referring to the middle of the second century, he must be conscious, one would think, of what everyone else knows, the elephantiasis of prejudice with which the great Tübingen doctor is so sorely afflicted. The new evidence brought to light by the recovery

* It should be spelt Bauer.

of the long-lost treatise of Hippolytus has not made the smallest impression upon him, any more than the previously known fact of the existence of Heracleon's 'Commentary on the Gospel,' at the very date to which his absurdly subjective historical view of early Christianity compels him to assign the document commented on.

The term 'Mediation Theology,' as the reviewer justly remarks, is as old as the time of Schleiermacher, at the close of the last century, and was first applied to the attempts made in the school of that celebrated revivalist of a more positive creed than was fashionable in his day, to approximate the old Rationalism to the doctrine and ordinances of the Church. With what right he classes amongst the Mediation theologians some names which he refers to that category, is, we think, very questionable. If, for instance, by mentioning Ullmann first amongst them, he means to insinuate that that distinguished man is a trimmer (which seems to be his notion of these divines), we should at once challenge the correctness of the opinion. He cites, in proof, Ullman's 'Essence of Christianity;' and then, as if he were Dr. Campbell himself, remarks upon it, that it is 'a repertory of Schleiermacher's phrases, emptied of all their significance.' The difficulties,' he says, 'with which Schleiermacher really grappled, are here smoothed over with sounding words which but ill disguise the absence of any distinct theology.' He gives this sentence from the book in illustration—'Christianity is not a doctrine, as the Supernaturalists have said; nor a law of morality, as the Kantians; nor redemption, as Schleiermacher would have it; but *life*.' And so he goes on to complain, quite in the style of the Boanerges of Bolt-court, that the changes are rung on 'life-power' and 'life-principle,' till the doctrine disappears, evaporated in its own expressions. We think we can understand why a *Westminster* critic should be so annoyed at the want of definiteness implied in teaching that Christianity is rather *life* than stiff, frozen dogma, such as some amongst ourselves imagine to be the very crown of the gospel. It is a much more difficult thing to grapple with the life of God in the Church, than with the numbered and ticketed articles of a human confession of faith. When this is borne in mind, the admission of the reviewer is valuable, that 'To this class belong all the theological writers of any eminence, except the few who, on either extreme, constitute the schools of Orthodoxy or of Criticism.' We can understand, too, the sweeping nature of the reaction against Rationalism, beneath his party-coloured description in the following passage:—'Nothing else leaves on the spectator a more discouraging picture of the utter rout and discomfiture of German intellectual effort than the inspection of this wide region, in which is comprehended nearly every name of theological character in Germany. These *campi patentes* are anything but the abode of faith, of high aspiration, or science confident in its grasp. It is rather like a battle-field strewed with the shivered wreck of some great combat. The pale heroes are seen sadly amusing themselves with the ghosts of dead controversies. Among these melancholy *débris* of a former world, we are not to expect anything like common views or united effort. What common

character it has, however, is expressed by the names applied to this section of theologians.' To this Mediation section he refers, besides Ullmann, such men as Dorner, Liebner, and Lange. About Rothe, now Professor of Theology at Heidelberg, he hesitates, though, on the whole, inclined to class him with these divines. Of this distinguished man he speaks in the very highest terms of eulogy:—

'Rothe,' he says, 'is the leading mind in philosophical theology, as Baur is in historical. Not only the clearness and energy of his intellect, but the wide sweep of his systematic development of his science, place him on an eminence above the respectable level of the theologians of the middle school. He is too clear-sighted to be satisfied with the half-truths and adaptations of the popular method. He is too stern a lover of truth to offer a compromise with Orthodoxy, in order to secure its countenance. His deduction from his premises is rigid; if you go one step with him you will have to go the whole road. He seems to lie under a necessity of consecutive thought, and is no patcher-up of many-coloured theories, or promulgator of views. He is ready to follow out the idea, lead where it will. In so following it up, he requires that speculation shall hold itself free from all homage to any alien authority, from all considerations of consequences. It is to own no control but the laws of logic, the intrinsic consistency of thought. This independence is, with Rothe, not a matter of personal, but of doctrinal, importance. He distinguishes speculative theology from philosophy, by saying that philosophy has to develop the pure self-consciousness, while theology does the same for the God-consciousness, or the idea of God in the human consciousness. The matter, or object of thought, is distinct in each case, but the method is the same. Theology is as strictly dialectical as philosophy. It is entirely independent of confessional orthodoxy, and scorns synodical determination by majorities. It is not influenced by opinion, but claims to correct and control ecclesiastical opinion. The pretence of Churchmen to decide doctrine is as preposterous an invasion of theological science as their professing to lay down the laws of motion would be of mechanical science.'

'Rothe's personality is feeble. A small man, sharp, clear, acute, intense, but not great. He cannot impose himself upon his fellows. Rothe's peculiar views can only be stated by those who have habitually followed his Lectures; for his great work, his "Ethik" (1845), was published twelve years ago. Though it has long been out of print, he declines to republish it; and it is known that he is now dissatisfied with the way in which much was there presented. His leading views, however, have doubtless not undergone much change. The basis of his "Ethik" is the identity of the moral and the religious. The "Ethik" is not a treatise on morals, as its title might seem to indicate, but includes, besides, the whole of speculative theology. The moral relations, or the conditions of a personality—of an agent, is the central existence in the world. Into the moral is absorbed, on the one side, the material—on the other, the spiritual. As to the material, the lower steps and spheres of creation are indifferent, till they have evolved out of themselves that unity of self-consciousness and self-activity—a human personality. In a "person," matter is ultimately, through the creative power of God, raised above itself—it has evolved its own antithesis. When this personality has been thus evoked, the further problem is, that it becomes the determining principle of every thing that is in contact with it Man must appropriate to himself, subordinate to his uses, material nature; that is, all the forces in action, whether within or without him. This is the moral problem—a continuation of the process of creation entrusted to the agency of the creature itself. But this process of adaptation is a gradual one—no less gradual than all the previous steps of creation. The first Adam is the incomplete man; and sin is the inevitable passage to the higher stage of being.* The completed human personality is only won through a long course

* This, we need hardly observe, is one of the worst dogmas of Pantheism, and saps all morality. Whether, however, the reviewer has rightly represented Rothe's view, is another question.

of toil and suffering, and finally culminates in the second Adam. The redeeming action of the Deity is thus a strict and steady continuation of his creative action. There is nothing arbitrary in the moral development of the race. . The spiritual is no intrusive element. There is no breach of the continuity of law. The Church, or religious society, finds its completed realization in the State, or moral society.'

In describing the Hyper and New Lutherans as the party of Orthodoxy, the reviewer is guilty of what Whately calls *the fallacy of naming*. One exemplification of that very common mode of juggling with language is indicated in the familiar proverb, '*Give a dog a bad name, and hang him at once.*' Another, is the labelling what is in universal ill odour with the name of something which, though good enough in itself, you happen to dislike. It answers a rabid Tory's purpose equally well, whether he describes all Liberals as revolutionists, or gives to revolutionists the milder name of Liberals. The Westminster writer's cue is, in this instance, to discredit Orthodoxy, by describing the ecclesiastical bigots of all shades in Germany as the Orthodox. As a type of the Neo-Lutherans he takes Hengstenberg, of whom he gives the following not altogether fair, and still less wholly unfair sketch. At least, we must honestly avow, that after that unquestionably great divine's reactionary pranks of late, we have hardly the heart to enter a protest against the truth of the description :—

'Hengstenberg first appeared as "Privat-docent" in theology in the University of Berlin in 1824. Just at that time, the party which is now grown into the great Orthodox party was beginning to show itself in the form of a semi-pietistic party. It was favoured, and indeed was in some measure created, by the late king. Hengstenberg attached himself to it. Royal favour, and the zealous backing of a thriving party, supplied the want of professional qualifications, and he was successively appointed extraordinary (1826) and ordinary (1827) Professor of Theology in the University, alongside of Schleiermacher and Neander! In 1827 he founded the "Evangelische Kirchen Zeitung." Under his clever management, this journal rapidly became a power. With an instinctive knowledge of his field of operation, the court and society of Berlin, he brought into play every engine by which a newspaper can work upon the peculiar class of passions and jealousies which gather round our most sacred beliefs. A ramified system of espionage was established by correspondents on "Church affairs" throughout the provinces. Students were encouraged to delate their professors. Hinted suspicion alternated with loud denunciation and demand for expulsion from the Church. Growing bolder by success, it flew at higher game. At first the Rationalists were denounced in the mass. They were classed with demagogues as disturbers of settled order, while the Orthodox were shown to be firm supporters of "the throne." Then men, like De Wette, Bretschneider, and Ammon, were signalled by name as unbelievers. And, at last, Schleiermacher himself became the great mark for these poisoned arrows. It was not, however, till after Schleiermacher's death that this terrorism reached its acme. The publication of Strauss' "Life of Jesus" (1835) brought the theological panic to a crisis, and created an irritable state of public feeling, which was the very atmosphere for such a journal to thrive in. A sort of Papal tribunal was erected in Berlin, before which everything alike was brought up to be sentenced. For the talent of the paper at no time consisted in its writing. It scarcely pretended to criticise; it only abused. Satire, sarcasm, irony, the finer weapons of even unfair criticism, were unknown to it. It did but denounce and damn decisively, and that was all that its applauding public wanted. The events of '48-'49, and the transference of public interest to another order of ideas,

gradually weakened its power over opinion. Though the journal still exists, it has greatly given way before younger and more zealous rivals.'

These rivals are the so-called Hyper-Lutherans, whose portraiture is drawn with tolerable fidelity in the following, which must be our closing extract:—

'This "Hyper-Lutheranism," as Dr. Schwarz calls it, is rather a development, than a rival of Neo-Lutheranism. The New Lutheran Orthodoxy has nothing but the name in common with the Lutheranism of the sixteenth century. Its whole principle, indeed, is that of the externality of the Christian Institute, against which Protestantism was an insurrection. It is, at bottom, the conservative Catholicism of the sixteenth century, though without the formal confession of Catholicism. The Young Lutheran or "Church" party have advanced a step further in the same direction. Not that they adopt, or incline to adopt, the ceremonial or mythological developments of the Catholic Church. But those rites and those doctrines which have made most noise in the Romanist controversy, are those which are the least of the essence of Romanism. The Virgin and the Saints, Reliques, Images, Purgatory, and Masses,—these bywords with the vulgar and the unthinking, are powerless decorations, or natural development. The one essential principle of the Catholic system is the control of the individual conscience by an authority or law placed without it, and exercised over it by men assuming to act in the name of Heaven. Towards this principle Young Lutherdom has made, and is still making, open and avowed approaches. This German "Puseyism" is represented by such names as Klieforth, Vilmar, Kahnis, Delitzsch, Petri, &c. This party not only repudiate all approximation to the "Mediation Theology" as heretical, but affect to look on Hengstenberg and his friends as already superannuated. They belonged to a period of transition. "Hengstenberg," says Kahnis, "was useful in making the first breach in the fortress of unbelief." He has done his work; the new era of "Faithfulness" requires other strength. The ultra-Lutheran party have accordingly seized on the ideas of the Visible Church and the Sacraments, and are endeavouring, with perseverance and success, to bring them into vogue. It costs them, indeed, some little trouble to state these conceptions in harmony with the genuine Lutheran doctrine of "Justification by Faith." Still, in the inconsistent and clumsy Realism of Luther's teaching on the subject of the Sacraments, there is something which serves the purpose, and gives plausibility to this anti-Protestant view. But it is in their doctrine of the "Ministerial Office" that this effort to escape under false colours betrays itself most palpably. Lutheranism laid down, in the most distinct way, the doctrine of the universal Priesthood of all believers, in contradiction to the doctrine of the Mass. The office of preacher or minister in the congregation is, in the Lutheran Church, always described as a "means of grace." It is so most strictly in conformity with the principle of Protestantism. For in preaching, the "grace" is not conveyed by any material or physical medium; it is conveyed direct to the understanding through the intelligent vehicle of language. The process of communication is thoroughly human and rational. Divine "grace" is here seen as an entirely moral influence, penetrating the human subject, but in subordination to the laws of that subject. Hence it follows, that faith in the hearer, that is to say, a moral receptivity of the subject, is an indispensable condition of the operation of the word spoken. This is the proper Lutheran doctrine. But such a doctrine is quite counter to the views of the new ultra-Lutherans. The difficulty they are in would not be felt in this country, where, at least south of the Tweed, no sensible educated person thinks of a sermon more than as an instruction in religion, a reminder of duty, or an aid to thought. But it is otherwise through a great part of Germany. However lax the attendance at church may be, the principle of the "Preaching," as a means of grace, has still a practical recognition. A party, therefore, affecting to be pre-eminently Lutheran and Orthodox, cannot, like English High-Churchmen, run down sermons in order to exalt the Sacraments or the Prayers. They are obliged, therefore, to cast about for an indirect mode of evading the purely "rational" doctrine of old Lutheranism. Kliefoth, *e.g.*, lays down,

that the preacher is a merely instrumental medium, like the material elements in Baptism or the Lord's Supper—a non-rational vehicle of the gracious infiltration. This instance is not cited for the sake of its absurdity—the absurdity of exalting preaching into a sacrament in order to depreciate it—but to show the spirit of this hyper-Lutheranism, and the shifts to which its "Theology" has recourse, in order to maintain itself under the false mask under which it is necessary to its success to fight. For exposure of its essentially Catholic character is the obvious reply with which this illegitimate Lutheranism is met. But this line of opposition makes little impression upon it, and has apparently no power to check it. "Kirchenthum," so it designates itself, rides triumphantly on in Prussia, and openly boasts that the future is its own. If its Theology is not patronized at court, it is at least not discouraged. Government and its adherents profess and support the New Lutheranism, but are willing to allow this advanced guard to essay at its own risks and perils the conquest of public opinion. If it fails, it can be disavowed; if it succeeds, it will draw the State Church along with it.'

Mrs. Gaskell's Life of Charlotte Bronte.*

JANE EYRE is a name almost as well known as Grace Darling or Florence Nightingale, and to many thousands of cultivated people at home and abroad it stands for a personality more intimate and distinct than any popular character of the day; in some cases, even, than any flesh-and-blood acquaintance. The life of the woman who created Jane Eyre, and christened her with so glib and pronounceable a name, is now, after being anxiously expected during many months, given to us by a sister artist, to whom the task had been confided by the husband and father of the dead. It is the book of the season; and the only fault we have to find with it is, that it is too dear. Twenty-four shillings for two volumes of 330 pages each is too much; nor can any prospect of a cheap edition hereafter reconcile us to the policy of a first publication at this price. The first volume contains an engraving by Armytage of Richmond's portrait of Charlotte, and a fac-simile of her juvenile handwriting; the second, an engraving from a sketch by Mrs. Gaskell herself of the Parsonage of Haworth, where her friend spent great part of her life, with the square-towered church, the crowded grave-yard, the belfried schoolhouse, and the indented hills that lead up the eye to the clouds over all. The information the volumes contain is much fuller than we had expected. Mrs. Gaskell, subordinating herself to her work, and showing her friend to the world's affectionate expectation, instead of showing off herself, as is the manner of some, has raised even the high opinion of her we once expressed in this journal. There is only one passage of 'writing' in the whole book, and that is in commenting upon the always able, and always to be detested Quarterly's review of Currer Bell. She has used her material with the utmost frankness, and yet with the utmost discrimination and tenderness. These are not

* Two vols. Smith, Elder, and Co., London.

words of course; for her material presented singular difficulties of treatment, as our readers will discover for themselves in running over our sketch of the form into which she has cast it. She has done her work in such a way as to give us the very highest opinion both of her truthfulness and of her delicacy of feeling. All cultivated women must take a pride in these Memoirs, considered merely as a literary fact of the time, as we take pride in them for their sake. So valuable do we consider this life-story, that we would rather pledge ourselves never to read another work of fiction as long as we lived than miss reading it. We only wish it had fallen to our lot to review it a year hence instead of now, when its impressions are too fresh to be well reproduced. Let it be borne in mind, that in order to point out its very great *negative* merits, we should have to commit the very sins Mrs. Gaskell has avoided; but those who have eyes to see and hearts to feel will need no showman's wand to point out the passages where friendship for the dead, friendship for the living, love of truth, and pride in her art, have all blended to inspire the pencil which has drawn these bold, yet cautious, and pathetically suggestive lines. Our object in what follows will be to compress as much information as possible into the space at our command. Our extracts will not be consecutive, even when relating to the same topic; and some of them will be blendings and modifications of the matter supplied by Charlotte's friends, and the comments of Mrs. Gaskell.

Everybody knows that Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell, were the literary pseudonyms of Charlotte, Emily, and Anne Brontë; and every body has read 'Jane Eyre,' 'Shirley,' and 'Villette,' the novels of Charlotte. 'Wuthering Heights,' written by Emily; 'Agnes Grey,' and 'The Tenant of Wildfell Hall,' by Anne; and the 'Poems,' jointly published by the three Sisters, are less known. We retain the opinion we elsewhere expressed soon after the death of Charlotte, that 'Wuthering Heights' displays a stronger genius than any of the other five novels; that Emily, who is admitted on all hands to have written the best of the poems, possessed also the most original gift for fiction. But 'Wuthering Heights' is strong meat, and we have known dainty readers turn from it with horror. The 'Poems' have an interest of their own to readers of an analytical turn. We once found them more serviceable in filling up the outlines of our conceptions of the three sisters, than any second-hand information. All of them are exceedingly characteristic; the most uncritical reader could, we should think, pick out Charlotte's. Anne's are quiet and tender, and manifest a pleasant gift for producing lyrics and songs—singable verses in general—*cantabile*, as the Italians call it. In one poem she gives curious expression to that almost monomaniacal secretiveness which belonged to the whole family:—

'I've noticed many a youthful form
Upon whose changeful face
The inmost workings of the soul
The gazer well might trace;

The speaking eye, the changing lip,
The ready blushing cheek,
The smiling or beclouded brow
Their different feelings speak.
But, thank God, you might gaze on mine
For hours, and never know
The secret changes of my soul,
From joy to keenest woe.'

It is very instinctive to notice these extreme cases. This secretiveness was as natural to her as the colour of her hair, and perhaps not *more* modifiable; inevitably it tinged her whole behaviour, and, if she had gone into society, must have puzzled her intercourse with others. In Emily, the same feature existed in still stronger development. These girls *might* have had the contrary peculiarity; it is not uncommon, but it is, or appears to be, more mischievous. No feelings can be wholly spoken; none can be wholly suppressed; but the natural tendencies in both directions exist in millionfold varieties of strength in different minds, and it takes both delicate and practical faculties in the observer to allow properly for them. Charlotte, in one of her letters, is severe on Tennyson for 'In Memoriam,' forgetting how widely another mind might differ from her own as to manifestativeness, and yet feel acutely; and also forgetting the *impersonality* which seems to attach alike to a poet and a poet's audience. To speak to a thousand people is a less bashful affair than speaking to one; and he with whom you shook hands in the street yesterday is not the artist who sings or paints for you to day, the parish register and his title-page notwithstanding.

Charlotte Brontë was one of six children, now all dead; five sisters, and one brother whose early promise was blasted by an infatuated and guilty passion. The Rev. Patrick Brontë, her father, who, very old and shattered, still survives, was an Irishman, of great energy of character, who forsook his father's plough, and made his own way to Cambridge, where he had young Temple, now Lord Palmerston, for a fellow-volunteer in those Napoleonic days. Mrs. Brontë was a Cornish lady, by name Branwell, and a very amiable, quiet, cultivated woman. We gather from the record that neither she nor her husband was fond of children. Add, that in those days all manner of foolish 'hardening' theories about the young were rife in Europe, and one imagines that the training of the little family could not have been happy. Mr. Brontë, though an affectionate husband, could do very cruel and arbitrary things; such as burning the children's only change of shoes, because they happened, by being coloured, to offend his Spartan tastes; or taking advantage of his wife's accidentally leaving a drawer unlocked to cut up a silk dress into shreds. Solitary and secretive in his habits, he had ways of venting his anger natural to a secretive person:—

'His strong, passionate, Irish nature was, in general, compressed down with resolute stoicism, but it was there, notwithstanding all his philosophic calm, and dignity of demeanour. He did not speak when he was annoyed or displeased, but worked off his volatile wrath by firing pistols out of the back door in rapid

succession. Mrs. Brontë, lying in bed up stairs, would hear the quick explosions, and knew that something had gone wrong; but her sweet nature thought invariably of the bright side, and she would say, "Ought I not to be thankful that he never gave me an angry word?" Now and then his anger took a different form, but still was speechless. Once he got the hearth rug, and stuffing it up the grate, deliberately set it on fire, and remained in the room, in spite of the stench, until it had smouldered and shrivelled away into uselessness. Another time he took some chairs and sawed away at the backs till they were reduced to the condition of stools.'

Mrs. Brontë died in 1821, when Charlotte was not five years old, and an aunt from Cornwall came to superintend the household,—a quaint sort of person, who, coming from the 'warm south' of our island, never took kindly to Haworth, went about the stone-floored Parsonage in pattens, and at last died, herself, leaving a little money to her nieces. The Brontës were people who 'kept themselves to themselves,' according to the approved notion of a pastoral family in Yorkshire. The situation was not favourable for visiting; the children saw very few people, and lived, to use a blunt phrase of one of Charlotte's schoolfellows, 'like potatoes growing in a cellar.' In amends for this, the internal resources of the circle were drawn out proportionately to their exclusive reliance upon them. The culture these girls, with their one brother, received from their father, and the accidents of their environment, was extraordinarily robust and versatile. Maria, who died at eleven years of age, could converse with her father, he says, upon public topics, with the fluency and intelligence of a world-knowing grown-up person; and this scene, from some of Charlotte's juvenile papers, will give some idea of the varied knowledge of the little circle. Charlotte was aged about thirteen; Branwell (the brother) about eleven; Emily about ten. Tabby was the servant—a Yorkshire paragon, who, when, after years of faithful service, she at last broke her leg and was disabled, was nursed and kept in the house by the girls, and at last buried by them:—

'*June the 31st*, 1829.

'The play of the "Islanders" was formed in December, 1827, in the following manner. One night, about the time when the cold sleet and stormy fogs of November are succeeded by the snow-storms and high piercing night-winds of confirmed winter, we were all sitting round the warm blazing kitchen fire, having just concluded a quarrel with Tabby concerning the propriety of lighting a candle, from which she came off victorious, no candle having been produced. A long pause succeeded, which was at last broken by Branwell saying, in a lazy manner "I don't know what to do." This was echoed by Emily and Anne.

'*Tabby.* "Wha ya may go t' bed."

'*Branwell.* "I'd rather do anything than that."

'*Charlotte.* "Why are you so glum to-night, Tabby? Oh! suppose we had each an island of our own."

'*Branwell.* "If we had I would choose the Island of Man."

'*Charlotte.* "And I would choose the Isle of Wight."

'*Emily.* "The Isle of Arran for me."

'*Anne.* "And mine should be Guernsey."

'We then chose who should be chief men in our islands. Branwell chose John Bull, Astley Cooper, and Leigh Hunt; Emily, Walter Scott, Mr. Lockhart, Johnny Lockhart; Anne, Michael Sadler, Lord Bentinck, Sir Henry Halford. I chose the Duke of Wellington and two sons, Christopher North and Co., and Mr. Abernethy.

Here our conversation was interrupted by the, to us, dismal sound of the clock striking seven, and we were summoned off to bed. The next day we added many others to our list of men, till we got almost all the chief men of the kingdom.'

Charlotte, Emily, Anne, and Branwell, had all very early formed plans for distinguishing themselves in literature and art,—Branwell hoping to be a painter. Charlotte, however, was the greatest pen-woman of the four, and we make room for an *extract* from her

'CATALOGUE OF MY BOOKS, WITH THE PERIOD OF THEIR COMPLETION UP TO AUGUST 3RD, 1830.

'Two romantic Tales in one volume; viz., The Twelve Adventurers and the Adventures in Ireland, April 2nd, 1829.

'The Search after Happiness, a Tale, August 1st, 1829.

'Leisure Hours, a Tale, and two Fragments, July 6th, 1829.

'The Adventures of Edward de Crack, a Tale, February 2nd, 1830.

'The Adventures of Ernest Alembert, a Tale, May 26th, 1830.

'An interesting Incident in the Lives of some of the most eminent Persons of the Age, a Tale, June 10th, 1830.

'Tales of the Islanders, in four volumes. Contents of the 1st vol.—1. An Account of their Origin; 2. A Description of Vision Island; 3. Ratten's Attempt; 4. Lord Charles Wellesley and the Marquis of Douro's Adventure; completed June 31st, 1829. 2nd vol.—1. The School Rebellion; 2. The strange Incident in the Duke of Wellington's Life; 3. Tale to his Sons; 4. The Marquis of Douro and Lord Charles Wellesley's Tale to his little King and Queens; completed December 2nd, 1829. 3rd vol.—1. The Duke of Wellington's Adventure in the Cavern; 2. The Duke of Wellington and the little King's and Queen's visit to the Horse Guards; completed May 8th, 1830. 4th vol.—1. The Three Old Washerwomen of Strathfieldsaye; 2. Lord C. Wellesley's Tale to his Brother; completed July 30th, 1830.'

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'Miscellaneous Poems, finished May 30th, 1830. Contents:—1. The Churchyard; 2. Descriptions of the Duke of Wellington's Palace on the Pleasant Banks of the Lusiva; this article is a small prose tale or incident; 3. Pleasure; 4. Lines written on the Summit of a high Mountain of the North of England; 5. Winter; 6. Two Fragments, namely, 1st, The Vision; 2nd, A short untitled Poem; The Evening Walk, a Poem, June 23rd, 1830.

'Making in the whole twenty-two volumes.

'C. BRONTE, August 3, 1830.'

Each volume containing 'from sixty to a hundred pages;' and each page containing about twice as much as that the reader has before him! We have counted the words. Mrs. Gaskell gives us a lithographed specimen-page, written in an imitation of print, so exceedingly small that it nearly baffles every naked eye. The composition has the usual feminine peculiarity of bad punctuation—all ladies make the comma do service for the whole range of stops! 'Done' is in one case written for gone; and wishing is spelt 'whishing.' The matter displays a curious mixture of knowledge of the world without derived from books, and want of such knowledge as only mingling with it can give. The marquis of Douro is one of the actors in the story—Wellington, and all that to Wellington in anywise related occupied a large space in Charlotte's mind. The chapter opens with a scene in the 'splendid' Home Office of 'Verdopolis,' opposite 'the no less splendid Colonial Office;' and the Chief Secretary asks a clerk on a stool what o'clock it is, and is

answered by the clerk looking out o' window and consulting the sun's shadow.

Our readers have now some idea of the Brontë household. Before they can understand the genesis of the novels of the three girls, particularly Emily's 'Wuthering Heights,' they must learn something of Haworth and the circumjacent population. Mrs. Gaskell paints them in strong colours. Greedy of money and revenge, rough, cruel, and self-contained to an extravagant degree, these northern folk seem to be. A man follows up a spite all his life; fires off a blunderbuss at any stranger who happens to come too near his house; has cock-fights round his death-bed; and so on. Time and progress are now softening the harsher features of the pictures; but it is important to know the sort of life these girls chiefly saw before they painted any. He of the blunderbuss is still living. But some of the outlines Mrs. Gaskell draws of these strong-minded people are not unpleasing:—

'The descendants of many who served under Cromwell at Dunbar live on the same lands as their ancestors occupied then; and perhaps there is no part of England where the traditional and fond recollections of the Commonwealth have lingered so long as in that inhabited by the woollen manufacturing population of the West Riding, who had the restrictions taken off their trade by the Protector's admirable commercial policy. I have it on good authority that, not thirty years ago, the phrase, "in Oliver's days," was in common use to denote a time of unusual prosperity. The class of Christian names prevalent in a district is one indication of the direction in which its tide of hero-worship sets. Grave enthusiasts in politics or religion perceive not the ludicrous side of those which they give to their children; and some are to be found, still in their infancy, not a dozen miles from Haworth, that will have to go through life as Lamartine, Kossuth, Dembinsky. And so there is a testimony to what I have said of the traditional feeling of the district, in the fact that the Old Testament names in general use among the Puritans are yet the prevalent appellations in most Yorkshire families of middle or humble rank, whatever their religious persuasion may be. There are numerous records, too, that show the kindly way in which the ejected ministers were received by the gentry as well as by the poorer part of the inhabitants, in the persecuting days of Charles II. These little facts all testify to the old hereditary spirit of independence, ready ever to resist authority which was conceived to be unjustly exercised, that distinguishes the people of the West Riding to this day.'

So much for the people; but what can we gather together about Haworth, where Charlotte, and the two sisters whose names the world cherishes with hers, spent nearly all their lives?—

'The parish of Halifax touches that of Bradford, in which the chapelry of Haworth is situated; and the nature of the ground in the two parishes is much of the same hilly description, . . . The Leeds and Bradford Railway runs along a deep valley of the Aire; a slow and sluggish stream compared to the neighbouring river of the Wharfe. Keighley station is on this line of railway, about a quarter of a mile from the town of the same name. The town of Keighley never quite melts into country on the road to Haworth, although the houses become more sparse as the traveller journeys upwards to the grey round hills that seem to bound his journey in a westerly direction. . . . . There is a slight feeling of disappointment at the grey neutral tint of every object, near or far off, on the way from Keighley to Haworth. . . . . For two miles, the road passes over tolerably level ground, distant hills on the left, a "beck" flowing through meadows on the right, and furnishing water-power at certain points to the factories built on its banks. The air is dim and lightless with the smoke from all these habitations and places of business. . . . . As the road begins to ascend, vegetation becomes

poorer; it does not flourish, it merely exists; and, instead of trees, there are only bushes and shrubs about the dwellings. Stone dykes are everywhere used in place of hedges, and what crops there are on the patches of arable land consist of pale, hungry-looking, grey-green oats. Right before the traveller on this road rises Haworth village; he can see it for two miles before he arrives; for it is situated on the side of a pretty steep hill, with a background of dim and purple moors, rising and sweeping away yet higher than the church, which is built at the very summit of the long narrow street. All round the horizon there is the same line of sinuous wave-like hills; the scoops into which they fall only revealing other hills beyond, of similar colour and shape, covered with wild, bleak moors—grand, from the ideas of solitude and loneliness which they suggest, or oppressive, from the feeling which they give of being pent up by some monotonous and illimitable barrier, according to the mood in which the spectator may be. For a short distance, the road appears to turn away from Haworth, as it winds round the base of the shoulder of a hill; but then it crosses a bridge over the "beck," and the ascent through the village begins. The flag-stones with which it is paved are placed endways, in order to give a better hold to the horses' feet; and even with this help they seem to be in constant danger of slipping backwards. The old stone houses are high compared to the width of the street, which makes an abrupt turn before reaching the more level ground at the head of the village, so that the steep ascent of the place in one part is almost like that of a wall. But, this surmounted, the church lies a little off the main road on the left; a hundred yards or so, and the driver relaxes his care, and the horses breathe more easily, as they pass into the little quiet bye-street that leads to Haworth Parsonage. The churchyard is on one side of this lane, the schoolhouse and the sexton's dwelling (where the curates formerly lodged), on the other. The parsonage stands at right angles to the road, facing down upon the church; so that in fact parsonage, church, and belfried schoolhouse, form three sides of an irregular oblong, of which the fourth is open to the fields and moors that lie beyond. The area of this oblong is filled up by a crowded churchyard, and a small garden or court in front of the clergyman's house. As the entrance to this from the road is at the side, the path goes round the corner into the little plot of ground. Underneath the windows is a narrow flower-border, carefully tended in days of yore, although only the most hardy plants could grow there. Within the stone wall, which keeps out the surrounding churchyard, are bushes of elder and lilac; the rest of the ground is occupied by a square grass-plot and a gravel walk. The house is of grey stone, two stories high, heavily roofed with flags in order to resist the winds that might strip off a lighter covering. It appears to have been built about a hundred years ago, and to consist of four rooms on each story; the two windows on the right, as the visitor stands with his back to the church ready to enter in at the front door, belonging to Mr. Brontë's study; the two on the left, to the family sitting-room. Everything about the place tells of the most dainty order, the most exquisite cleanliness. The doorsteps are spotless; the small, old-fashioned, window-panes glitter like looking-glass. Inside and outside of that house, cleanliness goes up into its essence, purity. . . . There are flag floors, and the stairs, I believe, are made of stone; and no wonder, when stone quarries are near and trees are far to seek. . . . . Neither flowers nor vegetables flourish here; a tree of even moderate dimensions might be hunted for far and wide; the snow lies long and late on the moors, stretching bleakly and barely far up from the dwelling, on which, on autumnal or winter nights, the four winds of heaven seem to meet and rage together, tearing round the house as if they were wild beasts striving to find an entrance.'

Charlotte and her sisters went at a very early age to an unhealthy and ill-managed school at Cowan's Bridge, the 'Lowood' of 'Jane Eyre.' The stay there was fatal to one sister, and very injurious to the others. The school was under the penurious management of a professedly 'wealthy' clergyman, whose name is well known, and whom we fancy we remember as the Editor of a pink-covered religious monthly, when we were a little boy. He seems to have been one of

those selfish and hard-headed men whom you so often find the originators and administrators of 'benevolent' schemes—a man who wondered what was the matter, when half-starved, fear-stricken children didn't mind his lecturing, and turned away their sad, weary faces death-ward—a Diotrephes, whose steady grasp of an idea, and mechanical adherence to maxim-goodness, showed him to distant eyes a paragon of 'conscientiousness'—one of those not uncommon men whose notions of 'duty' would make them capital workers under others of better and sweeter inspiration, but whose 'love of the pre-eminence' carries them into positions where they cannot but be tyrants. Miss Scatcherd and Miss Temple are copies from the life, as well as the clerical founder of Lowood; and Helen Burns is Charlotte's sister, Maria.

After the removal of the children from Cowan's Bridge, Charlotte went to a school kept by a Miss Wooler, of Roe Head, of which Mrs. Gaskell draws a very kindly picture. Miss Wooler continued Charlotte's friend throughout her life. A school-fellow gives a very graphic account of Charlotte's first appearance at Roe Head School, on the 19th of January, 1831:—

'I first saw her coming out of a covered cart in very old-fashioned clothes, and looking very cold and miserable. When she appeared in the school-room her dress was changed, but just as old. She looked a little old woman, so short-sighted that she always appeared to be seeking something, and moving her head from side to side to catch a sight of it. She was very shy and nervous, and spoke with a strong Irish accent. When a book was given her, she dropped her head over it till her nose nearly touched it, and when she was told to hold her head up, up went the book after it, still close to her nose, so that it was not possible to help laughing. . . . We all thought her very ignorant, for she had never learnt grammar at all, and very little geography. . . . Miss Wooler took her aside, and told her she was afraid she must place her in the second class for some time, till she could overtake the girls of her own age in elementary knowledge; but poor Charlotte received this announcement by so sad a fit of crying, that Miss Wooler's kind heart was softened, and she wisely perceived that with such a girl it would be better to place her in the first class, and allow her to make up by private study in those branches where she was deficient. She would confound us by knowing things that were out of our range altogether. She was acquainted with most of the short pieces of poetry that we had to learn by heart; would tell us the authors, the poems they were taken from, and sometimes repeat a page or two, and tell us the plot. In our play-hours, she sat or stood still, with a book if possible. Some of us once urged her to be on our side in a game at ball. She said she had never played, and could not play. We made her try; but soon found that she could not see the ball, so we put her out. She took all our proceedings with pliable indifference, and always seemed to need a previous resolution to say 'No' to anything. She used to go and stand under the trees in the playground, and say it was pleasanter. She endeavoured to explain this, pointing out the shadows, the peeps of sky, &c. We understood but little of it. She said that at Cowan Bridge she used to stand in the burn on a stone, to watch the water flow by. I told her she should have gone fishing; she said she never wanted. She always showed physical feebleness in everything. She ate no animal food at school. It was about this time I told her she was very ugly. Some years afterwards I told her thought I had been very impertinent. She replied, "You did me a great deal of good, Polly, so don't repent of it." . . Whenever an opportunity occurred of examining a picture or cut of any kind, she went over it piecemeal, with her eyes close to the paper; looking so long, that we used to ask her what she saw in it. She could always see plenty, and explained it very well. . . . At night, she was an invaluable story-teller, frightening us almost out of our wits as we lay in

bed. On one occasion, the effect was such that she was led to scream out loud and Miss Wooler, coming up stairs, found that one of the listeners had been seized with violent palpitations, in consequence of the excitement produced by Charlotte's story.'

The time between 1832 and 1847 is filled up with intervals at Haworth, where Charlotte taught her sisters; intervals of governesship in different parts of the country; and a sojourn of Charlotte and Emily at Brussels, which, of course, is 'Villette,' with a most able and excellent M. Héger, for details concerning whom we have no space. Anne was always ill. Emily little better, and, when away, ever drooping for home; so that it came to be resolved at last, that whoever left Haworth and the purple moors she should not. One anecdote of this extraordinary girl we must give, for the light it throws on her character, and through hers, on that of the family, in all of whom an element of fierce, defiant courage, mingled with the warmest attachment and the tenderest sympathy. At Haworth Parsonage there was a family dog, Keeper:—

'Keeper was faithful to the depths of his nature as long as he was with friends; but he who struck him with a stick or whip roused the relentless nature of the brute, who flew at his throat forthwith, and held him there till one or the other was at the point of death. Now Keeper's household fault was this. He loved to steal up stairs and stretch his square tawny limbs on the comfortable beds, covered over with delicate white counterpanes. But the cleanliness of the parsonage arrangement was perfect; and this habit of Keeper's was so objectionable, that Emily, in reply to Tabby's remonstrances, declared that, if he was found again transgressing, she herself, in defiance of warning and his well-known ferocity of nature, would beat him so severely that he would never offend again. In the gathering dusk of an autumn evening, Tabby came, half triumphantly, half tremblingly, but in great wrath, to tell Emily that Keeper was lying on the best bed, in drowsy voluptuousness. Charlotte saw Emily's whitening face and set mouth, but dared not speak to interfere; no one dared when Emily's eyes glowed in that manner out of the paleness of her face, and when her lips were so compressed into stone. She went up stairs, and Tabby and Charlotte stood in the gloomy passage below, full of the dark shadows of coming night. Down stairs came Emily, dragging after her the unwilling Keeper, his hind legs set in an heavy attitude of resistance, held by the "scuft of the neck," but growling low and savagely all the time. The watchers would fain have spoken, but durst not, for fear of taking off Emily's attention, and causing her to avert her head for a moment from the enraged brute. She let him go, planted in a dark corner at the bottom of the stairs; no time was there to fetch stick or rod, for fear of the strangling clutch at her throat—her bare clenched fist struck against his red fierce eyes before he had time to make his spring, and, in the language of the turf, she "punished him" till his eyes were swelled up, and the half-blind stupified beast was led to his accustomed lair, to have his swelled head fomented and cared for by the very Emily herself. The generous dog owed her no grudge; he loved her dearly ever after: he walked first among the mourners to her funeral; he slept moaning for nights at the door of her empty room, and never, so to speak, rejoiced, dog-fashion, after her death.'

In all this time, Charlotte was acquiring experiences which she afterwards turned to account in her novels. She learnt of a mill-riot which she reproduced in 'Shirley;' she had offers of marriage, one from a gentleman who sat for her St. John Rivers in 'Jane Eyre;' her Brussels and governess history we need not say she has largely availed herself of in her writings. The plans of the girls for starting

a school all came to nothing; Charlotte wrote to Southey, and Branwell to Wordsworth, about their literary plans, and received, respectively, very interesting replies. And a volume of poems by Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell was, at last, put into the press under the care of Messrs. Aylott and Jones, at the authors' own expense. Meantime, the guilty infatuation of Branwell had begun. Placed out as tutor in the household of a gentleman who was confined to his bed by illness, he fell under the power of the wife, twenty years his senior, and at once destroyed his own happiness, and that of his father and sisters. He came home to Haworth, to lead the life of a besotted madman, fluctuating between remorse, intoxication, and passion — passion, for he retained a profound attachment to this woman, and, when her husband at last died, and *he* received his death-stroke from her heartlessness, her letters were found in his pocket. Branwell died, at last, a victim to a broken heart, a torturing conscience, and perpetual intoxication from alcohol or opium. The life that the Haworth circle led with him must have been terrible, in constant fear as they were of his carrying out threats of suicide or murder. It was from his conversation that Charlotte gleaned some of that exceptional knowledge of life which so startled some of the readers of 'Jane Eyre,' when Currer Bell was found to be a lady. The abandoned woman who was the prime mover in all this sin and misery still lives in May-fair, and patronizes Christmas county balls, says Mrs. Gaskell.

In 1847, 'Wuthering Heights,' and 'Agnes Grey,' were accepted by Mr. Newby. In the same year, after Charlotte's story of 'The Professor' (now in the press, and vouched for by Mrs. Gaskell) had gone the round of London publishers to be rejected, and after Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co., had declined it, though in a very handsome and encouraging letter, expressing their readiness to consider another story by the same hand—in this year, 1847, the same house accepted and published 'Jane Eyre.' What an era in the history of modern fiction was fixed by that event, we need tell no reader. Mrs. Gaskell produces in her book some of the very interesting correspondence to which it led between the authoress and living men of letters. Mr. Thackeray and Mr. G. H. Lewes were among the first to recognise the new comer, who was not long to remain a stranger to London society, though her shyness, and still more her wretched health, necessitated careful and recluse habits. A misunderstanding about Anne's 'Tenant of Wildfell Hall,' in the hands of another publisher, led Mr. Smith to write to 'Currer Bell'—still unknown, except to fame by her 'Jane Eyre'—upon a question of identity of authorship which publishing greed had suggested. Were Currer, Ellis, and Acton, one and the same Bell? Charlotte and Anne darted up to London, and, with his letter in hand, the 'wee dark' sisters burst upon the astonished Mr. Smith in Cornhill. And this was 'Currer Bell!' As small as a woman could be without being deformed! And, oh! such a quiet, quakerish dress! And they had put up at the Chapter Coffee-house! Can you conceive the surprise of the great publisher?

This was a very short stay, though Mr. Smith made it a crowded one. Then, Charlotte was 'found out' at Haworth, and there was another ordeal. Then, she came to London again, and, in spite of her resolute attempts to keep up her *incognito*, was recognised at one of Thackeray's lectures, and had to walk down a double line of the *crême de la crême* of London society, drawn up in inquisitive array to look at the authoress of 'Jane Eyre' as she left the room. Then came other visits; a friendship with Harriet Martineau and Mrs. Gaskell, with whom, by-the-bye, she expostulated for killing 'Ruth,' wherein we sympathize with her. This is Mrs. Gaskell's description of her:—

'Her eyes were quiet and intelligent, except when she was strongly moved, and then they glowed with spiritual fire. I never saw the like in any other creature. As for the rest of her features, they were plain, large, and ill set; but unless you began to catalogue them, you were hardly aware of the fact, for the eyes and power of the countenance over-balanced every physical defect; the crooked mouth and the large nose were forgotten, and the whole face arrested the attention, and presently attracted all those whom she herself would have cared to attract. Her hands and feet were the smallest I ever saw; when one of the former was placed in mine, it was like the soft touch of a bird in the middle of my palm. The delicate long fingers had a peculiar fineness of sensation, which was one reason why all her handiwork, of whatever kind—writing, sewing, knitting—was so clear in its minuteness.'

But Charlotte visited little, and when she did visit, suffered severely. The least excitement, or the slightest cold, had the effect of blotting out the whole world for her in 'a great mist of headache.'

In her home life an overflowing cup of sorrow was held to her to drink. Branwell died. Anne died. Emily died. It will illustrate the fierce energy of the Brontës if we mention that Branwell insisted on *standing up* to die, and that Emily sternly refused medicine and advice, and even a helping hand, up to the very hour of her death. Not many more touching things has it fallen to our lot to read than that incident of Charlotte's testing the strength of the failing life, by showing this sister a sprig of heather, for which she had eagerly searched every nook of the moor, and finding it was not recognised by the glazing eye. Scarcely less affecting than this is that noble letter of Charlotte's in which she insists on Mrs. Gaskell's 'Ruth' having 'the start' of her 'Villette' in a publishing point of view, 'so as to leave free to her all the February magazines,' or that other letter in which she avows her resolve to stand by Harriet Martineau, forsake her who might, convinced that her error in that unhappy 'Development' business was for God, not man, to judge.

We must close. In 1852, Mr. Nicholls, Mr. Brontë's curate, who had loved Charlotte for many years and kept silence, proposed for her hand. Charlotte consulted her father, who said No. That was enough for Charlotte, and Mr. Nicholls resigned his curacy. But time mended even this trouble, and at last the marriage came off. After a few months of happy domestic life the wife died, when about four months would have made her a mother (so we read Mrs. Gaskell). The illness preceding her death was accompanied with incessant nausea and incapacity to take food; when that symptom abated, this

glorious creature died. A village 'Ruth,' and a poor blind girl living four miles off, both of whom Charlotte had befriended, came to her funeral. In the words of Harriet Martineau, who wrote her elegy in the 'Daily News' of the time, 'a pang was felt in the midst of the strongest interests of the day, through the length and breadth of the land, and in the very heart of Germany (where her works are singularly appreciated), France, and America,' that this 'wee dark' creature had gone to the Silent Land. Amidst all the clash of war, and while thousands of lives were being trampled out in blood on the shores of the Azof, a voice of mourning from Haworth found echoes all over the wide, wide, and by no means too soft-hearted world. We have heard an old man say that when the news of the death of Lord Byron reached England, he felt as if he had lost a dear familiar friend. In some such way we can conceive the present generation speaking of the death of Currer Bell to the next.

Charlotte Nicholls, *née* Brontë, was born at Thornton, 21st April, 1816; she was married at Haworth, 29th June, 1854; and died at the same, 31st March, 1855.

Some day, when the impressions made by these enchanting volumes are somewhat less vivid, and somewhat more distinct, we may make the life of Charlotte Brontë a text from which to say some necessary words, for which there would not now be space, upon the development of the Christian life in the imaginative character.

Stoughton's Congregational Lecture.*

At length, far on in the spring of 1857, the Congregational Lecture delivered in November, 1855, has made its appearance in St. Paul's Churchyard. Either Mr. Stoughton or the printers, or perhaps both, must have taken a twelvemonth's comfortable nap over the business, since in the ordinary course of things it should have made its advent amongst us with the swallows of *last* year. Had the next Course been forthcoming in its due season, its publication might easily have anticipated Mr. Stoughton's. But, indeed, it would really seem as though the *next* Course had only an ideal existence, if so much. Is the scheme, so nobly inaugurated, and so ably sustained during twenty years, finally abandoned; and is this Series really the last we may expect to hear or see? For the honour of Congregationalism we hope not. But we must say we have our fears. There are ominous indications that the novelty of the thing having worn off, the toy is to be thrown aside. It tickled our denominational vanity to set up a Lecture which should take rank with the Boyle, the Warburton, the

* 'Ages of Christendom before the Reformation. The Congregational Lecture for 1855. By John Stoughton.' Pp. 461. London: Jackson and Walford. 1857.

Bampton, the Hulsean, and other similar foundations. As to the mode of support, that was of course to be quite different. In the case of a Voluntary body so vigorous as ours, an endowment was out of the question; besides, it is not always easy to get rich Dissenting brewers or bankers to see the importance of learning. Moreover, it is not every pious Crœsus that has the public spirit to die at the right time, after having made the requisite testamentary dispositions, even had not the popularity of 'Mammon' made such post-obituary benevolence decidedly unfashionable. The worst of it was, that not only was it as difficult to lay hold of a golden Curtius of the sort, as Sydney Smith found it to catch a bishop ready to immolate himself on a railway to save the public from concremation; but that even the new and milder doctrine of being one's own executor found no one ready to practise it in this case. No; a handsome list of annual subscriptions was all that was wanted, or, at all events, all that was obtained. Well, we fear that has dwindled down as usual, like the audience at the Lecture, and that after a spasmodic effort or two for life, this admirable institution will be proved to be one of which we are not worthy. The Joseph Fletchers, the Winter Hamiltons and John Elys, the Wardlaws, the Russells, and the M'Alls, are gone, and there are apes of these men amongst us who would burn down our colleges to roast their eggs—to secure their personal glorification, or to satiate their petty spite. There is no denying that the recent 'Controversy' was, in one of its aspects at least, a fierce outburst of Obscurantism—a brutish crusade of barbarism against anything like theological, and indeed general culture. The stupid outcry against 'Germanism' in particular was but the echo of the complaint of the monks at the time of the Reformation, that the men of the movement party had 'invented a new language which they called Greek.'

How sad is the outlook of our denomination in an intellectual point of view, is proved by the great difficulty experienced in supplying the recent vacancies in our theological chairs. The Principalship of New College is still unfilled as we write, after having been successively offered to the author of the Lectures before us, and to Dr. Lindsay Alexander of Edinburgh. It is said, too, that overtures have been made to Professor Rogers, which have been equally without result. The two latter have already earned high distinction in positions more or less analogous. Mr. Stoughton has had, we believe, no experience in this way. But although his being, to this extent, a *novus homo*, might not unnaturally suggest misgivings as to the wisdom of the Council in making him the first offer of the appointment, we are convinced that a perusal of these Lectures is well calculated to dispel any apprehensions as to either the competency of his natural gifts, or the extent of his acquirements, should any nervousness on either head have been felt in any quarter. We have gone through them with pride and pleasure, not untinged, it is true, with melancholy, as we have thought that this is not improbably the last of the noble series of works to which it belongs. *Absit omen!* We trust it may not turn out so; but we cannot get rid of the disagreeable impression, that in writing of this volume we are

penning the epitaph of the Congregational Lecture, and that at a time when so low is the state of letters amongst us, that there are not half-a-dozen names which could be mentioned for the post Mr. Stoughton and Dr. Alexander have declined, which would not be received with universal derision. It would really seem that the Committee of the Lecture have themselves begun to despair of their own Institution. In their original advertisement of 1836, which, as usual, is prefixed to the present volume, they say, 'It was thought desirable to institute a LECTURE, partaking rather of the character of *academic prelections* than of popular addresses.' Precisely on the page opposite to this announcement, we read in Mr. Stoughton's Preface as follows:—'It will be observed, that these Lectures are not so much *prelections for the learned* as discourses for the public. This method of treatment has been adopted not only from the writer's own preference, *but in compliance with the wishes of the Committee.*' This is rather an awkward contradiction. Has Bobus, the great potato-salesman, had the honour to be elected amongst these gentlemen, and is this the explanation of the change that has come over the spirit of their dream? If so, we should be disposed profanely to suggest, that the sooner they give this practical genius the *sack*, the better will it be for important interests which men of his *kidney* can hardly be expected to understand.

Having quoted these sentences from Mr. Stoughton's Preface, we are bound to express our belief that his modesty is as much concerned in them as the committee's prudent concessions to the 'spirit of the times.' The work is *not* pedantic; what real scholar is ever guilty of pedantry? It *is* readable, and in that sense popular, like most, if not all productions of such persons. But it is no mere *crambe* of common-places; no hash-up of second-hand reading; no olio of clap-traps, such as Dr. Bumptious is ready to produce on any subject at an hour or two's notice. It is erudite, yet anything but dry. Its author is one who has evidently digested many books, without losing the power or the will to think for himself. Considering the narrow limits within which he was required to treat the history of fifteen centuries, the matter is remarkably copious, and there is no absence of interesting detail. The style is very transparent, notwithstanding the inherent difficulty of presenting ancient modes of thought in a modern garb. Indeed, we cannot but regard perspicuity as a main characteristic of Mr. Stoughton's eloquence. Altogether he has given us a production which is well worthy to occupy the same shelves with the best volumes of the series.

We have not space to criticise the work in detail; we shall therefore content ourselves with giving the general outline of his arrangement, and adding a few interesting extracts by way of sample, to induce our readers to break bulk for themselves. We may mention that the lectures, which were only eight in delivery, have been judiciously expanded into fourteen in the printed form. Of the ages of Christendom, before the Reformation, Mr. Stoughton reckons five; viz., I. The Ideal and its Realisation (A.D. 30—100), contained in two

lectures; II. The Age of Innovation (A.D. 100—325), comprised in three more; III. The Age of Development (A.D. 325—787), which also occupies three; IV. The Age of Traditionalism (A.D. 787—1215), treated in the same number; V. The Age of Agitation and Reaction (A.D. 1215—1520), to which two are assigned; the last lecture being reserved for the concluding reflections on the whole subject. It strikes us forcibly that the two last ages might have been each advantageously broken up into two. The pontificate of Hildebrand would have afforded the stopping-place in the former of the two instances, and the appearance of Wiclif in the latter. We may say that Mr. Stoughton's handling of the fourth age has seemed to us the least satisfactory of the whole, and we attribute this shortcoming in great measure to his endeavouring to grasp too much in one picture. It would have been much better to have followed Neander's division, which scarcely admits of improvement. Gregory the Seventh (Hildebrand) marks the *ideal* completion of the Mediæval Church system, just as Innocent the Third, and the Fourth Council of Lateran (A.D. 1215), its *realization*. Then we have the period of decadence and papal schisms to prepare the way for the bright morning-star of the Reformation, that greatest of Englishmen, who, after the lapse of five centuries, is still a long way ahead of us all, the man of Lutterworth. His advent was certainly the striking of an hour in the old church belfry, and the iron tongue never ceased to vibrate till its tones were lost in the thunder of the hour of doom. We may observe too that in our judgment the designations given to the respective ages are by no means happily chosen. 'The Age of *Development*,' for instance, must, one would think, strike the author himself, upon reflection, as being far from sufficiently precise. He shows himself quite conscious of the difference between normal and abnormal development, and, indeed, makes some very sensible remarks upon the subject (pp. 153, 154). Hence he ought not to have fallen into the mistake of employing such an ambiguous term. But we must not be betrayed into special remarks and animadversions of this sort, however just and important we may deem them. We, therefore, break off at once, cordially thanking our author, for what, with all such minor blemishes, we regard as a very valuable contribution to our too scanty denominational literature of the higher class, and will no longer detain our readers from the enjoyment of our promised selections from its pages.

Mr. Stoughton is particularly happy in the presentation of the *social* phases of Christianity at the various epochs, what we may call the home and private life of the believers. For this much-neglected aspect of ecclesiastical history he evinces a manifest fondness, and we must say that his attention to this matter adds a rare charm to these lectures. The following is his able summary of the information to be gleaned from Clement of Alexandria as to the state of Christian society in that city in his time, which was the close of the second century, and the beginning of the third:—

'The writings of Clement of Alexandria present a picture of society in that luxurious city. He takes us into the banqueting room of Roman architecture, elegantly furnished, and there are crowds of guests, with dyed air, garlands, and

perfumes—in dresses of costly material and fashionable shape, wearing strings of pearls and precious stones, and chains of gold. They drink out of the richest cups —the pipe and the flute are heard in their feasts; they delight in birds, dogs, and monkeys. He conducts us into the streets. Here are women with purple veils and gilt slippers. Rebuked for their finery, they ask, "Why should we not use what God has given?" Some are going to the baths—men and women together —or to the theatre, or to the circus, or to some such place of amusement.

'But are these people Christians? According to what Clement says, some of them profess to be so. He says they change like the polypi on the rock. They are grave in church, but gay when they get out. Having waited on God in worship, they haste to amuse themselves with the love ditty and the stage-play. In contrast with this Clement gives his ideal of a Christian's outward life. He is plain in his habits, indeed very abstemious, eating fish rather than flesh—satisfied with one meal a day, or at most two—and eating dry bread for breakfast without drinking. His clothing is cheap—strong, but not fine. He wears a ring on his little finger, with the device of a dove, a fish, a ship, a lyre, an anchor—all emblems of holy things. His hair is thin, his beard thick—he never stains either, and never puts on a wig. He eschews garlands, flowers, and perfumes, as well as luxury in furniture—also musical instruments and profane songs. But he wrestles, plays at ball, walks, digs, draws water, chops wood, dresses himself, puts on his own shoes, washes his own feet—in short, is self-helpful. He sleeps on a bed neither rich nor soft. He rises at night to pray—gets up early and reads. The Christian lady is moderate in all things. She does not use dyes or ointments, wears no flowers, no purple robe, no embroidered slippers, no gold chains. She performs domestic duties, spins, bakes, cooks, and makes the beds. She is particular in her actions, and in gestures, gait, looks, and tones, avoids the appearance of evil.'

Here is a picture of Constantinople at the close of the fourth century:—

'We now arrive at our third point of inquiry respecting the age of development —What was the state of religious society?

'The history of Constantinople during the episcopates of Gregory Nazianzen and Chrysostom furnishes abundant illustrations. Founded by a Christian emperor—unpolluted by pagan idolatries—peopled by citizens and courtiers professing the religion of the Redeemer—this new metropolis of the East nevertheless retained the vices, even as it rivalled the luxuries, of the old metropolis of the West. The love of the circus and the theatre, of public shows and imperial processions—the mockery of things sacred as well as of things profane—caricatures of bishops on the stage, and ecclesiastical riots in the streets—were as common on the shores of the Bosphorus as on the banks of the Tiber. The habits of the wealthy were gay and dissipated, and multitudes of the lower classes spent their time in beggary and idleness. When Gregory came, in A.D. 379, the greater part of the people were Arians or Semiarians. The Novatians, Sabbatarians, and Apollinarians, had also their places of worship; so that the orthodox preacher had, at first, but a handful of hearers, the remnant of a flock foldless and pastureless, scattered and torn. From the sermons he delivered, we learn how his righteous soul was vexed by the horse-racing, the play-going, the betting, and the hunting of the Constantinopolitans—their theatrical taste in religious services, their fondness for florid declamation, their dislike to simple, artless discourses—and the tone of moral sentiment, which had sunk to such a degree, that, with comparatively few exceptions, the citizens were composed (so Gregory said) of "the bad who wore a mask, and the bad who appeared without one." Notwithstanding all this, a keen temper of theological disputation extensively obtained. At the street corners were knots of people discussing incomprehensibilities: in the markets, clothes-sellers, money-changers, provision-dealers, were similarly employed. When a man was asked how many oboli a thing cost, he started a discussion upon generated and ungenerated existence. Inquiries as to the price of bread were answered by the assertion, that the Father is greater than the Son. When one

wanted a bath, the reply was, the Son of God was created from nothing. Gregory of Nyssa draws this picture in one of his sermons.

'The doctrine of the Trinity was the constant theme of Gregory Nazianzen's preaching, who, on account of his skill in that respect, rather than for the comprehensive range of his instructions, was named the Theologian. The accession of Theodosius to the throne did more than anything to subdue Arianism in Constantinople; but no doubt the preaching of Gregory produced some sincere converts. In one of his discourses, he alludes to the impression he had made on his hearers —how, while some were provoked to contradiction, and some to noisy applause, there were others whose silent thoughts only concealed the struggles of their souls. He enables us to see him in his church of the Anastasia, by the river near the bay —the Shiloh, as he calls it—where was set up the ark of the Covenant after a forty-years' wandering, seated in his episcopal chair, with his head almost bald, his form bent, his beard long, his eyes downcast, his expression gentle and thoughtful, with his presbyters seated on either side, and the deacons in white standing round. When he preaches, the people cluster about the pulpit like bees—the virgins and matrons look down from the galleries—crowds come flocking in from the market, towns, and highways. In his farewell sermon he says, "Lift up thine eyes and look around, thou who wouldst test my preaching here. Observe this glorious wreath that has already been woven: see the assembly of presbyters, venerable for their age and intelligence—the modest deacons—the excellent readers—the inquiring, docile people—the men and women alike respected for their virtue. This godly wreath—I say it not from the word, but still I say it—this wreath have I, in a great measure, helped to construct—this crown is, at least in part, the result of my preaching."'

The state of things at the third great city of the ancient Oriental Roman world, Antioch, was no better than at the other two:—

'The state of the times is still more vividly reflected from the pages of Chrysostom. At Antioch he rejoiced to see, on fast days, the circus closed, the shops shut, the forum deserted, and the churches filled. But anon, he mourned that the house of God was empty, and the hippodrome crammed from the floor to the topmost benches. The people could not bear the heat at church. In the circus they would sit bareheaded, to be broiled. They made all manner of excuses for not attending worship, but old and young flocked to the amphitheatre. Numerous are the allusions in Chrysostom's homilies to the corrupt state of society. Though it is not always clear how far he intended his description to apply to those who heard him, and though allowance must be made for the exaggeration of rhetoric, and the flights of zeal in an imaginative, eloquent, and earnest preacher like Chrysostom—one receives from his sermons a very unfavourable impression of the state of Antioch and Constantinople. It is remarkable that fourteen out of the twenty-one homilies on the statues, preached at Antioch, conclude with strong exhortations against the use of oaths and common swearing. Chrysostom was more popular than Gregory. His energy, as well as his office, made him at Constantinople a sort of spiritual tribune of the people. They came especially on festal days to hear this preacher of "the golden mouth"—this Joshua of the Greek orators, who stayed the sun of eloquence from going down a whole day. Pickpockets availed themselves of the press to ply their trade: and, according to the fashion of the age, the auditors generally, as though in a theatre, clapped their hands and waved their handkerchiefs in applause of the orator's appeals. By this means, also, after the manner of a modern *encore*, the admirers of the bishop sought to prolong the entertainment. Not that he approved of this sort of commendation, but severely condemned it; yet it would appear that his rebukes only provoked a repetition of the light-hearted offence. Ladies came to hear him in gilded chariots, drawn by mules richly caparisoned, and attended by eunuchs and slaves. They were dressed in tunics of silk and gold, and were adorned with costly jewels, their robes displaying Scripture scenes wrought in embroidery.

'The confusion in the place of worship at times equalled the hubbub of the bath. Chat, joke, witty repartee, mingled with laughter, went on even during prayer-time; and the orator sarcastically told his congregation that if they wished to talk

of trade or the army, their families or the nation, there was greater freedom for them in the church than in the market, the court, or the doctor's shop. Woe to any unpopular preacher who "supplied" for Chrysostom, for he was pretty sure to be hooted out of the pulpit. And such was the character of the people who came to the communion, especially on Easter-day, that among them were those who practised augury—who used incantations and charms,—who were addicted to fornication, adultery, and drunkenness, to say nothing of envy and vainglory, malignity and avarice. The chief offices of the Church had become saleable, and other evils were rampant for want of a power of discipline to repress them. In the streets the Christian of rank might be seen with servants carrying fasces before him, while a horse was led at his heels in state. On horseback, or lolling in his carriage, he had also his waiting-men to clear the way, as though he would put the whole population to flight—"no wolf or lion so unsociable" as he. Especially does the preacher descant on the luxury of his hearers in the matter of shoes, that part of dress being costly in the extreme; and as some seemed afraid to touch the pavement lest they should soil things so precious, the preacher bluntly advised their wearers to hang them round their necks or put them on their heads. With this foppery abroad there was gluttony at home, and it is terrible to read Chrysostom's invectives against the common indulgence of this vice. Weddings were scenes of dissipation and revelry, theatrical singers and dancers being hired for the occasion. There the ladies particularly endeavoured to set off their charms with cosmetics: in general, too, paint was in abundant requisition by the fair sex, till their eyebrows were "black as kettles," their mouths "like bears' stained with blood," and their cheeks dusted like "whitened tombs." Into the innermost secrets of home life does the great preacher lead us, showing us mistresses beating their maids, stripping and binding them to the bed-post. And further, we hear how religious wives in the fourth century could upbraid their unfortunate husbands as cowards and dolts, because they did not get money, while some neighbour was rolling in riches, thus enabling his spouse to wear jewels, to have her pair of white mules, and ride through the city with troops of eunuchs and slaves.'

Record of Christian Missions.

As the missions of the London and the Baptist Missionary Societies will be placed in pretty full detail before our readers during the next month, we shall confine our extracts in the present number to intelligence relating to the work of evangelization as carried on by other denominations. While doing, we hope, justice to those more immediately connected with ourselves, we have all along, since this 'Record' was commenced, endeavoured to show our readers that their sympathies need not be confined to their 'own missions.' The Wesleyans, Presbyterians, and Episcopalians, are doing as great and as successful work in this field as either the Independents or Baptists. Indeed, we question, after having read carefully, month by month, the official publications of all the societies, whether the Church Missionary Society is not doing a greater work in gospel-teaching than all the other societies put together. The reason of this may be, that the spirit of cliquism is as foreign to its management as it is germane to that of the London and Wesleyan Societies. Its missionaries, also, are selected from an abler and more cultivated class. It is true it cannot, at present, boast of a Moffat or a Livingston; but it is also true that it numbers amongst its members many men who, for their attainments in science and general scholarship, have no equals but the last-named gentleman out of their own body. The consequence is, that they can more readily adapt them-

selves to the language and literature of a people. We should send, not our worst, but our best, educated men to the heathen. The greater the labour, the better should be the tools. God often works in spite of the defects of human agency, but he oftener works when its best instruments are put forth.

The most remarkable paper in the missionary literature of the current month is published in the 'Church Missionary Intelligencer.' A writer, who has brought warm human sympathies to bear upon an accurate and painstaking intelligence, has given, in some sixteen large double-columned pages, the history, statistics, and morality of the *opium trade*. The paper has, we presume, been written in view of the Chinese war, and we hope that it will be devoutly read by the sixteen bishops who voted against Lord Derby's motion thereon. It is not our purpose to give any account of its contents other than to say that it exhibits a fearful charge against the British Government. Those who have gone pell-mell into Lord Palmerston's ranks would hardly do amiss to read it. The Government that charges China with a worthless infraction of a treaty, has itself so systematically infringed it that, by its direct encouragement, and to its direct pecuniary profit, it is bringing moral ruin upon the Chinese empire. To talk of converting the Chinese while the opium trade—against the express laws of the Chinese empire, and the express provisions of our last treaty—is in full swing, is enough to make the devil jeer for ever at English Christianity. A nation that sends an additional missionary once a year to a people, and every year more than four millions sterling worth of a drug that is poisoning the souls and bodies of that whole nation, may, indeed, well be laughed at. It caps the climax of its insincerity, or its absurdity, by throwing up hats for the man who is now doing his best to give increased facilities to this trade. What the Chinese think of our Christianity, in connexion with our opium, and how likely they are to receive the one while we force upon them the other, may be gathered from the following extract from a Chinese bill posted on the walls of Shangae in August last:—

'How ridiculous it is for barbarians to come to Shangae, thinking by preaching to gain the hearts of the people! For us to deem this a good deed is, alas! too late. Twenty years previously they might have preached with more chance of success. But in the first place, opium, the originating cause of the evil, has ruined the minds of the people; and then, having deliberated with no good heart, soldiers came out, and, without any reason, brought desolating sorrow upon the place, reduced the city and suburbs, and slew ten thousand people. Their hearts penurious, their counsels short-sighted, formerly they erred. Now they circulate tracts; but their doctrine is not good. The people, in their hearts, hate them—aye, detest them to the very backbone. They should speedily assemble and destroy these apes. As far as I can see, truly there is no good thing about them. They would purchase what kind of reputation? In their heart they wish the people to praise them. Though they have a treaty of commerce, and say they wish to do business peaceably, yet this is only the profession of their lips; their hearts are false; the treaty is no security for their good conduct. Besides this, the imaginations of their hearts are like snakes, full of poison. They deprive the people of their dollars, in some cases of hundreds, in others of thousands and tens of thousands. . . . . It is altogether inconsistent for you foreigners to preach the way to heaven. . . . . Unable to remedy your own faults, you proclaim yourselves virtuous. Your sins are so numerous that it would be impossible to punish even

one in every ten thousand. Yourselves sinful, you pretend to correct other men. If you would discourse concerning sin, tell of your own misdeeds, which are pre-eminent. Though every one of you were cut in twain, the punishment would be too light. Hypocritically proclaiming a foreign doctrine, you come as devils to turn everything upside down. Corrupting the people to the very core, and praising yourselves as virtuous, you esteem a good deed.'

We turn from the 'Intelligencer' to the 'News of the Churches,' and we there find a practical illustration of the temper of the natives towards missionaries in the following account of the murder of a Roman Catholic Missioner-Apostolic, twelve hundred miles in the interior. Our readers will not peruse it with the less pain that the martyr—for such he was—was not a martyr for their faith—though one can scarcely assume so much as to say that.

'A French priest of the name of Chapdelaine, who left Hong Kong in 1853, and reached the scene of his labours about twelve hundred miles inland, after a harassing journey of three months' duration, is reported to have been most barbarously put to death at the end of last summer. Complaints have been made against the converts, when about forty-five of them were apprehended. Father Chapdelaine, though he might, it is said, have escaped, determined to stand by them. Several of the converts exhibited great fortitude. One of them, a young woman, Agnes, now a widow, declared, in reply to the threatenings of death, that she would never renounce the religion of the missionary, being the religion of the Lord of heaven. Being asked how she wished to be put to death, she replied, "With the same suffering as her teacher, the missionary." A cage of torture, such as that intended for the missionary, was then prepared for her, which she entered on 28th February; and after passing four days of cruel torture, wasted with hunger and thirst, and all bruised and mutilated, she expired on the 3rd March. Father Chapdelaine came next, who first answered as to his religion; and being next asked, "How much money he had? and why he taught his followers to fly?" &c., made no answer; on which his enraged judge ordered him a hundred blows on the cheeks by a piece of leather, one blow of which is sufficient to draw blood. He was next laid flat on his stomach, and received a hundred strokes of the rattan on his back, without a groan or complaint. The mandarin attributing this extraordinary silence to some magical power, ordered a dog to be killed, and its blood sprinkled on the body of the missionary. He was then beaten again, until unable to move, and after this carried back to prison. During the whole of the 27th day he was subjected to the terrible torture of the iron chain, under which they are, by means of strong cords, kept suspended by the thumbs and the hair, but so that the full weight of the body rests on the bare knees. He was put into his cage the same day as young Agnes was put into hers. They were within sight of each other, but not so near as to speak to one another. The cage is about a yard and a half in height, and so constructed that the sufferer's feet scarcely touch the ground, while his head is suspended above the cage by means of two boards hollowed out and fitted to the neck, so as to cause all the suffering of strangulation, and yet have sufficient freedom of breathing to allow the patient to live even so long as five or six days. The sufferer is thus placed in front of the prison, and exposed to public gaze. In this painful position the missionary was kept two nights, when the mandarin sent to him, offering to set him at liberty for four hundred *taëls* (a Chinese coin, in value about 5*s*. 10*d*.), but the Father replied, that he

had no money, but only a few books. The mandarin sent a second message, offering for at least 150 taëls not to put him to death; but he answered as before, that he had no money, and that the mandarin might do what he pleased with him. On the 29th February, or the 5th of March in our calendar, the mandarin, finding that he still breathed, had him taken out of the cage, and ordered one of the guards, with a sharp cutlas, to strike his head off. It is further stated, that his heart was taken out, still palpitating; and after being examined by these barbarians, was fried in hog's lard and eaten.'

Mr. Poore being at present with us from Australia, for a supply of ministers for that colony, we subjoin a statement of the position of Wesleyan missions in the neighbouring colony of Victoria, where that Church appears to be labouring under exactly the same disadvantages as do the Independents. At the annual meetings of the Wesleyan denomination in Melbourne, in November last, the reports from all the circuits spoke of the pressing want in every locality of ministers and places of worship. The former rather than the latter are evidently most needed, for we find on looking over the statistics that there are just twenty-three ministers to 148 places of worship—the lack of supply of the former being made up by 226 'lay' preachers. These and other figures, it is said, 'show a considerable increase in all the items on the returns of the previous year. The great want of chapels and ministers' dwellings, in every direction, led to an earnest discussion, which lasted for several hours, and in which all appeared to be deeply interested. Several schemes were presented for meeting the necessity of the case, and the debate resulted in the appointment of a committee to raise funds for aiding the more destitute localities in their building efforts.'

Monthly Retrospect.

We come before our readers this month with some pleasurable feelings of self-satisfaction, but with no great degree of complacency with other people. It is of no use disguising it, and so we had better confess it at once. We and you, dear reader, are in the right, and the 'British Public' is in the wrong. We had hoped better things of it this time; but it has again been true to its origin and history. That good-hearted but weak-headed concretion has once more gone off the line. There was a time when its hero was the murderer who deposed the Second Richard; soon afterwards it took up with Mr. Froude's last Henry; then Queen Bess was 'good;' James was 'wise;' Charles was a 'martyr,' and so on. Nobody doubts, that through all these vaticinations the people wanted to do right, only it didn't know how. And we are as fully convinced that its heart would be glad to beat in sympathy with the right even now, only the diversions of the political spring-heeled Jack have somewhat disturbed John Bull's slow and rather heavy intellect. For in all matters that lie an inch below the surface, John is as blind as a bat at noon-day. Not only can't he see them, but he refuses to concede their existence. The utmost you can even get out of his family, is an acknowledgment from his

son, after the old man himself has died, that his father was decidedly wrong—the son standing in the old gentleman's shoes, in relation to the questions of *his* day—like a dutiful and legitimate descendant—all the time. Ay, slow enough, slow as one of his own true Dorsetshire carters—is the native John Bull intellect! The selfishness of a Second George could not rouse it, nor the obstinacy of a George III., nor the brutal licentiousness of a George IV. It could not see the injustice of the American war. We really believe that it has the opinion to this day that we got well out of the Russian war, and that we saved Turkey thereby; we have no doubt it believes we are in the right in the case of the Chinese massacre. The glib tongue of Palmerston, and the ready pen of the 'Times,' like the tongue of Pitt, have 'glamoured' its eyes, and glamoured they will doubtless remain, till the present shall have become, by the interval of a generation, the past, and the historian shall have written of us, as we now write of 'sixty years ago.'

Will they write of Lord Palmerston that he was a successful man? We now say of Pitt, that he lost the honour of England, the richest of her possessions, more than six hundred millions of her money, thousands of lives, and the hearts of a whole people, while all the time he himself condemned his course. He could talk the people into believing that he was right when he could not believe himself to be right. We should be doing an injustice to the unquestionably clear intellect of Lord Palmerston if we did not express our conviction that no man is more fully convinced than he that the Chinese war is perfectly indefensible. But a war, as he too well knows, is, next to a famine or a pestilence—neither of which he can originate—the only thing that will keep John Bull's attention away from other questions, and the only thing that can possibly keep him in office. And so, the old man of seventy-two, who has only just succeeded, after forty years of servility, in reaching the height of his soul's ambition, clutches, at all hazards, at the remainder of his power. He is more excusable in this respect than Pitt; for Pitt was little more than twenty, and could look forwards to rising into office again over any waves of adversity; but this man can hope for no new lease when the present has run out. So, like the old Bishops of Durham and Salisbury, in the matter of Church lands, he sells the renewal at the cost of the nation and of his own conscience, rather than let it run out its natural course. A miser is the more a miser as he grows old: can you wonder that Palmerston is more Palmerston? Writing as Christian journalists, we are compelled to say that the career, past and present, of this man, has probably done more to demoralize the mind of the people than any other public life of the last century. It has made them sceptical of political principle; it has induced them to worship temporary success at the expense of national honour; to prize reputation above character; to sacrifice the weak to the strong; to be resolute in every bad course to which a government may have become committed; and obstinately to refuse every demand of justice to the weak when its concession would involve the sacrifice of a spark of its own pride. It has been a career unmarked by a single trait of true patriotism or generous public feeling. Palmerston may have been originally incapable of any such feeling—just as Charles II. was incapable of becoming a Milton, or

Mazarin a Cromwell; but he might have been less conspicuously vicious. There has been no necessity for *flaunting* in robes of falsehood; for mounting upon a pedestal to teach to the people the doctrine of political *immorality*. A man may believe nothing himself, but it does not follow that he is obliged to teach his non-belief to others. As Lord Palmerston now stands, he is perhaps the most conspicuous impersonation of political immorality that modern history has to record.

Well, aided by the 'Times,' the Premier has succeeded in obtaining for himself, according to the calculations of his own followers, something like a safe majority of 108 in any vote of confidence or no confidence that may be taken. The talent, and we think we are justified in adding, the character of the House, will be against him. Although Mr. Bright, Mr. Cobden, Mr. Milner Gibson, Mr. Miall, and others, will be absent, there will still be Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Roebuck, Sir James Graham, Lord John Russell, Mr. Sidney Herbert, Sir Bulwer Lytton, Mr. Disraeli, Lord Stanley, and Sir John Pakington, in the minority—if minority it is to be. We do not reckon as of first importance the influence of oratorical talent. Both Greece and Rome were at their lowest depths during the reigns of the orators; and the people of France could scarcely be in a worse moral condition than when the eloquence of a Mirabeau held them spell-bound. But when eloquence is allied to purity of purpose, and sincerity of aim, we may congratulate ourselves on its being on our side; and so we are thankful that the members for Oxford, Sheffield, and Lynn, will be with us during the present Parliament.

Not that Parliament is likely to do anything; but it may be kept from doing anything very wrong. An inefficient opposition would be simply a dead weight to a minister; but a talented opposition pulls the other way, and makes his progress all the slower. One can hardly expect of English human nature, that when the predominant, namely, the manufacturing interest, has endorsed a do-nothing policy, by the rejection of the most able and active Reformers, the do-nothing Premier will undertake the work of the rejected. The great business of Palmerston will unquestionably be, to raise sufficient capital to carry on the new 'great war,' and to shut up the shop as soon as possible thereafter. For ourselves, we reckon on a speedy attempt at a resumption of the Income Tax, and of the duties on tea, coffee, and sugar; on no Reform of any kind; and on a second Crimean history. We shall be content to bear our own portion of these burdens, if they do what we are afraid nothing else will do—rouse the people from their apathetic indifference to their own best interests. The hundred millions, the loss and the disgrace of the Russian war, have not roused them, but perhaps a repetition of the dose will be of some service. Meantime, it may seem indicative of a cynical and bitter spirit to recommend that the Reformers out of the House should calmly let things take their course; but we doubt whether this will not be their best and wisest plan. If the people do really not want Reform, it would be useless to attempt to talk them into it. Pray let them have another war-ninepence! Pray let them be represented by Potter and Turner, in place of Bright and Gibson, if they wish it! Pray let the Criminal Law, and the abuses of the Court of Chancery, and rotten boroughs, and Divorce Bills, and Church-rates, be

the order of the day, if the respectable middle-class people really like them! Why not? *They* will be the sufferers. It is true that you and I, dear reader, shall suffer with them; but we shall at least have the satisfaction of knowing that we shall not be laughed at for it. Neither you nor I believe a bit in Palmerstonianism or Whiggism. *We* believe that seven years hence John Bright and his coadjutors will be hailed, as they have before been hailed, as the only men who can lead the people—who have hearts that can throb with the great pulsations of the nation, intellects to teach them, wisdom to guide, and eloquence to command them, and the purity not to profit by them.

Now let us leave politics and ascend to higher regions. It always gives one a good impulse to witness a little act of private charity, and so we cannot help expressing a hope that the beneficence of the merchant prince of Liverpool will be rewarded both by gratitude and by imitation. It seems of too costly a nature for the last, yet it can hardly be so. There are men we suppose in every large town who could do as Mr. Brown has done, and *would* do it if they once thought seriously about the 'luxury' of doing good. And here lies the immeasurable superiority of Voluntaryism. The hall erected by Mr. Brown will stimulate benevolence all the world over, but a hall erected in half the towns in the kingdom by Government would go just so far to extinguish benevolence.

We think that in this and some other respects the Liverpool is superior to the Manchester Exhibition. Both towns are proud, but while Liverpool is proud of her great citizen—Manchester is only proud of herself. The Liverpool library testifies to one of the choicest of human virtues—the Manchester Exhibition, to one of its vanities; the one seeks display, the other exhibits pure benevolence. More. The Liverpool can say, See what is my city, and what are her people; the Manchester Exhibition can only boast of what it can—borrow! One is proud, the other is kind. There is all the difference between the two that there is between a real and a stage hero. After all, the two cities are only true to their respective trades—the one has the real raw material—the other only manufactures and paints.

We have heard but little of the May meetings this year, and, therefore, can scarcely say whether they are likely to divide attention between themselves and Parliament. They promise, we think, to be less exciting than formerly. The press is gradually superseding the platform on all questions that touch the public mind, but rightly conducted, the platform will ever be superior to the press in its capability of eliciting the enthusiasm and quickening the emotions of a people.

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Work and Play; or, the Laws of Religion on Amusement.

Of late years the press has abounded with publications on the bearings of Christianity on the serious business of life; its bearings on the amusements of life have not been so frequently considered. We shall endeavour to describe some of them (in a fragmentary form), under the conviction that the sovereignty of Christ extends to men's recreations as truly as to their duties. Multitudes are ruined as to the efficiency of their religious character, simply because they have not been taught to regulate their amusements with reference to the will of the Eternal King. They think of God only in connexion with solemn duty, yet feeling a natural desire for amusement, they steal it, so to speak, when they can, behind His back, without a full recognition of it as a blessing to be enjoyed in the divine presence, as a divine gift. Whence follows, sometimes, a sad and curious mixture in the character of the Puritan and the godless Corinthian. Entertainments enjoyed on the sly, with a bad conscience, alternate with stern religious exercises. These things ought not so to be.

In questions of taste and morality, it is plain that the opinions which we form depend on the standards of judgment which we apply. In examining the question of amusements, therefore, we shall be led to very different conclusions according as we adopt the rule of judgment furnished by the opinions of the irreligious multitude, or that which is furnished in the scriptures by the Supreme Judge. There are rules of judgment on this matter, prevalent in society, which are wholly and obviously wrong; there are others which are imperfect, but useful as far as they go, such as those by which moral but antichristian persons are led to condemn positively vicious entertainments; but our present concern is, to ascertain the law of spiritual religion in this department of life. What is the will of God for a Christian, young or old, with

respect to amusements? Is there any expression of his will which can be reduced to a clear statement and a definite principle? or are we left in the midst of a world of temptations addressed to the playful side of our nature, without any guidance, warning, or instruction? An answer to these questions is not among the things that are least desirable in an age when, beyond former example, the world is christianized, and the church has become secular; when Satan himself is transformed into an angel of light, no longer the furious red dragon, but the gay and brilliant Mephistophiles, and the children of the kingdom are seldom to be distinguished at the first glance from the myriads of impostors and aliens among whom they dwell.

In turning over the pages of the sacred oracles, the first thing that strikes us is, not a catalogue of permitted or forbidden games or entertainments, but this principle, *that an adult person who does not lead a life of serious work has no right to any amusement at all.*

It is obviously proper to limit this law to adults, since the young of mankind, as of all animals, have a prescriptive right to spend all their time in amusing themselves if they like it. Among the animals play seems to have been much more ancient than work. There is that leviathan, whom God '*made to play*' in the primeval ocean long ere man bowed the neck of the ox to his yoke in the furrow, or subjugated the horse, the elephant, the camel, or the dog to his dominion for the purposes of peace or war. The life of the animal creation seems to have become more serious with the successive worlds, until now it too often 'groans' under its burdens. The Asiatic trains of camels that pass heavily laden through Samarcand towards Russia echo the sighs of the horses that drag the metropolitan omnibuses from morning till night over the stones of London, executing the behests of a sleeplessly toiling and spinning generation. But it must have been a joyful, gamesome life of old, that life of the early shrimps and saurians—those vast lizards, with eyes that blazed like coach lamps in the darkness of the ancient night—with green and glittering scales that shone resplendent in primeval morning! They had a merry time of it no doubt, with 'hearts as firm as rocks,' and eyelids as the glancings of the dawn. To crunch trilobites in the mud—to bask on river-banks, among enormous grasses, reeds, and osiers—to snap their cheerful jaws upon a lobster or an oyster, and to live perhaps for several centuries, gives no very strong impression of earnest business or of melancholy work. The earth was theirs, and they 'played therein.' There was no destructive being then upon the shore to trouble their repose with hook or rifle. 'In their necks remained strength; and sorrow was turned into joy before them.'

And play is still, to a great extent, the life of the animals who have escaped the dominion of man. The lark sings triumphantly above the weary world of work to which man is condemned; and the groves are vocal with the melody of birds, enjoying themselves in the air and sunshine. The old house-dog has an air of solemn business and responsibility upon his countenance; but the young kitten, fresh from nature's hand, unsophisticated by a long intercourse with mankind,

runs after its own tail in a ceaseless gyration of gladness, or dances after a tassel or a bell-rope, in a manner which throws a wonderful light on the character of the Universal Father. He has made all these hosts of inferior beings to play on the dry land, in the air, in the waters, and doubtless looks with genial delight upon the amusements of the lower universe of worlds.

But natural play reaches its perfection and its lovely climax in the pleasures of our own infancy and childhood. The earliest development of the human mind is in play; and the earliest life is nothing but amusement. Trailing clouds of glory do we come from God, who is our home. Heaven shines around us in our infancy; but the divine beginning of life, like the ocean in the sun, is dimpled with a universal smile. Look at that little maiden of three years old;

> 'Loving she is, and tractable, though wild;
> And innocence hath privilege in her
> To dignify arch looks, and laughing eyes,
> And feats of cunning, and the pretty round
> Of trespasses, affected to provoke
> Mock chastisement and partnership in play.
> And as a faggot sparkles on the hearth,
> Even so this happy creature of herself
> Is all sufficient; solitude to her
> Is blithe society, who fills the air
> With gladness and involuntary songs.'

Look at those pretty men and women, of four and five, in the sunshine of spring, now castle-building, now busy with hammer, nail, and bit of wood, now running, now swinging, now making feasts of gravel in the summer-house, or piles of white blossoms on the grass; now begging hard for 'more stories,' or repeating for the thousandth time snatches of a half-learned tune; now filling the air with what Homer calls inextinguishable laughter and shouts of sinless merriment! 'Can you tell me, child, who made you?' say we, with true desire that the child should know. It was He who was 'the happy God' from eternity, and who looks down upon the children of men at play, with a zeal of fatherly delight as intense as that with which he surveys the lightning flight of archangels from star to star.

But if amusement is the natural occupation of a child, work is the main business designed by the Almighty for a woman or a man. Adam and Eve were placed in the garden of Eden, not to lead a simply contemplative life, much less to wander like dreaming lovers among the roses and jessamines, but 'to dress it and to keep it.' They were to be king and queen of the world, and they were to worship High Heaven, but they were also to be diligent gardeners. And when they sinned, they were punished by being made to work harder. The 'curse' was not work, but *severer* labour than would have been necessary under the original constitution of things. And ever since, the world has been a vast reformatory, where the millions of the human race are consigned to labours more or less hard as the condition of their existence. The revolving earth is something of a treadmill.

A wonderful Providence has contrived the serious occupations of mankind in the various countries of the world, and the successive stages of civilization. The necessity of providing food, clothing, and habitations, the necessity of rearing children, and maintaining public order and security, sets in motion, and keeps in constant activity, the larger proportion of the human race. Innumerable millions find their daily work and daily bread by agriculture, manufactures, and the arts of building. Mines, fields, forests, oceans, swarm with the busy, toiling myriads; and none will doubt that these labourers are engaged in lawful callings. The absolute wants of the world are made the springs of its active ingenuity and perseverance. Much pleasure is connected by a merciful arrangement with the prosecution of these wholesome labours, as well as with the enjoyment of their results; but that which it is more fitting to notice here is, that God has clearly willed the arts of ornamentation to accompany the arts of utility, and that a considerable fraction of mankind find a lawful maintenance in the prosecution of these finer labours. The production of the means of enjoyment, over and above the simple means of living, is clearly comprehended in the Divine plan for the work of the world. The constitution of the human mind, seeking for a good higher than any which the bodily faculties can supply, conspires with the constitution of external nature itself to raise up many classes of labourers in the sphere of the beautiful to supplement and adorn the utilities of the majority. The God who orders a brazen pillar for the temple, orders it also to be crowned with lily-work. The purple curtains are to be embroidered with palm-trees and cherubim. The vail is to be dyed of the colours of the Eastern sky. The inspiration of Bezaleel comprehends the useful and the beautiful; and both alike are conjoined in sacred symbolism with the true and the holy.

Every thing in nature is for glory and for beauty, as well as for use; and man in his 'fine arts,' and 'arts of design,' is working as an imitator of God, according to the model set before him by his sovereign Lord. If, therefore, it be lawful to make a fabric in calico or in silk, it is equally lawful to stamp it with a beautiful pattern, or to dye it of a beautiful colour; and the same argument is valid for all the arts of ornamentation; and especially for those finest arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture, which are the fountains of the rest. Workers then in the sphere of beauty and delight are not idlers. God has willed that life, even to sinful beings, should partake of enjoyment and refinement; and since it is plain that much of this enjoyment comes from the mind, rather than from the grosser senses, it follows that the occupations which adorn life are as lawful callings as those which merely preserve it.

Success and proficiency in any of these spheres of work are dependent upon hard labour; and the true doctrine is, that no one has any right to amusement, properly so called, who does not earn it by diligent application. This diligent application may be directed to the satisfaction of the wants of human society, in the physical, the intellectual, or moral departments; it may be expended in the sphere

of the simply useful, or in that of the beautiful, or in that of the scientific, or in that of the moral and spiritual; but work of some kind for the world's good is demanded of every one who eats the bread which the earth brings forth; and if there be no work, there ought to be no play.

The advance of civilization and the accumulation of capital have raised large numbers above the necessity of working with their own hands for their living. The majority have still to fight with death day by day, for their very life. If they cease to toil, they will starve and perish immediately. The king of terrors carries them off directly that they cease to battle with him by their manual industry. But the result of the toils of these hard-worked myriads is to secure ease and competence for a minority. And the duty which these favoured classes owe to those by whose physical labours they are exempted from toil, is to devote their leisure, and their consequent superior cultivation and influence, to the elevation and comfort of the 'working classes,' in relation both to the world that now is, and that which is to come.

Now there is no sadder subject of reflection, than that in most countries the major portion of the classes, thus set free from toil, instead of devoting their time to the improvement of mankind, devote it to a course of uninterrupted amusement. Their sole thought too frequently is, how to amuse themselves. Their only notion of a pleasant existence is play of some kind. Useful labour, whether to themselves or others, never enters within the sunny circle of their meditations. They saunter through life without any serious purposes or plans, or they sit at home spinning an endless skein of vanity on the wheel of idleness. Applicable as this dark allegation is to multitudes of men, it is to be feared that it is still more applicable to larger multitudes of well-conditioned young women. Imagine the 'account' which many of them will be obliged to give to 'Him from before whose face the earth and the heavens shall flee away.' 'I rose very late, day after day; wasted, in fact, whole years of time in bed; I passed my days in dressing and decorating this corruptible body, in the broidering of hair, and putting on of apparel, in shopping for amusement, walking for amusement, visiting for amusement, in dinners, suppers, dances, concerts, company, and chitchat; my reading was all romances, newspapers, story-books; my only aim to pass through life as one great game or gala; and I cannot mention one single moral purpose which I have kept in view throughout it, one high or holy end which I have steadily pursued, or one good work which I have left behind me. My very religion was a portion of my amusements; my Sunday dressing, my merry walks to church, my pretty Psalm-book, and my gilded Bible, they were nothing but the consistent manifestations of a spirit of frivolity, which no earthly power could conquer; which nothing could awe but the shadow of death, and the actual arrival of this terrible judgment.' Yes, '*she that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth;* HAVING DAMNATION.' Over all that gaiety rests the black shadow of the second death, of

'death unto death' eternal. The Divine eyé will not 'spare' because a sinner is of the gentler sex. There is no such thing as chivalry mingled with the judgment of God. The 'weaker vessel' shall be 'dashed to pieces' by Christ's rod of iron, as well as stronger potsherds of the earth. An idle, wicked-minded woman shall find no escape from the wrath of God in her beauty, her weakness, or her winsome ways. He who cursed so sternly offending Eve in the first flush of primeval loveliness, will not hesitate to pour the vials of his wrath upon her godless daughters. 'The tender and delicate woman among you which would not adventure to set the sole of her foot upon the ground for delicateness and tenderness,' shall eat the fruit of her own ways; and if she sows the wind, shall reap the whirlwind. A most sad and frightful exchange is that made by these butterflies of time into the judgment flame of eternity.

If it be asked, what work ought such well-conditioned women to perform, the answer is at hand in the lives of their nobler sisters; in England in that glorious multitude of mothers and maidens, who, like legions of ministering angels, make home delightful by their household industry and virtue, and render sorrow, sickness, and poverty endurable by their wisdom and helpful compassion.

The test of value in every life is, as Addison has shown in one of his inimitable Spectators, its power to endure writing down. That life which chronicles itself only in a succession of sensual indulgences, like the experiences of Sir Andrew Freeport's friend, at his clubroom and his table, is in the supreme judgment worthless and vile. The Father of all 'worketh hitherto,' and solid work he will have from his rational creatures. We cannot even conceive archangels amusing themselves through eternity. 'They *do* his commandment, hearkening unto the voice of his word.' 'They *serve* him day and night in his temple.' And God has appointed 'to every *man*' his work. Omniscience has formed a wise and just conception of each man's capacities and obligations, and if the work be not done, the Almighty God will know the reason why. 'So then every one shall give an account of himself unto God.'

The goodness of God, however, appears in a wonderful manner in annexing much happiness to honest exertion in every department of labour. All who work healthily must find a certain measure of enjoyment in their daily toil. As Basil Hall somewhere says, the real and permanent pleasures of life lie close alongside of its duties, and that just in proportion to the culture and purity of the character. Happiness depends far more on the state of that which is within us, in body and soul, than upon the accident of that which is around us. It is, therefore, an unwholesome condition of mind which distinguishes by a very sharp line work from pleasure. In nearly all occupations there is some intrinsic delight available, and more correlatively obtainable. In household duties, in the rearing and education of children, in most forms of business, how rich a fund of pleasure accompanies exertion. If the road is sometimes difficult and dusty, yet flowers grow by the roadside; and wisdom will lead us to depend as much as possible for

our happiness upon the multitude of small pleasures that accompany our daily duty.

It must, nevertheless, be confessed that the laws of modern civilization have deprived some forms of toil of much of the enjoyment that sprang from human labour in the earlier stages of society. It is not nearly so pleasant to watch and follow the movements to and fro of a cotton frame in the crowded floors of a Manchester manufactory, as it was of old to 'sit by the fire and spin,' before steam-engines were invented. It can scarcely be regarded as a very delightful occupation for a young man to spend his time from morning to night amidst the wearisome labours of a modern drapery establishment; or for a young woman to wear out her best years in the murderous labours of fashionable millinery and dressmaking. Vast multitudes are immured in close rooms and factories, in shops and counting-houses, and the original curse of hard work has descended with double weight upon the 'age of great cities.' For all such persons, wearied with daily toil, it is very natural that a somewhat broad distinction should be made between labour and pleasure, exertion and amusement; and if the hours of leisure be spent with a due regard to self-culture and religious claims, it is undeniable that nature pleads for, and religion allows, of enlivening recreation. A large part of the world is very weary with work, and God himself has provided that jaded spirits shall be gladdened by relaxation. For all the younger part of mankind Heaven itself has ordained much play; and while there is a natural influence of the old upon the young, there is, also, a natural influence of the young upon the old. How many a weary household of elders is refreshed daily by the spirits and the games of children. And for all the younger part of the world's workers, there is a natural tendency to amusement as well as the excuse of weariness.

What, then, are the rules of religion in amusements? We will not ask this question on behalf of any but the good. The Bible contains no legislation for the wicked; no rules accommodated to the tastes of alienated spirits. To all such its terrible language is, 'Be afflicted, and mourn, and weep; let your laughter be turned into mourning, and your joy into heaviness.' *The ploughing of the wicked is sin*, much more his pleasures. '*Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning, that continue until night, till wine inflame them, and the harp, and the viol, and the tabret, and pipe, and wine, are in their feasts; but they regard not the work of the Lord, neither consider the operation of his hands.*' The scripture offers a rule exclusively to those who delight in God, and who can apply great principles. To all whose conception of a happy life is distance from the most high God, in a lawless indulgence of self-will, it denounces perdition. It will enter into no bargains in the matter of personal gratification with those who withhold their sympathy from the government of Heaven. Hence we find in the Bible little more than general rules, and the application of those rules both to work and amusement is left to the zealous goodwill of persons 'dead to the law by the body of Christ.' Christ does not 'keep back' his followers with 'bit and bridle,' but directs them by

truth and love. He guides his servants 'with his eye.' 'The Lord turned and looked upon Peter.' Let us, therefore, utterly refuse to draw out a catalogue of recreations for the 'ungodly,' or deceive them with the delusion that any pleasures can be 'lawful' while the main work of life is wrong.

In answering the question for a Christian, there is no considerable difficulty. *Amusements must not dishonour God, or Christ, or man. They must not injure our own souls or the souls of others.* The whole doctrine of recreations is contained in these few rules. They contain a principle which it is the function of disciplined and self-denying wisdom to apply to actual life. Let us say at once, of self-denying wisdom; because there are two great systems instituted by the Almighty—one of work, the other of recreation—and to a large extent both have been perverted by the evil power; and a chief practical consequence of this is, that many things are 'lawful' which are not now 'expedient.' The Christian's path in life is along a 'narrow way'—in thought, labour, and amusement—and this way is rendered considerably narrower by the prevalence of sinful passion in the world. A good man must resign himself, under all circumstances, to be regarded as narrow-minded by those who are travelling in the 'broad road' of the world's thought. Many things must be judged of, not in the abstract, but by their actual accompaniments. 'It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak.' From the great system of entertainments existing around us, those must be selected which can be enjoyed along with the continual feast of a good conscience; and it is undeniable that a steady adherence to the interior leading of the Spirit of God will render a Christian very wary in abetting by his example a large number of the proceedings of those lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God, who sit down in their idolatry, 'to eat and to drink, and rise up to play.' The spirit of sin is generally a jocose and merry principle. There is no cant in saying that true religion makes men 'serious' at the centre; and those who would enter the unseen world with a character which God will pronounce to be 'sober-minded,' must withdraw themselves from many of the gaieties of the present world, whose laughter is like 'the crackling of thorns under a pot'—a momentary blaze, which leaves nothing in that pot cooked for the feast of reason. As for the argument that a full conjunction of 'spiritual men' and 'vain fellows' in the prevailing system of amusements would tend to dissolve the prejudice of sinful souls against Christianity, there is no difficulty in admitting that that sublime result might perhaps be so attained; whether Christianity is thus to demean herself into the devil's shoeblack is quite another question.

But, after every deduction from the sum of entertainments and recreations which a Christian conscience may lead us to make, whether from the intrinsically sinful nature of the amusement itself, or more frequently from a fear of the consequences of association with those who partake in it—how large a provision of innocent pleasure remains

to gratify the natural tastes of youth, or soothe the labours and sorrows of maturer life! It is only a diseased piety which finds sin everywhere. It is *possible* to be innocent, else it would not be possible to be guilty; and the best friends of religion are not those who dress it in a panoply of black. The holiest Person in the world was an observant and not ill-pleased spectator of children 'playing in the market-place;' and, as we have seen, God himself is the author of a whole world of amusement.

Consider the various 'delights of the sons of men!' There are first, entertainments of the senses and of the active powers, pure and simple—or combined with exercises of the mind. Under this head are to be mentioned 'feasts,' for body and soul, to which Christians, like other men, 'may be disposed to go.' Dining in company may be regarded as a divine institution. There is only one thing better—supper, to which a few intelligent associates sit down; but this is denied by the physicians. Cookery, as conducive to a truly human companionship, is a noble science. Let Soyer's art be honoured among all men. Women of the middle ranks, who understand none of the culinary mysteries, ought to remain single for life. Cookery distinguishes mankind from the beasts that perish. If poor women cooked with greater skill, their husbands would have one more attraction to their homes. A woman ignorant of the rites and ceremonies of the kitchen-stove is an enemy to the world's repose. Happy is the woman whose table is the work of mind; whose genius and goodness shine like a domestic glory, not only over a sirloin or a salmon, but over a hash and a washing-day pie. Her household shall rise up and call her blessed. Since mankind pass so much of their time in eating, it is piteous when this art is neglected in the course of girls' education. Let them, as St. Peter says, imitate Sarah. Let them see how that venerable woman went 'quickly,' at Abraham's exhortation, to her kneading-trough and oven, and prepared an extempore collation of cakes and pilau for the angels. How few, whether Gentiles or Jewesses, could in the present day do the like.

Under this category of bodily entertainments are to be reckoned all manner of games of agility and strength. In the education of antiquity, these formed a large part of the process of early instruction. We think more of the mind; they regarded mainly the accomplishments of the body. It is by no means certain that it would be a bad thing if regular physical training and exercise formed a more considerable object in the ordinary school curriculum amongst ourselves. At the age of fourteen and thereabouts, boys and girls are, in the French phrase, great consumers, and it is precisely at that age that a well-directed course of physical discipline would, in most cases, obviate the dangers of stagnation and plethora. Many a dull brain might be quickened into activity by a supply of healthier blood; and the vaulting pole, the gymnastic machine, and the dance, would do much towards the production of such blood in the generality. If prizes, as of old, were offered for the best runners, cricketers, leapers, &c., it is by no means clear that the world would not be as much

advanced as by rewarding only the best manufacturers of Latin exercises. The possession of good nerves and muscles is a grand step towards the possession of a sound understanding and straightforward character. This is true of all ages. Exercise—vigorous, bodily exercise — assists circulation, digestion, nutrition. It unloads the liver, it opens the skin, it clarifies the brain. It is not schoolboys alone who would be improved in tone by a more systematic prosecution of athletic games. Young men in shops and counting-houses might be redeemed from vacuity of thought by a similar discipline. Even ministers and deacons might occasionally, with much advantage to character and good feeling, be led forth to feats of vigorous exertion. We know a minister who plays at football with his deacons once a year, and who, probably, punishes them therein for all the evil deeds of the twelvemonth. How certainly a game at fives or skittles once or twice a week would regulate the biliary and theological secretions of some of our reverend doctors and negative religionists. There is a wholesome influence upon the mind that comes with play of this description, which would be found very useful in the regulation of our colleges, missionary boards, newspapers, and magazines. If the Congregational Union and Wesleyan Conference were sometimes to play at cricket, they would be enabled more readily to obey St. Paul's exhortation, that we should put off the old man and the old woman (old wives' fables, &c.), and put on bowels of meekness and humbleness of mind. There is nothing more fatal to the Church's health than the influence of a sedentary, bilious priesthood; and hence there is nothing to be more desired than vigorous, wholesome exercise for both the shepherds and the sheep. The starch of clericalism would advantageously lose a little of its stiffness.

Secondly, there is the wide sphere of music and song open to a Christian. In nothing is the goodness and cheerful love of God more manifest than in the bestowment of these almost heavenly gifts on men. Strange and sad that they should be so much neglected. 'Is any merry? let him sing psalms.' 'It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises to thy name, O Most High. . . . . upon an instrument of ten strings, and upon the psaltery, upon the harp with a solemn sound. For thou, Lord, hast made me glad through thy works; I will triumph in the works of thy hands.' And not only religion, but love and human life are fitly to be sung by good men. For a long time the power of music seemed to be abandoned to the devil; but there has been a great and blessed reaction of late; and although a careful Christian must still exercise discrimination in the choice of public musical recreations, there is an abundance of good music and songs now to be heard, to which it is impossible to entertain any valid objection. Many will feel that such solemn subjects as the mission of the Saviour of the world ought not to be made the subject of an evening's mere *amusement*, however noble and inspiring the strains which describe it; much less should the terrors of the last judgment be converted into a sort of dramatic entertainment. As mere amusements, these things are dishonouring to

God, and to Him who bore our sins and carried our sorrows. A delicate sense of love to Christ will require that such topics should not be touched unless with a distinctly devotional purpose in the strains. But the same objection can scarcely apply to several oratorios. These may be to the hearer just what he makes them—either the occasion of a merely sensuous enjoyment of the music, or a high and ennobling recreation of the soul in the enthusiasm caused by an harmonious utterance of natural, or moral, or historic truth. But happily there is a wide field of delight in which pious persons may expatiate without raising any questions of conscience. It is the music of the Home, the Neighbourhood, the Church, which should supply our chief and constant gratification, and the Lord God must needs be pleased with the cultivation of the faculties which he has himself so kindly bestowed.

Thirdly, there are all descriptions of dramatic entertainments; but these are particularly infected by the spirit of evil. Not that dramatic amusement is sinful in itself. The love of dramatic representation appears to be almost a natural instinct in the young. Christ evidently looked upon the blameless comedy of the market-place among the boys, and founded a parable upon their differences during the play. And for adults, the love of history, and of a vivid reproduction of the past, seems almost necessarily to throw poetry into the form of dramatic literature. The same law has operated everywhere—in China, in India, in Greece, in England. The Song of Solomon itself is a dramatic piece; and many of the psalms are framed upon the same principle. The grotesque contentions of Punch and Judith, which gather the crowd of youngsters wherever the well-known sound of the drum and pan's-pipes is heard in the streets, is a testimony to the universal passion for representation. Nothing can suppress it except a real life more interesting than the drama.

But undoubtedly the evil power has seized with astonishing vigour upon the theatre as one of its principal fortresses. It is quite impossible to deny that theatre-going, under existing circumstances, is inconsistent with wise spiritual religion. The present theatre is unclean as a leper beneath its gilded coverings. The prevailing system of representations is in flagrant opposition to the religion of the New Testament; and the accessories are detestably corrupt. On this matter we may well trust those who 'know whereof they affirm;' and who, in turning to righteousness, have turned away from these pavilions of iniquity. God is dishonoured; Christ is dishonoured; Man is dishonoured. Whether it is an actor setting forth the extravagances of sinful passion, or a ballet-girl 'making cheap what is most dear,' or a clown enacting with wondrous success the appearances and the movements of a baboon, it is all forbidden to a man of God; even if the theatre represented a blameless drama there is no form of recreation which would require more limitation in its indulgence, since there is nothing which more vigorously fosters a passion for amusement for its own sake, a passion which leads to forgetfulness of the stern realities of life, which disguises every object, and imparts a

distaste for scenes of seriousness, poverty, and sorrow. None indeed but holy persons will consent to judge of all occupations by the effect that they produce on the *spirit* of the mind; but it is by this rule that a Christian must be governed.

Fourthly, there are miscellaneous games of skill, as chess, draughts, billiards, bagatelle, cards, and games of chance. In relation to these the rule of religion appears to require the strictest limitation as to time, and a determined opposition to playing for money. Gambling cannot be acceptable to God.* There are many Christians who will endeavour to compound for excess in one direction by abstinence in another; but an extravagant devotion even to chess, the best of these amusements, is incompatible with that 'redemption of time,' which is required from a disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Fifthly, there are the entertainments derivable from exhibitions of the curious, the historically interesting, or the beautiful; antiquarian museums, panoramas, works of art in painting and sculpture. The abundance and excellent quality of exhibitions of this order is a signal characteristic of our own civilization; and there seems to be no reason why Christians should not enjoy them to the full.

Sixthly, there are the amusements of the imagination provided by the purer productions of fictitious literature. And seventhly, scientific recreations, in lectures and private study, in botanical, mechanical, mineralogic, and physiological collections. The mention of these recalls the principle on which we have before insisted, that in a perfect life pleasure and intelligent work will not be separated by a very broad line of demarcation. A Christian will leave it to the mad multitudes to find recreation in a forgetfulness of human dignity and in wild outbreaks of folly. The Spirit of God leads us to a taste for nature and fresh air; and, generally, the farther our entertainments are from the artificial, the purer and the more permanent will they become. Life becomes profound in proportion as it becomes more pure. In a holier state of society many things will become safe, which now, from their surroundings, fill a Christian soul with timidity. In the last days, says the prophet, Jerusalem '*shall be rebuilt by Jehovah; she shall be adorned with tabrets, and shall go forth in the dances of them that make merry. Then shall the virgin rejoice in the dance, both young men and old together, for God will turn their mourning into joy, and will comfort them, and make them rejoice from their sorrow.*' (Jeremiah xxxi.) When the prodigal gentile world returns to God, the Father's house shall be filled with 'music and dancing.' These things are not sinful in themselves. They are pure and holy for the good. But so wide-spread and virulent is the spirit of sin now prevailing; so reckless the merriment of the myriads who will soon, if Christianity is true, exchange their laughter for 'wailing and gnashing of teeth;' so urgent the work of self-culture, that is to be done within a momentary space of time; so overwhelming the spectacle of a world that 'lieth in the

* We gladly recommend on this subject an excellent lecture by the Rev. Samuel Martin, of Westminster.

wicked one;' that it behoves 'THEM THAT REJOICE TO BE AS THOUGH THEY REJOICED NOT, *because the fashion of this world passeth away.*'

As for the throngs whose only desire it is to make a covenant at once with heaven and with the powers of darkness; to 'serve God and Mammon;' to 'live carelessly like the Sidonians,' yet to 'reap life everlasting;' to secure the greatest amount of worldly pleasure by paying a peppercorn rent to Heaven of the least possible amount of willing obedience; we will not argue with them. '*To the defiled and unbelieving is nothing pure, but their very mind and conscience is defiled.*' A sinful spirit poisons all the innocence of nature. A reconciled and loving heart needs no stern, *Thou shalt not*, to warn it from forbidden pleasures. A mind that enters into the general *reasons* of God's commandments will not make them 'void' by a mishna of self-indulgent irrationalities in interpretation. The world where Christ suffered is intended by its Maker to be something much better than a mere playground; it is to be a scene of intense and solemn work, where men are to struggle, as in a theatre crowded by a universe of spectators, for truth against falsehood, for right against wrong, for reality against pretensions and impostures. Where this chief end of life is acknowledged, it will be readily admitted that a proper regard to the expenditure of time and to the interests of the souls of men obliges us to a measure of self-denial in amusement, as in labour, which will make the true Christian somewhat of a 'gazing-stock.' It is for the advantage of Christianity that we should comprehend all lawful pleasures within the circle of spiritual religion; but it is also for the advantage of mankind that we should forego many of those lawful pleasures, because 'the days are evil.'

One fool always feels a strong affinity for another, but a wise man must avoid them both. Whatever amusement unfits us for stern duty becomes 'revelling,' and he who would sing for ever must meekly learn to bear his cross of sorrow now. In bearing this he will sometimes find himself 'alone.'

E. M.

John Paul Churchless; or, the Christian at large.

In presenting John Paul to our readers, we almost need to be allowed the license which the City Recorder takes in presenting the Lord Mayor elect to her Majesty's Chief Justice. But as the details of his outward and civic life are not necessary for our purpose, we shall confine ourselves to points connected with his religious, or, perhaps, rather his ecclesiastical life. At the time of his introduction to the intelligent and agreeable circle of friends to whom the 'Christian Spectator' has now the pleasure of introducing him, John Paul has entered on his fiftieth year; and so, as he became a Christian in quite early life,

he has some thirty of years of manifold experience, over which, when reminiscent, he can be either soliloquent or correspondent. But we are not going to let him pour forth all that is in him, as if he were an open stone mouth through which the waters of a fountain are made to gush; for we allow him the honour of making his bow to our select circle for one purpose only. So please to remember that, Master John Paul Churchless; and the more so, as your name does not act immediately as a talisman in opening all hearts to you, seeing that, however Christian may be your two pre-nomina, the presumedly patronymic hath a questionable look.

In some circles the intimation, which there are more ways than one of making, that our acquaintance is a 'man of means,' would at once secure for him the most respectful attention; but as none of the Mammonites belong to this, we shall withhold the information. We were a little puzzled a minute ago with the good man's names, but have now made up our minds to tell the readers that, according to the mode of designating Roman names when Marcus Tullius Cicero and Publius Virgilius Maro, and others of that ilk, used, more shame to them, to get us every now and then into a pretty mess—Paul must be considered as the gentleman's nomen; John, the pre-nomen not unpresciently conferred on him at his baptism; while Churchless is a cognomen which he hath acquired in later years, and at the giving, or taking of which, he was, I believe, his own godfather and godmother too.

There was, or I should say there is, a good deal of dualism about our friend, and not unfrequently John enters into colloquy with Paul about Churchless; so that the gentleman enjoys the pleasure of dialogue in a very quiet and simple fashion. And when Churchless, as is sometimes the case, asserts his presence and interest in the conversation too, it is found that out of duality comes trinity easily enough, and without Coleridge's mathematico-metaphysico argumentation on that point. So that if the servant, hearing voices in the drawing-room, were just to step up stairs stealthily, and listen with her ear at the key-hole, she would 'declare upon her soul and honour' that there were two or three people with 'master.'

The 'Spectator' being endowed with all sorts of peculiar privileges is able to present his readers with a colloquy of this kind:—

Scene:—A comfortable drawing-room, with a bright sea-coal fire; Mr. Churchless, in dressing-gown and slippers, leaning back in an easy chair, with his legs extended on the fender; on the marble mantel-piece, a lighted candle, in a chamber candlestick, with a prodigiously long snuff, is indicative of something more than the time.

'I am weary of this isolation,' quoth John; 'I wish I were happily united with some thoroughly satisfactory church. How pleasant it would be to find a home where the social element in one's religious nature could be freely developed.'

'And why not?' asked Paul. 'Surely there is something not quite right about either yourself or the religious communities you are acquainted with.'

'You think, then, that the fault lies with *me*!'

'Nay, to think that would be very disagreeable, my dear John; doubtless the churches are all to blame,' replied Paul.

'There, now, that's another of your sly hits, Paul. *Is* there anything at all unreasonable in me, do you think, or in the wishes I indulge as to the church I should like to join?'

'Well, let us see: what are they, for example?'

'You agree that a church should be a society of Christians. Of course, I do not expect them all to be matured, nor yet pre-eminent for their piety; but still Christian, in a good common-sense understanding of the term; all of them recognising the lordship of Christ, not merely in things ecclesiastical, but in things religious and moral; that he shall be their Master, not only as to what they shall believe, but how they shall live.'

'Continue,' said Paul, with a sigh.

'Then, I expect that my union with them shall be promotive of my spiritual good and ——'

'Stop there, John; don't you think that, at your time of life, with your experience, and leisure, and opportunity for self-culture—able to read whatever books you find conducive to your good—you could afford to dispense with this requirement, and to seek chiefly the opportunity of doing good, instead of getting it? Nay, should you not, in fact, be in the likeliest way of obtaining it if this were not the direct object, but the nobler one I have just hinted? You know that he who thinks chiefly of others oftenest derives personal advantage; and my old namesake of Tarsus quotes the highest authority for affirming that it is more blessed to give than receive. I should be reluctant for my excellent John to have anything bordering upon the selfish, even in his religion, and I do think that a man like you could almost afford to dispense with this one requirement. In young Christians I should, to a great extent, admit the plea.'

'What! Eh?' quoth John; 'give up the requirement that the joining with a Christian community shall be for my own religious good? That strikes me as strange and incorrect.'

'Consider, my dear half, then, that true edification is something other than merely enjoying the public services, so called, and having a pleasant, kind-hearted, well-behaved knot of Christians about you. That would, indeed, be a luxury, I know; but I think a healthy Christian could dispense with it, especially if he could himself minister, however humbly, to others, and raise them higher.'

'But when the pulpit is hum-drum, and the people all such as one would rather keep aloof from; when twaddle, and that even without variety, old monotonous twaddle, is the staple that is demanded and supplied, and neither parson nor people can bear a word that does not exactly chime in with their easily adopted notions——'

'My dear John, you are losing something of your candour, I am afraid; your picture looks to me very like a caricature. But even were this a fair representation of all the societies within your reach, I still maintain that, if you are wiser and better than they, that is the

very reason why you should lose no time in quietly and lovingly placing yourself in their midst. The lower the level they occupy, the more need for some one angel-like to say, but in the wisest way remember, Come up higher!'

'What do you think they would let me do now? This church in Grunting-lane, for example, or that in Talk-away-row?'

'You could *live*, John; you could BE. And in their present state, perhaps the being, the living, of one thoroughly true spirit in their midst would be the highest good that could happen to them. The mere presence, where calm and dignified, of rightness rebukes wrongness, and not only rebukes it, but gradually transmutes it. Thank God, seriousness, and reverence, and truthfulness, and kindliness, are as communicable as some other things. Gentleness makes gentle, as purity makes pure.'

'And so put my own good out of sight entirely?'

'Exactly, my half. "He that sacrificeth his life for my sake and the gospel's shall find it." You know who said that, and it has many applications, holds good in many senses. It is, indeed, the announcement of one of the great laws of the kingdom.'

Here there was profound silence for some moments. The part of the man represented by John evidently having some convictions that on this point his other half might possibly be the better half; but yet there was a something in him not perfectly satisfied, so presently he resumed:—

'But suppose I concede the truth of your remarks, Paul, there are one or two other considerations which seem to have escaped you. For instance, if I were to unite myself with either of the congregations in this town, I should appear to be endorsing it as, in my view, a fair idea of a Christian church; whereas, not to speak otherwise than candidly and charitably, there is not one of them that I could with even tolerable satisfaction point to as, in any degree, conveying to the outside world a just impression of Christianity, either in its idea or its embodiment.'

Paul sighed, and, losing himself for a few moments in a fit of abstraction, unconsciously poked the fire, without at all improving it by the aimless process. John continued:—

'How can I, by a close identification of myself with the "Grumblers" or "Talk-aways," say to the world, This is a Christian church? 'Tis true, they have a fine chapel in Muffin-place, but I should only get myself annoyed every time I went there, without the remotest chance of doing the least good to either minister or people. The young man has been trained to "do the popular;" to think that by attracting numbers, no matter by what means, he is doing God service; and if you were to steal his gown and bands—deprive him of his Puseyite waistcoat and conspicuous choker—abstract all the professional, and leave him nothing but his manhood—you would have, not a man, but only a *homunculus*, which you might put into a bottle. No, I cannot "sit under him" for any consideration whatever.'

Again Paul sighed, but presently added—

'I am sorry not to be able this time, also, to suggest that you are exaggerating, John; but, I confess, I do wish that all our colleges would require in the very first place manhood, Christian manhood, and not attempt to manufacture ministers out of stuff in which this quality was wanting. However, pass away from Muffin-place, and acknowledge that there are numbers of Christian ministers every way worthy of the name.'

'Another thing,' said John; 'if I identify myself with any of the congregations, I thereby belong to a sect, and this I abhor.'

'But, my dear fellow, you were wanting but now to have the social element religiously developed; and however you succeed in this, you will be attached to but a segment, a sect, of the whole Church of Christ. I really do not see anything so very insurmountable in this objection of belonging to a sect. You know you need not be *sectarian;* and this, I take it, is the evil to guard against.'

'But I do not know which of the sects to join. I think most of them maintain some truth which but for them would be in danger of being lost to the Church; but then, unhappily, they too commonly hold it in an exaggerated form, and run it into an almost error.'

'What should you say to joining whichever was nearest, or stood most in need of help, or was most catholic, or least removed from your ideal? You see I give you latitude.'

'Well, I question if any one of them would accept me as a member. They would each like me to take one of their best red-curtained pews, and subscribe handsomely to their funds, and occasionally preside at their public meetings; but tell me honestly whether there is one of them that would accept a Catholic, as I wish ever to remain, *i. e.* a Christian Catholic—which is something very different from a Roman or an Anglican.'

'Well, then, we must look to another tack. Is there not in yourself some excellence, or some truth—some neglected truth possibly, held in exaggeration, which is the cause of your not being able to unite with any extant body of Christians?'

'I do not think it. At least, I am not aware of it. And if such were pointed out to me, I would beat in the protuberance, so that it should no longer distort the circle which I ever wish to keep true. But you know what it was that led to my cessation of membership at both Cowford and Dullton. Was I wrong in either case? You know I took no particular pains to propagate the views I deemed more scriptural; I merely believed them, and, when the subjects were brought up in any company, stated what I believed, and gave my reasons. You can bear me witness that I was prudent and kind in conduct, and that I constantly endeavoured to be Christ-like in spirit. No, Paul, depend upon it, the only members that are welcomed in any of our churches are such as will unenquiringly hold what the Church holds. The pulpit must be the mouth-piece of the pew, and the pews must echo the pulpit. But a man that has any life in him cannot play dummy. I sometimes think our chapels are filled with what artists call "lay-figures."'

'Well then, John, I am come to Sir Robert Peel's pass. There are but three courses open to you, and one of them you must choose. Since you can live where you please, go in search of some Christian home, and seek till you find; or, confine yourself to cultivating your own Christian individualism and catholicism, worshipping now here, now there, and countenancing and aiding any and all churches, societies, and individuals that are doing any real good of any kind;—or—'

'Yes, I am curious to have your third alternative. Or—'

'Or—start a new church, after your own mind. Begin in right earnest. Only pray do it kindly towards all existing churches that you can any how regard as parts of the one whole. But prythee set about it, man. There's no time to lose; you are fifty, you know. And I'm sure I've chalked out a very capital employment for your few remaining years. You are sober enough now, or ought to be, and have had a tolerable experience both in the world and in the Church.'

'Now really, Paul, this is too bad. You know you are making fun of me; and I don't deserve it; upon my word, I don't.'

'My dear half, I am as serious as yourself. Remember we both sail in one boat, and are indissolubly one for ever. But I give you your choice of one of three courses. Each has its advantages and disadvantages; or, at least, two of them have. For I grant you, I think a new church, or sect, now-a-days would be a bit of a wild-goose scheme. If Plymouth-brethrenism had not been tried, and found wanting, there might have been room for some experiment of that sort, perhaps; but assuredly not now.'

'Well, Paul, you may reduce the three courses to two, for I am happy not to feel any vocation to the commencing of a new sect. And of your two courses that then remain, I think the first also is chimerical—that of going in search of a Christian home, and seeking till I find one.'

'And why?'

'Suppose in the course of my peregrinations I found, and I grant it possible, a people that I could rejoice to unite with; the minister, a man of native worth and Christian excellence, skilful in teaching and training, and every way competent to represent Christianity; the people, consistent, peaceful, amiable, devoted. Suppose that, Paul, yet judging from what has almost invariably happened, how long will it last? Won't the minister be obliged to remove, through deficiency of income becomingly to support and educate his family, or, because in this system of democracy run to seed, some pious Plausible taking offence at too great faithfulness, or at not being made enough of, sets himself to work to promote disaffection and bring about a change? And, you know, one mischief-maker in a church is generally more adroit and persevering in his evil designs than all the good-doers. And then, as soon as I am settled, there will be faint and almost inaudible whisperings, which will grow louder; and then will begin some of the double extra pious lamentations about "the state of the cause," and the "want of love," and "absence of zeal," and base wishes

varnished over with cant that "our excellent minister" were a little more this and a little less that, and would but avoid one thing, and do another; till within a year the good man will find himself dispirited and cast down, he scarcely knows why, and the people conscious of something disagreeable, they do not know what, and all things will be sixes and sevens, and it will be significantly hinted by the too pleased members of some of the other "causes"* that "things are not quite comfortable at Salem," and how they thought "that prosperity was not going to last for ever," and so on. Oh! Paul, my very heart is sick, as I call up the records of my own observation and experience during more than a quarter of a century.'

The silence which now ensued was long. Paul and John between them heaved one deep sigh; and after a while, the latter resumed: 'Or, even if I should be so fortunate as to stumble on some quite exceptional church, where minister and people live in mutual esteem and love, and the better part of them instantly frown down any of the sanctimonious grumblers, and give the base troublers of a minister's and church's peace no quarter,—yet, let but one or two leading families remove, or some admirable deacon be laid aside, or the minister die, then a change comes over the whole scene, you know. How often you have seen it.'

'Well, now, I think you are making mountains of mole-hills, John. A guarantee for the permanence of order and love, and everything else that is pleasing, cannot be forthcoming. Apostles could not give it as to the churches they gathered. No, no, John; if you are so happy as to find anything at all near the mark to-day, you must trust God for the morrow. You may be called home, too, yourself, and in the perfect of heaven forget the imperfect of earth.'

'But, Paul, I do not see that I am quite shut up to one of your three courses, though. You know I could go and live in —— and there I could form one of the little band that meet in friend Kaled's drawing-room, a little select knot of cultivated Christians, who are of one mind, and one heart, and one taste, and all is deep-toned and refined piety.'

'Hm!' said Paul, 'I don't at all doubt the luxuriousness of the drawing-room style of worship, but don't you think there is a large amount of good, not only to be done, but to be gained by the association in acts of worship and piety of the different classes of society and of people of very different tastes and degrees of culture? Upon my word, John, I cannot give my most thorough-going sanction even to high religious and spiritual enjoyment where the great law of the kingdom is selfishly lost sight of—the law, I mean, to do good and communicate, *i.e.* make common, of all that we ourselves have received, and received in order to diffuse. Don't you think the drawing-room order of saints almost needs to be judged hereafter by a drawing-room Redeemer?'

'Oh! fie, Paul! That is too severe, too severe a great deal.

* The reader is referred to a paper in the 'Spectator' for February, entitled, 'The Church or "the Cause;" which?'

Besides, I have often heard you speak highly of Kaled's spiritual attainments; and, indeed, I remember you have sometimes said that if there were a Christian in all —— capable of entering into the transcendentalism of the apostle John, it was our amiable, sensitive friend Kaled.'

'True. He is a genuine disciple, no doubt, and in some things far before, or above, or beyond, I scarcely know which, many, perhaps most of us. But still, I make allowance for his nervousness and manifold morbidness, and that may be allowable in one of his idiosyncrasy which it would not at all do to take as an example for others.'

'Still, I could enjoy meeting with that select circle, and worshipping with them, and with them studying the inexhaustible book.'

'I don't doubt it, but pray what is all this spiritual enjoyment, and even this superior acquaintance with the word for, but that the individual may be the fitter to benefit others thereby, and bring them up to, or at least towards, his own higher level?'

'Well, Paul, you seem bent on contradicting me. I confess that this last scheme of mine I had all along been holding in reserve, and cherishing as a pleasant *dernier ressort*. But you appear to be shutting me up to losing sight, in a great degree, or altogether even, of my own enjoyment, and to care in the very first place for the things of others;—a hard lesson to learn, Paul, whatever you may say.'

'But still it is the law of the kingdom, as I read it; and if so, there's an end to all controversy.'

'Stop! stop! Another thought just occurs to me. I am not sure, after all, that you are so perfectly right. Do you think if the apostle Paul, or John, were here now in England *incog.*, living as ordinary Christians do, but with all apostolic knowledge, and the same apostolic object in view, only restricted to living amongst us unknown as an apostle, and just like one of ourselves, that he would so unite himself to any one church in the town where he was dwelling as not to be in the same relationship to all the other churches? Can you conceive of either of them as 'belonging to' the Church in Vinegar yard, or Bumpus-road, or Walled-in-close? Can you fancy him sitting down at the Lord's table from which any Christians are excluded because their convictions of Christ's will on some outward form differ? or giving the weight of his sanction to a sect who sometimes seem to make their founder little less of an authority than Christ, and whose sectarianism is too frequently such undisguised and unprincipled selfishness? or, reading prayers in St. Mary's in a white gown, and then putting on a black gown to preach in? or—'

'Well, now, it is my turn to cry "Stop!" or you'll be running on till morning. I think we must put the State Church quite out of our consideration here, if for no other reason, yet for this sufficient one—that there is not a church in all England in which an apostle would be allowed to preach without having first of all sworn his assent and consent to everything in the Book of Common Prayer, and been manipulated by a Lord Bishop. And I confess it moves my mirth to try and conceive of the apostle Paul as a clergyman!'

'Well, tell me, then, can you conceive of him as a Baptist minister, giving his chief energies to that denomination, and regarding it as the nearest to a perfect exhibition of the mind of Christ, and——'

'And recommending the "Baptist Magazine" from the pulpit?'

'No! that was not what I was going to say; but I am glad you can smile again. Or, can you fancy him an Independent minister, deep in the favour of the magnates of the body, and looked to for a telling, money-getting speech at the annual meeting at Exeter Hall—one whom the respectable chiefs speak of as a "safe man," and not unworthy to be thought of for a secretaryship, or to be recommended to some out-of-the-way American college for a diploma?'

'My imagination is really not able to stretch so far, John.'

'Nor mine. Less still can I conceive of him as a Conference Methodist, one of "the hundred," ruling Christian brethren with a rod of iron, but exhibiting marvellous flexibility of the vertebræ and dorsal muscles towards the powers that be, if anything is to be got for Wesleyanism thereby.'

'Well, John, whither is all this tending?'

'I scarcely know. There is not one sect which, on the whole, I honestly deem so much in advance of all others as to be able to draw me towards it. I think they are, at least all the less exceptionable, so equally balanced that there is little to choose between them. I wish each would learn something from the others. As it is, I do not think I can consent to call myself by any of their names. And it strikes me that, after all, our hypothetical apostle would be like me, at all events for a time—a Christian at large.'

'I, too, think it not unlikely, but scarcely deem he would remain such to the end of the chapter.'

'Why, what could he do? You don't, surely, expect he would add another to our thousand and one already existing sects?' asked John.

'Scarcely,' replied Paul.

'Nor yet join any one of the present sects?'

'I think not.'

'What course would be open to him, then?'

'What do you conceive would be the happiest thing that could happen to all our present sects?'

'Nay, that is a large question. I would rather you should answer it yourself, Paul.'

'Suppose each sect were to become less sectarian; not abandoning anything they deem a truth, of course, but so far foregoing their sectarianism as to study the proportions of truth and the relative importance of truths, and so make their world of truth something like a true kosmos—order, proportion, form, beauty. In which case, certainly, more stress would be laid on those things in which all Christian men were agreed, than on any of the points which difference church from church. I confess I should like to bring such men as Pascal, Jeremy Taylor, Robert Hall, Chalmers, Dr. Harris (and why not add the amiable and earnest Channing?) together—for they were all most undeniable Christians—and see whether the things on which they

could not agree might not be suffered to remain open questions, though without being thereby prejudiced. Or, better still perhaps, how would it be for each church to make its basis a practical instead of an intellectual or notional one? To my mind, the world would not be a loser if all the churches extant were to move off from their present ground, and take up and cover that which is occupied by the Sermon on the Mount.'

'That would be a Reformation indeed! And since come it must, one wonders when, and who will be its historian. But let us return to our apostle. What course do you think he would pursue?'

'It is impossible to say, perhaps to guess even. But one thing I am sure of. He would so live among all the Christians of the town where his lot was cast as, if possible, to elevate, strengthen, and refine the character of all. He would leaven them with love, and love is catholic, till, if they were shut up to his influences, and these were not counteracted, they would all love as brethren, and would constitute in reality but one church, merely meeting for convenience in separate places, and cordially co-operating, not so much in a church capacity as individually, till, by-and-bye, they would less and less use their distinctive names, and would look at even their old doctrinal or institutional peculiarities from other stand-points, and smile to think of the days of their babyhood.'

'But to do this he must refrain from calling himself by any one of those distinctive names, and must so thoroughly appeal to the Christian consciousness of all sincere and earnest disciples as that they should instinctively feel his to be the "more excellent way." But as I am no apostle, but only a very common-place and every-day sort of Christian man, without the apostolic unction to leaven any body of Christians whatever, and myself standing in need of all the help I can obtain, what am I to do, fifty years of age, and "unattached?"'

Here the paper round the bed-candle caught fire, and the divided soul became one again; and as our friend retired to his sleeping chamber, I trust the reader is not too displeased with him to wish him a courteous good night, with hopes of meeting him again. For, if the reader feels any interest whatever in this new acquaintance, we can promise him another paper, showing how it fared with John Paul Churchless in his search after a Christian home. And so

'To each and all a fair good night;
And rosy dreams, and slumbers light.'

The Authoress of 'John Halifax, Gentleman.'

BLESSINGS on the men and women who write good Story-books, and heartiest condemnation for the training which banishes such books from the list of admissible influences upon growing character! Many, many there are whom circumstances of various kinds shut out in early life

from any knowledge of the great world, and whom such knowledge of it as good works of fiction can give would save from the bitter penalties of the mistakes they fall into when they are at last called upon —as most of us are some day called upon—to mix freely with general society. And there is a still larger number of unfortunate beings whose acquaintance with human nature is bounded by their experience of a clique, and who, denied the free outlook into life which it is the storyteller's express function to give, suffer other penalties, not less real, though less obvious. A young man who has never mixed with his fellow-creatures at all, beyond the circle of home, will, when the command is at last given to go forth, have much to undergo from that tendency to dwell on trifles which is nursed by solitude, from his utter unfitness to calculate motives, from his exaggerations of his own consequence, from all sorts of morbid subjectivities, and,—last, not least, if he have a devout and earnest nature,—from the difficulty he will find in answering the question, What am I to do in the world? He, too, who has mingled freely with others in his own class only,—suppose, for instance, a Dissenter among Dissenters,—while he may suffer no apparent personal inconvenience, while, in spite of his limited experience, he may contract pleasant friendships, marry happily, make money, and every way 'succeed in life,'—may yet be a blind, ignorant, stunted, unsympathizing creature, undergoing secretly in his own narrow soul not only the privative penalties of such a training, but positive inflictions of which those without can be no judges, and of the origin of which he himself may know little or nothing. It *must* be so, indeed: moral laws are as invariable in their action as material laws; and every form of self-isolation is *per se* bad. Wherever circumstances limit the range of vision, the good Story-book has a special value in softening prejudices, quickening observation, waking up dormant sympathies, in fine, in humanizing the mind. And there is no range of vision which is not *relatively* limited; no man or woman who would not be bettered for knowing more of the throbbing life that fills the globe. Most earnestly we contend for the value, in some cases for the essentialness, of 'fiction' (*as it is called*—but good 'fiction' is not 'fictitious'), as an educational influence; and for the respect which is due to the artist in fiction more than to any other artist except the poet, especially in these bookish days. The power wielded by the voice which can tell the world a story is enormous, and when associated with proper culture, we do most heartily believe it to be thoroughly beneficent and good, yea, very good, for young and old, rich and poor, wise and simple. Blessings then, we repeat, on the men and women who write good Story-books, yea, and they shall be blessed!

In Lord Byron's correspondence there are several allusions to a Mr. Mulock, who tried to make Canning a better statesman, and Lord Byron a more pious man. 'His name,' says Byron, 'always reminds me of Muley Molock of Morocco. He wrote me several letters upon Christianity, to convert me, and if I had not been a Christian already (!) I should probably have been now, in consequence. I thought there was something of wild talent in him, mixed with a due

leaven of absurdity—as there must be in all talent let loose in the world without a martingale.' This Mr. Mulock was a student at Magdalen, Oxford, along with Canning, and led a rather eccentric life. During the war he wrote pamphlets on politics and theology, and after the peace, delivered lectures on English Literature at Paris, without meeting any great success. Later in life he edited a newspaper, and again failed to hit the white. A discursively energetic man, it appears, whose restless self-esteem, added, perhaps, to some other flaw in his mental structure, has made his life a failure.

DINAH MARIA MULOCK, the authoress of 'John Halifax, Gentleman,' was the daughter of this Mr. Mulock, and was born at Stoke-upon-Trent, in the Potteries, on the 26th of March, 1826. It is said that she was in part a self-educated girl,—more so than a young lady in her position would naturally be.* At about seventeen years of age she was introduced to 'Chambers' Journal' by Mrs. S. C. Hall, and wrote for it some little story-pieces. In two or three years she produced that wonderful little book, 'Cola Monti; or, the Story of a Genius,' and afterwards two or three other tales for the young, which are all well known—'Rhoda's Lessons,' 'A Hero's Book,' 'The Little Lycketts,' 'Bread upon the Waters.' Would Miss Mulock forgive us if we were to say 'Cola Monti' is the best of her books?—not the fullest of fine matter, nor the most commanding, but the one which leaves the impression of the fewest faults, which seems an 'entire and perfect chrysolite' of her peculiar gift. It is a grand book for boys, and we beg parents who have *not* noted that now, '*when* found to make a note of.'

Though, in 1849, we (the writer) had not only never read a novel, but held it—as we had been taught—a sin to read one, we perfectly remember the noise made by 'The Ogilvies,' Miss Mulock's first three-volume book. Mr. Leitch Ritchie reviewed it in 'Chambers' Journal' in what struck us a very hard-headed paper, though a kind one; and, from that review, we gathered that others had spoken favourably of the book, which we have since read. It turns upon a complication in the life of the affections which illustrated old Fuller's doctrine—'The affections, like the conscience, are rather to be led than driven; and it is to be feared that they who marry where they do not love, will love where they do not marry'—and we now learn that 'The Ogilvies' had a hard fight for position, in some library at Manchester, where it was voted in and voted out over and over again, till everybody had

* We touch this point delicately—but there is a voice of warning not to be slighted in many a passage in Miss Mulock's writings about parental training,—such as this:—

'The last, like many another, owed nothing to his father but his mere existence—Heaven knows whether that gift is oftenest a curse or a boon' . . . .

And this:—'I think it ought to act as a solemn warning to those who exact so much from the mere fact and name of parenthood, without having in any way fulfilled its duties, that orphans from birth often revere the ideal of that bond more than those who have known it in reality. Always excepting those children to whose blessed lot it has fallen to have the ideal realized.'—Both from 'John Halifax.' It should be added that Miss Mulock early lost her mother.

read it—out of curiosity. If it were to appear now, it would incur no censure *from the general public*, and we can see no unwholesomeness about the story except what proceeds from its having been written in the *Sturm-und-Drang*, or Werther-ish period of the young authoress's history. A little melodrama here and there, we say as we read, but surely a remarkable book for a start, and well adapted to excite curiosity as to its writer. Some of its pictures—one in particular, of the Reading-room of the British Museum—were profusely copied about in the newspapers and magazines of the time. Drysdale, the scholar-poet who lacked the accomplishment of verse, was a character not to be forgotten; and Philip Wychnor was a noble conception of manhood for a young woman's first novel. Let us recommend our readers to turn to him, and compare him with 'John Halifax, Gentleman.' We extract from 'The Ogilvies' this picture of a London literary *soirée*, with its glimpses of Thackeray and Jerrold. One of the 'progress' gentlemen was, perhaps, Mr. R. H. Horne, now in Australia:—

'Nothing could be better arranged than Mrs. Lancaster's *soirées*. She collected and grouped her guests as artistically as a fashionable *bouquetière* disposes her flowers. They were not all literary people—far from it; the hostess was too well acquainted with the idiosyncrasies and peculiarities of the fraternity to risk any such heterogeneous mixture. She adroitly sprinkled here and there a few of those fair scentless blossoms—evening party demoiselles—who might be considered as hired only for the night, like the flowers on the staircase, to adorn the mansion. And then, amidst the gay cluster of humanities, might be distinguished some homely-looking plant, whose pungent aroma, nevertheless, diffused itself throughout the whole parterre—the poet of nature's making, who brought into refined saloons all the freshness, and a great deal of the mud, from the clods among which he was born. There, too, was the dandy author who, when deigning to handle the pen, considered literature much the obliged party—the keen, sarcastic wit, the porcupine of society, whom everybody hated, yet treated with respect for fear of his quills—and the timid aspirant, who sat in a corner and watched the scene with reverent and somewhat fearful eyes. All these were ingeniously amalgamated, so as to form the very perfection of *réunions*. Nobody felt obliged to talk "blue," and while the heavy controversialists had full play in snug corners, there were interludes of both dancing and music to lighten the hearts and heels of the rest.

'Philip Wychnor watched this moving panorama with considerable interest. He had never been much in society, and all was novel to him. David Drysdale, who kept close beside him, took quite a childlike pleasure in witnessing the amusement of his young acquaintance, and in pointing out to him the various concomitants which made up the *soirée*.

'"There stand the Merry-go-rounds," said he, pointing to a curiously mingled group, in which the most prominent were a very big man, and a very little one. "They all belong to the Merry-go-round paper—you know that by their talk, which comprises a whole artillery of fun and jest. But they have a character for wit to keep up, and *must* do it, well or ill, like the king's fools of old."

'"Amateur assumers of the cap and bells, I presume?" observed Philip, smiling.

'"Just so; but not all of them. Look at that man, to whom everybody listens, whenever he opens his lips, as though he dropped from them pearls and diamonds. He buzzes about like a wasp, and wherever he settles for a minute, it is nine chances to one that he does not leave a sting behind. But he is a great fellow nevertheless—brimming over with wit; his tongue and his pen are like lancets; and if they do bleed Dame Society pretty freely, it is most frequently to keep down the lady's own plethora, and remove all bad humours."

'"Who is that gay butterfly of a young man, who seems to set himself in oppo-

sition to your wasp?" inquired Philip. "He keeps up an incessant rattle of small witticisms, chiefly directed to the ladies, with whom he appears quite a pet."

'"Did you ever know true coin that had not its counterfeit?" said Drysdale. "He is a small mimic of the other—a mushroom wit, sprung up in a night out of the very refuse-bed of literature. He belongs to the Young England school of authorship (?)—impudent jesters, who turn the most earnest things of life into farce—who would parody Milton, and write a Comic History of the Bible:—

I'd put in every honest hand a whip,
To lash the rascals naked through the world."'

cried worthy old David, with an energy that, while it made Philip smile, touched him deeply. That one grain of true earnestness seemed to purify the whole heartless, worldly mass around him. The young man grew stronger in heart and purpose every hour of his association with Drysdale.

'"There are two of another set. You will find all this literary world divided into sets," observed the old philosopher, glancing towards a couple who were talking together a little aloof from the rest.

'"You mean that patriarchal old man with a grand massive head, and the younger one, with hair parted in the centre, and a face that reminds one of Raphael's angels? I have been watching them some time—they talk so earnestly, and are such a picturesque couple to look at; only I don't like that *outré* style of dress," said Philip.

'"Yet there is a great deal of good in them for all that," answered his companion; "they belong to the Progress movement—people sincere and earnest in their way, only they are ever trying to move the world with their own small Archimedean lever—rather a vain task. Now, though I hold that every man ought quietly to put his shoulder to the wheel, and give society a shove onward as far as he can in his petty lifetime, yet I don't much like talking about it. With these Progress people, it is often 'great cry and little wool.' They are always bemoaning with Hamlet that 'the time is out of joint,' but rarely attempt to 'set it right.'"

'"I agree with you," said Philip; "I believe less in universal than individual movements. If every man began the work of reformation in himself first, and afterwards in his own circle, there would be no need of public revolutions at all. To use your own favourite system of symbolization, Mr. Drysdale," continued the young man, with a good-humoured smile, "I think that quietly undermining a rock is far better than blowing it up with gunpowder, because, in the latter case, you never know how far the work of destruction may extend, and you run a chance of being knocked on the head by the fragments."'

'Olive,' which followed 'The Ogilvies,' shows a cooler hand, and a steadier pen. But it is not so *living* a book. The 'Head of the Family' is one of the best three-volume stories ever printed. Calmer and calmer grows the voice that speaks to you from the page, and more solemnly touching in its tone. Is not this beautiful? It relates to 'the serenity of conquered sorrows:'—

'We cannot, will not, believe this in our untried youth, when death itself seems preferable to the thought of a healed wound. But as wound after wound opens, and still life lingers and must linger—for it takes a long time to die of a broken heart—then we learn at last to thank God for the balm that allays its torture, for the slow years that scar over its rankling sore. Little sweetnesses spring up in our path; strong, necessary, wholesome duties, come like servants to uphold our staggering feet, and we gird our draperies in such manner that they may fall over and hide the grievous wound; marching on so cheerily and well that some closest friends would hardly believe it was there at all, until we lie before them in our death-clothes. And it is no matter *then!*'

In the next quotation there is a little exaggeration about that kissing of the holly-leaf, because common instinct would have taught

the maddest lover to keep to the shiny part and eschew the prickles. But sorrow befall—nay, worse than sorrow *has* befallen—the heart that does not quicken over this exquisite scene of true love:—

'That day—the last of the old year—Ninian returned early from his office.

'"Edmund, I hear that you must positively be off with the Professor on January 2nd, and as we will have no doleful preparations on New Year's Day, bring your books, and I'll help you to pack this afternoon."

'Edmund said he had been busy about that duty for four days; but as his peculiar notion of packing appeared to be taking books from one side of the room and strewing them over the other, his elder brother's offer was by no means so unnecessary as the boy seemed at first to think. So they both shut themselves up in Ninian's study for an hour.

'"Are you two never coming? We are all ready in the parlour, and Lindsay has sent me to fetch you," said a voice, preceded by a gentle knock, which marked it to belong to the only one who ever paid the deference of knocking at Mr. Græme's study door. He looked up, smiling.

'"Come in, Hope—ay, that's right. Why, what a bonnie sight you are!"

'She was, indeed. She had on an evening dress of white, that neat attire, the prettiness of which ought to console maidens of light purse for all the finery in the world. A sprig or two of glossy-leaved, red-berried holly was fastened in her hair. Her arms and neck shone through the thin muslin; in her usual close home-costume no one had ever seen how round and white they were. She looked so bright—so happy—so innocently proud of herself; it was indeed

"A sure cure for sad eyes
To gaze upon her face."

'Ninian paused in his work. He was kneeling beside the box, in the midst of a heterogeneous heap of books, plaster casts, &c. His appearance was not the most elegant, he being *minus* his coat, with his hands all covered with dust, and his curly hair, one of the few perfections he had, tossed about in the wildest confusion.

'"Well, do you like me? Am I bonnie to-night?" said Hope, merrily. "And we are all dressed the same, just like sisters. We have stolen the prettiest holly-branches in your garden, Mr. Græme; and you will have the pleasure of seeing them in our hair. Look!"

'She came closer, and put her head on one side to show him.

'"Very nice. There, turn round, and let me admire you; nay, don't be afraid, my white bird, I shall not touch your snowy feathers with these hands," said Ninian, smiling. But while he smiled, there came unwittingly a bitter sense of contrast between this fairy creature and himself. He could not bear to see her shrink from him, even in play.

'"Now, fly away, birdie; you seem, indeed, just ready to fly, on some sort of wings or other. You don't belong to us of the work-a-day world."

'"I don't quite know what you mean. Are you not pleased with me? I thought you would be."

'"And thought rightly, my little Hope. But run away; you see Edmund has gone to dress already. He vanished like a ghost."

'"Of course! His last sweetheart is coming to tea to-night."

'Ninian stopped over his packing. Somehow, he did not like to hear her jest about such things. "I will have done directly, Hope; don't let me detain you here."

'"But I like to be detained," said Hope, balancing her lithe finger on the arm of a chair. "I shall stay and watch you."

'"A pretty sight for a fair lady's eyes—am I not, now? I know you are half afraid lest some one might come in and find me thus; then how ashamed you would be of your guardian."

'"Ashamed, because he was a kind brother, giving himself all sorts of trouble and disagreeable work to please Edmund? No!" she added, energetically, "I had

rather see you there, with your grimed hands and face—ay, there is actually a black mark on your face, too—than look at the finest gentleman in a ball-room."

'"Would you, Hope? Would you, dear child?"

'"And to show you I am not alarmed for my finery, and don't mind coming near you and touching you, as you thought I should—look here!"

'She came, stepping over the chaos of rubbish; sat down in her white dress on the old box, and laid her two hands in Ninian's—hers seeming by the contrast so soft, white, and small. He looked at them and at her face—then closed his eyes. He felt the rising of one of those storms of almost uncontrollable passion, which women can scarcely understand, but which this man, whose love was at once so tender and so strong, had to fight with day by day.

'"What is the matter with you, Mr. Grœme?" cried Hope, her merry smiles fading.

'"I am dizzy—with stooping, perhaps. Wait a minute—never mind."

'He sat down on the floor, leaning his arm against the box, and laying his head upon it.

'"How you have tired yourself! You should not, indeed. And that naughty boy Edmund has left you so much to do still. Come, let me help you. I should be so glad to help you in anything."

'"Should you, with those hands? How tiny they are and soft!" He took them, played with them a little, and then—he could not have helped it had it been his life's worth—he stooped and crushed his lips upon them, wildly and long.

'Hope looked amazed, and something of a womanly blush dawned in her innocent face. Ninian rose.

'"So, you exigeante damsel, you can't want more. You make even your staid guardian turn into a 'preux chevalier,' and kiss your hand—kneeling too, I declare. A pity there was nobody here to see the exhibition! But come, vanish! or I will turn you out."

'She laughed, still blushing slightly, and ran away. Ninian walked to the door—fastened it—then staggered back, and lay on the floor where he had sat with the child close near. There was beside him a holly-leaf, which had fallen out of her hair. He snatched it—the sharp thorns bruised his lips, but he kissed it still, in the very madness of a boy.'

Miss Mulock's mind is saturated with Biblical reading, and its effect is apparent in almost every page of her writing. We have long cherished in our minds this sweetly-serious bit of home-life after a great sorrow:—

'The whole tribe had rushed in from their journey with a tired forgetfulness of everything but the relief of coming home; and for some minutes the house was alive with voices; Katie, poor old soul! being summoned hither and thither till it almost drove her crazy. But when, one after the other, the young travellers assembled to tea in the old familiar room—where everything looked the same, *save for the one missing presence that would be seen no more—then a great quietness came over all.* The twins crept nearer to each other, and Christina, ever the readiest either to laugh or weep, hid her face on Lindsay's shoulder. But no one spoke a word.

'They gathered round the table—Lindsay sitting where she had presided for some years as mistress of her father's household. Opposite to her was that father's empty chair. Each glanced that way, and then all eyes were lowered. None looked up, and all kept silence as Ninian came in and took the vacant place. There was a pause, as if each waited for the voice that never would be heard more; and then Ninian, in his low, quiet voice, said the grace:—

'"*Lord, we thank Thee for these and all Thy mercies; and forgive us our sins, for Christ's sake. Amen.*"

'And all felt this to be the token whereby their brother took upon himself the duties, responsibilities, and rights of eldership, and became henceforth the Head of the Family.'

We feel sure our readers are now at home with Miss Mulock. 'Agatha's Husband,' 'Avillion,' &c., we shall not stay to notice, but pass on to her last and most successful story—'John Halifax, Gentleman.'

The scene of 'John Halifax' is on the banks of the Avon. The time is the end of the last century, and beginning of this. You have glimpses of the Regency, the Bread-riots, the political and social corruption of that wretched transitionary period, Nelson, Lady Hamilton, the introduction of machinery, the writhings of Nonconformists under statutable disabilities, the start of the middle classes in the struggle for power, the Lyrical Ballads then 'riling' the critics, and so on—all as accessories to a carefully-finished picture of the social life of the day, in which 'John Halifax, Gentleman,' is the principal figure. From beginning to ending the story is thoroughly English. Abel Fletcher, Quaker, tanner and corn-dealer, of Norton Bury, has a weakly son, Phineas, whom he takes out in a hand-chaise. One day it happens that he wants to go farther, and send Phineas home. A ragged little boy at a court-corner attracts the attention of the poor cripple. While the ragged boy stands there, a little girl at a house opposite flings him a piece of bread, and in doing so gets her arm jammed in the door-way by an interfering servant. Phineas takes a fancy to the boy; Abel sends him home with the chaise, and finally engages him in the tan-yard in a menial capacity. From the first, there is a David and Jonathan attraction between the two boys; it outlasts maturity, and Phineas is the teller of the story embodied in the book.

The upward career of John Halifax is slow and sure, though not unchequered. He proves to be a friendless orphan, but the son of Guy Halifax, gentleman, and Muriel, his wife, of whom he has a memorial in a certain inscribed Greek Testament. He has a soul above tan-yards, but not above duty, and subdues the 'vivid shapings' of his 'gentle' hopes to duty's level. During a short stay with Phineas at a rural resting-place, John Halifax has opportunities of seeing a young girl whose father is in a fatal illness, and——you 'see as from a tower the end of all'—in a short time he is himself laid by of a fever, the diagnosis of which is summarized by stern old Abel in the words, 'I thought so, lad. Thee hast found the curse of man's life—woman.' It was too true, and the woman's name was Ursula March. Perhaps it is scarcely necessary to identify her with the little girl in the first scene of the drama?

Ursula March belongs to the 'quality,'—is, in fact, a 'bloated aristocrat;' but that is got over in some scenes which we hold to be the most beautiful in the book—not least so that in which the 'gentleman' of God's making and the 'gentleman' of society's making are pitted against each other in a drawing-room quarrel, and the genuine article beats the false out of the market. John and Ursula marry, and 'live happy ever after.' The remainder of the story consists of their domestic life. Sorrows they have. Their first-born, Muriel, is born blind. She dies. Two sons fall in love with the same

woman, a governess in the house. The second daughter, Maud, is sought by a young peer, who, after starting Roman Catholic, drops down into a *blasé* sceptical dawdler, and who is, besides, the son of the execrable Earl of Luxmoore, the evil genius of the drama. Such of these sorrows as are remediable are remedied by degrees. John Halifax lives down all class-enmity, becomes *too* prosperous for the snobocracy of Norton Bury, has struggles with his work-people about machinery and with his landlord about a watercourse, and is once even waylaid by robbers. In all changes, the model of a Christian gentleman, he outlives his troubles, and dies in a grey maturity, scarcely to be called old age. His fond, faithful Ursula is found dead on his neck within a short time of his departure.

One of the finest scenes in 'John Halifax' is that in which Phineas, no longer a cripple, though still a weakling, desperate at seeing his brother upon the brink of death, goes, hardly knowing what he does, to Ursula March, to tell her the tanner's 'prentice is in love with her:—

'As I have said, Ursula sat knitting, but her eyes had a soft dreaminess. My entrance had evidently startled her, and driven some sweet, shy thought away.

'But she met me cordially—said she was glad to see me—that she had not seen either of us lately; and the knitting-pins began to move quickly.

'Those dainty fingers—that soft, tremulous smile—I could have hated her!

'"No wonder you did not see us, Miss March; John has been very ill—is ill now; almost dying."

'I hurled the words at her, sharp as javelins, and watched to see them strike.

'They struck—they wounded—I could see her shiver.

'"Ill!—and no one ever told me?"

'"You? how could it affect you? To me now," and my savage words, for they were savage, broke down in a burst of misery—"nothing in this world to me is worth a straw, in comparison with John. If he dies—"

'I let loose the flood of my misery. I dashed it over her, that she might see it, feel it; that it might enter all the fair and sightly chambers of her happy life, and make them desolate as mine. For was she not the cause?

'Forgive me. I was cruel to thee, Ursula; and thou wert so good, so kind!

'She rose, came to me, and took my hand. Hers was very cold, and her voice trembled much.

'"Be comforted. He is young, and God is very merciful."

'She could say no more, but sat down, nervously twisting and untwisting her fingers. There was in her looks a wild sorrow, a longing to escape from notice; but mine held her fast, mercilessly, as a snake holds a little bird. She sat cowering almost like a bird, a poor broken-winged, helpless little bird—whom the storm has overtaken.

'Rising she made an attempt to quit the room.

'"I will call Mrs. Jessop: she may be of use—"

'"She cannot. Stay!"

'"Further advice perhaps? Doctor Jessop—you must want help—"

'"None save that which will never come. His bodily sickness is conquered—it is his mind. Oh, Miss March!"—and I looked up at her like a wretch begging for life—"do you not know of what my brother is dying?"

'"Dying!" A long shudder passed over her from head to foot—but I relented not.

'"Think—a life like his, that might be made a blessing to all he loves—to all the world—is it to be sacrificed thus? It may be—I do not say it will—but it may be. While in health, he could fight against this which I must not speak of; but now his health is gone. He cannot rally. Without some change, I see clearly, even I, who love him better than any one can love him—"

'She stirred a little here.

'"Far better," I repeated,—for while John does *not* love *me* best, he to me *is* more than any one else in the world. Yet even I have given up hope, unless—But I have no right to say more."

'There was no need. She began to understand. A deep, soft red, sunrise colour, dawned all over her face and neck, nay, tinged her very arms—her delicate bare arms. She looked at me once—just once—with a mute, but keen inquiry.

'"It is the truth, Miss March—aye, ever since last year. You will, you shall respect it."

'She bent her head in acquiescence—that was all. She had not uttered a single syllable. Her silence almost drove me wild.

'"What! not one word? not one ordinary message from a friend to a friend? —one who is lying ill, too?"

'Still silence.

'"Better so!" I cried, made desperate at last. "Better, if it must be, that he should die, and go to the God who made him—aye, made him, as you shall yet see, too noble a man to die for any woman's love."

'I left her where she sat and went my way.'

Miss Mulock never deforms her page with *persiflage*, and her humour is of a subdued order. But we can scarcely think of any more amusing scene than this in recent novels. Perhaps the scene in 'Ruth' where that one offer is made to Mr. Benson's maid, but we do not feel sure:—

'It was the year 1800, long known in English households as "the dear year." The present generation can have no conception of what a time *that* was—War, Famine, and Tumult, stalking hand in hand, and no one to stay them. For between the upper and lower classes there was a great gulf fixed; the rich ground the faces of the poor; the poor hated, yet meanly succumbed to the rich. Neither had Christianity enough boldly to cross the line of demarcation, and prove, the humbler, that they were men—the higher and wiser, that they were gentlemen . . . . .

'Summer was passing. People began to watch with anxious looks the thin harvest field—as Jael often told me, when she came home from her afternoon walks. "It was piteous to see them," she said; "only July, and the quartern loaf at nearly three shillings, and meal four shillings a peck."

'And then she would glance at our flour-mill, where for several days a week the water-wheel was as quiet as on Sundays; for my father kept his grain locked up, waiting for what he wisely judged might be a worse harvest than the last. But Jael, though she said nothing, often looked at the flour-mill and shook her head. And after one market-day, when she came in rather "flustered," saying there had been a mob outside the mill until "that young man Halifax" had gone out and spoken to them—she never allowed me to take my rare walk under the trees in the Abbey-yard; nor, if she could help it, would she even let me sit watching the lazy Avon from the garden wall. . . . . After the doctor left, my father sent for me and all his household. That Abel Fletcher was not quite himself was proved by the fact that his unlighted pipe lay on the table, and his afternoon tankard of ale sunk from foam to flatness, untouched.

'He first addressed Jael. "Woman, was it thee who cooked the dinner to-day?"

'She gave a dignified affirmative.

'"Thee must give us no more such dinners. No cakes, no pastry kickshaws, and only wheaten bread enough for absolute necessity. Our neighbours shall not say that Abel Fletcher has flour in his mill, and plenty in his house, while there is famine abroad in the land. So take heed."

'"I do take heed," answered Jael, staunchly. "Thee canst not say I waste a penny of thine. And for myself, do I not pity the poor? On First-day a woman cried after me about wasting good flour in starch. To-day, behold!"

'And, with a spasmodic bridling up, she pointed to the *bouffante* which used to stand up stiffly round her withered old throat, and stick out in front, like a pouter pigeon. Alas! its glory and starch were alike departed; it now appeared nothing

but a heap of crumpled and yellowish muslin. Poor Jael! I knew this was the most heroic personal sacrifice she could have made, yet I could not help smiling; even my father did the same.

'"Dost thee mock me, Abel Fletcher?" cried she, angrily. "Preach not to others, while the sin lies on thy own head."

'And I am sure poor Jael was innocent of any jocular intention, as, advancing sternly, she pointed to her master's pate, where his long-worn powder was scarcely distinguishable from the snows of age. He bore the assault gravely and unshrinkingly, merely saying, "Woman, peace!"'

Miss Mulock has great negative merits. For one, she has no crotchets. She is a story-teller, pure and simple, with no propagandist fancies, and with no morality to back up but the good old English homespun; which, indeed, needs no 'backing up.' So she illustrates it, and there's an end. In this particular, she is almost singular among modern novelists. She is neither Germanized, nor Young-Englandized, nor Social Reform mad, nor any way prophetic. Her mannerisms are few. Sentences and paragraphs a little too short and sharp, perhaps; and a too frequent use of the word 'reverent.' In her recent works, beginning with 'Olive,' indeed, there is a something not quite nice, which we do not notice in the 'Ogilvies,' or in 'Cola Monti,' or in her very beautiful Scottish fairy tale of 'Alice Learmont.' We don't know how to describe it well; but she seems to keep at too great a distance from her characters, and, amidst chances and changes which bring the tears into the reader's eyes, *her* voice appears to maintain afar off too clear a *sostenuto* of tone. Now and then, however, it breaks into a fine music. We do not know any of Miss Mulock's poems, but her prose has often a perfect melody in it—

'But thou wert with the angels, Muriel! Muriel!'

She is singularly well-read in poetry. Few are they who know by heart the 'Epipsychidion' of Shelley, and Fletcher's 'Purple Island.' Miss Mulock quotes them quite as a matter of course.

We have a great aversion to telling tales of private life, but cannot resist the temptation to state that Miss Mulock, at an early period in her literary career, took upon herself the cost of educating her brother Benjamin, who graduated with honour at the London University, and is now a successful civil engineer.

Jephson; or, Midnight and Dawn.

A TALE OF INNER LIFE.

CHAPTER XI.—WHICH IS NO CHAPTER, BUT ONLY AN APOLOGY FOR ONE.

PHILO-JEPHSON presents his respectful compliments to the reader, and begs leave to say that, although the last chapter of this narrative was evidently introductory to a paper in which Jephson flattered himself he had laid down for his friend Blair 'the one true and necessary

starting-point of all philosophic thought, and also the first few certainties of things,' so that the said paper would now follow as a matter of course; yet, as it is found to be considerably too long for one number of the 'Spectator,' and would by no means bear to be divided into parts with monthly chasms yawning between each, P-J. proposes to continue the narrative forthwith, without the break in it—which, possibly, some readers would have deemed too much tinged with Jephson's old tendency to 'metapheesics'—and thus allows himself to believe that perhaps the reader may, after all, consider that he is spared an infliction, rather than defrauded of a pleasure. To adopt, for the moment, Montaigne's motto—*Que sçais-je?*

CHAPTER XII.—THE HALF-SELF.

When so much of this narrative was written as the reader has already perused, I tried the experiment of reading it in my snug little mouse's nest, or home-circle, quite secure of a candid audience at all events. The reading was occasionally accompanied by a little running commentary, now in a quiet undertone, and now delivered in a somewhat more riotous manner. The little curly-headed pet, at mention of Tittity's remark on p. 139, had called out lustily, at the pitch of his voice, 'That's me!' and forthwith fell to hugging and caressing Plato, who, stretched out at his ease on the hearth-rug, testified his satisfaction at being introduced to the readers of the 'Spectator' by hard approving thumps with his tail on the floor.

The reminiscences awakened by the narrative had more than once moistened the eye of one whom in earlier days I had named Glaucopis, but in these later years Prudence, and who, true to the latter name, expressed some apprehension that the pictures were too palpably drawn from the life to admit of being given to the public; a remark which drew from one and another the conviction that 'Everybody would know Mr.——;' and 'What would Mr.—— say at being thus introduced?' 'I know who Blair is,' cried one. 'To be sure,' said another; 'that's obvious enough.' I allayed all prudential apprehensions, however, by reminding them that the 'everybody' meant only a very few persons of our own small and obscure circle; that, in reality, not half-a-dozen individuals would ever have been able to verify the narrative as a whole; that of these, some were dead, and the rest scattered; and that it was highly improbable the printed pages would ever meet their eye; and that if they did, the identification of the individual by others was sufficiently guarded against. 'I call that paper that you finished with rather dry, papa, isn't it?'* said Miss in her teens, who during the reading had been sketching a group of beautiful wild flowers gathered in the morning's ramble. 'And to think that you have not introduced any

* The paper omitted; so that if the young lady's opinion be worth anything, the reader is to be congratulated on the substitutionary character of the previous chapter.

ladies into your narrative!' 'And when there is, at all events, one such lovely specimen of our sex, who *must* be introduced if the entire story is to be told,' said the eldest.

It seems, then, gentle reader—for, by a very pleasant fiction, all readers are presumed to be such; a circumstance which has often made me admire the force of imagination that authors possess—that, by the decision of that domestic tribunal to which you have been introduced, I must even present to you one who would have shrunk from such publicity if her consent had been asked. But as it is ruled that the narrative should be continued, all that is left for me is to give a few of the simple particulars; which I do the rather as Jephson's inner life was materially affected by the conjunction of planets which has just been hinted at.

It will have been already perceived that Jephson was somewhat peculiar in his modes of expression as well as of thought. He had the idea that his pencil was a far more available instrument to him than words; that he could more aptly express himself on canvass than by pen and ink; and was constantly complaining of the inadequacy of words, or, at all events, of their untractableness and weakness in his hands. Thus, twice already we have seen him intimating his mental state on canvass. And thus there was no mistaking the meaning of the next production of his pencil. The morning's post had brought the briefest of notes: 'You will receive in a day or two a picture, for which I crave house-room for a while. Yours affectionately. N.B.—It is a preface, or prelude, only. More soon.'

'Somebody's' curiosity was rather excited by this intimation, and when the case arrived, there was no lack of assistance volunteered for the unpacking of it. Nor was it long before the picture was revealed. When it had been placed on a chair, and at length set in a favourable light, we all contemplated it in silence for some moments, which might have been minutes, if youth had not been by. 'Oh! what a sweet face;' 'what beautiful eyes'—blue; 'and what lovely hair!' were the first utterances of the younger ones. 'That must be a fancy picture,' said sweet Seventeen; 'I never saw a lady so exquisitely beautiful.' 'It depends on how you look,' said an elder one; 'my belief is, that it is taken from the life, but in a very, very sunny hour.' 'What do you mean by being taken in a sunny hour?' inquired another. But my reader will not require to be told, for who does not know that, not only the loved one is ever beautiful in the eyes of affection, but that there is a latent and unsuspected fund of beauty waiting only the magic touch of love to be developed. The ancient mythology is in this respect incomplete, for, if love be born of beauty, so also, in a profounder sense, is beauty born of love. For my own part, no letter of explanation was necessary. The overture, or prelude, or whatever Jephson might choose to call it, sufficiently gave the ground-tone, or idea, of the piece. It was quite plainly enough an introduction to a chapter on love. What I had long desired for him was evidently realized, or becoming so; and so I did not wait for his promised letter, but, being a believer in the inevitableness of the reve-

lation of character in the countenance, forthwith wrote my hearty congratulations and best wishes.

I shall not obtrude on the reader Jephson's communications respecting the object of his love, but content myself with a soberer statement of the few circumstances that need to be disclosed. Mary Walter had a history. Nay, who has not? And how often would the novelist gain his end better by simply withdrawing the veil from scenes of real life, occurring in the next street, or the very next house, or it may be in his own, than by inventing I know not what of fictitious situations.

When Jephson was a child, living at G., in ———shire, where his father, as we have seen, was clergyman, a widow lady, who seemed in somewhat straitened circumstances, but had evidently 'seen better days,' was a frequent visitor at the little Parsonage. A sweet fair-haired child was living with her, whom she called her niece; but as she had come to the village a perfect stranger, and never talked about the child, and gave no encouragement to the good people who tried by various little schemes to draw from her some gratification of their curiosity, opinion was much divided. Some preferring, of course, an uncharitable construction, dwelt upon a very striking resemblance between the lady and the child. Others, with truer insight, pronounced her incapable of deception, but still fancied that the truth was enveloped in a mystery which might be painful if unravelled. The simple fact was, that the lady shrunk from opening the wounds of her heart to the public, and had a not unworthy repugnance to unveiling her domestic history to the eye of idle curiosity; nor was it till acquaintance at the Parsonage had ripened into intimacy that she explained the tie that bound her to the child.

Her only brother, Henry Walter—who was, also, her only surviving relative—a young physician of great talent, but poor, having spent the whole of his small patrimony in qualifying himself for his profession by studying at Oxford, then Paris, then taking his degree in Germany, and subsequently pursuing his studies in Edinburgh, Dublin, and London—where, concealing his German diploma, he took his physician's degree at the age of four and twenty, had pleasantly diversified his studies by looking into the gentle eyes, and making himself familiar with the heart, of a lovely girl as poor as himself; so that when, with prizes from all the universities and schools of medicine he had studied at, he was at last entitled to put his name on his door as M.D. in the metropolis, he found this same door question a harder one than any he had yet had to solve. Richly furnished in mind, he could find no way to furnish a house; and though he could write prescriptions against disease, he could no longer write those prescriptions which tradesmen chiefly value, and which they take, not to the druggist, but to that true chemist—or alchemist—who can transmute paper into gold. And so he saw no chance of trying that peculiar experiment which, operating a change of name, converts a loving maiden into a blushing bride; when, altogether unexpectedly, the offer of an appointment in the Caraccas suddenly

opened the way to the laboratory where these pleasant alchemics are practised, and that with the sanction of the Church, too. How eagerly he led his fair fellow-experimentalist through the old carved archway, and along the solemn aisles, to the farthest end of the massive temple, where stood the more than Mage, in symbolic raiment of spotless white, needs not be told; nor how soon, under the influence of the prescribed formulas, the grand mystery was realized, and life embraced life, and two hitherto divided streams flowed into one, henceforth to flow on together. 'To flow on together,' we have said. But for how long? Alas! the young wife died within the year, leaving him the widowed father of a child in whom the mother's loveliness promised to be perpetuated. Grief, the climate, and a combination of trials, soon laid him also in the same grave with the wife of his youth. Dying, he had bequeathed his orphan child, Mary, to the tender care of an only sister, who also knew the sacredness of the grave, and who received the precious bequest of love with unusual gladness, though of the sombre kind; and, in the first years of her own anguish as a childless widow, often baptized it again and again with her tears. It was on receiving this only memento of her brother and sole relative that the recently widowed lady had gone to reside in the village where Jephson's father was the clergyman.

As children, George and Mary had been playmates. And well did they love, in the days we have now reached, to remember sundry little passages of their mutual childhood. 'When,' says an Italian poet, 'when I used to measure myself with my goat, and my goat was the tallest, even then I loved Clori.' Ah! the happy loves of childhood! But when, before Mary had reached her tenth year, her aunt had drooped away and died, she was removed from the scene of her early days; and, being placed at a distant school, never more revisited the old familiar places. So that the two being separated at the time when childhood was about passing into youth, it is not wonderful that Jephson had utterly lost sight, and even memory, of his former pretty little playmate; although I am not sure that the 'dear George' of early days had quite so completely vanished from her remembrance. In the long vacations passed at school, when for hours together the poor child was alone in the garden or in her chamber, thought, perhaps, sometimes adverted to the merry past. And when, at length, she was qualified to enter on some engagement—for the relative of her mother's who had 'paid for her education' on the aunt's death was now also gone to his long home—and filled one situation after another as a governess, she had not fewer impulses to look back mournfully to the past. Oh! that tranquil, joyous life which comes back again—no, never! Those village days—the dear aunt—the Parsonage-house—her little playfellow—where were they all? Oh, the past! the past!

Her sober joy may be imagined when, soon after entering on a new situation, in a part of the country far remote from the dear old scenes, she found that Jephson's widowed mother was residing in the neighbourhood. What a golden link to the dear past! How pleasant it

was to both to call back again, in the only way in which they come, the things that had been. Then came the old interruption to this delight too. The widow's sands were running out. Mary visited the afflicted mother in her dying hours, as often as she could steal away from an unruly group that rendered her situation irksome in the extreme. And when all was over, she had watched from a distance the melancholy little funeral procession; and though she shrunk from disclosing herself to her former playmate now that he was a man, and especially in the hour of his woe, she had ventured to follow, not so far off but that she was a spectator of that most painful scene at the grave which we had to relate on an early page. She was still residing there when, after the lapse of so many months, Jephson had gone on pilgrimage, as he termed it, to his mother's grave; and once more she had recognised him without being herself perceived. Subsequently, she had been constrained to resign her situation, as the annoyance she had long borne became at last intolerable; and having no home to retire to, she took humble lodgings in the neighbourhood until Providence should open some other door of employment for her. During this interval it was that Jephson paid another visit to the endeared spot; and was once more interrogating an elderly neighbour who had attended on his mother at the last, when she exclaimed,

'Lor, sir! if there ai'nt a young lady passing the winder this blessed minnit that knows a sight more about her nor ever I does; and that's Miss Walter. Ah! she's gone by now; so she is!'

'Walter! Walter! What, who is she? She has not fair hair, has she? nor blue eyes? But no, it can't be; that could not be; impossible!'

And while the garrulous old woman was running on in reply, Jephson fell into one of his reveries, and was a boy again; a child at his mother's knee; standing up on the seat of a pew at church; lying in his little crib, with such a dear motherly face bent over him; playing in the Parsonage garden—and who was his companion? Ah! what had become of her? How had life proved to her? Was she happy? Was she sad? Was she married? Or dead? Or—when the old woman broke in on his dreams with another exclamation:—

'Bless my soul, if she been't a coming back again; goodness me, that she is, I do declare. If that ain't a sign, now; so I'll jest ask her to step in, that I 'ool.'

And, without waiting for his consent, she opened the door on the instant, and called the young lady in. Shall I describe the meeting? The surprise—the embarrassment—the confusion, but not distressing—the explanations—the revival of old memories—the reminiscences of the departed—the mutual narrative of life's experience? Need I dwell on the strange similarity in so many respects of their positions? Both alone in the world—both having lost their only relatives. Or will the reader deem it so very wonderful if, ere they parted, they went together to the God's-acre, as the Germans call the graveyard? Or if, being there, and softened by the hour,

the scene, the hallowed past, the clouded present, they lived months in moments, and indulged in those mutual revelations, and pensive communings of the heart which, under other circumstances, might have been long repressed? And there they stood, those children of a few years ago. The last time they had been together they had joined in childish sports; and now she was by his side, a woman grown, with a woman's heart beating almost audibly; and he had lived through ages, as it seemed, of thought and experience! But each could recognise well, and with revived old feelings, the familiar features of the other, though now more strongly marked. His voice, how it thrilled her, with its full manly tones; and hers, how richly musical in its pathos it seemed to him! What a new world each found suddenly revealed in another; and how they looked down into the depths of each other's eyes, and saw there a whole infinitude of mystery—it is not for a poor writer of prose to tell. But it will scarcely occasion surprise when I add that, under those tall elms which threw their shadow that summer evening on the mother's grave, and which had once before heard his deeply and solemnly joyful confession, 'I believe in God,' the two gave themselves to each other for ever.

CHAPTER XIII.—JEPHSON BECOMES A PUPIL IN A NEW SCHOOL.

Jephson very naturally found, or made, reasons for prolonging his stay in that neighbourhood. He was unwilling to tear himself away from the enchanted ground. But I must pass over the season of deep delight which followed, and not venture to give any of his letters entire during that period; nor indeed at all, except as they serve to illustrate the development of his interior life. But that love, when sincere, and pure and deep as his was sure to be, should exercise a most decided and happy influence on such a character, every one will be prepared to anticipate.

All things were changed to him. The world was fuller of beauty than ever. The day was fairer, and night infinite and holy, and all nature full of meaning. A new world in truth was opened to him by the fact and presence of a beloved one. For if love ever blinds men, as sometimes is said, we may well demand, I think, what sort of love is it? and love of whom? For the respectfully tender and manly love of a true man for a true-hearted woman, pure and delicate and noble, purges and strengthens the vision, not impairs it. At least, the writer knows one who would make willing confession that from woman he has learned to see some pure and true and lofty things far more clearly than he could ever have done of himself, or from his own sex. Yes, God often employs his daughters as media through whom to dispense refining and purifying and elevating influences to those who have to tread the dustier ways of life, and do the rougher and coarser work thereof. And I was not surprised when Jephson wrote to me in strains of happy enthusiasm—

'Is it really the same old work-a-day world that I am living in now? or, does all the change reside in me? In her presence the least

thought that is unworthy, however transiently it touches me, or however deep down in the mind it may burrow, seems somehow brought out into day, and looks too hateful to be endured. I do not think she understands evil. Much that she cannot but have read and heard and seen, must, I am persuaded, have been as utterly unintelligible to her as to a child; while, on the other hand, her sensibilities to truth and elevated thought appear to me like an added sense, a sense that *I* have not. I assure you that while I stand like a strong man beside her, and she seems femininely to lean and depend on me, fancying me so much stronger than herself, *I* positively *reverence her*, and inwardly feel hers to be far the higher nature; aye, and the stronger too, as concerns real strength. Actually, with all my man's bone and muscle and will, I feel with her as if inwardly our sex was mutually reversed; for, though she could not understand it, yet in reality it is I who am the receptive one. She little dreams what she is teaching me by the remarks that flow so simply and naturally from her. Truly, my friend, I have found a prize. But no, I did not find it. I should never have known how to find it. Why should I not say, God has bestowed it? I begin to have a glimmering of an idea of something else, too. Does not one of the apostles say, Love is of God?' . . .

Ere long he wrote: '. . . Ah! my friend, why am I not able at once to give her the shelter of a home? I detect by a thousand little things that she has suffered keenly in some of the situations it has been her lot to occupy. Not that she has ever complained of one single human being, but I cannot be deceived. In answer to my numerous questions as to the past, she has from time to time described, or more frequently portrayed in fantasias of the moment on the piano, the persons she has had to do with. And I see that, for the most part, they are of the stamp that the staple of advertisements for governesses would lead you to picture. There is a "Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," I think; would it not be a far more generous and Christian one if for "animals," you were to read "governesses?" . .

'However, the purport of this is, that as she has been obliged, orphan and without a home, to support herself by some such calling, and you know that as yet I also have no home, I want her to accept your kind invitation, till she can make some engagement for a year or so, when I hope, &c., &c. She is corresponding even now with a "party" in Ireland, who "wants a governess," but even if she decide to go there—which I confess I do not like—she would not be required at her post for two or three months.'

Before he could receive my reply, he wrote again: 'I want to repair to my old friend again myself; for a wee cloud, really no more, has just flung its little shadow over a part of my sunny landscape. Mary had seemed for a day or two to have something on her mind, and at last, after much importunity, she hesitatingly and reluctantly told me, but not without pauses, and a deep sigh or two that went to my very heart, and filled me with I know not what dismal thoughts, and vague apprehensions, that "she almost feared she might perhaps have

done wrong in so promptly entering into such an engagement with me, one so very, very near, and for life, *for*"—and she hesitated again, and blushed, and sighed, and at last, trembling like a just caught bird in the hand, stammered out in such a soft, tremulous, and troubled voice, *she did not know whether I was a Christian.*'

'"Whether I was a Christian?" I cannot tell you, my best of friends, the host of thoughts and feelings which her few words conjured up. I could fully respect her solicitude, indeed, as I can well understand her stand-point. But what answer could I make her? It would not perhaps have been difficult to allay her anxiety by various nice distinctions which were near enough at hand. "A Christian!" Why all the people of England, and of Europe too, are Christians; surely I might pass muster among these millions. And if we come to character, did not above ten thousand clergymen every Sunday for years assure Almighty God that George the Fourth was a most religious and gracious king? Surely I might count for as good a Christian as the royal head of the Church. I remember seeing a letter from Tom Moore to Byron, in which the "melodious advocate of lust," as his brother bard designates him, expresses his fear lest Shelley, with whom Byron was very intimate just then, should undermine the Christianity of the noble poet. The Christianity of the author of Don Juan!

'But I knew her meaning too well; and besides, loyalty to truth under all circumstances would save me from the baseness of stooping to any subterfuge. So what was I to say? I told her I loved truth and goodness better than life; and that if Christ were, as I sometimes almost believed, and should be well pleased to believe, a perfect embodiment thereof, I could follow him to the death. Now do you know I have been putting this question to myself, over and over again, so many times since then, that I am fairly bewildered, and less know how to answer it than I thought for. For the fact is, during the last few months I had been silently struggling my way up to, or towards, a sort of Christianity of my own. And, yet, what is a Christian? Do tell me.—G. J.'

I shall not intrude my reply on the reader. He can doubtless imagine it. Or if not, how very seldom can we really satisfy the thoroughly earnest inquirer, who has to *become* satisfied, and not to be made so. We can silence the mere disputant; we can expose the quibbles of the sophist; we can answer the fool according to his folly; or leave him unanswered lest we become like him; but we ourselves have too frequently to acquiesce in the partial or dim revelation of truth to be able to pour full light on the mighty problems which state themselves so imperiously to other minds. Whom the Sphinx proposes her questions to must answer them himself, or pay the forfeit. One who has personally struggled indeed, and knows the tokens of the life and death fight, can throw out a hint here, and a word there, which may prove a light at which the hitherto darkened brother may possibly light his own taper. But where the doubt and difficulty is sincere, and the benighted one is resigned to darkness rather than

follow an as yet unknown and uncertain light, which may be an *ignis fatuus*, and only lead astray, it will generally be found that not one interpreter of a thousand is able to speak the word that he is waiting for. No, we cannot bid the Sun of Righteousnes arise on any soul with healing in his beams; happy if, with friendly hand and helping voice, we can lead the lonely wanderer from those low marsh lands where perpetual mist abides, up to higher grounds, where the morning ray strikes the hill-top.

The question he had proposed is one which, easy as it appears to most persons, is not quite so easily answered satisfactorily, except for one's self. A man might go through the first six books of Euclid, perhaps, sooner than he could frame such a satisfactory definition of the term *Christian* as should include precisely all that ought to be comprehended, and no more. We have known poor bed-ridden women, who could not read, that we have felt to be fellow-Christians; and children who seem to have had Christ's blessed hand laid upon their young heads and hearts; while, again, we have heard men, lauded for their piety, talk about 'the grace of God,' and 'the grace of God,' and preachers preach loudly about 'salvation,' and 'the cross,' and 'the blood of Christ,' and 'hell,' and 'heaven,' whom an instinct that we could not control, nor distrust, nor even chide, made us keep aloof from. 'But what is a Christian?' demands Jephson. Of course, I answered him as I judged fittest, though I need not quote myself here; and the less as the subject came up in one of our subsequent conversations, which I may have to report. For, in a few weeks, Mary came to be our guest, while Jephson occupied again his old lodgings in the town, bent on remaining there, at least, till she repaired to the 'situation' she had finally agreed to fill, and which was somewhere in the county of Kerry.

I do not know whether my readers would expect me to describe the lady. 'The lady, indeed!' some of her own sex would be ready contemptuously to ejaculate, seeing she was but a poor, forlorn girl, who had nothing at all to depend on in this bleak world but her own talents and character—and her God. She told us that on one occasion, when resident in a 'very high family,' as the phrase is—'carriage people' is the tradesman's word—she had been told, in a moment of great condescension, by the lady whose daughters she was educating, that she might come into the drawing-room in the evening for an hour or two, to hear Malibran, and two other celebrated professionals engaged for the evening's party, sing; and, as such a royal sort of permission was tantamount to a command, she found herself an unknown and solitary tenant for the hour of the brilliantly filled drawing-room, an occupant of the room merely, and a listener to the music, not a member of the circle, of course; and she could not help overhearing a young nobleman who was present requesting, with sundry comments, the fair hostess to introduce him to her; whereupon there followed this sufficiently illustrative reply—'You've made a mistake indeed, this time, my lord; *she's nothing but my governess!*'

But, with all deference to the fair wearers of costly attire, who are 'somebodies,' while such numbers of their sisters, quite as true women

as themselves, are 'nobodies,' my readers I am sure would agree with me that our visitor was every inch a lady. The major—who had invited himself to meet Jephson and his chosen on the evening of their arrival, and who deemed himself a connoisseur and an authority on the subject of beauty and manners, alleging that, since he had become a Christian, and looked on woman in far other and holier light than once, he not only knew better what true beauty was, but had even a profounder sense and higher appreciation of it—pronounced enthusiastically that she wanted but little of perfection. 'The forehead was very refined; the nose exquisitely delicate; while the short curling upper lip, and the beautiful chin, and, in short, the *tout ensemble*, so feminine and lovely, announced her to belong by right to the genuine aristocracy of the race.' I do not know whether my readers are much the wiser for this, but the major insisted that he had seldom, if ever, beheld a lovelier face.

Perhaps her chief talent, or gift rather, lay in the command she had over the keys of the piano. Tolerably versed in the science of music by dint of close study, she excelled in the art of it by genius. The keys were to her what words are to the orator and poet. When thought or feeling rose at all above the ordinary level of chit-chat life, when she wished to describe persons or scenes, or to portray what at any time her emotions had been, she would quietly turn, as if instinctively, to the piano, and without premeditation or effort, as naturally as the lark sings, she would pour forth all that was in her, till the very instrument seemed inspired. We English scarcely have a word by which to express this rare gift; the Germans say *fantasiren*, although this does not exactly describe the intuitive power I speak of (for, as the dictionaries give it, *er fantasirt gern* is, he is given to reveries, is a fancy-monger). It was thus she made us know and feel most deeply what her impressions, ideas, and feelings were, or had been, in any of the former scenes of her life. Sometimes to the younger members of the family she would thus paint, if I may borrow a term I want from the sister art, some of the lighter scenes; while, on more than one occasion, when conversing with me alone on some of the sadder experiences of life, she quietly moved to the piano, and expressed in music facts and feelings which words could not sustain. In her happier moods she would say, when asked her opinion of any one, 'I will play him.' Thus, after a time, she 'played' to us good-humouredly the different members of our circle; and certainly, as far as I could understand it—for I often felt when she played much as Channing describes himself to have felt in reading Bettine Brentano's rhapsodies about music—she seemed to have caught the character as by intuition.

The young people came home from a long country ramble one day, soon after Mary had come to us, full of delight. They had been 'learning to look at Nature,' they said, and trying to hear her voice, and ascertain what ideas she would convey by one thing and another that the eye rested on; and they 'had seen more than ever they had seen before.'

'Oh! do tell me what you've seen, there's a dear girl,' said a young friend who had entered at the moment.

'Seen the dear old common things with other eyes, my love,' replied one whom I have already spoken of as sweet Seventeen; 'and gained a little glimpse, a very little insight only though, into the meaning of those lines of Wordsworth's that we have all heard some one quote so frequently—

"To me, the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

And we have all promised to try and think what are the thoughts, evidently of a pensive kind, which flowers might naturally suggest.'

'Oh! is that all?' said the young lady, in a disappointed tone; 'I was in hope you had seen something.'

'And so we have, dear Lorry, seen something at almost every step. But I find we have to learn how to see, while Miss Walter seems to see without having had to learn; to see of herself; and when she tells us what she sees in a thing, then, perhaps, we see something of it too, but not before.'

It was the next morning, I think, that Siebenzehn, after looking into my study two or three times, and at length seeing me disengaged, came in with Wordsworth's poems in her hand, and, with a curiously perplexed look and half hesitating manner, asked me what there was so peculiarly touching in the poem on Tintern Abbey, and more particularly in the lines:—

'For I have learned
To look on Nature not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things.'

And in these again:—

'Knowing that Nature never did betray
The heart that lov'd her; 'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy; for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings.'

For that Miss Walter, on the previous evening, after reading to them some of the minor pieces, had turned to this, and read it so exquisitely that the reading was like music, but that gradually her voice had faltered, till, at last, overpowered by feeling, she had burst into tears. Possibly the reader may not need the explanation that my young querist sought, for I will not suppose him (or her) of the class whom the same poet intimates in the lines:—

'A primrose by the river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him;
And it was nothing more.'

That afternoon, as we all sat chatting together in a good round family circle, some one quoted the remark that we ought each to make his life a poem.

'Well, what sort of a poem, then?' asked one.

'Mine should be an epic,' said our old acquaintance Blair, who had dropped in upon us most unexpectedly, after a long absence. Jephson smiled, which was excusable in anyone who thoroughly knew our amiable but versatile friend, and turning to the major, asked:—

'And yours?'

'Oh! I'd be content for mine to be a psalm: a grand old Hebrew psalm, I say.'

'Why Hebrew, then?' inquired Blair.

'Well, Longfellow's "Psalm of Life," perhaps, is worthy to be ranked with them, too; and one could find a few other modern ones, no doubt. But let the game go round. Come, Jephson, what sort of a poem should your life be?'

'There have been times when I should have thought it a dirge; but now I say let it be a lyric of some kind.'

'Miss Walter?'

'Let mine then, if I must say, be a sonnet,' said she, in her low, soft, musical tone.

'And why a sonnet?' asked one of the elder children.

But as Mary only blushed and was silent, Jephson, who had been musing over the idea for a minute, took up the answer for her, and explained that a sonnet was a peculiar form of poem, of exquisite beauty when worthy of the name, that it was very short (why did he sigh so at this word?) very compact, extending only to fourteen lines, and that it must contain but one thought or idea.

'Oh!' said Mary, 'I did not expect to have so slight a word so distinctly explained.'

'What, then, is the one thought, or idea, that you would have your life to be the embodiment of?' asked Blair.

But at the same time, Jephson said, in one of his old, sad tones—

'And would you, indeed, that it were a sonnet, Mary? And now that——'

Poor fellow, he was thinking only of the brevity, and a cloud which none beside himself saw threw its shadow over his soul, as if there had been something prophetic in her wish. Alas! how do our fears

multiply by many times the face of death; and with what new and more deeply venomed darts does love supply the terror! But banish the cold gloom from thy soul, my friend; or, if thou canst not perfectly lay the ghost that love yoking with fear has conjured up, see that thou only wisely entertain it.

New Poets and New Poems

NOT *all* the new poets and new poems, for we could fill a year's issue of 'Christian Spectators' with little more than a catalogue and account of them, which would be as profitable and pleasant a recreation to ourselves and our readers, as to be compelled to learn by heart a week's supplements to the 'Times,' or the publications for a month of 'Lloyd's Shipping List.' We intend to notice only those who have sought an introduction to the readers of the 'Christian Spectator,' and we will endeavour, as though we were recommending them *in propriâ personâ* to your attention and patronage, to make each put on his best manners, give you his best bow, and put a piece of his very best verse into your hands. First before us, we have:—

Gonzaga di Capponi: a Dramatic Romance. By HENRY SOLLY. (Longman.)—Gonzaga di Capponi is a tale of the strifes of the Guelphs and Ghibellines. The hero is a fine, self-elevating, passionate man, who terminates a godless, though not inglorious, career in misery. It is in his godlessness—we use *with* a meaning a word which is generally used without one—that the pith of the book lies. Mr. Solly states in his preface that he wrote this poem when he was young, at a time when he was seeking an answer to sorrowful questions, both personal and social, of which he has now found the true solution in Christianity. He has retouched it with a maturer pen, and now sends it out into the world, with a noble dedication to Charles Dickens. Two-thirds of the heroes of the morbid poetry which now commands such a wretched popularity belong to the type which Mr. Solly paints in Gonzaga; only few of them have Gonzaga's pluck to set off against their sensualism, falsehood to all ties human and divine, and canting nature-worship. We should be only too glad if we thought Mr. Solly's 'Gonzaga di Capponi' would tend to cut short the race of drivelling Walters and Charleses who break women's hearts to get at the poetry, and find themselves pretty comfortable at the end of five acts of debauchery beaten up with pantheism, and spiced with murder. But we cannot hope it. Excellent in aim, and excellently written, this Dramatic Romance has the unpardonable sin of tediousness. There are passages of great power, and yet we can scarcely find one to quote. This is very good writing:—

'*Gonza.* One last, last gaze. Perchance we ne'er shall stand
Together here again . . . . .
The landscape slowly as a scroll departs
Into the dark, o'erhanging night. Nor thus
Shall all the glory of our life depart——
Riccia. With shining tide towards the mighty sea,
Through towns, and plains, and rifted rocks, the stream
Flows on, and through the darkness of the night
Will still flow on, reflecting all the stars
Of heaven. E'en so, through all that may betide,
Still on and on my love will flow to thee,
And like the starlight on the river's tide,
The hopes that shine from God will light its course
Unto Eternity.
Gonza. And yet, behold
The solemn ghostly mist below, from earth
Uprising, wrapping all the flowers, and birds,
And beauty of the vale, its fragrant bowers
And pleasant homes, in funeral sorrow. Thus
The miseries of earth, its cruel crimes,
O'erwhelm the loving hearts, the holy joys
And peaceful homes of those who dare to love.'

And the general impression left upon the mind by the book is good, but we cannot predict a wide public for it, now or at any time whatsoever. Mr. Solly has brought a large amount of faculty and culture to a needful task, which will, yet, not be as helpful a one as some might wish, just because the hand of the artist has lacked nerve and fire.

The Chain of Lilies and other Poems, by WILLIAM BRIGHTY RANDS (Knight and Son, Clerkenwell-close), is a book that we take a more than ordinary pleasure in introducing to our readers, as the production of 'one of our own contributors.' In this little volume, by means of which the writer has sought a new public audience for himself, there will be found a little of true poetry, and very much of the fruit of a highly cultivated fancy. But we take the 'Chain of Lilies and other Poems' to be merely promises of what the writer can and will do. They are proofs and indications of capability, not fulfilments. And so, there will here be found pieces grave and gay, some that will move to tears, and some to crackling laughter; some of which you must say, 'This was written in deepest sorrow,' and others, 'What a merry imagination hath this man.' The experienced reader will also notice a capability of spiritual insight in the writer, but his plumb has not yet sounded so deeply as it will another day. We quote one piece as a fair illustration of Mr. Rands's best kind of power:—

'A HOPE IN HEAVEN.

'God sent me, from his fields of light,
A little Lily, saintly-white.

I kiss'd it; from its silver tips
A sweetness trembled o'er my lips.

I softly held it to my breast,
My heart grew warmer where it prest.

I proudly held it in my hand,
It lighted me across the land.

This lily, loved and cherish'd so,
Alas, the day! was mark'd to go.

A wind came from the hungry sea,
And bore my Lily dear from me.

I saw it float, away, away—
O sea, so cruel, and cold, and grey!

I long'd to follow, if I might,
My Lily into the ocean-night.

I could have gone, but I was stay'd
By a celestial Voice, which said—

"Patience! your flower has gone before,
To bloom upon the farther shore;

And all the love that lily-bark
Has borne with her into the dark

Is but a hostage claim'd of yours,
By that blest land where all endures.

Holding your hope, these distant skies
Shall seem less foreign to your eyes.

And when your hour shall come—it will—
See! that cold ocean hungereth still—

You will not fear to go the way
By which your Lily sought the day

In which she marks each golden hour
By putting forth a sweeter flower."—

Dead darling!—I count time by tears—
Teach me, O Lord, to know my years!'

Roland: a Masque. By A. MAUDSLAY. (Whittaker.) — Mr Maudslay, whose name is not quite unknown to us, adds one more to the long list of dramatic poems in which 'A POET' is the hero, and a simple, affectionate girl the heroine, and the catastrophe a broken heart for the latter because the former has killed her brother. The 'Poet,' as usual, goes to nowhere in particular, and comes back, after some time, looking tolerably well, to talk 'aspiration' and all that over the grave. Of course, we have 'LUCIFER'—of course; and, whether painted blacker than he should be or not we cannot say, but should fancy he must be tired of sitting for his portrait. We are, like all reasonable people, sick of 'SCENE—*Over the way*, LUCIFER, WALTER'—'SCENE—*Round the corner*, LUCIFER, *Thunder and Lightning*.' The present fashion set in with 'Festus;' we humbly hoped 'Finnilian' would extinguish it. In vain; 'the cry is still, They come!'

We would gladly have met Mr. Maudslay in some other guise, for though he lacks power to sustain so high a flight as he has taken in 'Roland,' we confess to liking him; there are 'good intentions' in his book; nay, we have read it through, and remember stray passages with pleasure. There is much in this poem that is weak, and much

that is not original; still, we cannot but welcome such passages as these:—

'Truth is not *found*, but *formed* within the soul,
And deep within us lie the moulds of all
We own as truth, but not the truth itself.'
. . . 'Tis thus in some shape with us all;
What we acknowledge as our truthful creed
Is often nothing more than the light froth
Upon the surface of our thinking life;
While that which is, or would be, our belief,
Were we but wakened from our sleep, lies deep—
Far deeper than, perchance, we ever probed.
Alas! we all are dreamers, every one,
And what our reason holds as truth to-day
May, by a thunderclap of feeling, prove
An air-blown bubble ere to-morrow's sun!
Each passion has its separate creed. We dream
Through every pore, and have no faith, except
In dreams.'

Nor will anyone with an ear for meaning melody fail to recognise the true lyric vein in this owlet song:—

'The miller stood beside the stream;
A breeze flew o'er the hill;
The owlet gave a boding scream;
And click-clack went the mill.

A maiden nigh the miller stood,
Hot tears her dark eyes fill;
They fall, and mingle with the flood,
As click-clack goes the mill.

"Save, save from shame thy unborn child,
Though me thy falsehood kill!"
So cries the maid in accents wild,
As click-clack goes the mill.

The miller answered not a word,
Turned once, and then stood still,
And seemed to list—he only heard
The click-clack of the mill.

There was a sudden plunge—a scream;
Then all again was still;
And softly rippled on the stream,
As click-clack went the mill.'

That is very good, and so is this:—

'I cannot sleep, I tremble so,
And such a tumult fills my brain;
It must be joy I feel, I know;
But oh! how near it seems to pain!
The wind moans through the old pear-tree;
The morn is cold, and damp, and grey;
Who could have thought the world would be
So sad upon my wedding day?

Not less I love thee, Charlie Ray!
God knows my heart is full of thee—
So full, that if I kneel to pray,
Thine image only I can see.
And I would not exchange this morn—
Its cold, its mist, its hoary rime—
For all the splendours that adorn
The young day in some fairer clime.

Hark, hark, he comes! Be still my heart—
Be still! Be proud! Be blest! Be gay!
What need hast thou to ache and start
When Charlie comes—my Charlie Ray?
He comes—he comes! and I must be
All smiles, and wipe these tears away;
It would be wrong to let him see
I've wept upon my wedding day.'

We are bound to add, that though Mr. Maudslay works out his moral obscurely, he has told his *story* well, and seems to us to have genuine dramatic faculty in him.

Gethsemane, and other Poems. By THOMAS GALLAND HORTON. (Judd and Glass.)—That Mr. Horton can write well we know, for his 'True Theory of a Church' has an honoured place on our shelves; but he cannot write poetry. Something of the rhetorician he has, and good powers of description, but not a spark of the artist. The Introduction to 'Gethsemane' says—'The object is to furnish a continuous account of our Saviour's agony in Gethsemane, and his betrayal by Judas, in a picturesque and interesting form.' The writer of such a sentence as that proclaims, by the very act of writing it, his everlasting incapacity to produce a poem. Mr. Horton throws off now and then a very nice descriptive passage, as here:—

'Morn, like a ruddy bridegroom, fresh and young,
Came o'er the mountains, clad in royal blue,
A golden scarf upon his shoulders hung,
Where jewels flashed with many a brilliant hue;
Upon his steed of mist with joy he flew,
Then halting, he dismounted, while that steed
O'er the black hills with tardy steps withdrew,
And when clear light to darkness did succeed,
The landscape all stood out with glist'ning dew.'

But, before you are well sure of your poet, he lets you down into five-fathom bathos with perfect unconsciousness of what he is doing:—

'The lake emerges from a happy trance,
And joyous ripples o'er her bosom dance;
While here and there *the bobbing fishes splash.*'

A dying man's brother-in-law, leaning over his bed, says to the wife:—

'Hush, let us catch, *if possible*, the words.'

And—

'Thy neck is softer than a robin's nest,
Warmer than bed, and pleasanter than wine,

is followed by—

'ALICE. My heart misgives me; *we are both engaged.*'

With regard to the Hebrew Odes which form a part of this volume, we may say that two or three of the more homiletical Psalms are well done; the poems that demand character, impulse, and music in the translator, could scarcely be done worse. Mr. Horton closes his book with a metrical version of the Lord's Prayer, concluding:—

'Thine is the kingdom, glory, power!
Accept us, Lord, through Christ thy Son.'

Not without indignation, we ask, by what authority that addition is made? It is such 'trifles' as this which have built round the popular intellect the wall of rubbish which makes it so arduous a task to reach it with any touch of a sound scriptural criticism. We can do without hymns better than we can endure any tampering with the text of the Bible; and if all the verses which have muddled common minds as to God's truth were excluded even from our best collections, we should carry very thin books to our pews to sing from.

Goodwin, and other Poems. By A. DEWAR. (Partridge and Co.)—We like Mr. Dewar's earnestness, even when we most deprecate his rudeness. His Urgent Appeal to Non-abstaining Clergy, however, is an insult, not only to the said clergy, but to all decent people:—

'Oh, Reverend Sirs! awake, awake!
Even for your own and others' sake;
Are not your destinies at stake?
Your souls in peril?
Arouse! lest Justice to the lake
Your beings hurl!'

and so on. Mr. Dewar's book is not quite all tee-total; but we need say little more of his quality as a poet. Now and then there is a touch of music which we cannot account for, it comes in so incongruously. The first and fifth verses of 'Snow-flakes' would not disgrace a real poet. But Mr. Dewar is not entitled to take that name, or any name that approximates to it. How his book should have reached a second edition, we divine not.

There is one word we wish to say, which applies to *nearly* all these writers. It seems to be taken for granted that anybody can write blank verse. Now, anybody can cut prose into measured lengths and mind his accents come right; but to produce good, varied blank verse is the *pons asinorum* of the poetic artist. Five minutes' study of the changing rhythm of Milton and Shakespere ought to make some of our poetic friends ashamed of their unrhymed imbecilities.

The Religious Societies.

De Quincey, in one of his essays, makes the remark, that Christianity was the first religious system characterised by a spirit of aggression. The statement is not quite correct, because we now know that Buddhism was almost equally aggressive in the first four or five centuries of its existence; while at the present time, a worse religion than that of the mystical Hindoo hermit is boldly pushing forward its conquests over the Saxon race. It would be rather strange, indeed, if this were not the case; for the devil invariably works with the same agencies that he sees to succeed in the hand of God. Now, Missionary and all similar societies being the natural expression of this spirit of aggression, it is not unfair to inquire—What are their fruits? For the good of these societies themselves, I think there is nothing like telling the whole truth; and the first truth is, that their *present* fruits can very soon be counted. I have often thought that these great, and, I may say, wonderful organizations, resemble huge trees planted in a highly cultivated country, from which branch after branch is transplanted to a foreign land. But you would not expect the branch immediately to bear fruit. Before it can do so, it must be naturalized and acclimated—it must, itself, be perfectly adapted to its new conditions, and it must have had time to grow. So, then, when I say that the fruits of the aggressive action of Missionary Societies can be counted without much labour, I do not make the assertion by way of reproach. I should be astonished if things were at all different. We can count in an hour the number of conversions to vital godliness in England in a year; and England has been under the sun of the gospel system for the last fourteen hundred years. It is the tropical country of Christendom, and its greatest trees bear little enough fruit. Why should we expect things to be different elsewhere? I have an impression, derived from a pretty regular reading of the most trustworthy periodicals, that, in proportion to their numbers, missionaries abroad are far more successful than pastors at home. Wesleyanism, as a Christian agency, is doing a great deal more in the Pacific Islands than it is doing in Lancashire or Yorkshire. The Established Church is doing more at Tinnevelly, than in the very choicest of its cathedral towns. I doubt whether Independency is not spreading faster in Africa and Australia, and the Baptists in the East Indies, than either of these bodies in their greatest strongholds in the midland counties. I think this is a sufficient answer to the 'Morning Star,' when it asks, 'What are the Missionaries doing?' More than you are doing at home! When you can find men as successful in their work in England as are Livingston, and Moffat, and others, amongst the heathen, you may complain; but not before. Stir up the mother bird before you stir her young!

I have been to none of the May Meetings this year, unless the meeting of the Religious Liberation Society can be termed a 'May

Meeting.' I thought it would be a less weariness both to the flesh and the spirit to read the reports as they were published in the denominational papers. And to tell the truth, I had got somewhat pained, if not disgusted, with the evident unreality of the majority of these meetings. A generation or so ago, when the press was not so potent as it is now, they were very useful, and often, as it is said, 'very refreshing.' They were then a natural and almost necessary means of information. They afforded the only occasions for a general meeting of 'the brethren.' They were new, and the societies with which they were connected were making their reputations; these, and other circumstances, combined to give them a very different aspect to that which they too often bear now. At present, they smell too much of the manufactory. They are, to a great extent, 'got up;' and they are used too often as a mere means of money-getting for them to be either very profitable or 'refreshing.' The public oratory which is displayed on their platforms is, to my mind, prostituted to a secondary and an ignoble purpose. As a means of exciting a healthy enthusiasm nothing can exceed the use of the public platform; but enthusiasm should be excited for a higher purpose than that of increasing 'funds.' If it ends in anything short of a man's *being* better than he was before he was subjected to its influence, it is altogether spurious. Money-giving is not necessarily benevolence. It may be, and we think often is, the result of a purely physical excitement, that has neither touched the conscience, reached the heart, nor at all moved the better or higher nature of man.

I notice that the meetings this year appear to have been more numerously attended than for years past. Especially has this been the case with the Baptist and London Missionary Meetings, and the Ragged School Meeting. This large attendance must have sorely tempted secretaries and treasurers to make special appeals; but, excepting in one instance, I do not notice that the temptation was too great for the man. Nearly all the societies, however, confessed themselves to be very inadequately supported. Lord Shaftesbury made a general but incorrect allusion to this subject at the meeting of the London Missionary Society. Speaking of the modern tendency to desire the acquisition of wealth, the noble earl remarked that there was no proportionate anxiety in the 'right expenditure of it;' and then went on to say:—'There is an immense increase among all classes—and especially among the middle and poorer classes—of social luxury—luxury in everything, so far as I can judge, except the luxury of doing good. The expenditure upon good and holy things, in proportion to the enormous increase of the private income of the country, is nothing at all. The increase in the wealth of the country of late has been gigantic; and will anybody tell me that the increase of the resources of missionary, religious, and philanthropic institutions, has been also gigantic? Indeed, I believe it is quite the reverse.' It *is* a fact, that while the population—Christian and other—is rapidly increasing, the income of certain societies remains fixed. But Lord Shaftesbury forgot to mention two things—first, that the *number* of societies is

increasing, and that the *general* amount of religious contributions has increased in proportion; and secondly, that people are finding other ways of usefulness. The number of local societies, which formerly was *nil*, is now 'legion.' The ministry also is better supported, and private benevolence has largely increased. The world is not necessarily standing still, because a Missionary Society's receipts are not augmented in exact proportion to the increased wealth of the population.

I should leave this subject with the last needful remark, but that I am reminded, on looking over the speech of the Rev. George Smith, of Poplar, at the meeting of the Colonial Missionary Society, that it is fraught with more important consequences than I had suspected. Would you credit it, reader, that possibly the liberties of your country, not to mention its commercial prosperity, depend upon the 3,000*l.* extra being raised for the Colonial Missionary Society during the present year? If you doubt it, read the following; it is the closing paragraph of Mr. Smith's speech, as reported in the 'Patriot?'—'Let them determine that, in the course of the present year, the income of the society should be 10,000*l.*, for nothing short of that would be adequate to the requirements of the times. *Let them do that, and they would cement a union between Great Britain and the colonies which would be of the greatest importance, commercially and financially; and they might with confidence look to Canada, and South Africa, and to Australia, at any time, to lend a helping hand to maintain the liberty of this country, and advance the cause of truth.*' Imagine the future people, newspaper editors and statesmen, generals and admirals of Canada, South Africa, and Australia, when the liberties of this country shall be endangered, and the cause of truth on the decline, rallying around England and truth at the remembrance of the Colonial Missionary Society's 3,000*l.*! If they will do this for three, what will they not do for *six* thousand!

The meetings of the Baptist Societies appear to have been unusually interesting. Mr. E. B. Underhill, lately returned from India, spoke well and encouragingly of the prospects of Christian Missions in that country, and passed a very high tribute—which was the more valuable in that it comes from one not naturally disposed to colour or exaggerate, on the noble self-sacrifices of the missionaries. Mr. Stovel, in one of the three great speeches of the month—the others being those of Mr. W. J. Fox at the Religious Liberation Society, and Dr. Livingston at the London Missionary Meeting—took the other, although not the opposite, side of the subject, at the meeting of the Home Missionary Society of the same denomination. Remarking on the difficulties of home labour, especially in cathedral towns, he said:—'When you go to visit old establishments of this sort, you will have to remember the tremendous spirit of death that prevails there. In those cathedral towns, choked with wealth, you find solid conglomerations of religious corruption, so tenacious, ranklike, and massive, that they seem to despise the hammer of God's word. Talk about India and Juggernaut, and the difficulties of preaching the gospel there, I tell you it is not half so hard to bear the gospel there as in the face

of the castellated vice and criminality which stands rooted, built round, and barricaded by the worldly interests of our own land.'

The agitating question, however, with Baptists at present, appears to be one that was discussed both at the Baptist Union, and at the Bible Translation Society—viz., the right of *translating* the word 'baptizo.' The British and Foreign Bible Society, after receiving a special deputation on this subject, seem unwilling to allow it to be translated in *their* Bibles. All will allow the question to be a delicate one. In the United States, we remember, its discussion resulted in the dismemberment of the American Bible Society. There is both reason and force in what was said of our Bible Society at one of the Baptist meetings:—'Look at their inconsistency! For a single word they refused to circulate the Baptist versions; and yet they did not hesitate to circulate on the continent of Europe versions which contained perversions of hundreds of words. In justification of the course pursued by the society, Mr. Bergne, the secretary, alleged, that the versions they circulated on the Continent were the only ones which Roman Catholics would receive; that they were sufficient to lead men to a knowledge of salvation; and that the society were not prepared for the responsibility of refusing to circulate the only version acceptable to those amongst whom they desired to labour, on account of errors in the translation.' If the society thus consent to the circulation of the Bibles with the greater errors, it is argued, why can it not consent to the circulation of one with only one probable error? The answer is, 'We circulate what you consent to circulate in this country and elsewhere—the book with the word transferred, and leave it to the teacher to explain its meaning. If we consent that you should translate the word according to your notions, you invade the eclectic character of the society—make it in effect a Baptist society, against the will and judgment of nearly all its members. Why should you—a minority—impose *your* conscience upon us?' And so the question stands—the heathen remaining unfurnished with the Book of Life until it can be settled!

The important subject—more than once referred to in these pages—of the character of modern literature, naturally came up for notice at the meetings of the Religious Tract Society. At this meeting Mr. Landels took occasion to pass a rather indiscriminate censure upon books of popular literature. They were the remarks of one who had evidently not read very widely or correctly, and they were accordingly taken up in the able speech of the Rev. Norman M'Leod, when the speaker said he 'did not agree with Mr. Landels. He had found great pleasure himself in reading "Yeast," "Alton Locke," and other similar publications, which dealt with some of the difficult questions of the time in a very masterly manner. He did not believe that every book which omitted to teach the gospel out-and-out was a bad book, and should be discouraged and denounced. Then, as to story-books, children must and ought to have them. For himself, he got his first idea of genuine pluck from "Jack the Giant Killer," and of self-sacrifice from "Beauty and the Beast."' 'Books with a purpose,' Mr. M'Leod added, 'as they were called, were not always either

the most interesting or the most useful.' It gave me, as a Voluntary Educationalist, and one entertaining a high opinion of the character of the working classes of this country, some pleasure to read another sentence in Mr. M'Leod's speech. His object in being at the meeting on the present occasion, he said, 'was to return thanks for the gift of a large number of tracts received from the society for the use of his working-class congregation; and in doing this he might just say, that on the occasion of these services being held, the church was always full up to the pulpit stairs, and the people listened with deep attention to what was said. They were very poor people, nevertheless—for he made it a rule to exclude all who had clothes fit to appear in during the day, at an ordinary church service. But he did not treat them as if they were poor; and herein, he conceived, lay the great secret of his success. *Let all who had to do with the working classes of England take care that they never fall into the error of confounding poverty with crime and blackguardism.*'

Let me quote, in connexion with this, a remark made by Mr. Hands, of Salisbury, at one of the Baptist meetings:—'Said some, you must educate the people. So said he. Let there be exhibitions, libraries, mechanics' institutes, amusements for the people, if you will—everything to soften and humanize them as far as you can. But it did not seem to him that crime and immorality were confined to the uneducated portion of the people; it struck him they should find quite as large a proportion of immorality and wickedness amongst men who had a fair share of wealth and education as amongst those who had them not.' 'I believe that if you approach the working classes of England to educate them, you must approach them with these convictions, that their poverty is not their crime, and that they are not more criminal in proportion to their numbers than their neighbours and superiors.'

China came up for a fair share of attention. One bishop and one Wesleyan supported the war (you will always find a Wesleyan backing up a bishop); but two very earnest men, of very different spirit, spoke in such a way on the other side, as to move their audiences to the expression of a more than usually earnest approbation. Said a French pastor, at the meeting of the Tract Society:—'If, in France, we had liberty of speech, as you have here in England, to work on the public mind, being associated with you in this war, we would move the spirit of the people to a loud protest, and entire condemnation, of your national sin, the sale of opium. We would stir up the mind of our nation to say to your brethren, You shall not go to war for the legalization of this traffic, nor until it be abolished. There is a stain on your flag in the wars of China; and until that stain shall be washed away do not think that the men of China will receive you, or that you will obtain the favour of God. Christian brethren, I call upon you to begin to work on the public mind regarding this question, and wash that stain away. I trust that God will help you to wash it away before the war is over, and then China will be more largely open for the diffusion of the Scriptures and of civilizing influences. God is a God of mercy, but he is also a God of justice; and if he renders good for evil, the evil-doers are always punished; and you will not

escape if you do not lift up your voice and protest against all that has been done.'

At the meeting of the Chinese Evangelization Society, the same sentiment found equally forcible expression when the Rev. Mr. Welton, of the Church Missionary Society, from Fu-Chou-Fu, said that, as a missionary in China for several years, he had seen the horrors of the opium system; and he trusted they would be stirred up to exertion for the abolition of that abominable traffic. It had been the principal means of alienating the Chinese people from them. He had seen eighteen vessels lying along the coast for the purpose of selling opium. It was sometimes conveyed by the Chinese boats, and at other times by the English boats. He knew that the boats of the Peninsular and Oriental Company had gone into port and distributed their cargoes of opium, as if they were ordinary cargoes, and this with the cognizance of the British consul. The question was constantly asked in China, 'How can you bring us a good religion when you bring us this drug?'

Little worthy of notice appears to have been done at the meeting of the Congregational Union. The general lack of moral courage which has characterised nearly all the proceedings of this body from its commencement, marked its meetings this year. It desired to dissever the connexion subsisting between itself and Dr. Campbell's magazines, but refused the right of speech to Mr. Macbeth when he wished to propose a particular amendment unfavourable to the doctor, while nobody could be found to second the equally obnoxious though courageous amendment of Mr. Davies. It left the question of the affiliated societies just where it found it. I gather from the report that the profits of the magazines are not quite half what they were some ten years ago.

I think I notice a decrease this year of the demoralizing and disgusting practice of mutual public praise of each other by ministers and other speakers. I do not refer to the irreverent and indecent manner in which preachers are complimented to God in public prayer (this also, happily, is dying out), but to platform praise. One grave instance this year I cannot pass over; it occurs in the report of the meeting of the 'affiliated societies.' I quote the speaker's words, which must have both pained and disgusted those to whom he referred. You will notice how equally the brush is used for Chairman, Treasurer, &c.:—

CHAIRMAN.

'He might be permitted to say, and that without anything even approaching to flattery, that it was a matter of great satisfaction to have the present chairman presiding over the meeting. However much they might regret that many friends of liberal policy and progressive spirit were excluded from the people's House of Commons, they did rejoice that the chairman occupied his appropriate position there, knowing that he was never ashamed of those great evangelical principles which on the present platform he had so beautifully enunciated.'

TREASURER.

'Further, he held that they had reason to congratulate them-

selves upon the fact, that a gentleman of the wealth, position, and liberality, of the treasurer, continued his unabated attachment to the institution, and that he gave to it an amount of time, consideration, and patient attention, which no recognition upon the platform would be sufficient adequately to state, and which nothing but the high satisfaction of doing a great and good work could at all compensate him for.'

SECRETARY.

'He thought, moreover, that the friends of the society owed very much to the zeal, wisdom, and prudence of the secretary.' And so on, and so on, and so on.

I gather from the general tone of the speeches, and the apparent character of the various meetings, that the committee and officers of societies, with a few exceptions, are not working under discouraging circumstances. The public support is accorded pretty evenly, and in some cases with a princely liberality. All the societies, without exception, ask for an addition to their funds; but in most cases, I believe, with a 'single eye to God's glory.' The majority of them are doing a great work; they are pearls in England's crown of glory. If she can righteously boast of anything, she can of her great religious societies—offsprings of her overflowing love for the nations of the earth. They are Christianity in the concrete. In the speech to which I have already alluded, Mr. Stovel remarked, that one of the great instruments in the hand of sceptics is the *primâ facie* aspect which is presented to their eyes by Christianity in the concrete. They may not see or care to study much Christianity in the abstract. They look at it as it stands in connexion with 'parsons,' 'priests,' and 'church establishments'—what we may call Christian business, Christian income, religious quarrels, and so forth; these features strike them, and they stand and look. Why, they say, it is not exactly what the abstract-written truth would lead us to expect; there is the form, but where is the life? Where is that which gives fire to the eye, vigour to the heart, and development to the soul? 'You have, indeed, the gospel in word, but where is the work of it?'

We can point to the religious societies and say, 'The work of the gospel is THERE.'

Sun Pictures.

THANKFULLY do we welcome once more the warm airs of the spring-tide, which have been for so long a time only a memory to us. Through long days of surging rain and biting blast, here, in our northern home, where the chief end of man seems to be the building of chimneys, whose smoke rises up for ever and ever, summer sights and sounds have been to us like the words and smiles of death-stricken

friends, whose faces we may not hope to see again. And now that the spring, long after it has rejoiced the rest of the land, has even crept up the sides of *our* barren hills, and tipped with green the dwarfed black branches in *our* hedge-rows, we meet the welcome season as, perhaps, we shall meet some friend in the resurrection, with something of unexpectancy, and yet falling quickly into the old wont of familiarity, so that, as Tennyson says, 'We should not count it to be strange.' Now, too, the genial influences which send upwards the sap through thousands and thousands of branches, repeating everywhere the miracle of creation, quicken also the tide of human pulses, set free a crowd of human fancies long frost-bound, and even gild some deep human hopes which, despite all the power of faith, are not independent of earthly sunshine. Sitting out beneath the open sky once more, after many days, we begin to believe that summer is at hand, even though at times an easterly breath steals up this way, bringing with it sentence of death to yonder fluttering butterfly—which, like some great men, has had the misfortune to be born before its time. Yet upon all the fields the sun looks gladly, and we feel within ourselves the thrill of a new life, as though this evening and morning were to us the first day. But we are not without our prenatal memories. Surely we have seen other summers, and rested in shady nooks, and listened to the ceaseless ripple of shallow waters. Surely, in the past, we have dreamed dreams and seen visions. Let us try to recollect.

One day, at least, we remember well enough. It was the longest, sunniest, happiest, day in all the summer. It was the day after a long railway journey, during which we had left the tall chimneys far behind, and had hidden ourselves in a country house at the end of an avenue, beyond which no road led anywhere, so that it might be the end of the world. There we had hidden ourselves as the wind-beaten, stormy petrel would shelter itself in the cleft of the rock. On that day we awoke early, with a strong holiday sense upon us. For a month, rest and enjoyment were to be the laws of life to us; laws which looked at us with perfunctorily-solemn face, assuring us they were imperative, though they could scarcely speak for laughing. The first day of a month's holiday! Oh! what an everlastingness there was about it. No responsibilities to be incurred, no proprieties to be observed, no Mrs. Grundy to be considered, for a whole month! Even when Saturday came (and this was Tuesday), what pleasant little trips our fancy could make from study to study in imaginary flight, and see all the 'men, brethren, and fathers,' bending beneath the weight of to-morrow's engagements, whilst we had no engagements for this week, or the week after, or the week after that, beyond which the distance faded off into illimitable perspective, into which we did not care to look, esteeming it a most profane curiosity. How is it that the first day of a month's holiday is so much longer than the last? We can remember doing fifty things during that twenty-four hours for which we never had time afterwards, besides enjoying down to its very close the most unmitigated feeling of holidayness. Says the proverb, 'Enjoyments are Time's wings,' yet this day did not fly. Other days did;

some of them passed as the twinkling of an eye, and we cannot recall any trace of them; but this day, though intensely happy, counted out its minutes to us as a miser would his gold.

On that glorious morning, as the day was mounting to its noon, we cast ourselves at the foot of one of the 'immemorial elms,' and lay long gazing up into its wealth of leaves. Above, white, fleecy clouds sailed across the sky like merchant ships steadily and quietly making for the port; out of sight, some skylark poured out its song in ever-ascending treble, to which the thrushes furnished the contralto; and beneath all was the soft underground of bass, made by the monotonous surge of the innumerable leaves, like the waves breaking upon the far-off shore of a summer sea. So we lay quietly musing, until, at length —whether in sleep or in gentle day-dream we cannot tell—the mutable shapes of earth and sky began to assume other forms, and one by one, vision after vision floated past us in which every-day truths took palpable embodiment. As thus:—

THE THREE SISTERS.

Man travels the pilgrimage of life with three constant companions. One treads ever closely behind him. Her step is heavy, and her figure bent, as having seen cares and sorrows; she is clothed in dark colours, with long sweeping garments; in her hand she carries a scroll, closely covered within and without with written characters; she is crowned with a sober cloud, which partially conceals her face; when she looks out, her eyes are grave, and sometimes reproachful, and there is sadness even in her smile. Her name is, YESTERDAY. Another walks always by man's side, with as regular and even step as the beat of his own pulse. She can be neither impelled into haste, nor persuaded into delay. Her face is not comely, but is constantly changing in expression—sometimes earnest, sometimes frivolous; now expectant, now disappointed, and anon bewildered. Her vesture is grey; her hand holds an hour-glass, which, whenever the sand has run out, she turns; round her head is a simple coronet of gold, in which is set one large lustrous diamond. *Her* name is TO-DAY. The third sister keeps always in advance of the pilgrim, with light and buoyant step, which sometimes breaks out into a dance as she hurries gaily onward. She is clad in rosy raiment, so transparent as to betray the outline of her graceful form, and her eyes are full of light and laughter. A telescope is in her hand, and since, though the sunshine is upon her path, some dark cloud is always beyond her, her crown is a rainbow. She is called TO-MORROW. When they speak with the pilgrim, Yesterday addresses herself to his memory, To-day to his conscience, and To-morrow to his hope. During the journey each of them relieve him of part of his burden; Yesterday helps him to carry his sins, To-day his sorrows, and To-morrow his resolutions. Yesterday he strives to forget; To-day he struggles to avoid; but To-morrow he idolizes and hotly pursues. Poor, dissatisfied pilgrim; he does not wish to turn back to her who is crowned with cloud; he does not desire the inevitable presence of her who is crowned with

gold; but he pants after her whose diadem is a rainbow, though she can never be reached. How glad would he be to change his companionship. If To-day were to become Yesterday it would be a rejoicing to him, but he still more desires that she should become To-morrow. Yesterday has many claims upon him which he has long neglected, but he upbraids her when he is reminded of them; he does not believe in the power of To-day to help him, and he will not ask her aid; but he turns to To-morrow, in whose omnipotence he has great faith, and she, with many promises on her lip, comes not near to him, but still travels gaily forward towards the dark cloud which lies upon the horizon. Each of the sisters carries a purse at her girdle. Poor Yesterday's is often quite empty; To-day's contains a few golden pieces, just enough to supply all present wants; To-morrow's is quite full, but many of the coins are counterfeits, so that if Yesterday is ever to be paid, it must be with this counterfeit money. Oh! that the pilgrim would but listen to the counsels of To-day, even though she be not comely in countenance, for she alone can help him. Though she wears no rosy garments, and speaks no flattering words, yet is she his truest friend. Let him take her golden pieces and give them in alms to the hungry and the perishing, then will To-morrow learn to lay up for him heaps of enduring treasure; the dark cloud behind her shall be lined with golden light; and even when he looks back to ill-used Yesterday, she shall wear a smile. But if he will not be wise—if, careless of To-day, he pursues ever the fascinating To-morrow—then her beauty is destined to grow less and less in his eyes as he pantingly flies after her; when, at last, he grasps her, she shall become a phantom in his arms, and he shall find himself suddenly surrounded by the EVERLASTING NOW.

Lying thus at rest beneath the loftiest poplar, sheltered by a million murmuring leaves, through which the fierce sun-rays filtered themselves down into gentleness, dream followed dream, and fancy tripped the heels of fancy, in each of which some human faith or duty clothed itself in natural symbol. Let us try to recall another:—

THE ANGEL OF KNOWLEDGE.

When the ancestral man first walked the solitudes of the ancient Paradise, the Divine Father saw it was not good that he should dwell alone, and in his love gave to him both an earthly and a heavenly companion. This second and still greater blessing came to him on this wise. One day, when his cup of labour had been filled, and now brimmed over into pleasant rest, though he heard no footfall, a subtle sense within his soul bade him look up, and he saw standing at his feet the Angel of Knowledge. 'I am come,' she said, 'to lead thee through the earth. I am commissioned to show thee its treasures, and unveil the hidden meanings.' So she abode with him many days. Very glorious was she in form, and most musical of speech. Sometimes when she walked in the deep shadows she seemed luminous like a star, as though the gloss of heaven were still upon her. Her steps in the garden might be traced by the little tufts of angelicas, violets and cyclamens, which only there were found growing together, and

her words were as pearls. Yet with all her loveliness, *she was veiled.* Sometimes when she met the morning breeze, the outline of her face was sharpened enough to hint the beauty beneath, and she was ever ready to discourse, teaching her scholar that the material universe was no more than the index of the far greater world of mind and spirit. The gentle mystery surrounding her did but increase the attraction of her presence, and deepen the solemnity of her words. She was ready too, whenever man should be able to endure the light of her countenance, to look upon him with open face, and lay bare the truth in such microcosm as he could comprehend. But he, foolish mortal! impatient for the splendour of the vision, one day, rudely and rashly sought to snatch the veil from her features, and look into her eyes. Then fled she as a startled fawn, not leaving the world, but hiding herself in silence and secrecy. Oh, shape of loveliness, oh, lip of wisdom, where is thy refuge? For now the garden is laid level with the wilderness around, the earth responds but sullenly to the care of the husbandman, and labour is toil and tears. The angel has not left us, but she no longer sits by our side; no longer distils her speech as the dew. Man strives after her, yet often she eludes his fastest flight. Only can he catch glimpses of her garments in the clefts of the rocks, on the borders of the precipice, or hear her whispers in the night. At best he wins from her but half messages, and partly articulable meanings, for his sin has sealed her lips until his purification be accomplished. One thing alone sustains his strength and girds his loins. There has come to him the promise of an hour—a golden hour, marked only in God's calendar, which shall give her to his eyes again, *without her veil*, that he may sit at her feet, or lay his head in her bosom, and be at peace. May-hap his obedience will be perfected in the remembrance how hardly she was won.

Looking up steadfastly unto the sky while now the sun was westering, watching the sailing clouds driven by soft compulsion before the wind as though they were the sheep he was guiding away from the blue pastures to fold them at evening in the golden gardens of the sunset, our thoughts also yielded themselves to the sway of every breath of fancy, and we were quickly borne along the bosom of new similitudes. We saw a youth floating down a stream in a boat, singing to himself, all forgetful that he was being drifted onwards to the ocean and the night and the storm. We heard half strains of once familiar, but long forgotten melodies coming up the wind, and straightway we saw the great ocean of Memory dividing itself like the Red Sea, opening out a passage to our feet, so that we could stoop as we journeyed, and gather into our bosoms, one by one, the treasures of the past. But alas! pen and ink cannot fly so fast as summer thoughts, and the inexorable laws of space circumscribe us. Thus however our first holiday declined, and presently came the sunset. The pilgrim clouds, which had been creeping across the desert sky, now walked upon the western verge within the precincts of the receding glory, as though they had reached the Holy City, and were prostrating themselves before the golden shrine. Walking home in

the twilight, we heard the birds from their nests utter the last subdued notes of their evening hymn, while Night's thousand eyes began to open on the world as the memorial of Him 'who neither slumbers nor sleeps.' Then there awoke in our heart also a responsive chord of praise; whether its notes are original, or only remembered, we cannot tell, and are really not much concerned to know. We can only say they chimed in our thought all night like distant bells summoning to prayer.

When the glad day has left the sky,
When twilight airs begin to sigh,
And pass upon their solemn way,
As though they mourned the dying day;
When softly falls the quiet dew,
As if it wept its closing too;
When sudden breezes rise to sing
The requiem o'er its burying;
When in the field the cattle rest;
When there is warmth within the nest;
When there is sleep upon the flower;
When there is silence in the hour;
When Night, with her bejewelled pall,
Spreads glorious darkness over all;
My soul! review thy day-path trod,
Lift up thy voice, and talk with God.

Ah! happy day, now only a memory to us!

'*North.* It resembles some one or other of those longest days that half a century ago used to enshroud us in the imagery of some more celestial sphere than our waning life now inhabits—when *between sunrise and sunset, lingeringly floated by* what was felt in its bliss and beauty to be a whole golden age.

'*Shepherd.* I should na hae been sorry to hae said that mysel, sir, for it's rather—verra—beautifu'; and the expression, while it is rich, is simpler than your usual style, which I canna help thinkin', *has a tendency to the over ornate.*'*

J. W. J.

Monthly Retrospect.

THE reader will not need to be informed that the House of Commons and the 'other House' have been sitting now for nearly a month. Addressed, at the commencement of their proceedings, in a speech from the Throne more than usually bald and unmeaning—but a speech that promised as much as Lord Palmerston was expected to perform—they have contrived to do as little as possible towards filling up even the small and limited programme laid down for him by her Majesty's ministers. Deliberative assemblies, where deliberation is only a means to action, seldom make much progress in their work without a good impulse at starting, and a good expectation going along with them. Without this, they are like men who are obliged to work with neither encouragement nor pay. They feel that all that they

* Noctes Ambrosianæ, December, 1834.

may do, or try to do, will be useless, while the dead weight of a cabinet is behind them. The present House has evidently a sullen conviction that it would be a waste of time, that might be better spent in preparing for next year's campaign, to attempt, just now, any great measure of legislative reform. So, like the sailor described in Mr. Dana's vivid history of his 'Two Years before the Mast,' they row quietly and silently, saving their whole strength until the end of their journey is at hand, when, with the energy of long-prepared power, they carry their boats in a moment over the breaking and foaming surf. We can excuse, therefore, a quiet session this year, if the quietism be preserved with a view to more serious and energetic action when Parliament next meets; if it be not, we may pretty safely predict that, like the Californian boatmen, members will find that though they may not be ready for the surf, the surf will be ready for them.

The two great questions concerning which expectation stood on tiptoe when Parliament met, were the Reform of the Representation, and the abolition of Church-rates. To have promised either of these in the speech from the Throne, without intending to carry them, would have been to compromise the honour of majesty—a thing that Charles the First did not hesitate to do, but that Victoria very probably would, even though it might keep the member for Tiverton in power another year. The First Minister was therefore thrown back upon himself, and found, without difficulty, his usual supply of defensive armour. Mr. Roebuck getting upon his legs to state that he should shortly move a resolution in favour of Reform, the noble lord unhesitatingly announced that the Cabinet had considered the question, and thought that a large and comprehensive measure could not well be prepared this session; but that if Parliament would wait, something might be done next year. On which Mr. Roebuck, with marvellous and most unusual credulity, at once withdrew his motion, coming down, as Mr. Slick says his birds always do, without waiting to be shot at, because they don't like to give unnecessary trouble. The same indefinite statement was made about Church-rates, the noble lord carefully avoiding both promise or pledge in the matter, but leaving those who do not know him with the impression that a 'carefully prepared' bill will be brought in in the course of the session. We think it just possible that one may be, as Palmerston says, 'brought in;' but with a Tory in power, it would be absolute lunacy to expect that it can be satisfactory to Dissenters. The very fact of its being delayed by 'careful preparation,' should be sufficient to warn those who are opposed to the continuance of this iniquity, that, at the best, the bill can be nothing but an elaborate compromise. The Cabinet have Sir William Clay's bill ready drawn, and that is the only measure which Dissenters ought to accept. We trust that the Liberation Society will, on this occasion, resolutely resist any attempt at compromise, and that it will actively and energetically use its resources against any measure, by whomsoever drawn or introduced, that will not provide for the entire, immediate, and unqualified abolition of this impost.

The only bills of any public interest or importance that at present lie open for discussion, are the Oaths Abolition, the Ministers' Money, the Divorce, and the Testamentary Jurisdiction Bills. The speech of the First Minister

on introducing the Jews' Bill was unquestionably an able performance. Calm, lucid, not too dry, like Lord John Russell's speeches, with historical details, nor too pointed to be offensive to tender consciences on the opposite side, but as clear in outline as it was liberal in sentiment, it carried the House, and left little room for reply. It had the rare merit of being a new speech on an old question, and the bill which it prefaced the rarer merit still of real adaptation and thorough completeness. *If* an oath must be taken at all, the one now proposed will be about the least objectionable that could be offered.

The Ministers' Money Bill also makes a clean sweep of the question that it touches; but the amount of revenue involved being almost *nil*, it was clear good policy to make a 'virtue of necessity.' But the thing was done with grace, and appears to have a fair prospect of success. It is noticeable that the High Church and Tory press denounce it, as it denounced Mr. Miall's motion, as nothing short of a revolutionary measure; but the liberal papers, that care little usually for any bill affecting ecclesiastical matters, have pronounced entirely in its favour. Thus, the 'Examiner' of the 23rd ult. says:—"'Surely the true lovers of the Protestant Church in Ireland ought to exult in the prospect of settling a question like this in any satisfactory manner. They ought to regard a reformer like Mr. Fagan as their best friend. The only danger to the Church is its unpopularity. Everything that diminishes the amount of national discontent with the institution must of necessity strengthen it. We, who think the Establishment itself objectionable in principle, might consistently oppose a measure tending to diminish its odium, and so far increase its stability; but not so its ardent friends and admirers, who might reasonably be expected to concur with alacrity in every proposal to make it less offensive to popular feeling. The majority of 139 are much better friends of the Church in Ireland than Messrs. Napier and Whiteside; and good service to it also was done by the majority on Thursday night that knocked Mr. Spooner's resolution in the head, after, providentially and almost miraculously, surviving a speech, which only two of his own supporters had the fortitude to endure.'

The Divorce Bill has been re-introduced by the Lord Chancellor, shorn of nearly all its objectionable features. If carried in its present form, it will be one of the measures most honourable to a government that could have been passed. It is a well-intentioned homage to public decency and justice; and though imperfect and inconsistent in some of its details, is better than could have been expected. We cannot pass from it without adding a word expressive of the high admiration which everyone must have felt in reading Lord Lyndhurst's speech on the night on which the bill passed a second reading in the House of Lords. Whether for the classical purity of its composition, for the noble sentiments to which the speaker gave utterance, or for the circumstance of its being the easy production of a statesman now past eighty years of age, it will rank as one of the greatest speeches of the Lords. There is, we suppose, only one man in that House, or, perhaps, out of it, who could have spoken such sentences as these:—'Laws,' said the noble and learned lord, 'if they are incorporated in the people, ought to be precise, defined, exact, and extended to all classes, embracing rich and poor alike—for all are equal in the eye of

the law—yet everyone knows that the present system is confined to the wealthy alone, that no person with a moderate fortune can have any chance of success in resorting to it, and, therefore, that so far as the largest class of the community is concerned, there is no law whatever on the subject. Upon these grounds I cannot see that it is possible to make any objection to the principle of the alterations proposed by my noble and learned friend. If it be right that marriage should be dissolved in the case of adultery, surely such dissolution should not take place by occasional measures, but through the intervention of a public tribunal, open to all—to the poor as well as to the rich.'

The Testamentary Jurisdiction Bill, which abolishes a great part of the jurisdiction of the Ecclesiastical Courts, and proposes to give that without which Government is scarcely worth the name or the acceptance—viz., entire security for property and cheap means of obtaining it, minus the present necessity of fattening of ghouls of an Established Church—is a tardy enough deference to the demands of public opinion. It has been so long waited for, as now to be received with that sullen indifference that always characterises a sickened expectation.

With that impudent assumption of irresponsibility which is sometimes characteristic of the Premier, the Princess's Dowry was, on the 21st, brought before a House, that went to its work as ignorant of what it had to do as a first-day apprentice. The only independent party out of the Cabinet who appears to have got an inkling of the nature of the proposition that was about to be submitted, was the London correspondent of the Edinburgh 'Scotsman,' who wrote on Wednesday morning what was to be the exact proposal. Mr. Roebuck, the opposition solo, having started on a false scent, and taken a lamentably indefinite position, was, although with difficulty, prevailed upon to withdraw, and the Royal young lady will accordingly go to her husband with an ostensibly ungrudged dowry, the contribution of a nation that, in a royal manner, thus testifies to her mother's worth and its own unfailing generosity.

There remains for the House, besides the untrodden stages of the bills we have mentioned, four resolutions—viz., Sir John Pakington's, on Education, which will probably be defeated; Mr. Berkeley's, on the Ballot, which, unfortunately, is likely to share the same fate; Mr. Locke King's, on the County Franchise, which will probably be carried; and Sir J. Trelawny's, on Church-rates, which *may* be carried if properly taken in hand. These, with the other matters, and the passing through 'Ways and Means,' are likely to occupy the remaining time of the House till the grouse-shooting days. If Lord Palmerston had the sagacity of a great statesman, and not merely the cleverness of a witty office-lover and diplomatist, these measures, with the greater that 'loom' in the distance of 1858, would afford him the opportunity coveted by hundreds, but that falls to the lot of few, of placing his name at the head of the British statesmen of the nineteenth century. No man that has lived for fifty years past, scarcely even excepting Sir Robert Peel, has had placed in his hands such various materials wherewith a statesman might renew the constitution of his country. He might be the most deservedly popular minister that this

country ever had, but we shall be wonderfully surprised if he be a minister at all in a twelvemonths' time.

Of the topics left to us we have remaining, first, the meeting of the Religious Liberation Society. The Council meeting was the first real Council meeting we have attended, and the only one, so far as our experience testifies, that has ever been worth attending. It was neither dreary nor lifeless, but characterised by fair and spirited discussion, and we should judge, by a highly favourable temper towards the association. We would suggest, still further to improve the character and *reality* of these meetings, that the Annual Report and balance-sheet of the society be sent to the members of the Council at least a week before the day of meeting. The result of such a course would probably be, in the first place, a larger attendance, and in the second, a more thorough discussion of the points raised in the Report. The public meeting of the society at St. Martin's Hall in the evening was, in point of numbers, a failure. The change of place very evidently affected the attendance. In other and more important respects—viz., the character of the meeting and of the speakers—it was one of the most gratifying demonstrations that we ever witnessed. Mr. Fox's speech was, perhaps, the finest oration that has ever been given on an Anti-state-church platform. We shall be glad to hear that the society has laid down a good programme for the current year. Mr. Miall spoke of preparing for the Parliamentary Committee on the Irish Church, but we had imagined that this was already done. If not, as it ought to have been done long ago, no time should be lost in undertaking the work.

June promises to be an exciting month. According to the 'Press' newspaper, the people will then begin to digest Mr. Disraeli's speech to the farmers of Newport Pagnell. The farmers themselves will not need to take it into their digestive organs, as Mr. Disraeli appealed solely to their imaginative powers. Only imagine the possibility of a predominant bucolic interest, and of a bucolic ministry!

Then there is the Royal Academy, at which people will look at Mr Millais' and Mr. Maclise's pictures, all that Mr. Ruskin can advise to the contrary notwithstanding. The domestic character of this year's exhibition—complained of by the 'Saturday Review' and other papers—is to us its greatest charm. The Academy was never so popular as when Gainsborough and Wilkie—the best painters of English domestic pictures—occupied the places of honour on its walls.

In June, too, England in the south is to flock to the Crystal Palace, to be present at the Handel festival; and England in the north, with cheap tickets to the Manchester galaxy of borrowed paintings. It is to be hoped that before the month has expired it will be distinguished by the settling of the Rochdale and other election petitions, and by the issue of a new national programme of Reform. But if the comet is to come on the 13th, what is the use of anticipating such things? 'Household Words' says that, on the Continent, thousands are refusing to work, in anticipation of the end of all things on that day. We wonder Dr. Cumming does not at once interpose his authoritative statement that the world will not end till 1860. Come when it may, oh! for the world's salvation before that day!

THE MONTHLY

CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR.

JULY, 1857.

John Paul Churchless; or, the Christian at large.

CHAPTER II.

We have, in a previous chapter, heard John Paul soliloquizing, and have thence discovered that he is somewhat ill at ease as one of the unattached. He declared himself 'tired of nursing his own individuality,' and circumstances which need not be reported, generating new experiences, made him more than ever yearn for true religious fellowship. He had never indeed been able wholly to banish the idea of a church, and now he absolutely longed for Christian brotherhood. It was 'a want of his inmost soul, that amounted to a hungering and thirsting after it,' and he persuaded himself that it was 'a true Christian instinct.' But what could he do? Whither turn? He believed that the obstacle to Christian union did not exist in himself. He had repeatedly examined himself, and his consciousness testified that what he insisted on retaining in himself and on finding in a church he was more than entitled to demand, he was bound to require.

In this mood he welcomed an old friend of the name of Broadly, who was entitled to press, as far as another may, into the inner sanctuary of thought and feeling, and to whom he had been repeating observations of the kind we have just noted. His friend, after listening for some time thoughtfully and kindly, asked him,

'What is it that you want?'

'I want,' he replied, 'a true Christian home, where, without being obliged to sacrifice either my own individuality, or judgment, or self-respect, or freedom and catholicity, I may be able to unite cordially with true fellow-Christians in work and worship, and where I can love and be loved.'

'But surely,' answered his friend, 'in Christian England you have no difficulty in finding such a home as you seek!'

'Have not I?' said Churchless; 'if you were to hear the tale of my experiences you would think differently.' And he ran rapidly over a few of the more prominent of them, in reporting which, however, we must take the liberty of considerably abridging his sketch, although we will allow him still to be the speaker.

'In my youth, as you are aware, I regularly attended the parish church, and, indeed, was on terms of acquaintance with the clergyman, who, among his associates, went by the name of "lying Smith," but they might just as well have used the word "swearing." That, however, was many years ago, and probably there is not in all England now a clergyman like him, but at that time I knew many of the same stamp. Indeed, though intimate with many of the cloth, and many of the collegians, I scarcely knew one serious, earnest-minded man among them. Too many belonged to the same class as Harry Timms, though they scarcely ventured the same lengths, for I have many a time heard him boast of hindering people from going into the church where he would have had to do duty, if there had been the requisite number, by jostling them in the porch, and saying, "No service this morning," and so off to a "spree." Several years after I happened to be in St. Mary's too that day that a bridal party came according to appointment, and Mr. Newman, finding the bride to be a daughter of Baptist parents, and unbaptized, refused to perform the ceremony, and sent the young couple away unmarried. And, in fact, I was personally aware of hundreds of funny freaks on the part of individual clergymen long before I read my New Testament seriously, and more weighty considerations rendered it impossible for me to belong to the Church as by law established. Ah! I knew Oxford well, and to say that of five and thirty years ago is saying something full of significance, for if there were a hell on earth I think you might have found it in the "nursery of the Church." No wonder that, with my initiation, when I took to seriously inquiring after the will of the Lord, I soon found insurmountable obstacles in the way of submitting to the Church of England.

'Well, I subsequently resided at Hopton, a large county town, and there I found the deadest of all dead formalism in the parish church; and among the Independents a formalism of a different kind, a sort of dead-alive formalism, which was not by any means attractive. The only place of worship I could attend with any pleasure was the Baptist, the minister of which was for that day a very respectable preacher; but many of the people were narrow-minded, and sour-spirited, and as full of conceit as an egg is of meat, although they had been, to some extent, purged by two or three "splits" that had taken place, and which, of course, originated as many new "causes." However, I applied for membership, and here began my unrest. Ecclesiastically, I was a nondescript, for I had never been baptized in any way. The minister was willing to accept me, but his church, by a formal vote, refused to admit me unless I would be dipped. It was in vain I alleged my perfect willingness to be immersed if I deemed it to be the will of the Master; but no, they were inexorable, and so

I remained an outsider, not for any doctrinal heresy, not for any inconsistency as a Christian, not because I would not obey Christ, but solely because I did not see with their eyes as to this mere outward ceremony! An Independent minister baptized me, however, and although I was "allowed to sit down" at the Lord's table with the Baptists, I was doomed by them to continue unattached.

'I went next to reside at Dullton, a large and fashionable watering-place, and as the best preacher there, according to general repute, was found at the Countess of H.'s chapel, I went thither, and on the whole was satisfied with my Sunday fare. I was admitted as a communicant, and soon gained, as I thought, the esteem of my fellow-Christians. But having one day in private conversation with some of the members hinted some doubts as to whether the all-wise and merciful Creator would prolong the existence of the wicked to all eternity merely for the sake of tormenting them, my remarks were carried to the minister, and by him laid before "the managers;" and so a deputation waited on me, and required that I should retract these opinions, or, at least, engage to keep perfect silence on such "a dangerous subject." This attempt to gag a Christian man, and stifle freedom of inquiry, I felt bound respectfully to resist; whereupon I was requested to discontinue my attendance at *their* Lord's table, which I did accordingly, and found myself herewith shunned and slighted, and sometimes insulted. If I had been a ticket-of-leave man, or had an F. branded on my forehead, I could not have been a more marked and avoided man. The whisperings and rudenesses at length grew so intolerable to a man of any sense of what was due, if only to courtesy, that I determined to strike my tent. So having occasionally heard Summer Milton preach, and having, moreover, personal friends in the large town where he ranked deservedly high among the Independents, I thought I would cast in my lot there. But I had reckoned without my host. Though I had been sprinkled, yet it was as an adult, and I did not see any Scripture warrant for baptizing infants. "How could I therefore be admitted into an Independent church?" "And had I remained in communion with the Countess of H.'s people till my departure?" No. "Why not?" "Did I deny the eternity of hell?" No, by no means; I merely found difficulty in holding any very definite opinion whatever. "What did I think? What did I incline to?" I said it was not a question of inclination at all; if I could make out the deliverance of Scripture on that, or any other subject, I would hold hard by it, whatever it was. Summer "did not wish his church disturbed on any such matters; would I agree not to moot the question?" I could not bind myself never to speak on any subject whatever. Thereat the *magister* grew himself in one of his not genial moods, and, with many *ex cathedrâ* warnings and semi-denunciations, I was bowed out from the sanctum.

'I gave up the thought of union with any church, and determined to hear a good preacher anywhere, and do what good I could wherever my lot might be cast. So I settled at Markston for a few years. The minister was a thorough thinker, and, though with many super-

ficial faults, every inch a man. It was a treat to hear him preach. The people were for the most part simple and kind, and I was "allowed to commune," and to assist in the school, &c. Then came storm the first. One of the deacons was a farmer, a hard man in his conduct to the poor, harsh towards his labourers, and very soon made angry. He took offence at some plain speaking on the part of the minister, and in revenge allowed himself to be remiss in collecting the subscriptions, so that the minister had to wait for his quarter's salary, and then to get it by dribblets, and to put up with annoyances more than any man that was a man could or ought to bear. But as the minister was too thorough a thinker to be popular, and too free to be likely to obtain another post, he tried to summon up as much endurance as possible. Then came storm the second. The wife of the second deacon combined with the farmer to oust the pastor. She governed her husband, and he was the only wealthy man in the church, and as he was under petticoat government, he did as he was instructed, and began to deplore "the low state of the cause," "the want of spirituality in the minister," "the desirableness of a more decidedly evangelical tone," till at last all was confusion, and the church ready for a row. The minister calmly exposed all the nefarious proceedings, and then, in righteous indignation, abandoned his connexion with them. The people chose the poorest tool they could find as his successor, and I was once more at large.

'It would be tedious to inflict all my ecclesiastical experiences on you; take these as a sample, and be assured I could fill an octavo volume with the like. Yet, after all, I pine for a Christian home. I dislike my state of isolation, and am reconciled to it only because it is nevertheless better than any other position I have yet seen open to me.'

'Well,' said Broadly, 'you have been unfortunate indeed. I, too, have witnessed many things that have grieved me, but still, on the whole, I have been as well situate in respect to Christian fellowship as any man who himself is far from perfect has a right to expect. I have been connected with three churches, and I certainly think they were all true churches of Christ, and that an apostle might have regarded them as lovingly as Paul did the Philippians of old.'

'Then you have been peculiarly fortunate.'

'I would fain hope not. I trust there are many thousands of Christians in England who could say the same.'

'Surely, then, good easy souls, that troubled by no ideal took things as they found them, and were possessed by no ambition to leave them better.'

'Nay, not so; I speak of truly-pious men and women, who, finding enough to do in their own immediate circle, were content worthily to fill a small, perhaps a very small sphere, and would rather do the little good within their reach, however humble, than cherish larger schemes, that were nevertheless impracticable.'

Why did Churchless sigh so deeply as his friend was speaking? He did not explain, and his guest continued: 'For several years I was

a member of the church at C——n Chapel. The minister looked like a man—you know him—spoke like a man, thought like a man, and in the course of years gathered a noble church about him. To be sure, there was plenty of population, and of the kind that can be won to a free Christian church, which ours was, though connected with the Congregational body. The deacons were Christian men, kind, generous, devout and humble, in the true sense of that much abused word. Our public services were eminently satisfactory, and all who were ever connected with C——n Chapel retain, I am sure, a deep sense of affectionate regard for the peaceful, happy, working church, and noble minister. When circumstances led me to remove I was still fortunate, although settling in a country town, where everybody knows everybody, and the congregation was small, there were some disadvantages that were new to me. Still, our services were very Christianly pleasant and profitable, and the church was consistent and happy. Only I found myself blocked out from most of those species of outward Christian effort to which I had been trained, owing to the intense arrogance of the Church clergy; who, in spite of their rather protruded evangelicalism and constant talk about Christian love, resented every kind of endeavour to do good among the poor and ignorant and vicious that was not made by Churchmen, or Church-*women* I ought to say, under the control of themselves. They warned the poor against admitting us into their houses, threatened them with loss of relief from their funds, and by all sorts of despicable tricks succeeded in shutting us up pretty much to the enjoyment of our own worship, and the quiet living on Christian principles in our own private spheres. So we could not increase much in numbers, and not being able to do what we would, did what we could. There I think I grew more in Christian knowledge than I had done before, and gained both broader views and deeper insight into the true spiritual life.'

'And now?'

'Well, now my third home is unlike both the former in some respects.'

'How then?'

'When I went to live at Bullford I found myself greatly at a loss, for, having tried all the places there, I could not find one where I could derive any satisfaction. In the parish churches there was either starched Puseyism, with its precise rules, and its cut and dried flowers, &c., or else a most shallow and babyish evangelicalism, not fit for Christians of a month's genuine experience in the things of the Spirit, with such solemn juvenile curates, full of such pretension, that I often wondered how any grown-up man could humiliate himself to regard such small manufactures as his "spiritual pastors and masters." There were two Independent causes. The minister of one was cold, cautious, and grotesque in the expression of his face and the tone of his voice; good, however, though with more of the negative than positive in his goodness. Religion with him was very

much a thing of arithmetic, a sum in the Rule of Three. It was safe to be religious. It was the best policy. He now and then uttered a quaint thing, but there was no life in his words; no life in his manner; no life in his greeting; no life in his sympathy; no life in anything that was his. Yet he was an undoubted Christian, almost blameless and harmless, only too much made up of conscience and calculation. The other Independent was an altogether wooden man, inferior in all respects to the first, having less conscience without more heart. His gown and bands were all important. You fancied he was born in them, and that when he died he must be buried in them, and that in the resurrection he would still appear with those imposing sleeves, and that distinguished neckcloth. Certainly, at the last day he must stand as a "professional," having to do with sinners, but not of them. His pronunciation was pulpit, only with an affectation of accuracy and refinement which betrayed a comparatively late acquaintance with the sense of propriety in utterance. He could mince out the most arrant absurdity, and deem it fine. He meant to be striking, and was only ridiculous. Unfortunately, too, his name provoked a smile. I could not accept his teachings, though they tried to secure the new comer, and offered him a pew of honour.

'There were three Baptist places. The chief was occupied by a tall, red-faced man, not bad looking, except when preaching, and then he enunciated such crude, harsh, Calvinistic envangelicalism, and abounded so much in bitter and malignant denunciations against all who departed but a hair's breadth from his notions of truth, and his voice so thoroughly conveyed the intensity of his own wrath, that one came away from hearing him worse rather than better. The second was a short, heavy, puddingy man, made of dough, or, as some who knew the trade which he had unwisely abandoned would say, of tallow. Poor fellow, I greatly pitied him; but do not know one single thing on earth he was fit for. Yet he used to "elaborate" his sermons, he said, with great care and pains-taking, and it was long before I could comprehend his meaning in this very favourite term of his; but at last I learned all about it. He had contrived, though I cannot guess how, to manufacture three or four passable sermons, which, as he was a capital *memoriter* man, he delivered with some effect in all his probationary visits. These, with a Concordance, a Theological Dictionary, and Assembly's Catechism, constituted his stock in trade, adding of course his Bible, with which he was very familiar, being a good Christian man; indeed, never having had impulse enough from within of any kind to have had much even of sin in him, except what "he had derived from Adam," which, in fact, was quite enough too on his showing, for he stuck to the catechism as a limpet does to the rock. Well, this "elaboration" consisted in laboriously altering the *words* and the order of the sentences of his old sermons, freshening them up with new quotations from Scripture, and so forth. I used to try hard to persuade him to go back to the tallow tub, but, poor fellow, having once been "a minister" he would not bring himself to

anything so *infra dig.* The third was too far behind even the second to be accepted for an instant as one's spiritual helper.

'What could I do? I tried the Wesleyan chapel. They had two "preachers" stationed there. One was "all fervour," "all love," his friends said; but why his fervour should be all pulpit fervour, and why it should make him scream at such a high pitch of his voice, I could not understand; though I soon discovered that his "love" meant love for Methodists, at least for such as never hinted any doubt of the infallibility of Conference. Towards the Baptists he was bitterness itself, and, indeed, had no tolerance for any who exhibited any freedom of thought or manliness of spirit. He was small in all things, except in his belief in Wesleyanism, and one was sometimes tempted to think he unconsciously blended the founder of his body with the Founder of Christianity. The second "preacher" was an Irishman, the most rattle-brained, empty-headed fellow that ever made a pulpit a mountebank's box. The people praised his "zeal," but I think that men with any insight into character would have been strongly tempted to apply a horsewhip to his shoulders for his pranks at the revival prayer-meetings.

'So what was I to do? I gradually found that in so populous a town, or city rather, perhaps, there were several men like myself; fathers anxious that their families should be habituated to the public worship of God, but without exposure to any of the undesirable influences of the kind that constituted the very atmosphere of the several churches and chapels of the place; young men of correct life, but with more or less keenness of intellectual perception, if not appetite, but resolute to maintain their freedom from all "cant," "sectarianism," "rant," and "humbug;" intelligent mechanics, who went no where on Sundays, because they despised, not religion, but the exhibitions of religion all around them; and not a few earnest Christians, who had elsewhere been accustomed to happier ministrations. With some of this latter class more especially I took counsel, and,—

'Ah! I see,' said Churchless, 'soon formed yourselves into a provisional committee, &c., &c., and ended by building another chapel, which at first took immensely, drew full houses, till, by and bye, some of you who had been most active and most liberal in raising the "new cause," found yourselves either excluded from the place you had built, or obliged to retire.'

'Wrong, old friend; quite wrong,' replied Broadly. 'So guess again.'

'No, if there was any miracle in the case,' said Churchless, 'it is useless my attempting to guess. I can only go by what I have seen. But, pray, proceed. Yours was an exceptional case; and I shall be delighted to hear of the strange experiment, and its still stranger result.'

'My dear fellow,' rejoined Broadly, 'I am afraid you are given to generalizing rather too hastily. However, I shall be happy to give

you the particulars of an experiment, which hitherto has afforded us much pure satisfaction, and I think I might say excited our lively gratitude.'

'Did you not build a chapel then, "admirable site," "elegant structure," and all that sort of thing, you know? What in the world could you do to promote Christianity unless you adopted the "early Gothic?" Architecture's the thing, sir; depend upon it, if we nineteenth-century souls are to be redeemed at all, it must be by æsthetics.'

Churchless said this with a wee dash of bitterness, but Broadly, who understood his friend, only smiled at the remark, and presently continued:—

'Some half-dozen heads of families, intelligent and cultivated, associated for mutual edification. We were very anxious not in any way to disturb the comfort of any who were satisfied with their denominationalism, and the fare they got under their respective teachers; for we fully recognised that what is good, and necessary, and even best, for one man, or for him in some stage of his development, may not be best for another. Rice is good for the Hindoo; the Esquimaux thrives upon blubber; and the Cossack smacks his lips at the sight of train-oil; while a few water-cresses would at any time have satisfied Socrates; and none of them would at once recognise the excellence of "the roast beef of Old England." And who knows but that, perhaps, as instinct guides the crow to carrion, and flies to the offence in the road, and bees to flowers, some inward sense of want impels one man to this kind of spiritual food, and another man to that? Why call off the babe from its milk, even though but goat's milk, or the sick girl from her ass's milk, to set before them the food of robust men? Besides, what suited ourselves perfectly in the first stages of our religious life would not be of any use to us now, and we should then have starved on what to-day is invaluable. I have no notion of laying down a precise spiritual dietary, one and the same, for all classes. In a far higher walk than Goethe contemplated, the law of elective affinities must have scope and play. It was enough, therefore, for us, if we could promote our own well-being in our own way, and we were well pleased that others should do the same.'

'But I guess you did not find them quite so tolerant.'

'What matter? We did not need their warrant, and we took especial pains not to come across them, or to seem to assume any air of superiority, for we one and all hated the "We-are-the-people" spirit. In fact, we did all we could to conciliate them, and they soon discovered that we had neither opened any rival "shop," nor gathered ourselves together into any Cave of Adullam. Well, by-and-bye, we found that if we were only willing to rate the right sort of spiritual teaching high enough, and show that we did, we might, possibly, make a most happy arrangement. You know Mr. Eyebright by repute. One of our friends proposed that we should ask him to come and live in our midst, and be our spiritual teacher, and helper, and

friend. We were aware of how much his refined spirit, though a strong and heroic one, had suffered from the coarse people about him, and that he had never had a congenial sphere of action, his very excellences being misconstrued into their opposites, while he had silently endured for years more of torture than many a justly-admired martyr of old. We were well assured that what we might gain from him never could be repaid to him in guineas, and were only too willing to curtail, if necessary, some of our personal and domestic expenses in order to make his mind free from all pecuniary anxiety, if he would but come. We only asked him to come and live amongst us as our friend, and he should adopt his own plans, should preach, or talk, or refrain, as he deemed best. For we thought of how Socrates had lived in Athens, and how a greater than Socrates had lived in Judea. Without detailing particulars to you, he came. We fixed him in a charming cottage a little way in the country, which we had bought, and furnished, as we hoped, to his taste, and the title-deeds of which were in a desk in his study; we also placed—I need not specify what sum—to his account in the bank, and'—

'Upon my word this is something new with a vengeance,' said Churchless, and asked what the result was.

'Admirable, everyway,' his friend replied. 'We and our families and many more shall bless God as long as we live—aye, and in heaven too—for the manifold help we have received from that best of all friends.'

'I am curious to know,' said Churchless, 'how he proceeded, for truly I never heard of just such an experiment as this.'

'Well, you must know the man to understand the secret of his usefulness, and should know some, at least, of his fundamental principles in order to be able fully to sympathize with his course, perhaps.'

'Come, then, make me as well acquainted with him as friendly description can.'

'Ah! a mere portraiture of such a man, and by so poor a painter as myself too, can be worth but little. Do you know him at all personally?'

'I have seen him a few times,' replied Churchless.

'I need not describe the outward man then; you surely bear in mind the grand forehead and that wonderful eye of his. But do you know his voice?'

'Scarcely. I think not.'

'And I am sure you don't, by your reply. Always musical, it is at times magnificent. I have heard competent judges say that, had he chosen to employ it in the service of the histrionic muse, he would have produced an effect which would have thrown even the greatest names into the shade. It is singular, but every man who knows him, whatever his own profession may be, thinks Eyebright would have won a first place in it had he adopted it. Physicians say he should have taken to medicine; while, far more significant, R. says he should have devoted himself to art.'

'He does not absolutely hold aloof from political action, does he?'

'Of course not, and some of his admirers have thought him better fitted for Parliamentary life than most of those who find their way to St. Stephen's.'

'Is he not too refined, too ethereal, somewhat too sentimental, or, I should say, too spiritual, perhaps, for that?'

'Not a bit of it. The refinement you mention is the refinement of a strong, broad mind, with as much intellectual as moral keenness, and a large heart, fit to be the temple of a mighty will and boundless power of love. But you are smiling, I see.'

'Pardon me; not displeasingly, I trust. I do not in the least doubt the accuracy of your painting, but I was just beginning to fancy your enthusiasm was leading you into a certain sort of bookish style of expression; that was all. But how is it that Eyebright has never made for himself any important position, then?'

'Many things account for it. Having from his early manhood adopted the vocation of the teacher as that he was inwardly called to, and being on principle unable to put himself into the power of the bishops to license or not, as their various preferences or prejudices might dictate, the Nonconformists, as a matter of course, were the people he turned to. But being as indisposed to bow down to any of their little idols as to any of the greater idols of "the Church" or the world, and not being very ready to shout, "Great is Diana of the Congregationalists!" or to chaunt the high praises of Brook-street or Dandelion-street; or to deem this "mission," and that "mission," and the other "mission," all-essential to the stability of the universe; or to regard Mr. Secretary Wiley, or the redoubtable Doctor Egomet, or American diplomas in general, with any very profound respect; and being, moreover, as intensely honest in his thinking as he was thorough, and then as frank and outspoken as he was earnest, why, it was a matter of course that he was "a crotchety man"—"not a safe man"—"a man too given to be speculative"—"a self-willed man"—"not sound in the faith"—"rationalistic"—"does not run in harness"—"no acting with him"—"conceited"—"no knowing how far he may go"—"a dangerous man"—"best left to himself"—&c., &c., &c.'

'Well?'

'Well, he was of course left to find "a sphere" for himself as he could. Who would recommend him to any church whose subscriptions were every week or two wanted by all these excellent societies, and these still more excellent secretaries, whose name is Legion? So he had a long struggle with countless artificial and conventional obstructions, shut up to work with the most untoward materials, not appreciated by any of those for whom his brain and heart were ever toiling, and who were ever and anon casting longing looks towards very different food from that he gave them, till at last, wearied out, and feeling that life was wearing away unsatisfactorily, he resigned his connexion with the church at Dummerton, to the great joy of all who were not thoroughly in earnest to have their life something what it might be, and to the still greater grief of the few who, though they

did not appreciate him, felt his spiritual power valuable. All the non-thoroughness of all kinds, intellectual and moral, and all the non-consistency, and all the slumbrousness, and apathy, and worldliness, of the place, met in congratulation, and would fain have rung the church bells at his departure, only the clergy, who hated him most of all, were too proud to let their joy appear.'

'Upon my word,' said Churchless, 'your portrait has a very effective background; and you almost make me fear the hero must have some striking faults, or very unfortunate weaknesses, or at least some strange and undesirable peculiarities. He seems by your account to be hated as much as he is loved.'

'Quite true. But the dislike he aroused was as honourable to him as the love he won from those more earnest souls who knew him best. His course, his mere presence, was a standing rebuke to all wrong. Will not every man of any force excite hatred, or at least dislike, and fear, which you know produces hate, where affinity does not call out love?'

'Well, he came to you as your minister,' said Churchless.

'As our minister, no. That is, not in the ordinary sense. He came as our friend. We were not a church, not even a congregation. We were only a few families that yearned above all things for—for—a teacher and guide able to elevate and quicken us.'

'Ah, I understand, a quickening spirit,' interposed Churchless.

'You are right. That is the very term to apply. It precisely indicates him. As a Christian is like the man Christ Jesus, the true teacher is like the Teacher sent from God; in a deep sense, though not in all the senses in which it holds good of the Master, a life-giving spirit. I really think his relation to us might be described, at all events the result is such, in the phraseology of the apostle to the Galatians—"he that ministereth the Spirit among you."'

An Address delivered to Students for the Ministry.

PREACHING.

I HAVE undertaken to speak some few words to my brethren, who are now studying here with the purpose of entering some day on the stated ministry of the gospel; and as I have been left free to choose the subject on which I am to speak, I very gladly embrace this opportunity of saying something to you on the great subject of *preaching*.

We are tempted to this topic especially by some facts and circumstances peculiar to the day in which we live. Justly, or unjustly, there is a great cry that the pulpit is inefficient—that the press is assuming the functions of the priest—that preachers do not preach. The 'Times' newspaper, true to its talent for catching, as if by instinct

or inspiration, the meaning of the popular sentiment, takes up the cry, and peals it out as if with the blast of a trumpet—that the Church of England has no great preacher; that Dissent has but one; and asks the reason why there are no great lights in the pulpit at the present time.

Here is a phenomenon amongst us of the pitiful sort. A man of undoubted religious faith, endowed with superior intellectual powers, who has studied Latin and Greek, mathematics and logic, moral philosophy and theology, and is well up in the general literature of the day, who has been trained in one of our colleges for the ministry, who is the minister in the midst of a busy mercantile and commercial people, has a chapel that will hold eight or nine hundred people, but he cannot half fill his pews. His preaching is not attractive to the bulk of people even in the middle classes; he can interest a few of the more educated; perhaps those few praise him as an intellectual preacher; and he, charmed by the compliment, continues to preach in the one same invariable strain, though few be added to his church or congregation; and they, while they flatter him, half starve him as to the means of living. We ought to inquire into this.

What, then, is the great want of the pulpit? We have had many answers to this question, but none of them true, because they were partial, and did not embrace the whole truth. Some have said we wanted *a more intellectual ministry*. They have said that we have failed because we have dealt in such dreadful common places, and have adhered too closely to the old-fashioned technical terms of theology. If we could only bring more genius into the pulpit—more freshness, and originality, and striking conception—we should restore the pulpit to her ancient sovereignty over the people. Others have said *that the gospel is not sufficiently preached;* that the great want is a more simple, direct, and constant repetition of the great leading truths of the gospel—as the fall and depravity of man, the atonement of Christ, justification by faith, the work of the Holy Spirit in the regeneration and sanctification of man. Another cry has been for *earnestness* as the remedy for reviving the power of the pulpit. And we have been so deluged, as a consequence, with earnest men, earnest books, and earnest preachers, that we have been pretty well sickened of that cant.

Now, how far does any or all of these remedies meet the felt evils of the pulpit? Do we decline or stand still because there is not a greater amount of intellectual preaching? I, for one, believe there is sufficient intellect in the pulpit of the present day to work a thousand-fold greater spiritual wonders if it were more skilfully and religiously applied to the great end of preaching. We have not too much genius or intellectual power in the pulpit; but what there is, is often used to puzzle, instead of to enlighten, the congregation—to lead them through the mazes of a theological speculation—instead of emancipating the understanding and the heart from the great common errors and sins. When the intellect is divorced from the heart, shining with clear, cold light, but not burning with heated practical argument; when it achieves a cold, philosophical essay, and fails to convince men of sin,

of righteousness, and of judgment; then it has become plain that we want something greater, more powerful, than intellectual preaching to win back man's heart to God.

Do we want more of the gospel preached? I believe the substance of the gospel to be preached now as much as it ever has been. But there is a method of preaching the gospel which conceals Christ more than it exhibits and proclaims him. If the preacher thinks he has made an evangelical sermon by copiously sprinkling the *name* of Christ over his discourse, he may have been uttering only empty compliments to Christ and his work, and not opening to the visions of the soul the unsearchable riches of Christ. A garment may be richly spangled and embroidered with gold, but the texture of the garment may be paltry and contemptible; and so a sermon may be artificially patched all through with the words, 'Christ,' and 'atonement,' and 'justification;' and yet the substance and texture may have little or nothing to lead a man to the true knowledge of Christ and his great work. And yet, when men cry for more of the simple gospel—for more of the preaching of Christ—this is too often what they mean. *That* will not restore the pulpit to greater efficiency.

Earnestness, too, has been demanded—greater earnestness as the great thing wanted. No one can doubt that for the preacher of the cross to be in earnest is as indispensable as skill in navigation to a pilot, as honesty is to a judge; and as natural as that a poet should have imagination and a lawyer acuteness. But to set up earnestness apart from the other qualifications of the preacher, and to suppose that that is a guarantee of success and efficiency, is the same as to tell the shipwright to give a vessel plenty of sail, and not to tell him how to build the hull. And we may send an army into the field, the bravest that ever faced foe, full of ancient valour and enthusiasm; but if we send them badly armed or imperfectly *drilled* for the fray, all their earnestness may fail to get them the victory.

Without pretending to enumerate all the elements that enter into the character of an effective preacher, let us attempt to state some things indispensable to your success in the ministry; without which it were better that you were not in the ministry at all.

Of course, we presuppose a deep and strong personal faith in the gospel. No man can ever preach Christianity who does not believe in it—who has not wrestled with indifference and doubt, and thrown them. Such a great faith in the sublime facts and truths of Christianity will include knowledge, insight, and feeling. He who believes the gospel he preaches will say, 'I believe Christianity because I *know* it; for my faith is not made up of *opinions* about Christ and his doctrine, but of sure knowledge and imperishable convictions. I know in whom I have believed.' Personal experience is the basis of his knowledge. And then he will have *insight* into the great things of the gospel as another element of his faith. That is, his inward eye will *see* what his understanding has embraced. He has been up to the mount with Christ, and has seen him and his work transfigured by lights and voices from heaven. He sees Christ; he sees heaven; he

sees hell; and he sees with strong intense perception all the realities of the spiritual world, as a panorama crowded with scenes of tragedy and glory. Faith is the realization of things not seen with the outward eye; the proof of things hoped for. But faith is not only knowing and seeing, but *feeling* the things revealed to us. There is no living, lasting, operative faith that has not worked itself into our affections and passions, making our hearts beat faster with divine joys, and heaving our bosoms with greater sorrows. The whole value of our belief in the gospel is in proportion to the force with which it rouses up in the heart the great passion of love to God and love to human souls.

I. *You must understand your work.*

That is, you must have a strong, definite conception what your special business is as preachers of the gospel. You are God's fellow-labourers, God's instruments in doing the greatest work that is done on earth or in heaven; and you must get a clear idea of what that work is, and then grasp it with all the might of your soul.

No man can successfully accomplish any great work till he has obtained a fixed conception of what he has to do, and then comparing what he does with his idea, he can tell whether he has failed or succeeded. The architect designs a temple or a house; but the idea of that design is first in his own mind conceived in all its completeness, and is then transferred to paper; and the work of building then goes forward in accordance with the plan. The tragic or epic poet embodies his idea in a poem—in a 'Hamlet' or in 'Paradise Lost.' The painter puts his idea on canvas and in colours; according to his genius and skill does he succeed in faithfully embodying the picture first conceived in his own imagination.

My brethren, you have a work to do greater than the planning and building of a gorgeous cathedral or stately temple; sublimer than the writing of an epic poem; grander than the painting of a picture that should rival a Rubens or a Michael Angelo. You have to engrave the image of God on a human soul. Nothing less than this—the forming a Christ in the soul; the writing of that great poem, 'Paradise Regained,' not in a book, but in the heart of man. Christ in you the hope of glory was the apostle's idea of what he had to accomplish. 'My little children,' he says, addressing the Galatians, 'of whom I travail in birth again till Christ be formed in you.'

Now, if this be your aim in preaching, you will feel that the very highest efforts of the intellect must be put forth in so difficult a task; and, therefore, your preaching will be in the best sense intellectual. If this be your high aim, you will preach the gospel too; for, how absurd of a man who was aiming to teach astronomy to be always discoursing upon the doctrines of geology; but not more absurd than for a man whose aim is to make Christians, not to make Christ the imperial theme of his discourse. He must preach Christ's whole work, and Christ's whole character, if he is to achieve success. And you will be in earnest; for you will often exclaim, when borne down with the difficulty and importance of the work, 'Who is sufficient for

these things?' And your earnestness will be real and inspired; not loud, perhaps, but deep; uttering itself in words that flash from a mind charged with true electric power.

II. *Good preaching can be attained only by hard work.*

I do not mean by good preaching elaborate sermons, but preaching adapted to the grand result I have been stating. This is a sublime art, that can be reached only by skill, and that skill the result of severe application.

The preacher is to be a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, and we continually pray the Lord of the harvest that he would send *labourers*, not idlers, into his harvest. But the labourers are few; the real workers in the pulpit are to be found only here and there.

The earnest ground on which we demand more arduous work in the pulpit is a selfish one. Just as in business and commerce, so in the pulpit, this is an age of competition. There is a demand for the best man—best in high-principled and devout character—best in natural endowment, and best in working ability. And there is an increasing number of men in the churches who are striving to meet this demand. Mere idle geniuses—men who depend on inspiration and talent to enable them to preach—are left behind in the race by others of far inferior talents, but who believe in hard work. If you think you excel in some gift—in some preaching talent—you have to go but a little distance to find those who surpass you in those endowments of which you are the proudest. So that, if you look upon the ministry in the lowest point of view—merely as a profession for getting your living—you have this alternative before you, either work and success, or idleness and failure.

But I hasten from this view, as deserving only a passing mention, to that higher and more constraining view which the spiritual nature of the work presents. And here recollect again what you are to do—not only to aim at, but to accomplish. You have to lead men to heaven—to break the spell of sensual fascinations—to drive demons out of human hearts; and you will feel, like good and great Arnold of Rugby, that 'the work is more and more and more engrossing; that it has all the interest of a great game of chess, with living creatures for pawns and pieces, and your adversary, in plain English, the devil.' When Chalmers was roused from preaching morality to preaching the gospel, he did it with such torrent-like energy, that men who thought that respectable propriety was enough, exclaimed, 'Chalmers is mad.' But the world had said that before of another great worker in the same cause. And if it be true what Foster said of each individual Christian, much more true is it of each individual preacher of the gospel, that 'all that pass from this world must present themselves as from battle, or be denied to mingle in the eternal joys and triumphs of the conquerors.' And in order to conquest in this battle, there must be drill and enthusiasm, work and inspiration.

There is one other thing in favour of work that I will just mention. People must never feel that you have exhausted your mental resources; or farewell to your influence and success. There

are preachers, like certain musical instruments, which can play only a certain number of tunes, and the hearers can anticipate the whole of each tune as soon as they hear the first notes struck. If they know what the sermon is going to be directly they hear the text, if they have learnt your pulpit prayers by heart, if they find you from week to week ringing the changes upon certain favourite expressions and phrases, they will soon cease to admire you, then to tolerate, and then to pity you. There ought to be very few, if any, in the congregation that can sound the depths of your mind, and say that they have got to the bottom of it, and have seen all that is there. But they must rather feel that that sea of truth into which you plunge has an infinite store of pearls, and that you are a successful diver after the richest of them from week to week. You will draw men thus to sit at your feet as converts and disciples, and you will display to them a gospel full of things new and old. What awakens our reverence and wonder when we gaze at the starry firmament? What fills the soul almost with worship when we look upon the ocean? The firmament is limitless; and the horizon does not bound the sea.

III. *The Bible is to be the preacher's great book.*

It is a revelation of as much of God's mind as can be received by man's mind; and your business will be to get it not transcribed upon the understanding and memory, but inwrought with the substance of your whole being; till, by successive appropriations, it shall have all passed into your soul as a kind of personal property and possession. You will then be able to preach the great mystery of God manifest in the flesh.

Pre-eminently, the Bible is the book that must be studied. The great multitude of books are not worth even one reading; some few religious books are worth reading once or twice; but you feel that many of them can soon be exhausted of all their teaching; that they are not altars on which celestial fires are burning, but mirrors faintly reflecting the truth; or too often, what is worse, they map off some little corner of the great continent of God's truth, and tell you there is nothing greater, and nothing beyond what they have shown you. We can read these books anywhere—in the street, in company, or in the midst of business—and feel that no great effort is needed to take in all they teach. But you cannot master the Bible in this fashion. You must take this book into your closet, lock the door, go down on your knees, and do what Jacob did with the angel, wrestle with it, and say, 'I will not let thee go unless thou bless me,'—and this habitually.

In urging this devout and importunate study of the Bible, I do not put it in opposition to the study of nature, or of human nature, but because a deeper knowledge of the Bible will make us greater preachers. A man who has not something of the poet in him cannot stir the passions and lead captive the imagination of the multitude; for human nature is full of poetry and passion. But the imaginative power can only be feasted upon the images of nature — upon the mountains, the seas, the stars, the clouds, the rain, the winds, and

the sunshine. And, therefore, we should more often shut up our books, and go out into the fields, and valleys, and mountains, to gaze at the revelations God has made of himself in nature. But the Bible is the most powerful auxiliary to this. In this book you see Nature unveiled in her sublimest attitudes, and in her most tender forms. The lilies of the field, since Christ spoke of them, have been to the Christian eye not only images of loveliness and beauty, but emblems of God's care and providence; and you will find that poets have studied the Bible for their sublimest and tenderest imagery.

But for the study of human nature you must go to the Bible for your deepest lessons. Man beholds his face there as in a glass. He is there exhibited as he is; a mysterious compound of the angel and the devil; capable, through Christ, of becoming greater than the angels; capable, through the devil, of sinking lower than the devils. And having got from the Bible the key whereby you can unlock all the secrets of his nature, you will be able, as preachers, to reveal those secrets to men who think their sins are unknown; and by tracing the workings of the human will and heart in all their aims and failures, in all their resolutions and sins, you will be able the more effectually to lead them to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world.

But, most of all, we want to be deeper students of the Bible, because it contains the bread and the wine of spiritual life for ourselves and for others; because it helps us to converse with Christ and heaven; because we need a daily baptism in the flood of truth and love; because we need to uplift our own motives from all base connexions; and because we want to rekindle our zeal day by day at the altar of the Divine love. It will make you bold and tender, impetuous and patient.

IV. *Cultivate your own talents: be yourselves.*

When we hear of a great preacher, we lose faith in ourselves, and begin to imitate him. We try to catch his manner of expression and his attitudes, and the tones of his voice, and vainly expect to achieve his success. But all imitations are doomed to fail; they can only catch a man's faults; his excellences are his own, and cannot be copied. There is reason to fear that Mr. Spurgeon will have a herd of imitators, who will caricature his faults without exhibiting a tithe of his real power. Like him, they will break through the pulpit proprieties; they will say many extravagant, coarse things; they will try, perhaps, to be jocular, and succeed—in shocking many good men; but they will lack his broad, strong, Saxon style—his great power of homely but striking illustration, his pathos, and his earnestness; and so we shall get the worst half of Mr. Spurgeon without his great redeeming qualities.

A man's power and success will be in proportion to his originality; and originality consists in looking at things with our own eyes, and from our own point of view. But this looking at things—seeing them as they truly are—is not common in the pulpit. And yet it does not imply genius, or any extraordinary intellectual endowments. But it

implies sincerity, fidelity, and mental application. It supposes that a man has heard God calling him into this work of the ministry, separating him from all common work, and commanding him to report to others at first hand of those things which he has tasted, and handled, and felt. He is not to deal out to others at second hand what he has heard others say of the gospel; but to tell them in his own way of those spiritual facts and truths he has realized and seen himself. Can you tell men what conversion is? Describe it from your own experience, and you will shoot words of lightning into many a poor sinner's soul. Have you ever gone fainting beneath your burden of sin up to the cross, and, like the pilgrim in John Bunyan, been disburdened there, and heard words of peace and assurance? Describe all this as you felt it, and you will be able to explain justification by faith better than by reading all the theological treatises in the world.

In this way only can you become great: not by trying to engraft upon your own faculties the talents of other men, but by diligently maturing the growth of those gifts which you enjoy from God. Let the oak grow into his own majestic proportions, and clothe himself in his own native dress, but let no man attempt to engraft roses and lilies upon his mighty trunk. And let the lark sing her own morning song up at heaven's gate, and we all listen with rapture; but let her attempt the midnight notes of the nightingale, and we should be pained and offended by the discord. What we want is courage to believe that we have great capability, and that we can do well if we perseveringly try. Because we are cowards and indolent, we make our work too often a hateful drudgery.

And oh! should we not try to do our utmost and our best? 'Let him know that he which converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins.'

C. S.

Jephson; or, Midnight and Dawn.

A TALE OF INNER LIFE.

CHAPTER XIV.—FRESH ACQUAINTANCE, AND STRANGE TALK.

A FEW days before Miss Walter would be leaving us for her new 'situation,' in a remote part of Ireland, we had planned to have a pleasant day to ourselves, with no additional guest but the major, who indeed was amongst us as a brother. Summer was waning into autumn, and the younger ones were eager for an excursion to the 'May Queen's Lawn'—a secluded, romantic glen, some five or six miles off. Ah! that lovely lawn among those softly swelling hills, and graceful hollows, scooped out by the mighty waters when they rounded off the chalk hills so gracefully, long, long ago, and when not

even the most prescient of on-looking angels could have dreamt of the merry scenes that should take place there in the far remote human age, of which then there was no sign even. Shall I ever forget the way through the old beech woods, and over the breezy sheep-walks, where the chalk hills were covered with such short fine grass, and slender harebells, and the fragrant thyme, with here and there bushes of juniper, till the tree was reached which was said to be the one alluded to in the song of 'The woodpecker tapping on the hollow beech-tree' (I hope I am not betraying myself too much by venturing so near to the old familiar scenes again); and then at last those thickets of box-trees. Oh! for the happy faces I have seen there, and the light-hearted voices, that gathered new music from all the glorious environment, which seemed to have the marks of God's hand fresh upon it, and not yet wiped out by man's meddling; and

'Oh, for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still.'

Jephson had often painted there; and, indeed, had painted a portion of the scene as a back-ground to a full-length picture of Mary—an exquisitely dainty picture, which, while it struck the fancy, spoke deep things and true to the heart—and was now as eager as the young ones to place the lady on the very spot. But, although none of the party was in Kirk White's mood of invocation—'Come, Disappointment, come!'—disappointment came, as so often she does, without waiting to be called. A succession of interruptions detained us till dinner-time, and then, as fate would have it, the servant came to say that 'a person' wanted to see me.

'"A person;" what sort of a person? Who is it.'

'A short gentleman, sir (rather hesitating about the appellation), shoes dusty, and has a small bag; just came a journey; gave his name Buggins, sir.'

'Buggins! Buggins! Oh! you mean Biggins, don't you?'

'May be, sir.'

'Show him into the study. I'll be with him in a minute. Biggins! Well, we could have dispensed with his company to-day; but there, as Payson said, the man that wants me is the man I want. And a bishop must be given to hospitality.'

'Who is the gentleman?' asked the major.

'Oh! you have seen him, and will recollect him again very well, I am sure; the Rev. Perky Biggins, of Ditchmoor.'

'Not that little, stubby, snub-nosed man, that you must needs let preach for you one Thursday evening in the Spring, who took his text out of Solomon's Song, and began his sermon with the assertion that all Christians regarded the Canticles as the fullest and completest history of the Church of Christ that had ever been given by the Holy Ghost?'

'The same. But if you had had the misfortune to hear the "annual sermon" preached in ——— chapel, London, by the popular Dr. Losefast, for the ——— Missionary Society, you would have heard the same assertion.'

'Hm! Well, never mind; he's a worthy little fellow in his way, I dare say,' rejoined the major, resignedly; 'and at all events a Christian brother, and not without a scantling of power of a certain kind, though it may be a pity he ever forsook his original calling to wear a black coat and white neckerchief. What was he previously?' But before I could reply, dinner was announced, and I had to hasten to the study to greet Mr. Biggins, whom I soon introduced to our friends. Notwithstanding, however, the graciousness of his recent remark, the major was rather stiff; Jephson was inclined to be reserved, and, as usual, very observant; and how to make the conversation at all general, I hardly knew, for a foreign element seemed interposed between the previous affinities. But Mr. Biggins, who was very happily free from any sense of awkwardness, speedily relieved one of all embarrassment on that score by taking the lead; for we had not long been seated before the worthy man said,

'I have come to consult you about one of my people, who has not sat down for these five months.'

'Indeed! Oh, well, we will talk matters over by and bye,' said I, and having quite sufficient reason for preferring the conversation not to run exactly in Mr. B.'s groove; but the remark had struck Jephson and Miss Walter and the major as a strange one, and the eyes of all manifested a desire for further information. So, presently, says the major, 'Not sat down for five months! Bless me, what a distressing thing. And why not, sir? What position does he keep all this time? What hinders him from sitting down? And why not consult a physician, instead of our friend here?' The major was all curiosity, and Biggins in his turn now stared at him with even greater surprise.

'No, sir,' he replied, 'he has not sat down for five months, I think it is; and yet his only daughter was through the water not half a year ago.'

The major opened his eyes still wider, and looked at me for a solution of the problem, which was thus still further complicated, while Jephson eyed Biggins as something of a study, and Miss Walter looked curiously amused. But before I could interpret, Mr. B. continued,

'And he a professor, too!'

'Professor of what? Professor who?' asked the major, hoping to get some light on this singular case.

'Ah! you may very well ask,' said Mr. B. 'That's it, you see. He's only a professor, I doubt.'

'Only a professor! and not sat down for five months? and notwithstanding his daughter has been through the water! I don't understand at all,' said the major, with a puzzled look; and then presently, 'What in the world is the matter with him? Why not get the poor fellow into an hospital?' a string of interrogatives at which Biggins was as much mystified as the major, and evidently wondered what sort of heathens he was in company with. So I had to explain to my guests that, as in most departments of life certain little peculiarities of expression obtained, the religious circles were somewhat apt to fall

into the habit, too;—that Mr. B. was alluding to some member of his church who had not partaken of the Lord's supper for some time, which he thought the more strange since his daughter had been baptized and united to the church so recently. The major was inwardly tickled, I could see, and presently could control himself no longer, but burst out into the heartiest, most uncontrollable, pleasant laugh imaginable, a laugh, as Carlyle says, of the whole man, while, at intervals, he exclaimed, the idea appearing to grow fuller and fuller of fun every instant, 'Not—sat—down—for—five—months!—hah—hah—hah!' It was irresistible; the table was in a roar. But the major's laugh was too perfectly good-humoured and joyous for even poor Biggins to feel hurt; and, indeed, he presently conceived he had said a clever thing, and joined in the chorus; for the major thanked him heartily for having caused such merriment, averring it was worth a day's pay to be pleasantly coaxed into such a genial refreshment, which would clear both brain and heart, and set them in working order for a month to come. And traces of the recent merriment lurked about the corners of the mouth and eyes, as he presently inquired, why the man had not communed, that is to say, 'sat down.'

'Why you see, sir,' said B., quite propitiated, 'he's a little touched.'

'A little touched?' replied the major, doubtfully, and put his fingers inquiringly to his forehead.

'No, not that; he's a little hyperish.'

'That's a new word to me, too,' said the major; 'I am afraid you find me very ignorant of religious phraseology, for the truth is, I have been knocking about all over India for the twenty best years of my life.'

'Well, then, he says, I am not sound,' rejoined Biggins.

'You not sound! Why, our regimental surgeon has passed many a less effective man, I'll warrant. Why, you seem as sound as a drum.'

'Oh! but he means I'm not sixteen ounces to the pound,' replied the other.

Here was another embranglement, amusing to see, for these phrases were as unintelligible to gentlemen not accustomed to the slang of certain sections of the religious world as if our friend had talked Sanscrit. Nor let poor Biggins be unduly blamed, for, though *his* peculiar phraseology may be confined to a certain class, yet how few of those circles which deem themselves 'the religious,' *par eminence*, are free from a style of expression as offensive to good taste as it is intolerable to robust manhood, and broader piety. And how much is it to be regretted that this offence chiefly characterises *soi disant* evangelicalism, and even quite peculiarly that portion of it which makes itself comfortable within the respectabilities of the Established Church. After dinner, Mr. Biggins begged to be excused for a few minutes, having a call to make, and promising to return as soon as possible. When he was gone, it was natural the conversation should turn on the recent dialogue. 'How is it,' asked the major, 'that among the Dissenters, and especially among two or three sections of

them in particular, there should be so many that are so evidently out of their place when they assume to be the teachers of religion, and the guides, or at least helpers of men's minds on the most important and oftentimes the most delicate of questions?'

'How is it to be prevented? Of course men have a right to attempt to do good by talking religiously to whom they will,—and a congregation is but an individual multiplied—just as any man may lecture to any institution that may choose to invite him. Not all speakers at political meetings are wise men, though everybody deems himself qualified to discuss affairs of state, and of internal and foreign policy. If a few people choose to form themselves into a little religious society, and have as their preferred and confided-in helper in the truth, a man nearly of their own stamp, only with more mental power and fluency than themselves, who is to hinder? Certainly, not the civil power. Every lover of freedom in England would say No to that too sternly to allow it to be dreamed of. And there is no ecclesiastical or spiritual power which these classes acknowledge. They deem themselves as good Christians, and as spiritually enlightened too, as the archbishop of Canterbury, and I cannot say they are wrong either. Besides, if there were any power that could interfere, it would be a grave question whether, on the whole, the evils are not fewer and the good is not greater than on any restrictive system that could be devised. When these men are sincere Christians, as in the great majority of cases is beyond fair question, they often do real good among classes that receive them more readily than they would others. And a spirit of interest in religious truth and religious activity is excited; and many a little "Zion," or even "Zoar," has been the spiritual birth-place and home of souls for whom Christ died. The sturdy little Biggins now is a man of irreproachable character, and is looked up to with considerable confidence as a teacher by people who have improved their opportunities far less than he has. His congregation has been collected, and made what they are, by himself entirely, and his chapel built, too. In raising it, he laboured with his own hands. His people cheerfully subscribe among themselves somewhat more than a pound a week for him, and on that he lives respectably, and always has something to give to every case that is deserving. Notice his forehead, when he returns, you will see that, though he is wanting in culture and refinement, as possibly the fishermen of Galilee were at first, the man has brains; that he has a conscience, and a heart, everybody in Ditchmoor and the neighbourhood will tell you; and seeing the clergyman of the parish is an old drone, with a reputation not very enviable, and that there is no other minister within three or four miles, I think we may rejoice that such a man is doing his best to Christianize that out-of-the-way region. But I see our worthy vicar coming through the garden. We'll hear his opinion. Meanwhile, had Biggins lived in times of persecution, he would have stood fast for evangelical truth, and the right of every man to be free to sit unhindered at the feet of the one Master; and had some old Foxe recorded his story in a Book of Martyrs he would have been sublimed into a hero of the faith.'

'They never get any man of just that class, however, in the Church of England.'

Here the worthy vicar of the parish came in, with his usual freedom. He knew he was ever welcome, just as he himself was ever ready to recognise every Christian as a brother. He had been a lieutenant in the navy, and having become an earnest follower of Christ during his naval career, had proved himself a good soldier of the cross, while he fought bravely the battles of his king and country. But when peace came, and he could hang up his sword without being liable to any impeachment of his motives, he entered Cambridge University for a few terms, and, without seeking any literary honour, obtained ordination, and settled down as a country clergyman to do all the good he could to all that came within his reach. If ever there was a man that feared God, and loved righteousness, and hated iniquity, it was my honoured friend, the vicar of Beechingham, who now greeted the major with the double cordiality of a fellow-Christian and fellow-officer. He gave his hand kindly, but half doubtingly, as I could read who knew him so well, to Jephson, while Mary came in for one of his most benignant greetings; there was kindness and goodness even in his merest, 'Well, lassie!' Begging us to resume our topic, we repeated to him the dinner incident, and so much of our subsequent conversation as the reader is in possession of.

'Oh!' said he, as earnest brotherly kindness beamed in his twinkling eyes, 'friend Biggins is a good man, and though my poor bishop would be horrified to hear it, I have no hesitation in saying, that such a man does more good than half the young blades that come fresh from Oxford or Cambridge dissipation, or even study, to settle down as clergymen in their different parishes. Give me the humblest Baptist or Methodist minister in the country, I say, rather than the pale, starched young gentlemen who come into some neighbourhood they know nothing of, and begin their miserable sacramental work, filling the poor with all sorts of superstition, and exciting none but ill-feelings towards all "sectaries" as they call my friends here. They could not do the good that Biggins does, for they do not know Christ as he does; while the evil they do is far more serious than any that follows from Biggins' comparatively unimportant mistakes.'

'Thank you,' said I, 'for your testimony to the worth of such men. I knew what you would say—' Before I could finish my remarks, however, the object of them returned, and the vicar threw a little extra cordiality and graciousness into his greeting, which B. was not slow to appreciate.

In what channel the conversation would flow, I could not foresee; nor should I have had any apprehension, but for the possibility that Jephson or the vicar would strike some chord jarring to the ear of the other; for the latter had unbounded charity for all men, except 'Socinians, Infidels, and Papists,' and these he counted the 'enemies of God and men, and the devil's most devoted servants.' 'Unitarians' he would not call the first named, nor would he ever call Romanists by any other name than that I have quoted. There was a fourth class,

gradually coming into notoriety in those days, whom he regarded, as the reader has noticed, with not much less suspicion—and almost hatred, viz., the Puseyites, who, as he believed, would ultimately 'Romanize England, and bring us all under the yoke of the Pope again.' He was a man of strong feeling, and seldom went over again the ground he believed himself ever to have travelled argumentatively. So, knowing his peculiarities, I respected not only his worth, but, in a sense, even his prejudices, and was generally silent when he mounted the high horse, or took up his prophecy on these topics; and the more so, as he knew thoroughly well my own views, and thought me sadly insensible to the black cloud which he so plainly saw to be spreading itself over all the sky.

Jephson, on the other hand, though greatly softened towards Christianity and Christians, retained much of the old horror of 'priest-craft, hypocrisy, and cant,' which had broken forth at his mother's grave; and notwithstanding the genializing influences of a new affection, and his new insight into something like religion, though in its broader and undogmatic form, yet I had perceived that something had lately occurred in his own inner world to make him restless and dissatisfied. That this secret dissatisfaction, which I thought he scarcely recognised himself, would sooner or later issue well, as all his previous struggles had done, I had no doubt; but I felt that he was scarcely in the mood in which it would be pleasant for him to be exposed to any manifestations that would seem to wear the aspect of intolerance. I fancied he had not yet satisfied himself on the question whether the appellation of Christian fairly belonged to him; perhaps not on the previous one, Why he should be, or should wish to be one. And I was quite aware that the vicar knew he had ever been regarded as an 'infidel,' and even 'atheist,' and that there was as yet nothing to conciliate him towards Jephson except the fact of his being in some sense under my wing, and a welcome, and even honoured guest in my house.

'Well, Mr. Jephson,' said the vicar, 'you have been absent from these parts for some months, I think; may I ask where you have been?'

'Going to and fro in the land, sir, and wandering up and down in it.'

'Hm! not very complimentary to yourself, my dear sir,—the quotation.'

'But to the present company, at least,' rejoined Jephson.

'How's that, Mr. Jephson?' asked one of the young people, in almost a whisper.

'Why, my dear,' said he, in one of his gentlest tones, 'the unfortunate individual who made the reply found himself, you know, when he gave it, among the sons of God.'

'"Unfortunate individual!"' repeated Biggins; 'surely, sir, you don't mean the devil!'

'Call him what you please, my good sir, he has many appellations;' and then, lowering his voice, that is, 'if there be any "he" in the case.'

'"If"' rejoined Biggins; 'why surely you don't deny the existence the devil! I preached about him last Sunday.'

'A very interesting sermon, no doubt; do you know much about him, Mr. Biggins?'

'A great deal more than I want to, sir; and see a fearful amount of his works in my neighbourhood, I am sorry to say. Why it is as easy to prove the existence of the devil as to prove that this walking-stick of mine is black.'

'Do you think, sir, that the stick could be proved to be black?' asked Jephson of the vicar, smiling.

'No, sir, it could not. I dare say Mr. B. will pardon my saying that his illustration was not a happy one. But you know, sir, that the Bible settles the question.'

'I am ashamed to say that I do not know.'

'Why it speaks of the devil in innumerable passages as a real being.'

'And are not Wisdom, Peace, Righteousness, Mercy, Sin, and Death, sometimes spoken of as beings, too, *i.e.* personified? I have heard our host here, I think, speak of the Wisdom of the eighth of Proverbs as the Hebrew Minerva.'

'No doubt there are the boldest and most impressive personifications in the sacred poetry of the Hebrews,' replied the vicar, 'but the devil is spoken of too uniformly even in those parts of Scripture where the style is not elevated, but is simple, didactic, and direct, to allow us—I ask pardon, to allow *me*—to doubt that the sacred writers, and even our blessed Lord himself, regarded him as a real being.'

'I know the proof texts, and am aware that there is considerable force in the argument, and sometimes feel that if I were quite sure that the Founder of Christianity did really believe that, I could believe it too on his authority.'

'You would be bound to,' replied the vicar.

'Certainly,' chimed in Biggins.

'But do you think the devil is wanted?' asked Jephson.

'Wanted! what a question,' said Biggins, in a low voice to the major, who said aloud to Jephson,

'I suppose, my friend, you mean, is it absolutely necessary to admit the existence of such an agent in order to account for the actual state of things?'

'Of course I do. Could not all that we know of the individual man, and of the race, be satisfactorily accounted for without falling back on a belief so adapted to fill the mind with gloom, and which only seems to needlessly complicate problems that, God knows, are sufficiently oppressive already?' And a deep sigh followed his words.

'Come,' said the vicar; 'here's our worthy host playing the silent listener, according to custom; I propose that he answer Mr. Jephson's question.'

'Oh,' said I, 'I have opportunity enough of private intercourse with my friend Jephson. However, I do not hesitate to say that, notwithstanding many distressing doubts, often recurring, my general belief has been, and now is, I think, tolerably settled, that there actually is such a being. I confess that my belief grows out of the

conviction that Christ, and those teachers whom he authenticated to the world, not only allowed the tenet, but gave it their decided testimony.'

'I should like to hear you preach on the moral influence of the belief in a devil,' said Jephson.

'Well, discarding all the absurdities that either superstition, or Romish priestcraft, or Protestant ignorance, has added to the idea, I confess that I see no such formidable moral objections to it as I perceive you do, and as I know many sincere, and intelligent, and worthy Christians have done. There seems a universal tendency in things to gather about a centre. The kingdom of light is concentrated in, and represented by, a person, and all the forces of goodness gather round and obey him. That evil also should have its personal centre, and that there should be a mightiest among the powers of darkness, does not appear to me an idea absurd in itself; while it at the same time affords some relief to the mind in its contemplation of the world, and throws some brightness into the future prospect of man. For, if evil be not of man himself, if he be not the very *fons et origo* thereof, but has been deluded, tempted, drawn into it by foreign influence, there is the more hope of his final recovery. Inexcusable as sin is, it is some little alleviation to the mind, perhaps, to reflect that it is not indigenous here, but that an enemy hath done this. I confess that the idea of a devil does, to my mind, lift in some degree the weight that oppresses it; and, so far from adding to the gloom, somewhat lightens it.'

'I think I see your meaning; but if it alleviates our impression of man and his destiny, it does but throw the difficulty and the burden one remove further off, does it?'

'If that were granted, even that is something. As man I am interested first and chiefly in man. An inhabitant of this world, it is a great thing for me to find the moral difficulty of *its* problem in any degree relieved; and even if my mind were so capacious, and my moral grandeur so towering, as not to find time and earth a sufficient sphere for my sympathies to expatiate in, so that I was impelled into the unseen, and the future of other orders of being, I should remind myself that the revelation given to man is a revelation for him alone, and for him merely in the present, and does not lift the veil unnecessarily from other circles of existence.'

'I am only human,' rejoined Jephson, 'but I confess to something very like pity for the devil, too.'

Biggins looked thunderstruck, and unconsciously ejaculated, 'Well I never! Pity for the devil!'

'Neither am I unable,' said I, 'to understand a fair side to your remark; but I question whether your compassion is not utterly superfluous and thrown away.'

'I, too, think,' said the major, 'he would not thank a mortal for pitying him, and saying, "Poor devil!"'

'Milton's or Byron's Satan would scorn the pity of Heaven itself; and to be the object of compassion to a descendant of Eve's, two

hundred degrees removed, he would feel one of his bitterest humiliations, unless, indeed, his contempt for the whole race made it less than indifferent to him.'

'When I say,' answered Jephson, 'I can compassionate the very devil himself, that is, if we believe him a person, I find nothing incongruous in the idea. Granting that he would scorn my pity, still, I think, the more profoundly sunk he is in moral degradation, the more he is fairly to be pitied; and I should be sorry to find myself capable of withholding my regrets and pity from any being in the universe that is bad, and, therefore, wretched.'

'Well, I have no difficulty in keeping step with you there, if that's your meaning,' said the major.

'Nor I either,' replied I. 'The sentiment is just and honourable. I think we are bound to cultivate feelings of compassion for the vilest, of whatever world, especially seeing how all minds are homogeneous. But we must allow wisdom to regulate even our properest affections. I remember once writing down, rapidly, under the influence of a pleasant degree of mental excitement, a whole train of thought, in sermon style, somewhat on this thought, and basing it on the text, "He (God) hateth nothing that he hath made."'

'I do not remember that text,' said the vicar; 'it is new to me.'

'When I turned to the Concordance I too could find it nowhere. And yet I was certain I had met with it in the Bible; as, in fact, I had very often quoted it, with great satisfaction. I thought the Concordance must be at fault, and spent some hours in looking through the most likely parts of the Old Testament, but all in vain; so my sermon was thrown aside, and some months afterwards I found it after all in the Apocrypha.'

'In the Apocrypha! Well, it is not necessarily true, then, for being merely there,' said the vicar.

'But is true, wherever found, or not found.'

'You believe that even God himself does not hate the devil, then?' asked the major.

'Assuredly the All-perfect, whose highest intelligible name among mortals is Love, does not hate any creature whom he still sustains in being.'

'Why then is man made capable of hating?' inquired the major.

'Man, or any other moral being, would be incomplete, and even fearfully defective, if he were wanting in the power to hate. In fact, it is involved in the power to love. But, then, not only have we to guard against the abuse of this principle, or emotion, or emotional principle, by excess, but to avoid letting it go out towards wrong objects, as, for example, to persons instead of things.'

'You mean that we are to hate evil, but not the evil-doer?'

'Plainly. So the Bible and all correct thinking teaches in reference to the wrong-doers of our own race, and, therefore, to wrong-doers of whatever race.'

'What! am I not to hate the devil himself?' asked Biggins. 'Why in my sermon last Sunday, I quoted some one, I don't know

who, to the effect that we ought to hate the devil rather than fear him, as the surest way of keeping ourselves safe from him.'

'I was lately reading an exposition of Zechariah iii. 2,' said I, 'and another on the ninth verse of Jude, both by staunch orthodox divines, which touched on the respect due to the devil, as illustrated by those texts.'

'They were Germans, I'm sure,' quoth the vicar; 'and if our friend here had not from his own knowledge guaranteed their orthodoxy, I should have said Neologians.'

'Ah! those German Neologists!' exclaimed Biggins, with a very decided shake of the head, from side to side, several times repeated.

'What is a Neologist, papa?' inquired one of the young folks.

'Properly, I suppose, one who substitutes a new word of his own for that which God has given us, or in lieu of the old one; and applied to those who, by their resolute, but most unfair critical processes, did indeed convert our precious Scriptures into something as different as chalk is from cheese, and—'

'Or as arsenic is from food,' interposed the vicar, whose remark I accepted with a nod.

'And applied often ignorantly, sometimes recklessly, and not seldom wickedly, in order to excite an unworthy prejudice against whatever men love Truth too well to hold themselves bound by human formulas, and who, therefore, seek, by means of the best, most reliable readings of different texts, and the truest critical apparatus, as well as earnest and honest thought, to attain to the very meaning of the original writers.'

'You are not a Neologist, papa?' rejoined the young one.

'Certainly not, my dear; but I should be sorry indeed not to cultivate the spirit and carry out the principles which are so unworthily sought to be stifled by the ridiculous, where not wicked, outcry against Neology.'

'But we have left the devil,' said the major.

'More than he will do for us,' said Biggins; 'that was quite a new idea to me of yours, Mr. Jephson, of loving him.'

'I think I said pitying him; however, say "loving" if you like. Did you ever read some verses entitled Aquinas's Prayer?'

'Not to my minding,' said the other; 'pray, what are they?'

'I do not know that I ought to intrude them in this pleasant company, though they are certainly striking.'

'I know them, Jephson; but as our friends do not, you will oblige us all by the recitation.' He accordingly repeated in a voice tremulous with feeling the following verses:—

'All day Aquinas sat alone:
Compress'd he sat, and spake no word;
As still as any man of stone,
In street where never voice was heard.
With maniac front, and air antique,
He sat, did neither move nor speak,
For thought like his seemed words too weak.

The shadows brown about him lay;
From sunrise till the sun went out
Had sat alone that man of grey,
That marble man, hard crampt by doubt;
Some kingly problem had he found,
Some new belief not wholly sound,
Some hope that overleapt all bound.

All day Aquinas sat alone,
No answer to his question came;
And now he rose with hollow groan,
And eyes that seem'd half love, half flame.
On the bare floor he flung him down,
Pale marble face, half smile, half frown,
Brown shadow else 'mid shadows brown.

"O God!" he said, "it cannot be,
Thy morning star with endless moan
Should lift his fading orbs to Thee,
And thou be happy on thy throne.
It were not kind; nay, Father, nay,
It were not just, O God, I say;
Pray for the devil, Jesus, pray!

"How can thy kingdom ever come
While the fair angels howl below?
All holy voices would be dumb,
All loving eyes would fill with woe,
To think the lordliest peer of heaven,
The starry leader of the seven,
Would never, never, be forgiven!

"Pray for the devil, Jesus, pray,
O Word, that made thine angels, speak!
Lord! let thy pitying tears have way;
Dear God! not man alone is weak;
What is created still must fall;
And fairest still we frailest call;
Will not Christ's blood avail for all?

"Pray for the devil, Jesus, pray;
O Father, think upon thy child;
Turn from thy own bright world away,
And look upon that dungeon wild.
O God! O Jesus! see how dark
That den of woe; O Saviour, mark
How angels weep—how groan. Hark, hark!

"He will not, will not do it more;
Restore him to his throne again;
Oh, open wide that dismal door
Which presses on the souls in pain;
So men and angels all will say,
Our God is good. Oh, day by day
Pray for the devil, Jesus, pray!"

All night Aquinas sat alone,—
Alone with black and dreadful Night,
Until, before his pleading moan,
The darkness ebb'd away in light;
Then rose the saint, and "God," said he,
"If darkness change to light with thee,
The devil may yet an angel be."

I was quietly observing the effect these verses produced on the circle. The young folks wondered, and were awe-struck. Strange ideas seemed born within them. The vicar looked uneasy, and almost irritated. The major closed his eyes and was evidently revolving and testing the idea. Miss Walter shrunk like a sensitive leaf. Biggins was confounded. When Jephson ceased, there was profound silence.

'There is great power in the lines,' said the major, 'and something that commends itself to me, and yet something that revolts me, too.'

'I suppose,' said I, 'since the idea of the devil, as a suffering one, rather than as the malignant one, is the one supposed to be present to the mind of the saint, we can approve of his desire to see the wretched being restored to God and happiness. But the writer has first of all adroitly, and, as I suspect, not without a purpose, substituted this idea of his own of the devil, instead of the true one, and then left it to be inferred that the sole reason of the permanence of the devil's misery is to be sought in the Divine Being, whose inexorableness is quietly implied; whereas the misery of the fiend, as well as of the human sinner, grows out of his own internal state, as evil, and that resolvedly and fixedly. No moral agent can be made happy without being made right, nor made right without his own will, which cannot be brought on by the application of any power from without. Man must repent and turn to God before he can be blessed; nor could the devil become a blessed creature by any mere volition on the part of God, nor without sincere and proportionate repentance, and the humble, earnest turning to God. But, come; poem for poem. Thomas Aird has done for us, in one of great power, all that needs; and with that I propose we change the subject. You, Jephson, who have done full justice to the one, will oblige us if you will read the other. Lucy, Aird's Poems!'

'On the poets' shelf, papa?' and away she tripped, returning in an instant with the book open at 'The Devil's Dream.' Does the reader remember it? I will refresh his memory by quoting a stanza or two:—

'At last, from out the barren womb of many thousand years,
A sound as of the leafy earth his sultry spirit cheers;
And oh! a presence soft and cool came o'er his burning dream,
A form of beauty clad about with fair creation's beam;
A low, sweet voice was in his ear, and through his inmost frame,
Trembling he sighed with pleasure as these words upon him came:—

"No sister e'er has been to thee with pearly eyes of love;
No mother e'er has wept for thee, an outcast from above;
No hand has come from out the cloud to wash thy scarred face;
No voice to bid thee live in peace, the noblest of thy race:
But bow thee to the God of love, and all shall yet be well,
And yet in days of holy rest and gladness thou shalt dwell.

"And thou shalt dwell midst leaves and rills, far from this torrid heat,
And I with streams of cooling milk will bathe thy blistered feet;
And when the troubled tears shall start to think of all the past,
My lips shall haste to kiss them off, and chase thy sorrows fast;
And thou shalt walk in soft white light, with kings and priests abroad,
And thou shalt summer high in bliss upon the hills of God."' &c. &c.

The poet himself would have been satisfied, more than satisfied, with the reading. A deep effect was produced on all. It was growing dusk; and when the reading was finished, and the deep or plaintive tones of the reader ceased, there was a hush in the room which made even the breathing of some audible. The vicar was lost in thought, his eyes fixed intently on the ground. The major's brow looked clear, as the sky after a storm, and he seemed to have gained a serener certainty. Biggins had risen, and was standing with his hands behind him, and his countenance, not naturally very intellectual or refined, had gained something of a new, and even more elevated expression. From the corner of the room where the piano, which was open, stood, there had been heard every now and then during the reading a deep sigh, and at the close one almost fancied there was a sob vainly sought to be suppressed. All were silent. The full harvest moon had risen; and, shimmering through the lime-trees, the pale beams fell across a part of the room, while from an opposite window the flush and glow of the Western sky was softly reflected on the faces of some of the group. No one ventured to disturb the repose and thoughtfulness of the hour. Presently, a low strain of music broke, or rather stole, upon our ears; the lowest, gentlest tones that the instrument could be made to yield. It began with the simplest chords, and the sweetness was that of holiest childhood; it melted into most exquisite pathos, and still retaining it, rose into the loftiest tenderness; till I thought of the tears of compassion that might grace a seraph's lip, and asked myself whether, among the highest of the host of heaven, there might not be one that had mourned the fall of Lucifer with the sense of personal loss irreparable but for the all-sufficiency of God. Then came the wildest and most hurried and agitated discords, and the nearest approach, as it seemed to me, which innocence and humanity could make to the realization of dark and dreadful angelic turbulence; by and bye, followed by slow, soft, slumberous strains, which might have invited to and consecrated sleep. From this Schlummer-lied we passed on chords of sweetest music into the land of dreams; and here the half-inspired, and almost unconscious, fantasiest gave full vent to her pent-up feelings, and found the relief she sought, wandering at will and revelling in all delicious imaginings, threading many an airy maze, marching with stately step through the broad savannahs of earth, or playing with childhood's glee in flowery meads, or musing in solitary glens, or whispering mutual vows in moon-lit groves; then rising to the star-sown spaces, and roaming through the architecture of the heavens, as if in quest of a native home among the many mansions of our Father's house. Loftier and holier, more solemn and slow, grew the strains, till now and then familiar bars of favourite tunes occurred. We were coming back to earth and time; and presently a happy variation of the 'old hundredth' prepared us for that well-known tune; which was accordingly no sooner begun than the vicar rose, and led the hymn, which the major and all the rest of us took up, till there, in the gloaming rose the hearty breathing of devout hearts (minds diverse, hearts one):—

'From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.'

'Nothing more to-night,' said the vicar; 'but you must all take tea with me to-morrow. I'll have no excuse. And, lassie, be sure you come; and Mr. Jephson. Upon my word, I believe you'll come all right at last; God bless you.'

But the major had his proposal. All must come out to Myrtle Lodge to breakfast, which would leave the middle of the day for all our respective duties; and he also would take no denial. So, standing together there, in the moon-lit room, which thought born of music had hallowed, we felt strangely blended together, and agreed to both proposals. Jephson put his arm in mine, and strolled into the garden, which, on two sides, opened on meadows through which we could pass into the country.

Lights of England in the Dark Ages.

ÆLFRIC.

THE labours of Professor Dietrich, of Marburg, one of the most thorough Anglo-Saxon scholars of whom Europe can boast, have shed new and welcome light upon the life of our great countryman, ÆLFRIC. In his acute and learned, if somewhat tedious, monograph upon the subject, which appeared in the Leipsic 'Journal for Historical Theology' ('Zeitschrift für Historische Theologie') for 1855-6, he has patiently disentangled the confused mass of seemingly conflicting tradition concerning the subject of this paper, and has done much towards scattering the darkness which has hitherto shrouded him from view. The main source of the obscurity has been his hasty and unhappy identification by one party of inquirers with an archbishop of Canterbury, and by another with an archbishop of York, both bearing the same name as himself, and flourishing at about the same epoch. Dietrich, however, has solidly demonstrated the utter untenableness of both hypotheses, and has shown that ÆLFRIC, the scholar and author, many of whose writings are still extant—some in print, and others in MS.—never rose to any higher rank than that of abbot. As the result of his discoveries, all previous investigations may be regarded as in a great measure superseded. This is not the place for a detailed statement of his elaborate refutation of the opinions of his forerunners. Suffice it to say, that his proofs are perfectly satisfactory; and although it is not quite pleasant to us as Englishmen to find such men as Camden, Ussher, Junius, Thomas Wright, and others of our learned compatriots amongst the Canterburians, and Spelman, Wharton, Cave, and Thorpe, amongst the Yorkites, beaten by a foreigner on their own

ground, yet there is, it is to be feared, no help for it. The victory has been fairly won, and since it is that of truth, which is not an affair of nationalities, but of mankind, we will even rejoice in our defeat. It is no small gain to lose a half-mythical centaur, and to receive in exchange a man every inch of him, and a good many inches too. In the present article, it is proposed to lay before the reader a somewhat free but faithful reproduction of Professor Dietrich's own summary of the results obtained from his critical scrutiny of the life of this English luminary of what is emphatically styled the Dark Century. For it must not be forgotten that what ÆLFRIC was as a man of letters and a forerunner of the English Reformation, is to be judged of in connexion with the midnight hour in which he appeared. It was just when the gloom of barbarism and superstition was thickest all over Christendom, and nowhere more so than at Rome, its centre, that his candle spread its flickering ray, *lux lucens in tenebris*.

Even after all that has been done, and especially by Dietrich, it must not be imagined that there exist materials for a biography proper of Ælfric. Indeed, the result of his criticisms is rather to diminish than to increase our previous stock of facts. Since we must now give up his identity with either of the two archbishops, we are limited to the autobiographical statements to be found in his own writings, with the addition of a few particulars which have been gleaned after a careful sifting of contemporary documents. Accordingly, nothing is known of his parentage and the place of his birth, since the current assertions on these points all rest on the error of confounding him with one or other of his archiepiscopal namesakes. Wright, for instance, states that he belonged to one of the first families of Kent. But it is not of Ælfric the grammarian, but of Ælfric the archbishop of Canterbury, that Matthew Paris, the authority cited, affirms this. Thus much, however, may be inferred from certain provincialisms which mark the abbot's style, as well as from the local habitation of his earliest acquaintances, that he was born in one of the Wessex shires. The time, no less than the locality of his birth, is also matter of inference only. It must have been about the year A.D. 955, or somewhat more than a century after the birth of Alfred. It is known that he was employed in re-organizing the monastery of Cernel, now Cerne Abbas, in Dorsetshire, in A.D. 987, and that, according to his own statement, he was then already in priest's orders. This supposes an age of thirty, at least, in virtue of the canons relative to ordination. Thus we should be brought back to A.D. 957, at the latest, as the period of his nativity. But since it is not likely that Bishop Ælphege, of Winchester, by whom he was commissioned to this important service, would have selected one of the youngest of his priests for such a business, it is better, as Dietrich observes, to go back one or two years more at least. To this it may be added, that Ælfric repeatedly commends the time of King Edgar (reigned A.D. 958—975) as the golden age of his nation, and especially of the Church, but still speaks of it as a time quite remote from the more mournful present. In one of his Homilies, written in A.D. 996, he thus speaks of these

halcyon days:—'We can still easily call to mind how well it was with us when this land dwelt in peace, and monasteries were held in honour, and secular men were secured against their foes, so that our word was diffused far and wide over this land. But how ill was it afterwards, when men laid waste the monasteries and insulted God's servants,'—he alludes to the raid of Eldfere, ealdorman of Mercia, immediately after Edgar's death, in A.D. 975*—'and when pestilence and famine came'—the reference must be to the general dearth of which the Saxon Chronicle speaks under A.D. 976—'and next the heathen army insulted us!' The attacks of the Danish and Norwegian pirates, of which the last sentence speaks, began in A.D. 979. From this passage it may be argued that not only the boyhood of ÆLFRIC, but also his riper age, must have fallen in the reign of Edgar, and that if the expression 'our word' is to be taken strictly, he must have already been enrolled amongst the teaching clergy.

Of the instructions which he received in his earliest years he himself speaks in his Introduction to Genesis, where he tells us that his master was only a weak-minded ecclesiastic, who knew but a smattering of Latin. It is probable, therefore, that he was first sent to what was called a *schola exterior*, or *outside school*, before he passed to the inner circle of pupils, over whose education Æthelwold, bishop of Winchester, presided in person.

Here it was, at Winton, at that time and for a long while afterwards the capital of the kingdom, that ÆLFRIC passed his youth, in Æthelwold's cloister. He repeatedly describes himself as *Æthelwoldi alumnus*, 'a pupil of Æthelwold;' and, further, as *Wintoniensis alumnus*, which we may boldly translate by the familiar colloquialism —'a Winchester boy.' This last expression shows that it was not, as many have erroneously supposed, at Abingdon, where Æthelwold had previously been abbot, that he became ÆLFRIC's tutor. With this, too, accords the circumstance that Ælfric invariably styles his old master 'bishop,' never merely 'abbot.' At Winchester there were at that time two monasteries; an old one, built by Edward I., and dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul; and a new one, which was founded not much later, and which stood so near the other, that the singing of the monks in the one building could be plainly heard in the other. ÆLFRIC lived in the old minster, which was the exclusive charge of Bishop Æthelwold himself, whereas over the new the worthy prelate, immediately after his accession to the see, placed independent abbots, the first of whom was his own scholar, Æthelgar. Ælfric, in

* Described thus in the Saxon Chronicle, under the commencement of the reign of Edgar's successor, Edward:—

'In his days
for his youth,
God's gainsayers
God's law broke
Eldfere, ealdorman,
And others many;
and rule monastic quashed
and minsters dissolved
and monks drove out,
and God's servants put down,
whom Edgar, king, ordered erewhile
the holy bishop
Ethelwold to stablish,' &c.

his Life of his patron, the bishop, says, that 'it was sweet to him to be always teaching the youngsters, and to give them Latin books to translate into Anglo-Saxon, to expound to them the rules of grammar and metre, and to encourage them with cheerful speeches.' At what time Ælfric entered the cloister-school cannot be made out; but in A.D. 971, or soon afterwards, he was certainly a pupil there. Meanwhile, it may be concluded from his own words, 'in schola ejus degens multis annis,' that he enjoyed the instructions of Æthelwold some considerable time. It is true that the 'many years' which he says he passed under his episcopal tutor in the school are somewhat indefinite. But if we take them at fifteen, which is a pretty fair estimate, and suppose him to have been fourteen when he entered, he would be twenty-nine at Æthelwold's death in A.D. 984, which squares very well with the previously assumed date of his birth, viz., A.D. 955. It is certain that he lived some time as a monk at Winchester under Æthelwold's successor, Bishop Ælphege (sat A.D. 984—1005); since he was employed by this prelate on a mission to a monastery which, like Winchester itself, was situated in the southern part of the island.

This was the monastery of Cernel, or Cerne Abbas, in Dorsetshire, and he was despatched thither by Bishop Ælphege, at the request of a pious thane named Æthelmer. This mission falls between the years A.D. 987 and A.D. 989, since, on the one hand, Æthelmer's restoration of the monastery, and introduction of his new Benedictine monks, for whose instruction Ælfric's services were required, took place in A.D. 987; and, on the other, the visit itself seems not to have lasted very long. He was wanted to initiate the novices in the ecclesiastical doctrine, and in the more stringent monastic discipline, and mode of life, insisted on by that zealot for celibacy, Dunstan, and by Æthelwold himself, who was one of the leaders of the same rigid school. It was at Cernel, in all likelihood, that the subject of our sketch—penetrated with a sense of the want of culture amongst even the clergy, and of the necessity of supplying the urgent need—formed his plans for entering upon a literary career. His first collection of 'Homilies' was published A.D. 990.

Dietrich thinks that before completing this work he had already returned to Winchester. Here, amidst the horrors of new Danish invasions, he composed a second collection of 'Homilies,' which, like the first, was dedicated to Sigeric, archbishop of Canterbury. Here, also, in A.D. 995, he wrote a 'Grammar' and other works. In the next year appeared his 'Lives of the Saints,' and in A.D. 997 and A.D. 998 respectively, his translations of the Pentateuch and of Joshua into Anglo-Saxon.

ÆLFRIC's distinguished literary labours, and his great fame as a preacher, induce Dietrich to conjecture that he must have risen to some more dignified station in the Church than that of a simple monk, even before he became abbot of Ensham. He thinks it likely that he was elevated by Bishop Ælphege to a deanery, which supposition would not be excluded by the designation 'priest,' which he is wont to use of himself at this period. There is actually mention made of a

Dean Ælfric at Winchester about this time, in a letter still extant. This letter speaks of a convention concluded at the instance of Æthelwold, between the two monasteries of the city, and as witnesses we have, besides Archbishop Dunstan of Canterbury, Ælfwine, 'who is now abbot,' and Æthelgar, 'who was then abbot,' also a cantor, or singer, Wulfstan, and a Dean Ælfric. All the persons named in this document as witnesses can be traced in the annals of the time, about the date A.D. 980, when Æthelgar was promoted from his abbacy to a bishopric. ÆLFRIC, moreover, is known to have written so late as A.D. 998, or thereabouts, from Winton, or Winchester, to Bishop Wulfsin, of Sherborne (died A.D. 1001), which see was situated in Wessex; whereas soon afterwards we find him in connexion with none but Mercian personages. That he was resident in Winchester at the time when the convention was signed is certain, and that he is the person who signed it as 'Dean;' and, consequently, that he must have attained this dignity before he left Wessex for Mercia, must be admitted to be highly probable.

Ælfric's relations with Mercian persons, as evidenced by his writings—*e.g.*, with Thane Wulfgeat, of Ylmandune, to whom he dedicated a tract on Matt. v. 25, and with Sigwerd, of Easthealon, to whom he inscribed his work on the Old and New Testaments—belong to the period between A.D. 1005—1010, when he speaks of himself as already abbot. Dietrich thinks they are to be explained from his close connexion with his chief patron, Thane Æthelmar. It is true that Æthelmar's hereditary estates lay in Dorsetshire. But, through the favour which he enjoyed at the court of King Æthelred, through legacies of various kinds, and even by exchanges, he became possessed of many farms in Oxfordshire, as well as of considerable landed property in Warwickshire, both in the Mercian territory. His love for churches and monasteries led him, in like manner as he had munificently provided for the monastery at Cernel in his native district, so also here in Mercia, to take a monastery under his especial protection, and to enrich it with such royal liberality, that it may be said to have been founded by him. At a subsequent period of his life, from A.D. 1005, he is found living wholly in the monastery of Egnesham, in Oxfordshire, whose endowment by himself is confirmed by the king in a document dated in that year, in which it is styled *his* monastery. The place is the modern Ensham, in Oxfordshire, and is not to be confounded with Eofesham, or Evesham, in Worcestershire, the name of which sounds somewhat similarly. Here Æthelmar had planted, just as before at Cernel, a colony of Benedictine monks; and it was to these brethren, 'newly dedicated to the monastic life,' that ÆLFRIC addressed his abridgment of Æthelwold's 'Liber consuetuduum,' or 'book of monastic usages.' There can be no doubt, therefore, that Æthelmar, just as he had formerly availed himself of ÆLFRIC's services in the ordering of affairs at Cernel, so now must have drawn him to the spot, where he himself had determined to seek repose from the activities of life, to his beloved Egnesham, for the purpose of having him

ever near him, and enjoying his instructive society. Accordingly, in A.D. 1005, he appointed him abbot of Egnesham, entreating him at the same time never to abandon the post.

Egnesham — written in Doomsday Book Eglesham, at a later period Eynesham, and now Ensham — is situated on the northern bank of the Thames, a few miles to the north-west of Oxford. It had probably already suffered considerably from the ravages committed in Mercia by the Danes under Canute and Edric Streona. At the end of the eleventh, or the beginning of the twelfth century, it was enlarged by the monks of Stowe. At the present day there are no longer any ruins left of the monastery at Ensham. The church of the village is comparatively a recent erection, the oldest monuments and inscriptions in its interior not reaching back beyond the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Here it was, at Ensham, that ÆLFRIC, besides the Abridgment of the Monastic Rule before spoken of, composed his practical Introduction to the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, for the use of Thane Sigwerd, whom he was wont to visit often at his country-seat of Easthealon, in the neighbourhood of Oxford. Here, too, were he and Æthelmar visited by Thane Wulfgeat, who was at one time so high in favour with King Ethelred, and who took no less delight in Anglo-Saxon religious books, until, probably owing to his litigious spirit, he lost his various dignities and his estate of Ylmandune in the neighbouring county of Warwickshire, about A.D. 1006. With Sigwerd the friendship was kept up longer.

Several homilies were written by ÆLFRIC after he became abbot. One of them is inscribed to Bishop Æthelwold II. of Winchester, and belongs to about A.D. 1008. He was, however, mainly busied at this period of his life in the introduction and vindication of the ancient canonical maxims amidst the growing resistance of the parochial and even of the monastic clergy to celibacy. With this view he wrote, when abbot, his tractate on celibacy, addressed to Thane Sigefyrth, a nobleman in the neighbourhood. Sigefyrth had settled a hermit near the chapel on his estate, and this recluse was, like many others of the Anglo-Saxon clergy of that time, a staunch advocate for the marriage of priests, to which Ælfric was vehemently opposed. Of course in this respect it is impossible to regard the learned abbot of Ensham as a precursor of the Reformation. His course here, on the contrary, is that of a blind partisan of Dunstan, the Hildebrand of the Anglo-Saxon Church, as he may justly be styled. At Ensham also were written ÆLFRIC'S biography of his early friend and instructor, Bishop Æthelwald, and some others of his works. Æthelwald, 'the father of the monks,' as he describes him, was already universally honoured amongst the people as a saint, and ÆLFRIC'S design in depicting his life was to place him before men's eyes as the constant advocate of the strict monastic rule, and as the promoter of convents and schools, by means of the agency of the Benedictines. This production is inscribed to Kenulf, who filled the see of Winchester in the interval immediately after Ælphege, just as we afterwards find him maintaining his early connexion with the same city by addressing

the homily already mentioned to the next occupant of the episcopal chair, Æthelwald II. To his writings, also, belonging to this period of his history, may be reckoned the pastoral letter which he composed for Bishop Wulfstan, of Worcester, to whose clergy it is directed. Its date is probably shortly subsequent to A.D. 1014, since a council of that year is cited in it, and Wulfstan, who was at the same time archbishop of York (A.D. 1002—1023) resigned Worcester in A.D. 1016.

The year in which ÆLFRIC died cannot be ascertained with anything like exactness. If, as is probable, he was born about A.D. 955, and lived to be no more than seventy, he would still have been living about A.D. 1025. In relation to this subject, Dietrich has lighted on some documentary notices, which he deems worthy of attention. In A.D. 1012, an Abbot Ælfric appears as a confirming witness to a charter in favour of Hvitcyrce (Whitchurch) on the Thames in Oxfordshire. But the abbey of our ÆLFRIC lay also on the Thames in Oxfordshire, so that the neighbourhood of the locality authorizes the conclusion that the subscribing witness is ÆLFRIC of Ensham. Moreover in a deed of donation to the monastery of St. Paul in London, of A.D. 1020, or the following year, an abbot Ælfric is a wtness along with Alphun, bishop of London. This monastery of St. Paul at London was under the separate jurisdiction of the bishop of the diocese, without having any abbot of its own, so that the Ælfric here mentioned cannot have been its abbot. Nor can he have been the abbot of the neighbouring Westminster Abbey; for the name of that functionary was then Wulnoth. Next in order to these, however, there is none so likely as the abbot of Egnesham, which is known to have been under the protection of the bishop of London; especially since it is impossible to show any other abbey at this time which was presided over by an Ælfric. There is, therefore, every probability that the subscribing witness to the deed of A.D. 1020 is no other than Abbot ÆLFRIC, the ecclesiastical writer. Accordingly, we may assume that he died somewhere about A.D. 1020—1025.

If this outline of the results of Professor Dietrich's careful and conscientious investigations should seem to the reader to present but a fragmentary and somewhat unsatisfactory account of the leading facts of ÆLFRIC's life, it is some comfort to be assured that it is at all events reliable so far as it goes, which is more than can be said of any previous attempt. How entirely his acute criticisms are likely to revolutionize current views on the subject may be seen by comparing the above with the article on ÆLFRIC in Herzog's great 'Protestant Encyclopædia,' an article which may be described without injustice as a tissue of fictions. We extract its substance, as given in Dr. Bomberger's American translation, that the contrast may be seen.

'Ælfric, a learned Benedictine of the Anglo-Saxon period (the son of an earl of Kent, *Gorton*), lived in the second half of the tenth century, and was the contemporary, in that important era for the English Church, of the celebrated *Dunstan*, and an assistant of that bishop in his efforts to supplant the Anglo-Saxon clergy (who resisted celibacy, and refused to conform to other Romish usages),

and substitute Benedictines in their stead. *Ælfric* entered the Benedictine monastery of *Abingdon*, second in importance only to Glastonbury, and at that time under Athelwold, a warm friend of Dunstan and his plans. In the reign of Edgar (959—975) Dunstan was made archbishop of Canterbury, and immediately endeavoured to place Benedictines in all the most important church offices. The wealthy see of Winchester was conferred upon Athelwold. London and York also fell into their hands. After his transfer to Winchester Athelwold bestowed a canonry upon Ælfric, both to have him near and to secure his aid in promoting the cause of education in the forty Benedictine monasteries which King Edgar had founded at their solicitation. In this way they hoped intellectually to elevate the new clergy above the native priesthood, whose places they now filled, and better to qualify them for the discharge of their duties. Monks were also brought over from France to assist in the labours of these Benedictine schools (*Lappenberg*, 405). Whilst residing in Winchester Ælfric prepared a Latin-Saxon glossary (printed in Oxford 1659), a *grammar*, and a Latin reading-book, *colloquia*. He also translated most of the historical books of the O. T. from the Latin into Anglo-Saxon (also published in Oxford 1698). He subsequently became abbot of St. Albans, and in this capacity laboured assiduously to bring the old church services into conformity with the new order of things, and also to enforce stricter regulations upon the clergy. For this purpose he prepared the "Canons" inserted in Spelman's *Concilia* (vol. i.), and compiled from the works of the Latin fathers a book of *Homilies*, which he afterwards enlarged, and prepared a *Liturgy* (which was still used in Leland's time, *Gorton*). A tract upon several portions of the O. and N. T., dedicated to King Æthelred II., is also ascribed to him. His zeal, however, in disseminating the Holy Scriptures among the people is reckoned his highest praise. In 994 he was elevated to the archiepiscopal see of Canterbury. It was at the time when the country was sorely afflicted by the invasion of the Danes. He proved himself equal, however, to the difficulties of his position, and won the admiration even of the enemy. He died Nov. 16, 1005. His remains were first deposited in Abingdon, but afterwards removed by Canute's command to Canterbury. Next to Augustine (St. Austin) Ælfric was the greatest old English prelate. He was eminent for his learning, his piety, and liberal apprehension of church doctrines (Edw. Rowei Moresi de Ælfrico archiepisc. Comment. ed. Dr. Thorkelin, 1789, 4to.)—Two other ecclesiastics of the same name are mentioned in English church history, one of whom, surnamed Bata, was a pupil of *Ælfric*, and archbishop of York (1051); the other was abbot of Malmesbury and bishop of Crediton (981). Whether the writings mentioned above were all produced by the same author, or whether some of them must not be attributed to one of these last-named Ælfrics, has occasioned diversity of opinion."

To point out the errors crowded together in this extract would be an endless as well as a disagreeable task. Yet it may safely be affirmed that they are such as have hitherto been everywhere prevalent except in quarters where they may have been exchanged for others equally gross.

But although ÆLFRIC was neither archbishop of Canterbury nor of York, yet it is evident that he belonged to the most distinguished men of his time, as his relations with the most eminent members of the hierarchy plainly evince. In learning he had no equal amongst his Anglo-Saxon contemporaries, and his name was long famous amongst the fathers of the English Church. It was due to the high repute in which he was held, that the Romish doctrine of transubstantiation, against which he earnestly contended, was longer in gaining a footing in this country, and celebrating its triumph here, than abroad. The following is the celebrated passage in his Easter Homily in which he combats this destructive popish dogma, and maintains what is essentially the Protestant doctrine on the subject.

Ælfric on the Eucharist.

'Now certain men have often inquired, and yet frequently inquire, How the bread which is prepared from corn and baked by the heat of fire can be changed to Christ's body? or the wine, which is wrung from many berries, can by any blessing be changed to the Lord's blood? Now, we say to such men, that some things are said of Christ typically, some literally. It is a true and certain thing that Christ was born of a maiden, and of his own will suffered death, and on this day [Easter] arose from death. He is called Bread typically, and Lamb, and Lion, and whatever else. He is called Bread, because he is the Life of us and of angels; he is called a Lamb for his innocence—a Lion for the strength wherewith he overcame the strong devil. But yet, according to true nature, Christ is neither bread, nor a lamb, nor a lion. Why, then, is the holy housel* called Christ's body, or his blood, if it is not truly that which it is called? But the bread and the wine, which are hallowed through the mass of the priests, appear one thing to human understandings without, and cry another thing to believing minds within. Without, they appear bread and wine, both in aspect and in taste; but they are truly, after the hallowing, Christ's body and his blood, through a ghostly [spiritual] mystery. . . . Great is the difference between the invisible might of the holy housel* and the visible appearance of its own nature. By nature, it is corruptible bread and corruptible wine, and is, by power of the Divine word, truly Christ's body and his blood—not, however, bodily, but spiritually. Great is the difference between the body in which Christ suffered and the body which is hallowed for housel.* The body verily in which Christ suffered was born of Mary's flesh, with blood and with bones, with skin and with sinews, with human limbs, quickened by a rational soul; and his ghostly body, which we call housel, is gathered of many corns, without blood and bone, limbless and soulless; and there is, therefore, nothing therein to be understood bodily, but all is to be understood spiritually. . . .

'Paul the apostle said of the old people of Israel, thus writing in his epistle to believing men: "All our forefathers were baptized in the cloud and in the sea, and they all ate the same ghostly meat, and they all drank the same ghostly drink. Verily, they drank from the stone that followed after them, and this stone was Christ." The stone from which the water then flowed was not Christ bodily, but it betokened Christ, who thus cried to all believing men, "Whosoever is thirsty, let him come to me and drink, and from his inside shall flow living water." This he said of the Holy Ghost, whom they received who believed in him. The apostle Paul said that the people of Israel ate the same ghostly meat, and drank the same ghostly drink, because the heavenly meat which fed them forty years, and the water which flowed from the stone, were a type of Christ's body and his blood, which are now offered daily in God's Church. They were the same which we now offer—not bodily, but spiritually.

'We have said to you a little before, that Christ hallowed bread and wine, before his passion, for housel,* and said, "This is my body and my blood." He had not yet suffered, but, nevertheless, he changed, through invisible might, the bread to his own body, and the wine to his blood, as he had before done in the wilderness, before he was born as man, when he changed the heavenly meat [manna] to his flesh, and the flowing water from the stone to his own blood. Many men ate of the heavenly meat in the wilderness, and drank the ghostly drink, and, nevertheless, became dead, as Christ said. Christ meant not the death which no man may avoid, but he meant the eternal death, which some of the people had merited for their unbelief. Moses and Aaron, and many others of the people who were pleasing to God, ate the heavenly bread; but they died not the eternal death, although they departed by the common death. They saw that the heavenly meat was visible and corruptible, but they understood spiritually concerning this visible thing, and partook of it spiritually. Jesus said, "He who eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, shall have everlasting life." He did not command the body with which he was invested to be eaten, nor the blood to be drunk which he shed for us; but he meant by that speech the holy housel,* which is spiritually his body

* Sacrament.

and his blood: and he who tastes that with believing heart shall have everlasting life.

'In the old law, believing men offered to God divers gifts, which had a foretokening of Christ's body, which he himself, for our sins, afterwards offered to his heavenly Father as a sacrifice. Verily this housel,* which is now hallowed at God's altar, is a remembrance of Christ's body, which he offered for us, and of his blood, which he shed for us, as he himself commanded, "Do this in remembrance of me."'

It is on the strength mainly of this remarkable passage (the thoughts of which, however, and even the expression in part, are taken from Ratramnus), that ÆLFRIC has been deservedly reckoned amongst the forerunners of Protestantism. In harmony with this tendency was his zeal for the translation of the Scriptures into the mother tongue, and his love of preaching, of which his numerous homilies are a proof. Some of these, it may be remarked by the way, as something almost unique in the history of the pulpit of Western Christendom, are in a metrical form. In the East, Ephraim Syrus in the fourth century adopted a similar method of pulpit address. The aim with both was the same, viz., to awaken a keener interest on the part of the rude masses of the population in the Divine truths which they proclaimed. As to ÆLFRIC in particular, this assumption of a poetical garb in many of his sermons stands in close connexion with the national and Protestant element in his character, both as a theologian, and as a popular preacher. As a further illustration of the same reforming and anti-Roman tendency, so to speak, the following paragraph from his Homily on St. Peter's day may be cited:—

'When the Lord drew near unto the ship they were afraid, thinking that it was an apparition. The Lord said unto them, "Have trust; it is I; be ye not afraid. I am not a phantom as ye ween: know ye him whom ye see?" Peter answered him, "Lord, if it be thou, bid me come unto thee on the water." Peter was foremost in the company, and readiest in love of Christ. He would frequently answer for them all, as he did when Christ questioned them how men spake concerning him, and afterwards asked them, "What say ye of me?" Then said Peter, "Thou art Christ, the Son of the living God." One answered for many, because unity was in the many. Christ said to him among other words, "I say unto thee, Thou art Peter, and over this stone I will build my church." "Augustine holds that Peter typifies the Church, because Christ is the Rock, Peter the Christian people." Before that time his name was Simon, but the Lord appointed him this name, Petrus, that is, *of stone* (stænen), to the end that he might be typical of Christ's Church. Christ is called "Petra," that is, stone (stán), and from that name the whole Christian people is called "Petrus." Christ said, "Thou art of stone, and over this stone," that is, over the belief which thou now professest, "I will build my church." Over (or upon) myself I will build my church, over me I will build thee, not me over thee. "I am the firmness that shall hold thee, and all the structure of the Christian Church." Peter now bears the semblance or type of the holy Church, in which he, under Christ, is chief, and by his walking (on the water) betokened both the strong and the weak among God's people. The Church of Christ has in it both firm and feeble. It cannot be without strong, and without weak. When Peter quickly stepped on the sea waves, he then betokened the strong. Afterwards, when he doubted, and to a certain degree sank, then he betokened the weak. Who are the strong, who are the weak? They are strong and firm, who, through belief and good deserts, are well thriving. They are weak who are slow to good works. Of them said Paul the apostle, "We strong should bear the burthen of the weak."'

* Sacrament.

Pulpit Plagiarisms.

As we walked in our delightful garden, in the calm of a sweet Sabbath eve, my friend, full of admiration of the beauties of the surrounding woodland scenery just bursting into all the luxuriance of spring, and I meditating with delight on the glorious truths of divine revelation to which we had just been listening, Nora joined us, her animated countenance radiant with holy love, exclaiming :—

'What a rich treat we have had! How I *have* enjoyed Mr. Watnutt's sermon this evening; was it not a noble effort of his?'

'Most admirable, both as to matter and manner,' said I; 'one would think all present at the service must have been not only delighted, but instructed and convinced.'

'Unquestionably there was much to fix the attention of the thoughtless,' interposed Herbert, who just then joined the party. 'I was at the moment thinking what a marvellous freshness there is about the truths of the Bible, so that often as we hear them exhibited, they afford perpetual novelty to the meditative heart.'

Our relative and host, the proprietor of the noble mansion and grounds, seemed intent upon some newly-planted shrub, and much more reserved than is his wont when religious feelings are the subject of conversation between congenial companions. I turned towards him with a quiet look of surprise.

Catching the inadvertent interrogation in my manner, he said mildly—

'I have not met Nora's appeal, because it ended with a question, which I know not how to answer without spoiling, perhaps, to some extent your evening's delight. Nothing is more repugnant to my feelings than to deprive any hearer of the gospel, even to the slightest extent, of that advantage with which they may have listened to the exposition of the sacred word. Let us then leave criticism, and adjourn to our quiet rooms, that we may secure that inward peace which passeth all understanding. Can you remind me, Matilda, as we walk, of the verses you read about this hour last Sabbath?'

'Those of Bonar you mean, perhaps, on *Divine Order*,' said I :—

> "'Tis first the *true* and then the *beautiful*,
> Not first the beautiful and then the true;
> First the wild moor, with rock, and reed, and pool,
> Then the gay garden, rich in scent and hue."'

'No, I meant not that,' said my uncle, 'although they are exceedingly appropriate to my present thoughts; those I wished to hear bear the title, "The Inner Calm," I think.'

> "Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
> While these hot breezes blow;
> Be like the night-dew's cooling balm
> Upon earth's fevered brow.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
Soft resting on thy breast;
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,
And bid my spirit rest.

* * *

Calm in the hour of buoyant health,
Calm in the hour of pain,
Calm in my poverty or wealth,
Calm in my loss or gain."'

The shadows were deepening, as we gradually approached the library, which opened upon the garden. The moments of quiet musing which succeeded the recitation of Bonar's verses were interrupted by Nora, who, feeling that her almost idolized preacher was in some way pointed at in our kind uncle's remarks, exclaimed :—

'I perceive that you have not enjoyed the service, for some reason, so much as usual. Do tell me, in what respect you were disappointed.'

'Do not,' said our venerated relative, all his native gentleness and tenderness of disposition beaming in his honest look—'do not be importunate. It is true I have been slightly discomposed, but I prefer this evening to decline auricular confession—a practice far from beneficial, whether the young lady be confessing or confessed to.'

'I will not press it now,' said Nora, gaily, 'but you have piqued my curiosity, and I am determined to apply a more urgent appeal at another opportunity; you know I am sure to succeed.'

Early retiring to his apartments, the admiral spent an hour of earnest self-questioning. Vexed, on the one hand, that through his awkward silence, he should have allowed his keen-sighted nieces too close an inspection of his thoughts, and perhaps given rise to feelings which might prevent them from deriving that benefit they had previously received from Mr. Watnutt's ministrations. On the other hand, prompted by his stern conscientiousness to expose a system which he believed to be growing, and which, in his plain naval style, he called, '*Sailing under false colours.*'

How he settled the question of duty with himself, he never informed us. But his younger niece, as good as her word, poured in such a close fire of questionings at the breakfast-table next morning, that he, dear soul, all unversed in diplomatic style as he was, could not withstand. So that, at length, he was fain to unburden his conscience by an open confession of the source of his embarrassment on the previous evening.

'I could not answer your question, Nora,' said he, 'in my own direct manner, without either making you dissatisfied, or myself. "Was it not a noble effort of HIS?" Now, as I had read, but a few hours before, an admirable sermon, three-fourths of which were delivered to us last evening by your friend, how could I call it a noble effort of HIS? Believe me, I grieve more than I can well declare, that you have compelled me so to express myself. And I have this morning been endeavouring to find out what can possibly be said in

extenuation of the practice; and the result is, a determination to give to the world my thoughts on "ORAL *Plagiarism*."'

'Oh! my dear uncle,' said Nora, moved to tears, 'I feel deeply shocked even by the suspicion that my admired Mr. Watnutt palms upon us what is not his own. But may you not, after all, be mistaken?'

'If you please, we can settle that presently. Be good enough, Herbert, to reach———'

'Before we go any further,' said Herbert, 'be kind enough to inform us how you would define *plagiarism*. There are some so simple as to believe that if a preacher take the same text with another, that his must necessarily be the same sermon. Do you not remember, Nora, that singular character, Amy Brown, once saying Mr. Pledger had preached Mr. Macfine's sermon, although there was no similarity whatever—in fact, had nothing in common but the text and a few passages of Scripture—neither method, illustrations, nor style, bore the least resemblance? I am quite sure that our clear-headed uncle is too well informed, and too candid, to mistake or misstate a matter of fact. But I, for one, would like the first sample of the projected essay, in the shape of a definition of *plagiarism*.'

'Patience, patience,' cried my uncle; 'wait till I come out in print, and you may then criticise and cross-question as you please. Nora will, I am sure, be content to await the publication of my essay.'

'To be candid with you, uncle, I feel too deeply interested in the subject to wait your projected treatise, which I confidently believe will never see the light. I most cordially second Herbert's proposal.'

'Plagiarism,' said my uncle, 'is the appropriation of the literary labours of another, without proper acknowledgment. Do you accept the definition?'

'With an explanation, yes,' said Herbert. 'It may be quite fair to avail oneself of the sentiments of well-known standard authors, which have, so to speak, become public property; but to reproduce the form, method, illustrations, and very phraseology, can only be justified by direct acknowledgment, and distinct, too.'

'Plagiarism,' resumed my uncle, 'is at once a sin and a meanness, and for my own part, I believe it is chargeable with a good deal of the non-success that attends the preaching of the present day. My large library, and too retentive memory, have given me rather unfavourable impressions of the frequency of this base fraud.'

'You, of course, do not forget,' said Herbert, 'what Sir Roger de Coverley says in favour of the practice?'

'Sir Roger spoke in respect to a state of things very different from that of our own day. In the Established Church, too, it is considered, I suppose, much less blameworthy than amongst other denominations. From an ignorant country clergyman of a century ago, I can easily imagine the parishioners better satisfied with one of the Homilies, or a sermon of Tillotson, than the mean productions of a mind incapable of exertion. But in the case of one like our Nora's admired friend,

who occupies so marked a position, and is universally reputed a man of ability, it must arise either from indolence, or from a consciousness of being overrated in the public estimate, or from a poor ambition to shine out beyond his neighbours, even though it should be in borrowed finery.'

'There must be something gravely wrong in the matter, or the idea of such a thing would not so shock our sense of propriety.'

'I love honesty,' said my uncle, 'honest thought, honest speech, honest hearts, honest men. The breach of the eighth commandment is no less a crime in my view when committed by a clergyman than by a poacher. A thief is a thief, whether he purloins a coat, or poaches for game, or steals a sermon. To me it seems totally inconsistent alike with Christian manliness and common honesty.'

Herbert had taken down from the shelf the book indicated by our honoured host, who, adjusting his glasses, proceeded to turn over the leaves, saying—

'Do you remember the reference to the judgment of Solomon, and that to the pleading of Judah with his brother Joseph, for the release of Benjamin? The illustrations were perfectly appropriate and natural, and such as any student of Scripture might have introduced when speaking of intercession. But was it absolutely necessary to present them in precisely the form in which Dr. Guthrie, of Edinburgh, gives them in his volume on the "Gospel in Ezekiel?" (*Reads as follows*):—"Would you see true prayer? Would you know what prayer really is? Step into this Egyptian palace, where Benjamin stands bound, his amazed and trembling brothers grouped around the lad. Judah advances. He bows himself before Joseph. His heart is full. His lip trembles. The tear glistens in his manly eye; and now, with tenderness thrilling in every tone, he pours forth this plea of surpassing pathos—'Oh! my lord! let thy servant, I pray thee, speak a word in my lord's ears, and let not thine anger burn against thy servant. My lord asked his servants, saying, Have ye a father, or a brother? and we said unto my lord, We have a father,' &c. Thus on he goes; and every sentence goes like a knife into Joseph's heart. And then he closes and crowns his appeal with this most brave and generous proposal—'Now, therefore, I pray thee, let thy servant abide instead of the lad a bondsman to my lord; for how shall I go to my father and the lad be not with me, lest I see the evil that shall come on my father?' &c., &c. Now turn from that Egyptian to this Hebrew palace. There also is prayer. Two women stand before King Solomon. In the darkness of the night one has crept, with noiseless step, to her neighbour's bed, and while the mother slept, and the babe slept in her bosom, softly, cautiously, she steals the living child, and leaves her own cold, dead infant in its place. They carry the dispute to Solomon—each claiming the living, each repudiating the dead. With a skill that earned him his world-wide fame, the wise monarch summons nature as a witness. Horrible to hear, he orders the living child to be divided. The sword is raised—another

moment, and each mother gets a quivering half—another moment, and interference comes too late. One stands calm, firm, collected, looking on with a cruel eye. With a bound that carries her to his feet, and a shriek that rings wild and high over all the palace, the other—the true mother—clasps her hands in agony, and cries, 'Oh, my lord! give her the living child; in no wise slay it.' That is prayer."* &c. Nora, child, what is the matter with you? Come, come, if you weep like that. I will give you no more extracts. Take again the illustration of the beggar and the darling boy:—"It is easy to know the knock of a beggar at one's door. Low, timid, hesitating, it seems to say, I have no claim on the kindness of this house; I may be told I come too often; I may be treated as a troublesome and unworthy mendicant. The door may be flung in my face by some surly servant. How different, on his return from school, the loud knocking, the bounding step, the joyous rush of the child into his father's presence, and as he climbs his knee, and flings his arms round his neck, the bold face and ready tongue with which he reminds his father of some promised favour!"†

'Stop, stop, uncle, *do* stop; I cannot bear any more,' said the affectionate girl.

'We will leave this author,' said my uncle, 'and turn to another. Reach me the volumes marked Nos. 62 and 63, the first and second series of the sermons of Robertson, of Brighton. Shall I open on Religious Depression, text Ps. xiii. 1—3; or the Irreparable Past and the Available Future; or the Faith of the Centurion—Matt. viii. 10; or the Doubt of Thomas; or Worldliness—1 John ii. 15—17; or Baptism—1 Pet. iii. 21; or Christ the Son—Heb. i. 1; or Jacob Wrestling; or the Principle of the Spiritual Harvest—Gal. vi. 7, 8; or Zaccheus—Luke xix. 8?'

'That sermon on *Worldliness* pleased us all as being both just in conception and happy in expression. I hope that was an honest deliverance,' said Herbert.

'Unfortunately, my young advocate, though I admired it much as delivered, I turned upon it within two days after in Robertson's second volume, which had just come to hand. Perceiving in the index Worldliness as one of his topics, I was anxious to compare notes, to ascertain how far the views of a confessedly original thinker agreed with those of our friend. You may guess my amazement when I found the whole sermon there, substance and frame-work, heads and particulars, thought and language.'

'Robertson, when living, was always popular; but he appears to take with the people in a new way now.'

'His sermons are full of his own quick intellect and animated thought. A preacher would do well to study them as a spring of suggestion. That is the proper use of authors, in the language of the Prayer-book—to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest them. But the formative principle should be action within the speaker, assimi-

* Dr. Guthrie's 'Gospel in Ezekiel,' p. 383. † Ibid, p. 389.

lating and giving it forth in new and lively energy. I give my horses corn, and grudge not the quantity; yet I ask not the corn again, but living strength, muscle and bone, force and energy for active service.'

'You mentioned a sermon on Baptism; but the principles of the clergyman and the gentleman we heard are known to be so opposed on that subject, that one would suppose plagiarism well nigh impossible on that topic.'

'You shall judge,' said my uncle. 'Here is a military allusion, illustrating the nature of symbol. (*Reads.*) "It is in virtue of this necessity in man for an outward symbol to realize an invisible idea that a bit of torn and blackened rag hanging from a fortress or the taffrail of a ship is a kind of life to iron-hearted men. Why is it that in the heat of battle there is one spot where the sabres flash most rapidly, and the pistols' ring is quicker, and men and officers close in most densely, and all are gathered round one man, round whose body that tattered silk is wound and held with the tenacity of a death-struggle? Are they only children fighting for a bit of rag? That flag is everything to them: their regiment—their country—their honour—their life; yet it is *only* a symbol! Are symbols nothing?"'*

'That was a striking thought, that *time* is nothing apart from the signs of heaven to mark it.'

'It was; but, alas! that, too, was borrowed. Listen again: "Our nature is such, that immaterial truths are unreal to us until they are embodied in some material form. Form almost gives them reality and being. For instance: Time is an eternal fact. But time only exists to our conceptions as an actuality by measurements of materialism. When God created the sun, and moon, and stars, to serve for 'signs, and for seasons, and for days, and years,' he was actually, so far as man was concerned, creating time. Our minds would be floating in an Eternal New, if it were not for symbolical successions, which represent processes of thought. The clock in the house is almost a fresh creation. It realizes. The gliding heavens, and the seasons, and the *ticking* clock—what is time to us without them? Nothing."'†

'Loyal as you are, Herbert, and womanly and affectionate as my nieces are always acknowledged to be, surely neither of you allowed the "crown" and "ring" passage to pass unheeded. Then listen to my author:—"Draw the distinction between an arbitrary symbol and an authoritative one, for the difference is everything. . . . . Coronation places the crown on the brow of one who *is* sovereign. It does not make the fact: it witnesses it. Is coronation, therefore, nothing? An arbitrary symbolical act agreed on by a few friends of the sovereign would be nothing; but an act which is the solemn ratification of a country is everything. It realizes a fact scarcely till then felt to be real. Yet the fact was fact before, otherwise the coronation would be invalid. Even when the third William was crowned, there was the symbol of a previous fact—the nation's

* Robertson's 'Sermons,' p. 74. † Robertson's 'Sermons on Baptism,' ii. 74.

decree that he should be king; and accordingly, ever after, all is dated back from that."'

'But I see,' said the admiral, 'you are convinced that I did not speak without warrant. Your own faithful memories would recall multiplied instances within a few months of most broad, open, unblushing use of authors, whose works stand there. This barefaced poaching in open day distresses me.'

'It has completely spoiled my faculty of "hearing," said I. Henceforth I shall invariably feel that a passage finer or more striking than the rest is borrowed.'

'Borrowed and not *acknowledged*,' said Herbert. 'Like that rather brazen instance in "Pickwick," where Jingle shows off at the county ball with considerable impertinence and *éclat* in Mr. Winkle's suit of green.'

'Does he—'

'*Borrowed*, but not *lent*,' interposed my uncle.

'I was going to say, does he dip as freely into the ministerial authorities of his own community?'

'Neither distinction nor scruple, I fear. John Foster, Thomas Binney, Daniel Katterns, each and all in turns, as they may best serve the purpose of the hour. Imaginative flights, eloquent paragraphs, striking illustrations, now invariably awaken in me uncontrollable suspicions. I feel, the while, as one compelled to sit still and witness a poacher draw his neighbour's preserves, and I muttering to myself all the time, Be honest, man, be honest.'

'A magistrate may well be excused for feeling warmly on such an occasion. And I can only express my profoundest astonishment that a minister of religion, who talks much of holiness and sincerity, and prays much for inward sanctification and the answer of a good conscience, can allow himself in such a course of action.'

'What can be said in favour of the practice?' inquired my uncle. 'Herbert, you are an advocate, what can you make of this case?'

'The brief has not yet been put into my hands—until that is done I must reserve my pleading. Meanwhile, in the conviction that your treatise is much needed, allow me urgently to request its early completion; and as soon as published, send a copy by post to the Rev. Mr. Watnutt, and all whom it may concern.'

At this moment my uncle was called away on magisterial duty. A poor culprit, with a sickly wife and half-starved family, was accused of stealing a quantity of seed potatoes, nearly a bushel, and the sack containing them was found in his possession.

Herbert, somewhat excited, rode forth at rapid pace. Nora's eye was wandering vacantly over the well-stocked shelf whence the volumes had been taken; and I retired to write down these brief notes of our conversation for the CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR, still believing that the promised essay will not appear.

M.

The Fables of Gotthold Ephraim Lessing.

BOOK THE SECOND.

NO.—I. THE BRAZEN STATUE.

The brazen statue of a famous artist was melted into a lump by the heat of raging conflagration. This lump came into the hands of another artist, who by his skill made a new statue from it, differing from the first in conception, but equal to it in taste and beauty. Envy saw it, and gnashed his teeth; but at length bethought himself of a miserable comfort. 'The good man would not have produced this just passable piece, if the material of the old statue had not served him in good stead.'

NO. II.—HERCULES.

When Hercules was taken up to heaven, he saluted Juno before all the other deities. All heaven was astonished at this, and even Juno herself. 'Dost thou treat thine enemy with such distinction?' said they to him. 'Yes, even so,' responded Hercules; 'for it is precisely her persecutions alone which gave me the opportunity of performing those exploits by which I have won heaven.'

Olympus approved the reply of the new god, and Juno was reconciled.

NO. III.—THE BOY AND THE SNAKE.

A boy was playing with a tame snake. 'My dear little animal,' said the boy, 'I would not make myself so familiar with you if the poison had not been extracted from you. You snakes are the most malicious, ungrateful creatures! I have read, indeed, what happened to a poor peasant who compassionately took up a snake, one of thy ancestors, perhaps, which he found half frozen under a hedge, and placed it in his cherishing bosom. Hardly did the base creature recover than it bit his benefactor; and the good, friendly man was killed.' 'I am astonished,' said the snake, 'how partial your historians must be! Ours relate this tale quite differently. Thy friendly man thought the snake was really frozen, and, because it was one of the spotted kind, he put it in his pocket, in order when at home to strip off its beautiful skin. Was that right?' 'Ah! be silent now,' replied the boy. 'What ingrate would not know how to make an excuse for himself!' 'Right, my son,' interrupted the boy's father, who had listened to this conversation. 'But yet, if thou shouldst ever hear of any extraordinary ingratitude, just examine carefully all the circumstances before thou lettest a human being be stigmatized by so atrocious a charge. *True benefactors* have rarely served ungrateful persons; yes, I will hope for the honour of humanity—never. But benefactors with little, selfish designs; these, my son, deserve to be rewarded with ingratitude, instead of thankfulness.'

NO. IV.—THE WOLF ON HIS DEATH-BED.

The wolf was lying in his last agonies, and cast a searching look back upon his past life. 'I am, indeed, a sinner,' said he, 'but still I hope not one of the greatest. I have done evil, but also much good. Once, I remember, a bleating lamb, which had gone astray from the flock, came so near to me, that I could very easily have killed it; and yet I did nothing to it. Just at this same time, too, I listened to the derision and abuse of a sheep with the most admirable indifference, though I had not any protecting dog to fear.' 'And I can bear witness to all that,' interrupted friend Fox, who was helping to prepare him for death, 'for I still remember very well all the circumstances of the case. It was just at the time when you were choking so dreadfully with a bone, which the good-hearted crane afterwards drew out of your throat for you.'

NO. V.—THE BULL AND THE CALF.

A strong bull, whilst forcing his way through the low stall door, broke the upper post in pieces with his horns. 'Just look, shepherd,' cried a young calf, 'I never do you such an injury.' 'How glad I should be,' replied the shepherd, 'if you could do it.' The language of the calf is the language of philosophers. 'The wicked Bayle! how many honest souls has he vexed with his daring doubts!' Oh, gentlemen! how willingly will we allow ourselves to be vexed, if every one of you can become a Bayle!

NO. VI.—THE PEACOCKS AND THE CROW.

A proud crow adorned herself with the feathers which had fallen from the gay peacocks, and, when she considered herself sufficiently ornamented, boldly mingled with those brilliant birds of Juno. She was recognised, and the peacocks speedily fell upon her with their sharp beaks, to tear off the deceptive finery. 'Leave off,' she exclaimed at length, 'now you have all that belongs to you back again.' But the peacocks, who had observed some of the crow's own shining wing-feathers, replied, 'Be silent, miserable fool; even these cannot be your own.' And they pecked at her again.

NO. VII.—THE LION WITH THE ASS.

When Æsop's lion was going to the wood with the ass that was to help him chase the animals with his fearful voice, an impertinent crow called to him from a tree—'A beautiful companion! Are you not ashamed to go with an ass?' 'I can surely grant my company to him of whom I can make use,' replied the lion. So all great men think when they favour an inferior with their society.

NO. VIII.—THE ASS WITH THE LION.

As the ass was going to the wood with Æsop's lion, who served him instead of his hunting horn, another ass of his acquaintance met him, and cried out to him, 'Good day, my brother!' 'Impudent fellow,' was the reply. 'And why so?' continued the other ass.

'Are you better than I, because you are going with a lion? Are you anything more than an ass?'

NO. IX.—THE BLIND HEN.

A hen that had been accustomed to scratch and had become blind, though blind, did not cease to scratch industriously. Of what use was it to the laborious fool? Another hen that could see, and that saved her own tender foot, never stirred from her side, and, without scratching herself, enjoyed the fruit of the other's toil; for as often as the blind hen had raked up a grain, the one that could see devoured it. The industrious German makes the collectanea, which the witty Frenchman uses.

Poetry.

THE JOURNEY.

I.

Hark, the rain is on my roof!
  Every sound drops through the dark
On my soul with dull reproof,
  Like a half-extinguished spark.
Me, alas! how am I here
  In the midnight and alone?
Caught within a net of fear!
  Visioned forms of beauty gone!

I will rise—I will go forth;
  Better face the hideous night,
Better dare the unseen north,
  Than be quiet without the light.
Black wind rushing round me now,
  Sown with stinging points of rain!
Up or down I cannot show;
  I am here, and so is pain!

I will leave the sleeping street—
  Hie me forth upon the road.
Ah! I cannot stay my feet,
  Something yet doth forward goad.
I will take the mountain-path,
  Beard the storm within its den;
Know the worst of this dim wrath,
  That doth vex the souls of men.

Chasm 'neath chasm! rock piled on rock!
  Roots and crumbling earth and stones!
Hark, the torrent's thundering shock!
  Hark, the swaying pine-trees' groans!
Ah, I faint—I fall—I die!
  Sink to nothingness away!
Lo, a streak upon the sky!
  Lo, the opening eye of day!

II.

Mountain heights that lift their snows
O'er a valley green and low,
And a winding path that goes
Guided by the river's flow;
And a music rising ever,
As of peace and low content,
From the pebble-paven river
As an odour upward sent.

And a sighing of the storm
Far away amid the hills,
Like the humming of a swarm
That the summer-forest fills;
And a frequent fall of rain
From a cloud with ragged weft,
And a burst of wind amain
From the mountain's sudden cleft.

Then a night that hath a moon,
Staining all the cloudy white,
Sinking with a soundless tune
Deep into the spirit's night;
Then a morning clear and soft,
Amber on the purple hills,
Warm blue day of summer, oft
Cooled by wandering windy rills.

Joy to travel thus along
With the universe around!
I the centre of the throng;
Every sight and every sound
Speeding with its burden laden—
Speeding home unto my soul!
Mine the eye the stars are made in!
I the heart of all this whole!

III.

Hills retreat on either hand,
Sinking down into the plain;
Slowly through the level land
Glides the river to the main.
What is that before me, white,
Gleaming through the dusky air?
Dimmer in the gathering night,
Still beheld, I know not where.

Is it but a chalky ridge
Bared by many a trodden mark?
Or a river-spanning bridge,
Miles away into the dark?
Or the foremost leaping waves
Of the everlasting sea,
Where the Undivided laves
Time with its Eternity?

No; 'tis but an eye-made sight,
In my brain a fancied gleam;
Or a thousand things as white
Set in darkness well might seem.

There it wavers, shines, is gone;
What it is I cannot tell.
When the morning star hath shone
I shall see and know it well.

Onward, onward, through the night!
Matters it I cannot see?
I am moving in a might
Dwelling in the dark and me.
Up or down, or here or there,
I can never be alone;
My own being tells me where
God is as the Father known.

IV.

Joy! oh, joy! the eastern sea
Answers to the eastern sky,
Wide, and featured gloriously,
With swift billows bursting high.
Nearer, nearer! oh, the sheen
On a thousand waves at once!
Oh, the changing, crowding green!
Oh, my beating heart's response!

Downwards now unto the strand,
Where the far waves hurry in;
Curve their graceful heads, and stand,
Gleaming with ethereal green,
Then in foam fall heavily—
This is what I saw at night!
Lo, a boat! I'll forth on thee,
Dancing floor for my delight!

From the bay like light we glance;
Sea-winds seize me by the hair;
What a terrible expanse!
How the ocean tumbles there!
I am helpless here afloat,
For the wild waves know not me;
Gladly would I change my boat
For those snow-wings on the sea.

Look below. Each watery whirl
Cast in Beauty's living mould!
Look above. Each feathery curl
Faintly tinged with morning gold!
Oh! I tremble with the gush
Of an everlasting youth!
Love and fear together rush—
I am free in God, the Truth.

G. W. D.

Literary Notices.

Cloud-shadows; Atcherley; and Miscellaneous Poems. By JOHN WILLIAM FLETCHER, Author of 'The Battle of the Alma,' 'Tryphena,' and other Poems, &c. Longman. 1857.

Mr. Fletcher has a great power of throwing off musical verse; his writing is always pure in sentiment, and sometimes elevated. Here are some lines of his from a poem entitled 'Come Away:'—

'From the world's bewitching glances,
From its perilous advances,
From its sharp and shining lances,
Set in orderly array;
From its error and delusion,
Mirages whose light illusion
Leaves us lost in dim confusion;
Come away!

From its fading joys, and slender
Comforts, from its beams which render
But a meretricious splendour,
Like the sunset's pomp and play;
From its currents flowing under,
From its friendships rent asunder
With a sound like distant thunder;
Come away!

Hast thou changed the wreath of gladness
For a cypress-crown of sadness?
Does the fiery fiend of madness
Glare upon thee by the way?
Are the dead, like billows, breaking
O'er thy lonely pillow, making
Mournful music for thee waking?
Come away!

* * *

Where the moonbeams never glimmer
On an eyeball growing dimmer,
On the last glance of the swimmer,
Ere his pulse has ceased to play;
Where the heart-throbs never quicken,
As we mark the death-damps thicken,
O'er the loved, the early stricken;
Come away!'

If any of our readers belong to that (apparently) large public which accepts this class of writing for poetry, they will be delighted with Mr. Fletcher's volume. To ourselves, trying to see the images suggested and grasp their application as we go along, all this (and much more which has received the seal of public approbation) reads almost like burlesque. We have never read verse more musical than some of Mr. Fletcher's; but music does not quite satisfy us. We entreat Mr. Fletcher coolly to read those verses we have quoted, and try and translate them to himself. We feel sure that a gentleman who has paid so much attention to poetry will per-

ceive, upon its being pointed out to him, how poor in *conception* is his verse, and that his incongruous heaping up of similes only exhibits the poverty in a stronger light. We do not know Mr. Fletcher's age, opportunities, experience of life, or powers of self-discipline; but it will be a great pity if, after a trial or two more, the melodies he throws off should remain as *inarticulate* as now. The only simile which dwells in our memory after closing his volume is this—

'And Rose was prim and proper
Like a prayer-book in a pew;'

and the reason why it stays with us (the reason over and above the alliteration), is full of instruction for Mr. Fletcher and all poets of reckless fancy—it is appropriate, and really lights up the idea with which it is in apposition.

Poems and Songs, by JAMES M'DOUGALL. Arthur Hall, Virtue, & Co.

It is pleasant to come into contact with a mind like Mr. M'Dougall's, as it is shown in this modest volume, which contains some charming passages of sentiment and description. This is a very pretty verse:—

'The lisping linnet on the fairy fir,
The butterfly within the foxglove's cup;
The pheasant 'neath the fern, that with a whir
Of gorgeous wing in timid haste starts up.'

And this:—

'My song shall be of those I love,
As nature loves her baby-flowers,
Which come her mother-heart to prove,
Seeking her sunshine and her showers.'

In the following the first two lines are commonplace; the rest are pretty:—

'List, lady, list! my song is born
Of love that from thee cannot part;
Each word, each note, like fire is torn
From the warm altar of my heart.

* * *

Come, lady, come! the moon is up,
Her radiance fills the happy sky;
The dew hath filled the lily's cup;
All things are full of bliss but I.'

Mr. M'Dougall does not tease his reader by making everything 'like' something else three or four times in a page; his sea is not always 'surging' and 'spooming;' he does not 'ring out his being to the stars;' or climb the Infinite with quivering feet, till, like a shell, by the exasperate sea, that foams with rage, flung starkly on the beach, he welters downward through the abyss of thought, while all the spheres pass, pulsing one by one, across the horizon into cold-grey space; like trooping bridegrooms by the Eumenides scared from the throbbing bosoms where they laid their burning brows, like Dian by a brook, under the dim hush of the starried heaven, while winds go whispering low in woodland nooks, or tell the tree-tops of Endymion, till they are swirled into a whispering smile, like bridesmaids wondering how the cake will cut, and oh! if Henry should

forget the ring! or anything of that kind. Mr. M'Dougall is occasionally imitative (as in 'Love Thoughts,' interchanged between a 'Poet' and a 'Lady'), but never affected. 'A New Year's Morn' leaves a distinct impression on our mind, and a pleasant one. So does this picture, though it is inartistically drawn:—

'Night, like a silent, dark-robed sorcerer,
Creeps from his cave, and waves his wizard wand.
Across the sky the shades of twilight steal,
Obedient to his will, and weave a veil
Between the wide-eyed world and its blue heaven.
Soon, darker shadows wander through the air,
And while the potent spell still noiseless works,
They deepen into gloom, and end the day.'

And this is well said:—

'Love is the holiday of hearts, when, tired
And jaded with earth's schooling, they escape
Into a region of delight they call
Their home, where dwell in harmony divine
Those handmaids of the soul, Faith, Peace, and Hope.'

We may observe, by the way, that the doctrine 'Love dwells in opposites, not likes,' is preached by Mr. M'Dougall, as by others, in terms too wide. The usual condition of love is *predominating likeness, with some points of difference in which each may supply wants or check excesses in the other.* Mr. M'Dougall has no claims to richness, power, or pathos; his first long poem is a failure; his blank verse is feeble and monotonous in rhythm; parts of his volume are tedious. But his pretensions are modest, and he is free from the prevalent faults of recent verse-writing.

Record of Christian Missions.

MISSIONS IN BURMAH.

Those of our readers who have made themselves acquainted with the history of Dr. Judson's missionary labours in the Burman empire, will be especially gratified with the following narrative of a Burman mission, and summary of the present state of Christian enterprise amongst this deeply interesting people. We give it in preference to our usual summary, the contents of the missionary journals of the past month merely consisting of reports of the May meetings. The account is compiled from letters to the Church Missionary Society, from the Rev. H. Vanmeter, Mrs. Ingolls, Mr. Wylie, and the Rev. G. Kincaid:—

'This society (Bassein Home Mission) was formed in 1851, at the suggestion of the Rev. Mr. Abbott, and is entirely sustained by contributions from the churches in the district. Reports are made regularly at our quarterly meetings, missionaries appointed, &c. The proceedings of this society form one of the most interesting features of the meeting. The number of missionaries kept in the field would average, I think, about six. The most distant field to which they have been

sent is Toungoo. They have many strange things to tell of those fierce tribes of Karens inhabiting the mountainous district that lies away off on the frontier of the newly-acquired Pegu provinces. I wished to give the full statistics of our churches for 1855, and this has been one principal cause of this long delay in my reply. The committee appointed at our last annual meeting to prepare the minutes for last year could not get full information from all the churches sooner, and I have had at last to take the matter in hand myself. A report from the churches north of Bassein, which I had expected would be in by this time, has not come. What hindrances we have had by fire, death, and sickness, you well know. All the mission records were lost in the fire. I will mention a few facts of interest now, and that is all I can do this mail.

'The Rev. Mr. Abbott began labouring in this region about the year 1837. Converts were multiplied, so that in one year, I think 1842, Mr. Abbott baptized some 1,400 with his own hands. In the following year, 1843, the first preachers were ordained. Four other men were ordained at the close of the year 1850; one of them from the Toliang Karen, and one from the Burman Karen. In 1854 two more were ordained. All of these men are still living, and sustain a good reputation. The number of churches is over fifty. The memberships range from twenty-five to three hundred. The whole number of members is about five thousand. Schools were sustained in thirty villages last year, containing each twelve to one hundred and thirty scholars. Besides, some fifty of the more advanced, and such as are preparing for preachers or teachers, went to Dr. Wade's school at Maulmein, and a few to the mission school at Rangoon. Their contributions to the fund of the Home Mission Society last year, according to the treasurer's report, was 721 rupees. Besides this, they gave largely for the support of their pastors and schools, and not a small sum for the erection of chapels. I hope soon to give you the full amount of all their contributions. There are sixty preachers here, some of whom act as principals in the high schools. Although so many have gathered into the fold of Christ from among the Karens, there are still thousands in darkness—not to speak of the Burmans, Toliangs, and Shans, all through to this region.'

The following letter from Mrs. Ingolls has just been received by another friend in Calcutta:—

'Rangoon, Nov. 8, 1856.

'Your very kind letter of August last came safe, and I have to thank you or your kindness. I was then deciding about my return to America; and I thought I should call upon you as I passed through Calcutta, and therefore did not reply. It seemed my duty to go home with my little girl, and I had some fears regarding the work of a single lady in Burmah. I packed my trunk, and was ready to go by the return steamer, but the woes of the heathen, and the tears of the Christians, have come before me with so much power, I dare not go yet. My fatherless child is left with but few relatives, and none of this world's goods, and I felt it my duty to seek for her a home, and see that she was decently educated, so that she might care for herself, if God called me away; but I feel the claims of these people so strong upon me, that I must remain a little longer, and trust God in regard to the future. I have, therefore, decided to remain another year. It has been a bitter struggle of duty; but if I can see my heavenly Father is guiding, then I shall not

fear to remain. I shall leave my present home in the city, and go to some part of the town called Remindin. It is a new Burman field, and we may have some obstacles to obstruct us; but if God is with us we shall not work in vain. I shall have two or three Burman preachers, with their wives, some Burman schools, and shall go out into the jungle in the dry season. I thank you for the interest you have manifested towards me, and also your dear husband; and now I ask, as a favour, that you will pray for a blessing to rest upon my work here. I have led a happy life in this country. We have had our clouds; but I think we have had more of the sunshine. My dear husband loved the people, and they loved him; so that we have always been surrounded by dear Christians and heathen who were listening to the words of our blessed gospel. My dear husband always wished me to spend my time among the people; so I have always been with him in his work, and heretofore have had but little time for sorrow. At times now I feel that my cup of sorrow is too bitter for me, but at other times God does not forsake me, and I see his love in all that he has done. My dear one was ripe for heaven, and God knew when to take him. Every day something comes up to remind me of my loss, and the struggle is a hard one. Companies of Burmans come in. They inquire for the teacher. It is a bitter task to try and tell them that he is gone, gone; and it is not an easy thing for me to compose myself to tell them of his peaceful end, and remind them of his exhortations to them, and his prayers on their behalf. These are bitter trials; but God has blessed some of these meetings, and I know he will not leave me. My confidence in my heavenly Father was never so firm as now. And then, too, the Christians are most kind to me; and even the heathen seem to wish to do something to cheer me. A large company came to see me a few days ago, having heard that I was going to America. One said, if I would stay he would do anything for me. One said he would give me the posts for a house; another, the boards for the floor; another, the material for enclosing; and one poor man, who had nothing to give, held up his hands and said, "Here, mamma, is my gift"; they are strong, and can help make the house, if you will only stay;" another, that he would bring a boat and convey me to his place. So you will understand I do not feel alone with these poor Christians and heathen. My health, too, is good, and that of my little girl was never better; so I have blessings with all my trials. I hope to go to my new place soon, and then I will write to you freely of the people and my work, and give you an account of the customs, &c. It is interesting to hear that Lady Canning is so much interested in schools, &c. Do you think she would feel interested in the schools for Burman girls? They have not a taste for education, and we must create one. I shall make a little beginning. I have now ten girls who are learning to read their own language, and we are also teaching them plain sewing.' . . .

Mr. Wylie's concluding remarks are as follows:—

'After reading papers like these, our brethren in other lands may exclaim, in the bitterness of disappointed hope, "Who hath believed *our* report?" The gospel is certainly preached in many other places as faithfully as in Burmah; yet in how few places are the same fruits seen? But we must be still, and murmur not. We hear of an Elliot or a Brainerd, and the Lord working wondrously by them in North America; of a Johnson, and the blessing on his labours in Sierra Leone;

and in these present days we have the tidings before us of what was graciously done in Madeira under the ministry of Kalley and Hewitson. On the other hand, Henry Martyn may be raised up apparently only as a witness and a translator, and no fruits may follow from his personal ministry; or Dr. Judson may come to India to preach the gospel, and his design may be frustrated, and he may be driven from the country; but in the end we find the records of Martyn's experience, and the bright light of his example, blessed to the attraction of many to the work of missions; and Judson is expelled from India, and led, by a way that he knew not, to commence those very missions in Burmah which now are yielding so rich a harvest of joy and praise. Therefore, as to the fruits of labour, "let us judge nothing before the time." Labours "in the Lord" certainly will not be in vain. It is not discouragement we are to derive from these letters, but exactly the reverse. The blessings in Burmah are evidences to us of the faithfulness of the Lord's promises, and tokens of his power, and earnests, and foretastes, and first-fruits, of the coming glory. The very same blessing will, in the Lord's good times attend other missions; the very same grace will adorn the converts in other lands. Only let us be faithful and prayerful, "steadfast and unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord;" and the promised day will surely come, and the sighs of creation will be silenced. "I will hear, saith the Lord, I will hear the heavens, and they shall hear the earth; and the earth shall hear the corn, and the wine, and the oil; and they shall hear Jezreel. And I will sow her unto me in the earth: and I will have mercy upon her that had not obtained mercy; and I will say to them which were not my people, Thou art my people; and they shall say, Thou art my God." (Hosea ii. 21—23). All this, and much more, the Lord says, "SHALL come to pass;" and, at last, they who sow and they who reap shall rejoice together.'

STATISTICS OF MISSIONS IN THE TENASSERIM AND EASTERN PROVINCES. FROM THE REV. E. KINCAID.

'*Maulmain.*—Burman churches, 2, with 160 communicants, and 1 native pastor, supported by the church; 24 assistants, and 2 schools. Karen churches, 15, with 848 communicants, 15 native pastors, mostly supported by the churches; number of village schools, and the number of pupils, not known; probably 15 schools, with from 200 to 300 pupils.

'*Tavoy.*—Burman church, 1, with 22 communicants; 20 native pastors. Karen churches, 22, with 1,040 communicants, and 22 pastors, mostly supported by the churches; 19 village schools, self-supporting, and containing 241 pupils; 189 rupees for benevolent purposes.

'*Rangoon.*—Burman churches, 4, with 160 communicants, 2 pastors, and 2 assistants; 1 small school. Karen churches, 36, with 2,044 communicants and 36 pastors, 17 supported by the churches, and 19 supported in part; 36 village schools, with 600 pupils. These schools are self-supporting. During the past year these churches have paid into the treasury of the Home Mission Society over 600 rupees; also 200 rupees towards supporting the Karen high school, and 2,887 rupees to aid in the erection of their brick chapel at Kemendine.—P.S. Over 1,200 of the members of these churches have been baptized since the fall of Rangoon in 1852.

'*Bassein.*—Karen churches, 56, with more than 5,000 communicants; 36 village schools, with about 900 pupils; 50 pastors, and 7 assistant preachers. All the pastors and schools are supported by the churches.

'*Prome.*—Burman churches, 4, with about 100 communicants, 1 pastor, and 4 assistant preachers; 2 small schools with 23 pupils. Karen churches, 2, with over 40 members; 2 small village schools of 20 pupils; 1 Burman and 1 Karen school, self-supporting.—P.S. These churches have been raised up within the past two years.

'*Shwaygeen.*—Karen churches, 11, with 1,010 communicants, 2 pastors, and 11 assistant preachers, supported by the churches; nearly 200 pupils in schools, and supported by the churches.

'*Toungoo.*—Karen churches, 18, with 1,500 communicants; also over 30 congregations, where there is regular public worship, but churches not yet organized; number of schools and pupils not known. The churches are self-supporting; 3 pastors and 15 assistant preachers, supported by the churches.

'*Henthada.*—Karen churches, 3, with 90 communicants, 5 assistant preachers; 50 pupils in schools.

'*Ava.*—Burman church, 1, with 7 communicants.—P.S. Burman and Karen churches, 176; communicants, 11,966; pupils in school, over 2,500; and this includes 197 pupils in the high school at Kemendine, near Rangoon.

'Native pastors and preachers, 174; and, besides, there are about 80 pursuing studies preparatory to the work of the ministry. There must be a Christian population of about 100,000.

'I have taken much pains to collect these statistics, and they are below, rather than above, the mark. What we most need is education for a native ministry and for school teachers, especially in the Karen department of the mission. The Lord alone can raise up labourers; but then means must be used to render them efficient labourers in the Lord's vineyard. Karen chiefs, on the mountain east of Prome, are often coming to me, and begging for teachers; and I have only been able to furnish three men, as we have no funds to educate them. "The harvest is great, but the labourers are few." Some thousand of Karens, just at our doors, are waiting to be taught. In a few days I intend going to many of their villages, to preach the gospel, and baptize some twenty-five, who give evidence of faith in Christ.'

Monthly Retrospect.

If the political and religious horizon during this past month of June had corresponded with the glorious unclouded space that has domed the world for the last thirty days, what a cheerful, happy 'Retrospect' of the month could we take! A month of the singing of birds and the blooming of flowers, sun, moon, and stars shining in a glory, bright as on the day when they first looked down upon the Eastern Paradise. Ah! what a time would that be, if the worlds of spring and summer mirrored the world of man—if nothing in nature could be said to be happier or

purer than he for whose use and enjoyment all nature has been formed! At present, is it possible to put two things, more incongruous together than the singing of a lark and Mr. Wilson preparing the Miscellaneous Estimates? Or the warbling of a thrush and Sir John Pakington on the Jew Bill? Or a song from a rivulet and a croak from a bishop? Or, to be less odiously personal, sweltering along Cheapside, and just existing 'Down in cool grot and mossy cell?' Or sitting in Eve's bower on some 27th of June in the world's far-off future, and being driven to an editor's desk in Paternoster-row—in the same world's very consciously realized present! So, good reader, if we appear out of temper now and then with things as they are, pray believe that it is because of the jarring discord of the voices in the world's great orchestra, one part of which will ever wail and sob and gnash its teeth, while the other is pouring forth notes that express the very ecstasy of joy. There can be no harmony where half the singers sing throughout in a doleful minor key, and the other in the exultant major.

Yet, how can one help it? Is the addition of something like three millions sterling to the national expenditure not enough to crack the very best voice in the world? That is one result of the people's approving acquiescence in a Palmerstonian government; an addition of nearly a million to the army estimates, of some hundreds of thousands to the navy, and ditto to the miscellaneous, including nearly 100,000*l.* to the educational grant to the Committee of Privy Council—the last item now amounting, in round numbers, to half a million per annum. It was a fiction of political writers, some years back, that heavy taxation was the one thing that would vex, irritate, and rouse the English mind. Yet here we have an addition of millions to the annual taxation, and the people remain in what physicians would describe as a state of *coma*. It is, we believe, always a sign of a diseased condition of the body when an irritant, as not seldom happens, produces the effect of a sedative, or *vice versâ*. But this is exactly the case with the English people. The very circumstances that, under ordinary conditions, would be most calculated to whip the nation up to an almost feverish state of excitement, now produce the opposite effect. The greater the burden the more silently do the people bear it. There was a time when the lion was the national emblem; had we not better substitute the patient ass? It would seem as though every Englishman had been crying to Palmerston for months past, Tax me! tax me! tax me! and that in accordance with the entreaty, the Premier had systematically increased the weight of every lump that an Englishman bears upon his back from April to April. The result is an addition to the whole expenditure in the national accounts over any previous year of peace, of about three millions sterling.

We are glad to have discharged our duty in connexion with this matter, in order that we may at once pass on to a more cheerful strain. We cannot speak too highly of the vigour with which the Divorce, the Oaths, and the Ministers' Money Bills, have been pushed through their several stages in Lords and Commons. The first will do more than ony other measure that could be passed to exalt the character of the nation. It has now been passed by the Lords in as perfect a state as could well be expected, and excepting

that it does not place husband and wife on an exact equality for the obtaining of common justice, is a model of right legislation. The Oaths Bill has received an unexpected addition in the shape of an amendment disqualifying Jews from acting as Lord Chancellors, &c.—an amendment with which we are not disposed to disagree, inasmuch as it simply brings out to prominent view one of the practical inconveniences of a State Church, and illustrates the truth of the old moral axiom, that one wrong is always sure to be followed by another. Here we have the existence of an Establishment as the fundamental injury on which is based the exclusion from the most important offices of state of thousands of citizens who are allowed by their votes to assist in the creation of the very legislature which is expected to put upon them the band of exclusion from all the higher offices in its pay. Every Jew in Parliament will, therefore, we hope, be not merely a Jew, but an Anti-state-churchman. It can hardly be that the Ministers' Money Bill will not now pass into law, the Earl of Derby, who at first opposed it like 'a lion,' having consented to it 'like a lamb;' and the Bill having passed the Lords, we are one step nearer to church-rate abolition.

Not that we expect, or have ever expected, anything from Lord Palmerston's Government in the shape of a real church-rate abolition bill; and if we had, the deputation of Lord Shaftesbury (the Premier's brother-in-law) and his friends to the noble lord, to point out to him the weakness of the Anti-church-rate camp, would, most effectually, have disabused us of any such notion. The deputation we refer to has, we confess, to our own mind, all the appearance of having been got up at the instigation of the Premier himself. The statement that it made, viz., that five per cent. only of the parishes in England and Wales have refused church-rates, has been caught up by the noble lord's organ—the 'Morning Post'—as an effectual reply to the 'little noisy lot' of agitators who demand such an unreasonable thing as the relief of their consciences in this matter. The 'Press' has since echoed the 'Post,' and between them the two Church organs seem to have made up their minds on behalf of the Established Church, that neither complete nor partial abolition of church-rates is to be allowed without either an equivalent in money *or in liberty*. The last is suggested by the 'Post.' Some replies to the statements of the deputation have appeared in various journals, but all of them seem to us to have missed the mark. Dr. Foster, for instance, on behalf of the Religious Liberation Society, writes that, according to the church-rate returns, the actual number of parishes that have not refused church-rates is only about one-half of the total number of parishes in the kingdom, and very legitimately infers that the other fifty per cent. may be assumed to have refused; but the mere number of parishes in either case affords no indication whatever of the actual state of public opinion. The fact is, that, as a rule, church-rates are now levied in the very smallest parishes only. In a parish of thirty-eight inhabitants or less—and there are not a few of such in the kingdom—church-rates are sure to be carried, and they are about as sure to be refused in a parish of twenty or fifty thousand inhabitants. A comparison in detail of the population of the several parishes enumerated in the 'Return' would, we feel pretty confident, prove that the five per cent. there returned as rejecting have a population considerably in excess of the ninety-five per cent. assenting.

The proceedings in the matter of the Rochdale election petition have thrown some unwelcome light on the corruption of the legislative and the electoral body. The whole of the *dramatis personæ* in the principal scenes in this little episode appear to be pretty equally guilty—Sir Alexander Ramsay in confidential intercourse, 'up the lane,' with Mills, the beershop-keeper, leading the highly respectable gang. Of the report of the special committee appointed to consider the charge of treating with the witness Rothwell, there appears to be but one opinion. It was a resolute hiding of the case, a fixed and intentional burking of the evidence. Sitting with closed doors, they occupied nearly two days, after hearing witnesses, in concocting a special pleader's report of just thirty lines, on which the House could take no action whatever. The composition of the election committee to consider the charge of bribery offers but little hope of a much different result from their labours. One of Mr. Disraeli's county bucolic members is chairman; there are three other Tories, and one Liberal. The counsel engaged for the petitioners also is far inferior to that for the defence. The evidence, however, so far as it has yet gone, is pretty conclusive; and unless the character of its chief witness can be damaged beyond repair, will be sufficient of itself, if the committee act with candour, to upset Sir A. Ramsay's election. Mr. Miall might probably have been allowed a chance of winning the battle so honourably lost by himself and the Liberals of Rochdale at the last election, but Mr. Bright, we believe, has stepped in to take his place.

Th Educational Conference opened, under the auspices of Prince Albert—we mean the 'Prince Consort'—on the 22nd of the month, was distinguished, to our own minds, by so glaring a bias in favour of State education, as to make it difficult for any Voluntary to take public part in its proceedings. While we recognise, with a gladness of feeling second to none, the interest now taken by public men of all parties in this question, and can scarcely express too highly our sense of the service they are bringing to the State by simply bringing the question before the people under the high *prestige* of their names and influence, we cannot help thinking that the Conference which has just closed will fail of any real advantage to sound, popular instruction. It is patent that the whole scheme was got up under the auspices of the Committee of Privy Council. Its chairman was the chairman of the last public meeting; the new 'Minister of Public Instruction' succeeding him. Every member of the committee, every Government Inspector of Schools, and every State Secretary, past and present, were placed on the executive, with whom, to represent the Dissenting interest, were simply Mr. Morley and Mr. Baines. The chairmen of the sections were in like manner chosen from the officers of the Privy Council Committee, and known clerical favourers of its schemes. After a pretty thorough discussion, the sections each made reports, the bases of which assumed a wide extension of the present irresponsible scheme. Mr. Baines was asked to second the adoption of one of these reports, which assumed the continuance of the minutes, and involved an approval of them. Mr. Morley seconded another, but aware apparently of his position, took advantage of the opportunity to speak a few vigorous sentences in behalf of the Voluntary system. If we do not mistake, the proceedings of this

Conference will be pleaded as an excuse for adding considerably to the annual vote to the Committee of Council.

All the world has been reading or writing of the Handel Festival. Aye! 'Music hath charms,' and even Pope himself, we hope, would have been moved to acknowledge them, had he been born to see this day. Yet how many, beside those in the orchestra, went to the meetings in the Crystal Palace from a pure devotion to the divine art? It is a question you cannot help asking, yet one that you would rather not have answered. You would gladly believe that every one who heard the old Hundredth on the afternoon that Judas Maccabeus was performed, heard as those did whose hearts were involuntarily lifted up to their Maker, as the chorus poured forth its strains, who felt then an elevation of soul that is rarely felt on this side the grave, who could pray, 'Oh, that these were my daily feelings—would that I always had such a loathing of the gross and the sensual, such a realization of the higher capabilities of the spiritual faculties.' As a mere *spectacle*, the Festival was such as has been rarely witnessed; as a place and a means of spiritual exaltation, it will remain for ever unforgotten in the history of the soul.

Just reminding the reader that there has been a new French election, this time without the aid of barricades, and without the necessity of forged returns, although revealing an increasingly conscious weakness on the part of the higher power; and calling attention to the Pope's paternal visit to the distressed children of his dominions, of which a detailed and rather curious account will be found in the correspondence of the 'Daily News;' we close with a word of sorrowful sympathy for the death of the greatest wit, and one of the best and most human of men. Douglas Jerrold is dead! As the wailing notes of the first part of the 'Messiah' sounded through the vast transept of the Crystal Palace, the solemn service for the dead was being read over his grave. Ashes to ashes, dust to dust, and the spirit to Him who gave it! Here, that spirit was as a Damascus sword to all the whited sepulchres of humanity—flashing with polished wit in the face of every corruption. Does it seem incongruous to ask what service wit will perform in the world of spirits? Yet *it*, too, is a gift of the Father, and as it had its *work* here, has doubtless its reward and service hereafter.

THE MONTHLY

CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR.

AUGUST, 1857.

John Paul Churchless; or, the Christian at large.

(Conclusion.)

CHAPTER III.

We left the two friends, Churchless and Broadly, in free colloquy on the state of the churches generally, but the latter began to narrate, and as the former thought somewhat enthusiastically, the nature and results hitherto of a happy experiment that had been tried under the conduct of a Mr. Eyebright.

The experiment was, indeed, a novel one in some of its particulars; for, instead of subscribing their thousands to erect a costly edifice, that should rival in architectural pretensions the neighbouring chapel-of-ease, and quite outvie all the Dissenting places of worship, the few friends who had begun to associate together for the edification of themselves and their families, strangely enough, deemed that the spiritual element—necessarily including therein the intellectual—was first in order as in importance, and that the grandest thing of all would be to secure the presence among them of a man able to be in all things their teacher, and quickener, and friend; and, assured that Mr. Eyebright was such a one, had begun by providing a pleasant home for him, and opening an account to his credit at the bank! A proceeding altogether without precedent, it was said, and one which occasioned a most extraordinary uplifting of more orthodox eyebrows —for was it not a suspicious innovation to care more for the pastor's freedom from anxiety than for a fine chapel, with curtained patrician pews, and plebeian free-seats? Thus a few friends, while as yet without a place for public worship, and with no 'church' formed, had obtained a teacher who was already living among them! He visited their families, and lived in their midst, somewhat as the apostle had done in Ephesus or Corinth, observing little formality, but putting

forth 'the truth that was in him' as opportunity allowed, or occasion called for. If it were too much to say that he was among them as Christ had been among his disciples, you may at least say that he was in ———, like Socrates in Athens, devoting his best powers, and still more, his very self, to the good of those he came into contact with. But the reader should know what 'good' is, and, when used in reference to a man like Mr. E., must understand it in the broadest sense. Natural and easy as his proceedings were, those with whom he associated gradually became aware of regarding life and all things from a loftier point of view, and with nobler aims. They were, almost unconsciously at first, learning how to live. He became the friend, and even confidant of the young. The young men gathered round him with delight, and almost pride. They drank in strength from him, and took their places among their necessary associates in the world with manlier ease, not shrinking from the encounter of wit or railery, of argument, or scorn, or rudeness, by which so many of those who secretly wish and mean well are, in the early part of manhood, borne down, or gradually turned from the path they once determined to keep. If a sophism were employed which they could not expose, or an argument they could not answer, the evening saw them in counsel with their friend, from whom they returned refreshed in spirit and armed anew. Thus, without any such formal scheme as could be put down in black and white, or made into a telling paragraph in a 'report,' he was quietly training many to act in their various spheres as centres of healthful influence. Those of the other sex, too, who were growing up to womanhood, were, with like unconsciousness, being led by him, if not into an altogether new world, yet at least up to a higher level, and learning how noble a life it was in the power of everyone to live, and that however retired or humble the position.

The friends frequently met in various social groups at each other's houses, and generally on Sunday mornings they worshipped together; but with an absence of the formal, and yet such a sense of the real, as made social worship quite a new thing to them. On Sunday evenings Mr. Eyebright often lectured in a large public room, but without either worship in any form, or even the reading of the Scriptures; for, although his was by no means a scrupulous conscience, yet his ideas of the nature of worship prevented his needlessly engaging in it when the mass of those around him were unprepared to unite. As he knew that all truth was one, and the whole universe God's, and all nature but a manifestation of the divine, and history, and science, and art were from God, and, rightly viewed, might lead to God again, he felt himself perfectly free in his choice of topics, and mode of handling them, to consult the habits, and tastes, and preferences, of the classes he sought to help. And as he held it for one of his very foundation truths that the appellation of FATHER, assumed by God, was no idle word, but, even when most profoundly realized, altogether inadequate to convey more than the faintest idea of the yearning love with which He regards and seeks every man, so with him it was no mere form to

call and treat every man as a brother, every woman, whoever she might be, as a sister.

We have thus thrown into a single paragraph the substance of a long account rendered by Broadly to his friend, and often interrupted by questions and ejaculations of surprise on the part of the latter. Churchless could scarcely comprehend the strange nature of the proceedings, the absence of all the formal, and how a sufficient number of individuals could be brought to concur in a plan that seemed so planless; while that an evidently ample sum of money had been forthcoming, and that at the very beginning, and so altogether in faith in the wisdom and vital power of the invited teacher, and that they who had thus shown their own earnestness, by their readiness to prize the 'spiritual things' they expected to gain above the 'carnal things' they were so prompt to contribute even beforehand, should have given the ministerial friend so completely a *carte blanche*, drew from him repeated expressions of wonder.

'But did you make no stipulations whatever? Did you not engage him to preach twice on the Sunday, and conduct prayer-meetings, and all the indispensable *et cetera* of a church?' he asked.

'No; we were not a "church" you know, technically speaking; nor had we any public place of meeting. We only knew we stood greatly in need of a wise helper, and that Mr. E. was such a one as our very souls longed for; and that we might safely leave all arrangements to him, if we could only secure his presence in our midst. Perhaps, too, the church experience of many of us led us to lay somewhat less stress on the formal than we should once have done.'

'But how in the world did you manage the money question?' inquired Churchless.

'Where could the difficulty be when there were a few families absolutely thirsting for wise and quickening teaching? Just think of the salaries which merchants and bankers and lawyers pay their clerks—which tradesmen pay their shop-assistants—which ladies give even to their cooks. And when we were really in earnest to secure the brain and heart of a spiritual teacher, is it to be wondered at that we saw at a glance the absurdity of rating his life and spirit lower than we should have done the mere fingers and figure-reckoning or pen-holding powers of a clerk?'

'But some of you must have been wealthy as well as liberal,' rejoined Churchless.

'I tell you we were not. We merely borrowed a leaf from "the children of this world." Would not Rothschild secure at any cost the services of the man that would exactly answer his purpose? Would not judicious parents seek the ablest instructors for their children at any price? Why, what does the "Times" newspaper give, think you, to each of the writers of its leaders? I tell you, that if the Church wants to take higher ground, it must just reverse its usual proceedings. A man is bound to be honest, and he ought to be able to provide in health for sickness and age, and to educate his family, and give them a fair start in life; and if able and culti-

vated men cannot do this in what is called "the ministry," they will very properly turn their backs on such a calling, and glorify God, and provide things honest in the sight of men, and foster their families, by some other and truer means, and leave the *soi-disant* churches to do what they can on the cheese-paring principle. We simply did the sensible; nay, only the honest.'

'But with no church formed, and no regular public worship, as I think I understood you, did you not feel a grave want? I should have thought the want of order, of method, of something definite, I was going to say tangible, a serious defect. I, too, value the spiritual, but have been accustomed to consider that as, in regard to truth, we want both the "spirit" and the "letter," so, in regard to social Christianity, we want both the life and the form; the latter to contain and preserve and embody the former.'

'You are right, too. At least, I think so,' answered Broadly. 'But tell me, does the letter generate the spirit? or the spirit the letter? And does the form beget the life? or the life the form? I have told you we had ventured on an experiment in, I had almost said, spiritual dynamics, and considered that the first thing was to get a true man as a centre, a living centre, and then to let things fashion themselves around him as they naturally might. And thus the course pursued by Mr. Eyebright at first was only intended to be temporary, a various effort to do good while he was making himself acquainted with the locality, and studying the characters and circumstances. But even then, as I have said, we found our advantage, for, provided we really get the teaching and quickening which most of us need, I do not know that the precise method signifies much.'

'But you have a church formed now?' said Churchless.

'We have. But it was some time first, I assure you; and then not without grave consideration. And, indeed, there were some of us who would have preferred to dispense altogether with this conformity to the ordinary state of things They had been church-bitten, or deacon-ridden, or something of the sort, I fancy.'

'Proceed then, pray. I am eager to hear all,' said Churchless.

'Well, this same church question, now-a-days, is artificially made a very difficult one, you know. During these eighteen centuries many experiments in what Ruskin calls the construction of sheepfolds have been made. I wonder whether you and I shall agree in a few first principles. Shall we try, before I seek to explain our subsequent course?'

'Begin, then,' replied Churchless.

'To begin, then. Our Lord, you know, organized no body, constituted no church, on any verbally defined principles. While he was still on earth, discipleship seems to have been constituted by affinity alone. You had Christ and his "friends" or "disciples;" and there were as many as "five hundred brethren;" but still life, affinity, nature, was all. Nothing of a settled church constitution.'

'Yes, but—' interposed Churchless.

'Pardon me; I foresee all you would allege, and will admit it all.

But I am only concerned at present with facts. Do you grant me the fact?'

'It cannot be denied. Continue.'

'After his ascension, the apostles were to their many converts somewhat as Christ had been to them. All who, from the preaching of the word, became convinced of the truth, and resolved to embrace it, naturally consorted with the apostles and "the brethren," but without any constitution of a Christian church being drawn up, or thought of. Still the law of affinity ruled, and it sufficed.'

'But they were "baptized," and "added to the church,"' interposed Churchless.

'Baptized, yes; but the apostles administered that rite to everyone who resolved to be henceforth the disciple of the risen Saviour, and they did it of themselves. It was not a "church ordinance." And as to "adding to the church," I believe a correct reading does not yield that phrase;* or if it do, the word is not used in any modern and technical sense, but simply as "the assembly," "the body of people," *par eminence*. They as naturally associated together as a number of Englishmen would draw together who found themselves in some foreign and hostile land; or, as people of the same tastes associate, quite naturally. Artists, for example.'

'Well, but,' said Churchless, 'in course of time, the church at Jerusalem came to be a duly organized body, with its "elders," and so forth.'

'I do not know much about the "so forth,"' said the other; 'but everything indicates that there was as little of constitution-making as is conceivable, and as much of freedom, elasticity, and play of individualism, as can be imagined. "Elders" there were; but what were their functions is not told. And though there were "many thousands that believed," and they were yet but one church, they could only have met in groups, according to circumstances. It is plain that no stress whatever was laid on church forms and rules as such; that life was all in all; and the forms and rules, if such there were, were the fewest possible, the simplest, most obvious, and none but what were natural and necessary.'

'Well, and this fact might be adopted as a principle, I think,' said Churchless again.

'True; but you may depend upon it,' answered Broadly, 'that although the whole modern Church would gain immensely by a re-consideration of the entire question of Church economy, yet there would be a considerable recoil from the true simplicity of the whole matter when seen, and the traditional and conventional would struggle hard for life. We have lost so much of the natural, and have grown so accustomed to the artificial, while the occasional efforts to return to scriptural naturalness have been so unfortunate, that perhaps most men will content themselves with seeking to do the best they can with existing forms, "taking things as they find them," and trying to work the present machinery in a better spirit.'

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* See Alford *in loc.*

'And perhaps not wholly unworthy of a wise man either,' replied Churchless. 'If all the extant forms were filled with new life, I don't know that the form of church government would be of any great moment. But we are digressing. I grant you that the church question is at best but a question of means to an end.'

'Let me see; where was I? Oh, I recollect. Well, to cut the matter short—The first Gentile church, and that, and not the church at Jerusalem, is, to use a common phrase, the mother church of all the non-Israelitish churches, arose quite unofficially, as you know. Some private disciples, whose names even are not mentioned, went to Antioch, and told the truths concerning Jesus, and with such effect that many believed, and the Spirit of the Lord came upon them, rode into their souls on the words they welcomed, and they too then naturally associated together, prompted by mutual love and interest and sympathy, and seeking to build one another up, and to be built up in their new and glorious faith and life. And this company, thus naturally associated, was a church too.'

'Oh, yes,' said Churchless, 'and wherever two or three are gathered together in the name of Christ, there is a church for the time being, whether they thus meet for the first and only time, or continue to meet regularly. I agree with you that we have grown terribly enslaved to the technical and artificial. But I am interrupting you again.'

'I am afraid I am but carrying coals to Newcastle in thus making good certain principles, which lie however at the foundation of our course of proceeding. I will only add, that in all the cities in which the apostles preached, those who believed associated in like manner naturally, and as a matter of course, for mutual countenance and help in the divine life, and better to maintain their own, and operate on the surrounding population; but that there was as little as could be of anything like a cut-and-dried constitution given to them. Everything arose naturally. And whatever was felt to be wanted for the purposes for which they were united they were free to adopt, provided they violated none of those obvious principles which grew out of the moral nature of their simple and fraternal union.'

'I see,' said Churchless, 'that as you do not find any precise constitution enjoined in the New Testament, so neither do you find any binding apostolic model.'

'Exactly,' replied Broadly. 'And as the apostles evidently modified their course according to circumstances, for, by way of example, the having all things in common soon ceased, so, were they living now, they would modify it still according as they found themselves in London, or the interior of Africa, in Scotland, or the heart of China; in the times of Henry the Eighth, or Queen Mary, or Queen Victoria.'

'I believe you, my friend,' answered Churchless. 'And I cannot conceive of church questions, or church proceedings, under the apostles' oversight, becoming a means of annoying and restricting and constraining the free individuality of any sincere Christian. We do grievously need a return to what you called just now scriptural

naturalness. The trees of righteousness of the Lord's own planting are now-a-days permitted to grow only in such or such directions, and are trained and clipped as though the spirit of the church were the spirit of an old Dutch gardener. I confess I am weary of seeing the resolute efforts of worthy people to put all Christians into uniform, and that often an ugly inconvenient uniform too. The Quakers do it right out in broadcloth and silks. The Methodists do it quite as really as to mind and religious experience—all drab. And there is little room in most of the other churches for a man that abjures livery. I am often reminded of the poor "charity children" one meets in the streets, going to church on bright sunshiny mornings, the boys in frightful blue cut-away jackets and breeches, the girls in antiquated caps and capes, and all carrying their Prayer-books under their arms. If I could ridicule the whole thing I might exclaim, "O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified!" but, as the grieved heart loathes the scornful, I only sigh, "Oh for life, *life*, LIFE!" But again I am interrupting you.'

'Well,' said Broadly, 'after a time some of our friends were anxious to enter into somewhat more definite relations with the minister and one another. They thought it might be advantageous to themselves, and especially profitable to the young people, as well as likely to be more impressive on that portion of the world around which they wished to act on.'

'I can thoroughly appreciate their feelings,' said Churchless; 'they would be my own.'

'But,' continued Broadly, 'there were others of us who would have preferred the easy and natural way in which we had been going on. For if ever there was an age or country in which good men could afford to dispense with the formal in association it is our own. And I believe Mr. Eyebright himself would have preferred a purely natural course of things, but was willing to consult the sense of want which several expressed. So, after much consideration and private conference, some twenty or thirty of us met to see how far we could combine in something of a church relation.'

'Well, and how did you proceed? And what was the form you assumed?' inquired Churchless.

'Well, Mr. Eyebright began, and went on, step by step, from one point to another, till we thought our course seemed pretty plainly to open before us.'

'Can you reproduce his line of remark for me?' asked the other.

'I fear not. At least, it would occupy far too much time if I could. But I can give you a jotting or two. Only I cannot stay to make good every step of the way, as we did then. Well, we agreed then—*First*, that there was no form of church constitution enjoined in the New Testament. *Secondly*, that there was no complete specimen of one in the New Testament. *Thirdly*, that the apostles, in forming churches, acted according to circumstances, and thus somewhat varied their proceedings, and would have continued to do so from time to time to the present day, had they lived. *Fourthly*, that even if a

complete form could be made out from the New Testament, it would not be absolutely binding on Christians of a remote century, but only indicative and helpful so far as circumstances were similar. *Fifthly*, that all church relationship, or church constitution, is at best but a means to an end, and not the end itself; and that the nature of the end sought to be attained would suggest the means to be employed, or, at least, supply a veto on unsuitable ones. *Sixthly*, that the end sought by entering into such relation is twofold, having respect to the furtherance of the individual Christian, and the promotion of Christian action on the hitherto non-Christian population. *Seventhly*, that certain principles are found in the New Testament in harmony with this twofold object, which principles are to be observed if the church formed wish to consider itself a Christian church, entitled as such to claim its share in the promises and prerogatives conferred on his churches by the Lord Jesus Christ. *Eighthly*, that within those boundary stakes, so to speak, a church is perfectly free to build on any model, to adopt whatever polity, whatever mode of worship, whatever forms of religious action, it may find itself prompted to; remembering that the same Spirit which guided apostles and the early Christians is promised to be with the body of Christ even to the end. *Ninthly*, that the greater the simplicity of the form, and the larger the scope left for the full development of Christian individuality, the better. Now, I presume you can endorse all these preliminaries.'

'Certainly I can, most unhesitatingly,' answered Churchless.

'Well, see if you can still keep step with us,' said Broadly. 'For I grant you that the chief difficulty arises perhaps at our *tenthly*.'

'What then?' inquired Churchless.

'The basis of our Christian fellowship,' answered Broadly. 'Where should we draw the dividing line between those we could welcome and those we could not?'

'Ah, that is indeed the question,' said Churchless. 'If you solved it to perfection I won't despair of the north-west passage being discovered, or the squaring of the circle.'

'Of course we wanted our circle to be neither too broad nor too narrow, since either way our object would be defeated. Yet we were agreed that if we could not draw it to a hair's breadth, we would rather it were too comprehensive than too exclusive, as everyway the lesser of the two evils. But come, since we have got through one part of our subject, and are entering on a distinct branch of it, how would it be to change our place? What say you to a stroll by the river? The evening is very inviting.'

So the friends strolled through the busy streets, regretting to see as they passed so many young people confined to close shops on so glorious a summer evening, and both acknowledging that they would cheerfully dispense with a good deal of what in the present day is mistaken for 'progress of civilization' and the like, if only the youth of England could enjoy a little more of the freedom of the olden time. The depressing effects of the terrible go-a-head, hurry-and-drive

spirit, on even the moral life of the community, were glanced at in their conversation, till Churchless was led to remark, 'That the Church of to-day seemed powerless in front of the gigantic evils that are preying on the very vitals of the country.'

'Well,' replied Broadly, 'that observation brings us fairly back to the subject we were canvassing indoors; and now that we have left the noisy town behind us, we can resume it. You say the Church is comparatively powerless; that it does not even dream of lifting up its voice like a trumpet to show the nation the error of its headlong course. But though the Church, as a Church, does not, yet, happily, individual Christians are found striving in this way, and seeking to remedy one evil after another. And the best action, after all, will ever be that of the individual. A body can scarcely take effectual action so well. It can resolve, and subscribe, and authorize agents, and receive reports; but the work to be done, of almost every kind, will and must be done by the individuals who are specially moved to do it by the spirit of benevolence, or justice, or holiness, within them, which is the Spirit of God. And thus again the associative or church principle is not quite all in all; and individualism has an important part to play in the working out of Christianity. Still, an association of Christians, presenting an embodiment of Christian principle and Christian life, so that the world, which is suspicious of mere theory, and wants to "see the thing working," may have the full idea in a readable form before it, is a grand fact wherever it exists. But to fulfil this part of its design, a church must look well to its basis. And that was the point we had come to ere we began our walk. I I see you desire the practical, by the blame you insinuated on the Church in general for not uttering its voice on the evils of the day. But most churches hitherto have made their bases either philosophical or—'

'Pardon me, but how "philosophical?"' broke in Churchless.

'Well, doctrinal then,' replied Broadly, 'if you prefer that word. Perhaps I should have said scientific rather than philosophical. However, the remark is correct, I believe, that for the most part churches have demanded assent to certain scientific statements about truth, rather than purely moral conditions.'

'And you?'

'We saw from the first that a scientific basis would never do. For how could we draw up a scheme which all sincere disciples of Christ would accept? And who were we that, if we attempted to constitute a church of Christ, for Christ's own purposes, we should so contrive the doorway as to exclude any of his true followers? A little knot of Calvinists we might arrange for, or a little knot of Arminians, of Trinitarians, or Unitarians, but we had the sanctified ambition to desire to unite a body of *Christians*. We did not deem ourselves at liberty so to frame our agreement as thereby to keep outside any whom we could believe the Lord himself would acknowledge. Besides, the history of the working of the scientific basis, wherever it had been tried, all through the centuries, convinced us that neither wisdom nor

love gave sanction to it. Luther, and Calvin, and Zuingle, ought to have been able to unite. Whitefield and Wesley ought to have been able to fraternize to the last. Dr. Pye Smith and Dr. Channing might surely have eaten bread and drunk wine together in remembrance of their common Lord. Now, since Christianity is a religion of facts, and all the first disciples associated primarily on the basis of a common belief in and acceptance of those facts, and the scientific forms and relations of the facts came later, we were greatly prepared to adopt such a basis for ourselves. Then, since one object of association was to provide a Christian home for such Christians as wished for one —a nursery for young Christians—a refuge for distressed ones—a hospital for sick and weary ones—a school for inquiring ones—as well as a temple for worshipping ones—we believed it should be as broad and comprehensive as possible; and, further, remembering how the Lord, in his delineation of the subjects of his kingdom, drew as comprehensive a line as even his own grand heart and divine spirit prompted, including within his sweep of merciful love even those who are but beginning to be conscious of their spiritual poverty and need,* we also felt bound to welcome the first signs and tokens of spiritual life. So we defined a Christian to be *one who, acknowledging Christ as Lord, shows he has* (or, if a commencing Christian, professes his earnest desire to) *the Christ-spirit by a Christ-life.*'

'Stop a minute. That is a definition of a Christian I never heard before. I want time to consider it,' said Churchless.

'I believe,' replied Broadly, 'it will hold water. Try it. Think it over at your leisure. You know you want to include "these little ones that believe in me," as well as "such a one as Paul the aged;" "babes, young men, and fathers;" "the blade, the ear, and the full corn in the ear." We are satisfied with the definition still. You see it makes the spirit and the life the thing. And it is so vitally elastic that, as the individual grows in the knowledge of Christ and divine things, he must increasingly manifest that Christ is his Lord by a fuller spirit and a maturer life.'

'Well, I must think it over,' said his friend. 'But at the first blush, I confess it strikes me as satisfactory. However, pray proceed. You started with the principle that a true and proper church of Christ should be the warm and welcoming home of all who honestly profess their wish and resolve to follow him. Well?'

'This being our basis, and already having a pastor, minister, elder, bishop, or angel of the church, whatever title you please, we came to the question of other "church officers."'

'Deacons; yes?'

'Deacons; no!' rejoined Broadly, with a smile. 'By the principles we had already agreed on, we were under no scriptural obligation to appoint men with that particular title, you know. And so much the less, since it must be confessed, by all who are competently informed, that it is not possible now to ascertain the precise func-

* Matt. v. 3.

tions of those who, in some of the apostolic churches, bore that name, as mentioned in the pastoral epistles. For as it is perfectly gratuitous to derive their origin from the sixth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, where the word does not once occur, but only in the editorial heading of the chapter, so it is simply amusing to identify our modern deacons with those spoken of by Paul to Timothy. No, we recognised distinctly that we were at full liberty to have, or not have, such "officers" as are so designated in the Dissenting churches; and we used our liberty to resolve on steering clear of all such rocks a-head.'

'You amuse me,' said Churchless. 'However, all the churches throughout the world, except the Baptist and Independent, I believe, dispense with them. The Church of England has instead churchwardens, annually appointed; in the Kirk of Scotland the "elders," I suppose, render them unnecessary; the Wesleyans have trustees, stewards, class-leaders; so you are not singular in your resolve. But what was the objection? Though, I suppose, it is not hard to guess.'

'Well, then,' replied Broadly, 'as we are safe to talk a little treason by this pleasant river-side without any risk of incurring floods of diaconal wrath, you must know that no sooner was the word "deacon" mentioned among us, than almost all who had had any experience of church life among the Dissenters winced at the very sound, and there was "silence" for almost "the space" of time mentioned in the Apocalypse. Then one and another spoke out, and such was the general conviction, rooted and grounded in regretful observation, or still sadder experience, that we resolved, as I have said, to dispense with the office altogether. Not but that many churches have had a treasure in their deacons, and among the thousands who bear that name in our English churches are to be found hundreds, perhaps, worthy of highest honour; but still, the instances of an opposite kind are too many and too damning. Besides, if it were not for the falsely supposed sanction of that sixth chapter of the Acts, and a childish desire to conform to the tiniest letter of apostolic practice, which reminds one of those who in a still graver department were scrupulous to tithe their mint and annise while neglecting the weightier things of the law, no religious society now-a-days would dream of choosing three or four men for life to occupy that peculiar position which, somehow, deacons have come to occupy in most of our Dissenting churches. In apostolic days, there was comparatively little experience in the conduct of voluntary societies; whereas now so familiar are we with such matters that whenever a dozen or a score of men of any class meet to accomplish any scheme of joint action, they adopt the wisest and likeliest constitution for themselves, as if by instinct—at least, there seems a sort of Anglo-Saxon instinct for this kind of thing.'

'That's true,' said Churchless. 'And now I begin to see that a modern English church, if it wisely felt itself free enough, would be likely to adopt a modern English form.'

'Yes, and that in more respects than the one relating to officers; for example, now—'

'But stay,' interrupted the other. 'One thing at a time. You have not told me what you substituted for that very peculiar class of men—the deacons of Dissenting churches.'

'Well, we agreed to have as little of the formal as would suffice. We had a minister already, and he undertook for the present the duties of secretary. All the men constituted a general committee—you might call it a presbytery, if you liked an ecclesiastically-sounding word better. It was a committee for all general purposes not belonging to the proper province of our beloved teacher; for all that related to *that* we felt it every way wisest and properest to leave in his hands, and let him select from among us one person for this purpose, and another for another; it being understood that we were all ready to co-operate with him, and do whatever kind of work he might ask us for. So we did not impose on him official advisers whom he was bound to consult, and whose approbation he must always secure before he could take a single step. Why, many of our best ministers will tell you, at least they would if they were pouring out their hearts in full confidence, that the deacon-bands that churches allow their ministers to be swathed in are worse than the swaddling-bands of the bye-gone generation of old nurses, and as restrictive as those grave-clothes in which Lazarus stood in the tomb's entrance, a living mummy.'

'And the napkin bound about the head,' added Churchless.

'Aye, a napkin about the head, and a double swathe about the heart, my friend, and a thick fold over the mouth—only the eyes free, and the life within.'

'Why,' said Churchless, 'you are as severe as Angell James was in his celebrated book, in which he said that many of our deacons were "the Bible of the minister, and the wolf of the flock."'

'I think,' replied Broadly, 'the churches would do well to re-consider the deacon question somewhat. We have found nothing but good in letting our minister choose his own advisers and select his own helpers. And when he comes forth from his vestry on a Sunday morning, with those around him whom friendship and affinity have naturally put in the nearest place to him, we think we see only one of innumerable advantages resulting from our freer and less official system.'

'But your general committee, or board, or presbytery, what do they do?'

'All matters of business come before them, and they refer them, if necessary, to certain standing sub-committees which they have chosen for the year, or form a fresh one *pro re natâ*.'

'You soon had to get a chapel, I suppose, like the rest?' inquired Churchless.

'Yes, and no,' replied Broadly. 'But this question leads me to another of our—peculiarities, I suppose I must call them. Tell me—for you, too, have had much experience—what one thing has caused more evils in the internal history of our churches than any other?'

'Than *any* other?' replied Churchless. 'That would be hard to say, I think.'

'Well, then, has not the property question, think you? Consider; run your eye over the instances you have been familiar with. To say nothing of the immense sums expended, locked up, or sunk in bricks and mortar, just recollect the numerous instances in which, after a few years, some of the very men who had contributed most largely to the erection of a place have been compelled to leave it, because the "church," acting by majorities, adopted such measures, or chose such a minister, as alienated them. For, virtually, the church becomes possessor of the property, a corporate body, with certain legal rights. Or, the trust-deeds prepared in one age have become "a yoke" to a succeeding generation, and yet a less progressive minority will so insist on them as that the majority has to go off, and be at the same expense of building over again. Or, how oppressively "the debt" weighs on the shoulders of the people, or on a few, often exciting irritation, and leading to many evils.'

'But how to be dispensed with?' inquired the other.

'Well, we unanimously resolved not to incur any such outlay, and never to burden and hamper ourselves with property in any shape whatever. We were agreed that we wanted our money for more satisfactory purposes, and that, unencumbered with either chapel debts or chapel property, we should be so much the more free to adapt ourselves from time to time to the circumstances that might arise.'

'But I don't see—' began Churchless. But his friend resumed:

'You see we began by reversing the present fashion. Dissenters of late have been betrayed into a most inordinate rage for chapels. Chapels are the one thing needful. Four or five thousand pounders. And we determined to try the experiment of devoting all our energies to *Church* versus *Chapel*. We did not care where we met, provided the place was sufficient in size and convenience. And we further agreed that, since affinity, after all, was the real, though secret, law that ruled all church relationship, and we were drawn together by mutuality of views and feelings, the pastor being the centre, there should be no bonds laid on any of us that would be felt to be irksome, and possibly restrictive, if any of us should be called away from the locality, or Mr. Eyebright should remove, or die, or the character of the church hereafter become other than still commended itself to us. To hire a place for meeting, therefore, seemed on every account desirable; and that the congregation for the time being, the people actually using it, should pay the rent of it, seemed but common sense, and common justice, too. We hired the Theatre for one year. Then the Town Hall for another. Then a builder offered to erect a place, on approved plans, and accept us as yearly tenants, engaging that we should never be dispossessed except on at least a year's notice. And with this offer we closed. So none of us had to sink large sums of money in providing for future generations, who will much better provide for themselves, just as we scarcely thank our forefathers for

bequeathing chapels to us which we have had to pull down and rebuild, or abandon to some mere handful of occupants.'

'But on this plan,' replied Churchless, 'there will be no fixity, no permanence, in your church. A hundred years hence, or even fifty, there may be no trace of it; it will have disappeared.'

'Most probably. We even contemplate this prospect without dissatisfaction; for, as already suggested, we regard the attempt to maintain the identification of a living, spiritual, free church, with a particular place, to be a mistake that has, in many instances, proved in no small degree hurtful. We who are associated are so combined because both minister and people are mutually suited to one another. We are all furthered in the divine life, and we can all act together. Whenever, by deaths, and removals, and the coming in of dissimilar spirits, the present relation ceases to be such as to fulfil the end we have in view (church relationship being a means to an end, and not the very end itself), is it not every way best that it should cease? Then the various elements of which the church for the time being is composed can enter into fresh combinations. This, at least, is the great law at work throughout nature. The ocean is none the less a sublime reality, none the less a living power in this planet, because its billows, instead of being hardened into fixity, have free play, and are every instant changing.'

'Well, but—' interposed Churchless.

'I know what you would say,' replied Broadly. 'The scheme is a new one; but as yet, and for true *church purposes*, it works well.'

'But you would like your children, and your children's children, to kneel where you have knelt, and your fathers before you,' Churchless suggested.

'That's well for you to say, who are a bachelor,' replied his friend; 'but the children will think for themselves, I have no doubt, as we have done before them. My parents worshipped in the parish church. I have worshipped now here, now there; with Moravians, Baptists, Independents. My children may be Wesleyans, Unitarians, Swedenborgians, for ought I can tell. Perhaps they may find a home in some parish church, who can say? By-the-bye, if we had justice done us, the principle you glance at might be indulged, and yet conscience and inclination in matters of worship have free scope too. The churches are national property. The time *will* come when this will be practically recognised, and then—who knows?—Dr. Arnold's scheme may be realized after all.'

'I forget your allusion.'

'He proposed that the parish church should be for the use of the parish at large, and not for the exclusive use of one sect; and thought that, by a friendly adjustment of the times of worship, all the different sects might hold each a service, in the same edifice, every Sunday.'

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Just at this point of the conversation a thundering knock at the door (for the friends had returned from their walk) startled them, and

two gentlemen entered, deacons of a neighbouring church, who had come as a deputation to solicit subscriptions for a new chapel, which was to cost between six and seven thousand pounds. For a moment Churchless stared at them as if they had fallen down from some strange planet, while Broadly's face was lighted by a quiet smile, which, however, he instantly suppressed. And as the writer fears he may have extended his report of his two friends too far already, he takes advantage of the entrance of these new comers to make his own exit, notwithstanding he has left much still unsaid, and these two gentlemen greatly provoke him to daguerreotype them for the reader by way of interlude. Possibly, however, he may some day invite him to visit Mr. Eyebright as a Christian Spectator, and note his modes of action on the spot, and try how far he can join in worship with this Christian church of the nineteenth century, whose motto would seem to be—CHRIST OUR LIFE.

Robert Robinson, once of Cambridge.

FROM 1759 TO 1790.

ROBERT ROBINSON was one of those distinctly marked and noticeable men, with that faculty of living before his time which always distinguishes true greatness, that it is a simple act of duty to preserve his name from oblivion. To him we may apply Milton's noble words, 'there will one day be a resurrection of *names*, as well as of bodies,' and such a resurrection we mean to attempt in this brief paper. In the life and sentiments of this '*tabooed*' man there arise many suggestions applicable to the present stormy agitations of the 'religious world,' and many lessons of caution to those who, because the 'orthodox' are not charitable, are disposed to rush into the equal intolerance of latitudinarianism.

Robert Hall, who was Robinson's successor, tells us that on hearing Mr. Robinson preach, he 'was so fascinated with his manner, that he resolved to imitate it.' This fit did not last long; for with characteristic dignity he afterwards said, 'Sir, if I had not been a foolish young man, I should have seen how ridiculous it was to imitate such a preacher as Mr. R. He had a musical voice, and was master of its intonations; he had wonderful self-possession, and could say *what* he pleased, *when* he pleased, and *how* he pleased.' And Dr. Olinthus Gregory, Robert Hall's biographer, says of him, 'He was a man of extensive powers, of some genius, and of considerable industry and research. Fascinating as a preacher, delightful as a companion, and perseveringly skilful in the insinuation of his sentiments, his influence could not but be great.'

In the quiet village of Swaffham, in Norfolk, Robert Robinson came of honest and respectable parents, in the year 1735, by whom he was

carefully brought up in the tenets of the Church of England. In a grammar-school at Scarning, which could boast of Lord Thurlow as an old pupil, he 'gained a considerable knowledge of the French, as well as of the classical languages;' from which pursuits his mother, now a widow in reduced circumstances, was obliged to remove him at fourteen, and to 'apprentice him in Crutched Friars to a hair-dresser.' 'Although,' says his biographer, 'he appears to have been tolerably industrious at his trade, yet his love of literature shortly convinced his master that hair-dressing, shaving, and wig-making were not his *forte*.' His pockets were generally full of old books, and like a lad who had determined to make something of himself, he was usually at his books by four or five in the morning. In after life, in one of his morning exercises, he speaks terribly of early rising—'lying in bed after daylight ought to be thought a cruel punishment; let us habituate all our children and servants to consider lying in bed after that time as one of the ills of the aged and the sick, and not as an enjoyment to people in a state of perfect health.' In fact, early rising was a necessity of *his* nature, not of ours; he 'inherited it from his mother, who lived till eighty, and always rose at four.' In their preachments about early rising, we do not remember to have been told what time matutinal disturbers may go to bed. As Charles Lamb says in his commentary on the old saw, 'That we should lie down with the lamb; we could never quite understand the philosophy of this arrangement, or the wisdom of our ancestors, in sending us for instruction to these woolly bedfellows. A sheep, when it is dark, has nothing to do but to shut his silly eyes, and sleep if he can. Man found out long sixes;' and, since Elia's time, gas! This weakness of early rising, however, was almost the only mental failing of Robinson.

In London the young hair-dresser heard Dr. Guise, and Dr. Gill, and sour old Romaine, and rousing, godly Whitefield, besides other metropolitan pulpit celebrities; the latter worthy he called 'his spiritual father,' and identified himself with his church. At twenty years of age he became a preacher 'among the Methodists, and preached his first sermon at Middenhall, in Suffolk.' He continued with the Methodists for two years. During this period he had an opportunity of manifesting that stern attachment to principle which afterwards was so characteristic a feature of his life. 'A rich relation who had promised to provide liberally for him, and who had bequeathed him a considerable sum in his will, threatened to deprive him of every advantage which he had been encouraged to expect, unless he quitted his connexion with the Dissenters; but the rights of conscience, and the approbation of God, were superior to every worldly consideration;' and thus, honest fellow, he began life a poor man.

Very soon he became an 'Antipædobaptist,' a long word, and as ugly as it is long; and from Norwich he removed 'to preach to a small congregation of Baptists at Cambridge.' He was now a married man; passing rich 'with a hundred pounds he had received with his wife,' and with such starveling salaries as were eked out to him. For

the first half-year they paid him '3*l.* 12*s.* 5*d.*;' 'but he was a boy, and the love of his flock was a million to him.' In the course of a few years the dear, good, devoted Christians that expected from him two sermons on the Sunday, sometimes three, and three services in the week, did manage to give him about 90*l.* a-year. They were a set of hard taskmasters, and had 'acquired a bad character,' a circumstance Robert Hall forgot when 'he spoke vehemently severely upon Mr. Robinson for leaving his church a wilderness, and bequeathing his successor a bed of thorns.'

However, he was very happy in his work and in his studies; and he *was* a close student. Of his work, he says with the humour whose utterances were never few nor far between, 'My Master, Jesus Christ, has employed me to serve about forty shops in the country, besides my own parish.' Although a thorough Dissenter, he had not a particle of bigotry about him; and in fact, thorough Dissenters and thorough Churchmen are, on the whole, the most catholic. Concerning his 'evangelical High-church brethren,' he often said, 'Such an one will do little good; he has too much of the steeple in his belly.'

In June, 1773, we find Mr. Robinson living at Chesterton, 'a pleasant village by the river side, two miles from Cambridge.' With him were living his wife, nine children, and an aged mother. Here he engaged in various secular concerns, to enable him to live honestly and honourably. 'He made several purchases of copyhold houses and lands, and was much employed in alterations and improvements. He hired the ferry adjoining his house, and would frequently employ himself in ferrying passengers across the river; he was also a considerable dealer in coals and corn.' In these pursuits he was very successful, and acquired considerable material for comfort, and much scandal from his brethren, concerning whom he quietly said, 'Godly boobies, too idle many of them to work, too ignorant to give instruction, and too conceited to study, spending their time in tattling and mischief; are these the men to direct my conduct or to censure my industry?'

On this subject Robinson held very strong and ultra notions; we by no means endorse all his opinions. On him necessity was laid to do something besides depend on his miserable salary; and hence he speaks strongly on the subject. Hear how he writes in 1785 about 'ministers of our churches addressing themselves to honest employments:'—'I feel three pounds gained honestly by the sale of a fat bullock produce more fire in my spirit than all the pretty but poor spangles can give me. With three pounds I can set fire to ten cold hearts frozen with infirmity and widowhood, poverty and fear. Half a guinea will purchase the native eloquence of a grateful old woman; and she, if I set her to read, will give me a criticism of the heart, and the finest reading in the world. Oh! bless the old soul, what honied accents she pours into my ear! If I can honestly get and afford to give away three pounds, it will always be my own fault if I be not very happy. Now, then, set me to preach. How is it possible I should be dull! The luxury of living to the glory of God and the

good of society; the joy of having saved a forlorn and forgotten cripple from hanging herself in despair; the felicity of setting fire that burns to the glory of God; *these* are preparations of the pulpit which the cold consumer of midnight oil never derives from his accents and quantities. I was the other night in our vestry with several gownsmen just before the lecture. In comes one of my sister Abigails. "How d'ye do, Sarah? I am glad to see you returned safe from visiting your family at Soham." "Bless the Lord, sir, I am. We heard Mr. Watts on the Lord's day, and were very much edified indeed; but the day after we were coming out of town, my husband saw him, and, poor creature, he was so shocked; oh, sir!" Thunderstruck at all this, I trembled, expecting to hear before the gown that my poor brother Watts was seen drunk, or some such thing. Lord, thought I, happy is that man who hath not a foolish, babbling, good woman in his congregation. I looked pale. Sarah went on—"Oh, sir, there was the poor man on the top of a ladder a thatching a rick!" I laughed, but stamped, and said, "Have I bestowed so much instruction upon you and your husband for nothing? Are you yet in a state of infancy? I honour the man, and must be acquainted with him." "Dear sir, he works five days, and has only Saturday to study." "Well, Sarah, I shall try to convince him that he ought to work six days; for one day will never make him a scholar, and his people are only a set of turf-diggers, and fourteen pence more in his pocket every Lord's day will make him preach with more vigour, and rattle the gospel with more power into the turfmen's souls."'

We return, however, to the outline of his life. Engaged, as he was, in his secular pursuits, his mind was anything but bucolic. Rising at three in the summer, and we forget at what dark hour in winter, he pursued the life of a most laborious student. In 1775 he published, at the request of Dr. Stennett and others, a learned tractate on 'Marrying a deceased Wife's Sister.' In this treatise he discusses the question from an ecclesiastical and a civil stand-point, and arrives at the following conclusion, which we quote not only as illustrative of our own views, or as a contribution towards the adjustment of a vexed question, but as a demonstration of the clear-thoughtedness of Robinson on a subject at that period scarcely agitated, or if agitated, denounced as impious, &c.:—'We conclude, then, that it is *right* for a man to marry the sister of his deceased wife, and that in England it is *lawful* to do so; because whatever the legislators might intend, they have not sufficiently declared for it, or provided against it. But as the popular notion runs against the right, and as the courts of law might not protect the subject in this legal claim, and as a man may not be entirely safe who married the sister of his deceased wife, *it is highly prudent for him to use all constitutional means of obtaining a declaratory law.*'

In the same year he published a translation from the French of the sermons of Saurin; in 1776, 'A Lecture on a Becoming Behaviour in Religious Assemblies,' to which we shall presently refer; quickly followed by a 'Plea for the Divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ;' in 1777

came out, 'The History and the Mystery of Good Friday,' a singularly original and learned discourse; then followed in rapid succession 'Lectures on the Principles of Nonconformity' (1778); 'Claude's Essay, with Notes, 2 vols. 8vo' (1779)—we believe the immortal notes and anecdotes are well known to most ministers; in 1781, 'The General Doctrine of Toleration applied to the Particular Case of Free Communion;' in 1782, 'A Political Catechism,' which we should like to see reprinted with brief foot and other notes; it would be a very serviceable thing at the present time; in 1786, 'Sixteen Discourses on several Texts of Scripture, addressed to Christian Assemblies in Villages near Cambridge;' these are remarkable in themselves, as well as for the manner of their reproduction; they were preached in orchards, paddocks, barns, or anywhere, and were afterwards prepared for the press by 'his relative and amanuensis, Mr. Curtis, to whom Mr. Robinson, while sitting or walking about the room smoking, dictated every sentence, the texts of Scripture, stops, the different characters, italics, capitals, &c.,' besides several pastoral addresses, circular and political letters, and other fugitive pieces. In addition to these labours, he toiled for years on two works that required immense reading—'The History of Baptism,' and 'Ecclesiastical Researches,' either of which are sufficient to justify the claim we make for him as a man of great industry, varied power, and singular erudition. He says, in reference to the first of these works (and we make the quotation in illustration of his honesty and scholarship)—'Hitherto I have made it a law to trust nothing but original authentic documents, for I have observed some foul play in translations and quotations;' (who has not?) 'now I have breakfasted and have tasted the nutritive aid of the beloved pipe, my brains are brightened, and I return to the charge. Thank you for Regenvolscius; he was one of the Unitas Fratrum; his book is a small quarto, full of authentic information. I have made great use of him in Poland, to which and to the Greek Catholics in Lublin, his accounts chiefly belong. He was of great use to me in Bohemia. He gives authentic lists of Taborite and Calixtine ministers, and throws great light on disputes between Archbishop Rokyzan and Nicholas Peldrimouski. Then came the Moravian Baptists. . . . There is a most valuable book, and scarce, written by Lubienieski. I had despaired of finding him, when, lo, a gentleman of Trinity found him in a blind corner of the library. I fear I shortened my lecture the night I got hold of him through impatience to read him. Dubrouski I procured from Queen's College Library.'

And yet this man, working with sweat of brain and sweat of brow in this fashion, could write thus playfully:—'Rose at three o'clock, crawled into the library, and met one who said, "Yet a little while is the light with you; walk while ye have the light; the night cometh, when no man can work;" rang the great bell, and roused the girls to milking—went up to the farm, roused the horse-keeper—fed the horses while he was getting up—called the boy to suckle the calves and clean

out the cow-house—lighted the pipe, and walked round the garden to see what was wanting there—went down to the ferry to see whether the boy had scooped and cleaned the boats—cut some thongs and whip-corded the boys' plough-whips—ordered a quarter of malt, for the hogs want grains and the men want beer . . . wondered how any man could call me *reverend*—read two verses, and thought of his loving-kindness in the midst of the temple—gave out, "Come, all harmonious tongues," and set Mount Ephraim tune—whistled—dogs wagged their tails. . . . Dinner ready—drank some milk, and fell asleep—in came the Reverend Messrs. A. in a coat, B. in a gown of black, and C. in one of purple, to settle whether Gomer was the father of the Celts and Gauls and Britons, or only the uncle—proof-sheet from the archdeacon—corrected it—washed—dressed—went to meeting—preached from, "The end of all things is at hand, &c."—found a dear brother *reverence* there, who went home with me, and edified us all out of Solomon's Song, with a dish of tripe out of Leviticus, and a golden candlestick out of Exodus.'

During the years of these multiform labours a sad and serious change took place in Robinson's religious opinions. He has been called by one biographer a '*sceptic*,' by others a '*Socinian*,' and the painful tradition of his death, which we have often heard repeated, is, that overhearing a lady sing the well-known and beautiful hymn, which he had composed in earlier days, 'Come, thou fount of every blessing, &c.,' he went home, took to his bed, and died broken-hearted. This is pure fable. In entering on this melancholy phase of Robinson's life, we are thankful to be so far removed in point of time that we can speak freely of the dead, without running the risk of wounding the feelings of the living. A self-educated man, one, too, who had seen the world, and was living in world as well as pulpit activity, who had already passed from the Church of England to the Methodists, thence to the Calvinistic Methodists, thence, to use his own phrase, to the 'Antipædobaptists,' how can we expect him long to abide fettered by conventional or technical theologies? Such a man should, however, have been dealt with tenderly, and we would add wisely, did we not remember how untender and unwise most men are to those they count heterodox. At any rate, what Mr. Jay calls the 'bloodhounds of orthodoxy' should not have been set at him; *they* were not likely to bring him back within the fold. Deploring very deeply Robinson's departure, as we are mournfully compelled to consider it, both from the logical and spiritual conclusions to which the New Testament has in all ages led the vast majority of its readers, and finding ourselves frequently displeased with an apparent levity bordering on profanity in some of his remarks and letters, and diametrically opposed as we are to the dogmatic intolerance he persistently manifested towards his 'orthodox' brethren while denouncing what he thought was *their* dogmatic intolerance, we nevertheless see much in this part of Robinson's history to warn us, lest we persecute those who differ from us to extremes they would never reach, and to modes of expression they

would never adopt, and, by calling them ill names, alienate for ever noble natures that might ever be retained within the circle of Christian faith and life by an affectionate but respectful treatment of their mental perplexities.

We shall enter upon this subject, with some extracts from his writings, in our concluding paper next month.

W. G. B.

Jephson; or, Midnight and Dawn.

A TALE OF INNER LIFE.

CHAPTER XV.—REST, NOT YET.

JEPHSON put his arm in mine, and we strolled into the garden, which on two sides opened on meadows, through which we could pass into the country. He seemed to seek the paths most shaded by the trees, and every now and then stood still, sometimes lost in thought, and then awaking to the beauty of the scene, and expressing his admiration. At last he said, 'I hope I have not been betrayed into anything wrong this evening; but, to tell the truth, I am not at ease, and feel an irritability which I fear I yield to unawares. And somehow the fit seems to take me more when in company with common-place, hum-drum people, whose Christianity has cost them nothing, than when alone, or with Christians who have a right to their tone of confidence, because they have not shrunk from facing the dark shadow, and have come out of their struggle victorious and calm.'

'But our friends of to-day were scarcely of the "hum-drum" class, were they?'

'The major, you know, I love as a brother. But the worthy vicar has such a set creed, and is so bent on using that as his rule in judging everybody by, that I felt a little irritated when he came in, evidently for the afternoon.'

'I think you do not understand him. He is the very soul of goodness.'

'"Goodness!"'

'Aye, and by "good" I don't mean "goody." There is much in him in common with the major, and the naval officer very often comes out still. I could see that, in parting with you just now, his heart was full. That "God bless you" of his meant more than appeared. But what is all your restlessness occasioned by? What's it all about?'

'Many things disturb my repose. For one thing, I am not well, and yet do not know that there is anything particularly wrong. Then I am vexed that there is any necessity for Mary to take this Irish situation; so far away, and she not in robust health. And I have besides a foolish apprehension, which I struggle against, but in vain.

And last, but not least, the unsettledness of my mind on some matters on which I deeply long to be at rest, and that more than ever now.'

After touching on those he had mentioned first, I presently came to the last. 'Have you been induced to question again any of those truths on which you had come to a conclusion?'

'Oh, no; and, as I intimated in a letter, I have even been struggling my way towards some sort of Christianity of my own. But there are fresh questions perpetually springing up.'

'Courage, then, my friend! Yours is the common path of all who dare not take things for granted, and who love Truth so well that they are bent on following whithersoever she may lead. Hers is not one long gentle sunny slope upwards, all flowers beneath the feet, and songs above, with ripe fruits on either hand waiting only to be plucked. What sort of spirits would be the result of this summer afternoon dawdling along a path in which babyhood might go, and decrepitude find no grasshopper to be a burden? Truth's followers must be bold and hardy mountaineers; not daunted by the apparently inaccessible cliffs, or frightful precipices and ravines, and braced up to endure the keen breath of the glacier; content and grateful if now and then, when well nigh spent, they find a safe ledge for their feet to rest on for a while, and a sheltered nook in which to snatch a brief repose. Or, I have sometimes thought of the path as having a succession of sometimes rugged and flinty, and at others, marshy and miry places, thorough swamps, or sloughs of despond, as John Bunyan would call them. But if you manfully press on, and gain the other side of the slough, lo! the pathway is on a higher level, and the air is purer, and your vision not only wider, but clearer. Then you walk awhile in peace and ease, but anon come to another slough, whose further bank, however, is on a higher level still. And so you advance, by a series of stages; but in front of every happier elevation lies some slough to be waded through, or deep river to be boldly swum across, or gloomy pass to be trodden, perhaps in the night, or there may be a lion in the way, or the dark shadow with the awful form may confront you, and bid you back. Every new day is born out of a previous night.'

'Your words are encouraging,' he said, but he sighed as he spoke. We were approaching the house. He pressed my hand, and was silent. As we entered, however, he said, giving me a packet, 'I wrote several letters to you before returning hither, which I did not send; perhaps they will do somewhat to indicate my whereabouts.'

That night I sat reading the letters Jephson had given me; a few extracts from which are of course all that I can give here. '. . . What is a Christian? I am quite confident that a mere assent to, or intellectual adoption of, certain opinions, or even truths, even though the complete circle of truths, cannot constitute a man one. Is it not a thing of spirit, of affection, of feeling, of principle, rather than of aught else? Yet I know what you will say; you will remind me, as you intimated in your last, that, over and above rightness in this, and indeed as a means to this subjective rightness, there is such a thing as objective truth to be recognised and embraced. Well, I

think I could concede this too. But then, again, What is this truth, the intelligent reception of which into the affections constitutes a man a Christian? I know the answer the Romanist would give, what the Athanasian Protestant would say, what the *soi-disant* evangelical; but I am not satisfied. One thing I am sure of—viz., that I want truth above all things, and dread cheating myself into belief of any kind.'

'. . . When I found God, or, as I now believe rather, was found by him, I thought that in the idea of God—Creator, Sustainer, Benefactor, and perhaps Father—I had enough; but soon new wants began to make themselves felt. How too did I know that he was a Father—my Father? . . .' 'The more I thought of God, and tried to realize his being, the more attenuated the idea of God became. Infinite Spirit—without beginning—without succession of ideas, or change of feeling—of whom one could only speak in negatives, and say, not this, not that! I found the idea of God dissolving and passing away, and dreaded to find myself plunged once more into my old state, when I remembered a remark of yours on Christ the image of the invisible God, to the effect, that the human mind needed an image of God unutterably more than it required a model man. I thought of this, and now felt that, God being past finding out, an image of him is the utmost that man could anyhow receive, and that the grand thing would be to have a worthy and perfect image of God, such that the Infinite and Eternal One would be perfectly well pleased to present to his intelligent creation as his *alter ego*, his other self (I am still quoting you). Yes, this I felt. I want, since man can never rise above the human (yourself still), may I say, a human God? or God humanized? The Infinite contracting himself, and assuming the robes of time, in order to become intelligible, or rather apprehensible even?' '. . . Is Christ this? Aye, that's the question of questions. . .' From one of some days' later date: . . . 'The more I search, the more I get perplexed. "Repentance!" well, I have pondered over the word, and over *μετάνοια*, till the word seems magically robbed of all meaning whatever. I have looked into all the lexicons I could get at, and am just where I was. I know I hate what is vile, what is unrighteous, what is contrary to good; and I am depressed and humiliated at whatever instances of evil my memory retains against myself. But I have scrutinized the idea of repentance, and analyzed my own feelings, till I am utterly at sea, and almost irritated, and wish I had never heard the word.'

From another: '. . . "Faith!" A clerical friend of mine, whom I knew well long before he went to Queen's,* has brought me a list of thirty-two kinds of faith, which he had industriously made out; and he talked very learnedly, no doubt, till I ventured at last to say to him, "Why, Petty, you remind me of the question, Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge?" And as he still hammered away at his definitions and distinctions, I asked

* Queen's College, Oxford.

him if he had forgotten his German, and whether he remembered the old line,

"Und, leider! auch Theologie."'

'"Am I a Christian?" How this question does haunt me! I am not a Buddhist, a Mahometan, or anything of that kind; and if a religious census were taken, presume I should be set down as a Christian. I'll tell you; save and except the Infinite One—"Being whom we call God and know no more"—Jesus Christ seems to both my mind and heart the highest and best of all beings, and the most nearly perfect. That is, if I lose sight of some things which I cannot understand, and put aside some others, which I confess I cannot reconcile with my ideal of the highest. . . . When they ask me what I believe about his "nature," I tell them honestly I don't know anything at all about it. . . . Or, as to the precise signification of his "death," I don't know either. But the way in which some of the more zealous and less thoughtful of the orthodox preach about the "bloody cross," and "death" of Christ, sometimes horrifies me, and sometimes sickens and revolts me. . . .'

I need not multiply extracts. These may suffice to indicate that, whatever perplexities he was still wrestling with, he was a sincere lover of truth. And Christ is THE TRUTH. Yes, we will not let the feminine gender of the Latin *Veritas*, or the Greek, Ἀλήθεια, beguile us into an error. We will say of Truth, he; not she and her.

CHAPTER XVI.—MORNING AND EVENING TALK.

Next morning we had a pleasant ramble up to the major's 'place,' and looked upon a beautifully undulating and diversified valley of some dozen miles in breadth, through which the river wound its way, often returning on its course, and describing many a graceful curve, and in its farthest reaches shining like silver beneath the morning sky. On the slope of one of the hills of the chalk range which bounded the valley of the ——— on one side, stood the major's bachelor home, where we all received the heartiest of greetings. Jephson still seemed not thoroughly at home in the company of the vicar and Biggins; and appeared to be almost assuming a haughtiness not natural to him, to cover his real feelings, and possibly to conciliate certain mutinous tendencies within, which demanded to be appeased for the frankness of last evening's confidential disclosures. But friend Biggins was everyway deriving benefit from these new associations; and, growing at his ease and talkative, before the meal was concluded said, that 'Since Mr. Jephson had been so much of a wanderer, he had, doubtless, heard a good many preachers. Had he heard any good sermons lately?'

'Do you want a text or two for next Sunday?' said the vicar, smiling.

'Well, Sundays will come round, whether we are prepared or not; and I find preaching so constantly very exhausting work, and have no objection to getting a hint or a thought where I can.'

'And all fair, too,' said the vicar. 'Thought, especially truth, is no man's peculium. Like the air and the sunshine, it is free to all that can enjoy and use it. But what says Mr. Jephson?'

'I am afraid I must be a poor judge of preaching, sir,' he answered.

'Why so, Mr. Jephson?'

'Because I so seldom hear any that I care for, and as the million are pleased, you see it is a million to one against me.'

'Well, what now in your more recent wanderings?'

'I strolled one evening into one of the largest Wealeyan chapels in the country, and the first half of the sermon, in a loud, boisterous style, was all "blood" and "bloody;" and the last all "hell-fire," and "billows of seething sulphur," and "sweltering flames," and "hot perdition," and "dark damnation," in a raving, unfeeling, and fierce, not to say malignant spirit. Coming out, I asked a steady-looking man, a better sort of mechanic, if this was a fair sample of the preacher. "Lor, sir," was his reply, "he's been drawing it uncommon mild to-night. I've attended here till I can't stand it any longer, noways; my very coat begins to smell of brimstone."'

'Well; give us another, if you please.'

'Not long since, I heard a highly popular clergyman preach on the mortality of man, and thus he began, *ore rotundo:* "My brethren, all things around us speak to us of death. The rosy cheek of childhood, and the strong voice of manhood; the flowing of the tide, and the rush of the billow; the noon-day sun, and the moon walking in her glory; the laugh on the village green, and the merry marriage peal; the springing of the flowers, and the fall of the leaf as it dances to the songs of the birds; all, all speak to us of death."'

'What a ——— donkey,' said the major, as a loud bray was heard from an adjoining paddock.

Biggins had evidently thought the sentence rather a fine one, and, as Jephson had delivered it in a rhetorical, pulpit style, had been inwardly repeating it after him, and was surprised at the major's judgment.

'I don't see how the rosy cheek of the child intimates death,' said one of the younger ones.

'Nor I,' said another, 'how the mid-day sun does, nor, in fact, anything he mentioned except the falling leaf.'

'And when the leaves are falling the birds have ceased to sing, haven't they?' said the first again.

'Alas! that intelligent children should be able to criticise fashionable clergymen!' said the vicar, but his eye twinkled as he said so.

The talk about preachers led Jephson at last to mention Dr. Channing.

'What, the Socinian?' asked the vicar.

'He would not call himself so, I suppose,' Jephson replied.

'What then?' inquired Biggins.

'Unitarian, I presume, if anything.'

'Why, 'tis the same thing,' said Biggins; 'and why should they be ashamed of their proper name?'

'I believe they deny that Socinus does properly represent them; and if they disclaim that name, I suppose common courtesy, not to say charity, requires that the appellation they adopt for themselves should be given to them.'

'Only that, in strictness, the orthodox are Unitarians too,' said the vicar. 'I am a Unitarian, but not a Socinian, thank God.'

'My dear sir!' said Biggins, almost gasping for breath. '*You* a Unitarian! you surprise me.'

'Why, you yourself insist on the unity of God, don't you, my friend?'

'To be sure I do.'

'Well, then, you are a Unitarian too, you see,' said the vicar, with a smile.

'And I suppose,' added another, 'that the idea of unity at least admits, if not indeed implies, if not plurality, if not diversity, or at least distinction, yet something very like it. We should not speak, for example, of the unity of an ultimate and indivisible atom, if such there be; but we do speak of the unity of the world, or of the universe.'

'Socinians cannot be Christians,' said Biggins, stiffly; 'can they, sir?' turning to the vicar.

'Pardon me,' replied he, scarcely caring to answer Biggins's appeal, 'but I was on the point of asking Mr. Jephson what sort of preaching he, as an "outsider," as he one day styled himself, does respect, and in what the many among us poor parsons are so wofully wanting as to deserve the very flattering appellation which was just now applied to one of the cloth.'

'I really feel ashamed,' answered he, 'to have occupied so large a space of the conversation already, and will beg permission, therefore, rather to hear your reply to Mr. Biggins's question.'

'What was that?'

'Why, whether Unitarians, or Socinians, if you insist on the term, are Christians?'

Biggins opened his eyes to the full, and with his lips apart, looking eagerly at the vicar, waited for the reply. The major buttoned his coat up another button. The vicar looked somewhat uncomfortable, and fidgeted a little nervously in his chair, but without finding exactly the happy position he wanted. Miss Walter, sitting on a low ottoman, leant anxiously forward, looking to the vicar; while Jephson, quietly watching, evidently enjoyed the effect of his question.

'Well—hm—I—"Socinians, Christians?" (musingly.) On the whole, I should say—that is—ah, yes—no—I have been accustomed to say—decidedly—But come, why ask me in particular? I'll pass the question on, if you please, to my Nonconformist brother here.'

As all the rest of the party are known to the reader by name, the gentleman thus referred to by the vicar shall no longer be allowed to preserve his *incog.*, but, will he nill he, shall be formally introduced by name as Mr. Fewston. So, courteous reader, Mr. Fewston. Mr. Fewston, courteous reader.

'Oh!' said Jephson, 'I can get his opinion at any time. If it were not pressing it rudely, I should like much to hear what you would say.'

'Well, I've been accustomed to think—at least, to say—yes, and to think—that Socinians—I mean Unitarians—cannot be Christians.'

'That's it,' Biggins broke in, with great satisfaction.

'But,' continued the vicar, 'I confess that just now I half shrink from saying so in so many words; and yet I do not know but that faithfulness to the Lord that bought me requires I should. To be frank, I should like to think the matter over again. Besides, all the time I can spare this morning is gone. I've promised to see some of my poor old women on the commons to-day, and as I am to have the pleasure of welcoming you all to the Parsonage this afternoon, suppose we resume it then, when I will gladly transfer the question to our friend Fewston.'

Before leaving, he asked if he could pay any visit for me, offering to look in to the cottages of some of my poor people. And as the day was fine, he proposed to Miss Walter to take a seat in his chaise, which, as Jephson also urged it, she cheerfully accepted, and the happy-faced and happy-hearted vicar drove off with the 'lassie,' leaving us all to our several duties till the evening. As we all met in the garden of the Vicarage, the vicar came out, and as he so blithely welcomed us, I saw that he was repressing some good, innocent little fun or other, for his eyes twinkled with smothered merriment, and his voice and manner were quite hilarious, when, turning to Miss Walter, he said laughingly, 'Well, lassie, you won't forget your lesson in nursing for a while, I guess;' and her smaller, sweeter laugh awoke all his repressed powers in that line, till the good little man, with the powder fluttering down on his coat collar, and his rosy cheeks sending their glow up to his forehead and the bald part of his head, from a joyous chuckling sort of a laugh, broke out into the most demonstrative and contagious roar, while the tears flowed over, as he tried in the little sobbing intervals of his fit to say, 'Well—lassie—how's—your—old—box? Hah, hah, hah!' The vicar was very fond of administering medicines to the sick poor; and in the course of this ride, he had called on poor old Widow Noggins, to see whether the blister he had given her had at all relieved her chest. He was very gratified to find his patient much easier, and she curtsied very low, and at every word she spoke. 'Then the blister has done you good, dame?' 'Oh, bless the Lord, and you, sir, that it has,' said she. 'You put it on your chest that same night?' asked the vicar. 'Not quite exactly, but leastways the same innamost,' replied she, and dropped another curtsey, and took up one corner of her apron and wrapped it round her poor skinny arm, as she added, 'For ye see, sir, bless you, I han't a got never a chest, I han't; but I put it on an old box that I thought might do as well perhaps;' and taking the vicar and the lassie up her worn, rickety stairs into her bare room, she showed them, with considerable satisfaction, the blister still laid very carefully on her old box!

'I called on your neat little old widow, too,' said the vicar, 'and lassie here was quite taken with her.'

'What, Dame Toovey?'

'No; Dame Howden. The poor old creature says she lies awake so much o' nights now, and when she takes her pinch of snuff, she blesses you for it, and puts up many a prayer for you.'

'I believe it, the good old Christian that she is. Did I ever tell you of the first time I ever called at her cottage? She no sooner saw the new pastor "coming towards," as she said, than she sent a little grandchild to fetch in three or four neighbours "as was members, you know," she said; and when, after a few minutes' cottage exposition and prayer, we rose from our knees, the dear little old woman, in her snowy little mob cab so prim all round her face and under her chin, and with a buff handkerchief so neatly pinned three-cornerwise over her bosom and shoulders, came trippingly up to me, with the happiest expression in the world on her face, and in fact in her whole being, and said, holding out her hand for a shake,

"These are the joys he makes us know,
In fields and villages below."'

'I quite loved that old woman at first sight,' said Miss Walter. 'How old is she?'

'Eighty-six.'

'And so happy! And so intelligent too.'

'I think you may well say so,' added the vicar; 'she thoroughly flustered a clergyman I sent to her once; and it did him a world of good too; and, what's more, he acknowledges it to this day, and says that, if he knows anything of the gospel now, he owes it to Dame Howden.'

'Is that the dame who goes without her dinner on Sundays, because the sermon is quite feast enough on that day?' asked the major.

'No; you are thinking of Dame Stattom; who, for seven weeks last winter never had a bit of fire in her one cold room, because, earning but half-a-crown a-week at her lace-pillow, and paying fifteen-pence out of that for rent, she had but twopence a day to live on, with the odd penny a-week for candles, and so, "having such a treat on Sundays," as the poor thing said, "she saved her bit of dinner for next day."'

'Is that a fact?' asked Jephson.

'Simple truth; and the good that cheerful old woman does, getting the young women and girls to her room, and talking and telling them what a beautiful thing it is to feel the love of Christ warming her poor old heart, till she does not feel even the winter's cold, is astonishing. I assure you, I depend a good deal on the simple, natural, earnest talk of some of my old dames, for good among their own class.'

'Fewston, I'll allow her a hundred of coals a-week as long as she lives,' said the major.

'Too much, major; but I shall be happy to help in making your bounty go as far as it can.'

'My dear Jephson, you must see some of these old women,' said the major; 'I have learnt a good deal from them.'

'Yes,' said Fewston. 'No one will ever doubt whether they are Christians or not. And now, by-the-bye, are we to consider the question of the morning?'

'Well,' said the vicar, 'I have devolved it on yourself, and want to know how you are going to answer, whether Unitarians are Christians or not.'

'Are Episcopalians Christians?' Fewston asked.

'Not necessarily,' replied the vicar; 'and I am afraid a good many are not.'

'Not even if they believe the Athanasian Creed, or fancy they do?'

'No; not unless the heart and life are right.'

'Are Methodists, Baptists, Independents, Quakers, Christians?'

'Why, not all of them either,' replied the vicar. 'I have known some sad scamps all but worship John Wesley; and some Baptists, too, not a bit better than they should be; and some Independents whose piety has needed a microscope to see it. Only think of some of those Presbyterian hypocrites in the United States, that not only defend slavery, but keep, and breed, and flog slaves themselves—the dogs! I don't call them Christians, whatever they believe.'

'We have come one stage very easily,' said Fewston. 'The holding of a certain creed, even if perfectly correct, does not constitute a man a Christian, in the inner and religious sense of the term.'

'Agreed,' said the vicar. 'Agreed,' said the major. 'Certainly,' said Biggins.

'I wonder whether,' continued Fewston, 'we can see our way clear to the converse of the proposition, viz., that a man may be a Christian whose belief is—is—'

'Unsound,' suggested Biggins.

'Hm! "unsound;" altogether, or only in part?'

'Oh, even the Socinians are correct in some things, so we must say unsound in part, I suppose,' said the vicar.

'Is their error one of deficiency or excess?'

'Of deficiency,' answered Biggins, promptly; 'they believe too little.'

'Is the necessary amount accurately fixed anywhere in the New Testament?'

Biggins considered; but the vicar unhesitatingly said 'No.'

'Does a true belief, or true knowledge, come all at once, full and complete? or is it a thing of growth?'

'Of growth, unquestionably,' said the major.

'I think so, too,' said Fewston. 'I think it is very evident in the case of the apostles, for example. They grew in the knowledge of divine things.'

'No question.'

'And that, even after the day of Pentecost, I suppose?'

'It cannot be denied,' said the vicar.

'If they were advancing towards clearer day, towards complete

truth, speaking comparatively, their greater completeness to-day implies less completeness yesterday. Did they ever attain to more than was beneficial and desirable?'

'Never, of course.'

'Then they, too, had constantly to recognise previous deficiency of knowledge; that is, on these points, of faith?'

'Undoubtedly; and, to save time, let us admit that deficiency must be predicated of every creature,' said the vicar.

'And all growth is change; I see that,' said the major.

'When did the apostles first become Christians?' asked Fewston.

'When? Oh dear, I never asked myself that question before,' answered the vicar.

'I suppose,' said Fewston, 'if the name had been extant, they might have been correctly designated by it from the day that each attached himself to Christ as a disciple.'

'True, I think,' replied the vicar; 'but yet—I see whither you are tending—they did not know much of Christ then.'

'That is, not much about him; not who, or what, he really was; nor the precise nature of his work.'

'There is no denying it.'

'But they knew and felt enough to be assured that he was the highest—teacher, prophet, or whatever else—that God had at that time given to the world. They knew and felt but dimly; but still, enough to attach themselves heart and soul to him; although as yet they did not know him to be actually the Messiah, much less God in human form; and had so little conception of expiation by the blood or death of the Redeemer, that the very fact of his death destroyed for a time their hopes, and terribly staggered their faith. Two of them said, "We thought it had been he that should have redeemed Israel," but his death on the cross had robbed them of the hope of what they meant by redemption. Now, when do you suppose they came to know that Christ was God incarnate, and that his death was an atonement for sin?'

'To be frank,' said the vicar, 'I must confess I do not know when.'

'But they were Christians from the beginning we have agreed.'

'And so you would pin us to the conclusion that a man may be a Christian now who does not yet see those grand essentials?'

'I would not hurry on the consequence. But if we are correct in saying that the loyal disciple of Christ is a Christian, however imperfect his knowledge as yet, I see only one objection that stands in the way of it.'

'And that is—?'

'Oh,' said Biggins, 'but the truth was not fully revealed to them while Christ was still living among them; and now it is all revealed. We have the whole New Testament. And if they were Christians because they received all that was then revealed, we must receive all that is revealed now in order to be disciples too.'

'That is the very thing I meant,' said Fewston.

'And it appears to me that there is great force in it, too,' said the

vicar; to which the major assented, and both looked to Fewston to continue.

'"Revealed,"' said he; 'but how? Is it revealed to Hindoos and Esquimaux, who have not the New Testament? or revealed only to those who have the book?'

'Only to them, certainly.'

'And if an Englishman be born blind, or cannot read, is it revealed to him, merely because he has the book in his box, or in his hands?'

'No,' was the general response.

'Then when you say it is "revealed," do you mean, in fact, more than that it is contained in the book, and that it becomes revealed to the mind of him who carefully studies it?'

'We mean that, of course.'

'Suppose the case of one who, no matter how, has come to the belief that the New Testament is true, and determines, therefore, to believe what he finds in it, and so gives himself devoutly and prayerfully to the perusal. How would you recommend him to proceed? Should he begin with the Epistles or the Gospels? And if the latter, the record of Christ's earthly life, of the teachings and miracles which the apostles saw and heard without attaining by any means to their subsequent belief, might not he, for several weeks, or more, be just such a disciple as they were? And if, finding himself perplexed by the Epistles, he goes back to the Gospels, and lingers fondly with them for a time, attaching more importance to the very sayings and doings of the Lord than to the (to some minds) less thrillingly interesting writings of the servants, could we blame him, or even question the wisdom (for him) of his course? Now, suppose him filled with admiration, and delight, and sympathy, for the Christ of the evangelists, and that, with all his heart, he sits at the feet of the Master—the Son of God, who suffered so meekly, and prayed to his Father so confidingly—and loves to call him Lord, though not yet able to see that he is the actual and only God; could we give the title of disciple to Peter from the beginning, and withhold it from this man who is a disciple according to his light? I confess I sometimes think that the answer to the question, What constitutes a Christian? would require to be framed on a sort of sliding-scale principle. What would constitute me a Christian to-day, faithful to all the light I have, would not, perhaps, entitle me to the appellation to-morrow, when I have more light. The child of four years old is a "good scholar" if he can read, while the collegian is not one at all if he can do no more. At all events, one had need to be a Christian to oneself, and to the Master; and this not merely to-day, but to-morrow.'

'And what is the upshot of all this?' inquired Biggins.

'That though Unitarianism is not Christianity—*i.e.*, not a full Christianity—Unitarians, if faithful to the light they have, and if devout, may be Christians.'

'I thought that was what we were coming to,' said Biggins, by no means comfortable at such a conclusion; 'but I cannot say I'm convinced yet; and——to tell the truth, I don't know that I want to be.'

'For my part,' said the vicar, 'I shall be glad if any one can help me to arrive at a thoroughly right decision. I see you draw a distinction between the individual and the system, and I think that is fair. Some men are better, others worse, than their creed; and a little truth "in an honest and good heart" is worth more than a greater amount in a different one.'

'Well, if you will not make me unduly responsible for it I will suggest a train of thought which I can conceive of some as adopting. There is but one God?'

'Agreed,' they all said.

'That one God is, as Christ said to the woman of Samaria, "a Spirit," and therefore not cognizable by the senses, though his works may be?'

'True.'

'To go back a bit,—Adam was not God?'

'What a question!' 'You don't want a formal answer.'

'Adam was formed by God from earth, and animated, and Eve was formed from Adam; the woman from the man and without the man. One could conceive, then, of a man formed by God from a woman.'

'Of course, we all can. And Jesus was the offspring of Mary, by—'

'And he is called the second Adam, too,' said the major, parenthetically.

'By the creative or quickening energy of God, put forth as the angel announced. Was that child of Mary's very God?'

'To be sure he was,' said Biggins.

'Many of our hymns say so,' said the major, thoughtfully.

'So do our theologians,' said the vicar; 'and the Romanist much more explicitly than the Protestant ones.'

'I do not mean to call in question, for an instant, the fact that "God was with him," as Luke says; that "God was in him," as Paul says; that God so permeated his whole being and essence, and so filled him with himself, that in him dwelt all the fulness of the Godhead; so that the words he spake were the very words of God; the works he wrought the very acts of the Father. This, and more than this, I not only believe, but love to believe. But what I mean is, that the visible baby form was not the one infinite and necessarily invisible Spirit—God.'

'Go on; we won't interrupt you,' said the vicar.

'Orthodox Christians earnestly avoid confounding God and man; and say, Jesus was perfect man, and (which is the same thing) as man, only man—perfect man. They affirm but one God; and say that the man was not the God; though God was in the man, and acting through the man, whose humanity was made so pure, so perfectly sanctified and elevated, as to be a fit temple for, and medium of the Divine, of Deity.'

'I don't know exactly what to say,' said the vicar; 'I would rather avoid this very delicate sort of analysis of the Saviour.'

'My dear friend, I honour the feeling. It is my own every day, and all day long. I, too, shrink from the attempt. But in the cause of

truth, at the call of charity, I am willing to do violence to my own feelings; and if some Christians go on this path, in order to find reasons for unchristianizing others, I reluctantly consent to follow them to see if their process be accurate.'

'The conclusion?' said the major.

'That the disciple who, misapprehending orthodoxy to a great extent (and that by virtue of the unguarded way in which many have expressed themselves on a subject which no language can accurately set forth), deems himself obliged, in order to save the great foundation truth of one God, to say that the visible flesh-and-blood man, who grew from childhood up to manhood, was not that one infinite Spirit, but was, nevertheless, so influenced by God as to be a perfect revelation and image of the Father to the world; and who reverently believes in, and loyally obeys Christ, though distinguishing more broadly than others deem wise between the man Jesus, and the God whom he prayed to, came from, returned to; is not, merely on account of his inaccurate reasoning, to be denied the name of Christian.'

'I am not satisfied now, either,' said Biggins, and appealed to the vicar; who repeated his fear to 'trust himself in any such close attempt at explaining, and defining, and dividing; but that, on the whole, he thought he could make more allowance than he used to for the different structure of men's minds, and the influences of education, and prejudice, and reaction against an exaggerated or distorted view of truth, which no doubt we very orthodox ones are too apt perhaps to give.'

'Well, I can't call a Socinian a Christian,' said Biggins again.

'I do not know that we are called to,' said Fewston, 'or that we are bound to call an Episcopalian or a Calvinist one. The question is, are we at liberty to refuse the title to any honest, consistent, and devout man, who, whatever his intellectual convictions or perceptions, above all things wishes to be a Christian, and means to be one? I think not.'*

'I wish you could satisfy our friend Biggins, too,' said the vicar, kindly. 'I think I for one am the better for being a little more—more—'

'Flexible?' suggested Biggins.

'No,' said the major, stoutly, 'catholic—charitable.'

'Well, I have never thought,' continued Fewston, 'we should improve men's vision by throwing oil of vitriol in their faces. But one more remark, and only one. The Great Teacher—whom I address as Thomas did, "My Lord and my God!"—whose words will judge every man at the last day, says, in the Sermon on the Mount, that whosoever doeth those sayings of his is building a secure dwelling-place for himself on the rock which no storm can move. And again he says, "Whosoever shall do the will of my Father, the same is my

* For another definition of a Christian, the reader is respectfully referred to a part of 'John Paul Churchless,' in the present number, viz, on page 468.—Ed.

brother, and sister, and mother." And therefore there is no room for question that, however sad and deprivative may be his intellectual errors and deficiencies, every man who sincerely seeks to know and do the will of God is one of the saved by Christ. He may be Romanist or Quaker, Calvinist or Arminian; and I add, necessarily, Trinitarian or Unitarian; although, for myself, I could no more be what is generally meant by a Unitarian than I could be a Romanist, deeming that a profound need of our nature is met by the threefold form in which God is presented to us in the Scriptures. To me, and practically, Christ is God. In him I exult to see God manifest in the flesh. And the remarks I have ventured to suggest you will all understand to be made from a standing-point assumed for the occasion, and in the interests of charity.'

'Suppose we have a little music,' said the vicar. 'I have not a piano indeed for lassie to extemporize on, but my barrel organ will play you any one of thirty tunes.'

An Invalid's Winter.

WAKING, as I supposed, from one of those short troubled sleeps which chequer the monotony of the less violent forms of sea-sickness, I heard, to my great delight, the bell at the wheel announce a far more advanced hour of the morning than I could have hoped. Already the cool light was penetrating the thick glass in the port-hole of my cabin. I rose, and slowly crept on deck. It was as if the bitterness of death were past, and I had awaked in the new world. From the narrow grave of my berth, filled with a close atmosphere, and haunted by unpleasant noises and motions, I came forth in the midst of the wide sea and sky. Through the crowds of French soldiers and other passengers, I elbowed my way to the wheel, and there finding an open space, I looked around me. Speedily sped the vessel southwards, away from the cold winds and frosts of a northern winter, whose advanced guard had overtaken us on our way, and kept us for days imprisoned. But now we had escaped. And the sun would soon rise, and by the time he should have reached the zenith we hoped to be at anchor in the port of Algiers. This morning was a new vision to me. Over us hung, or rather stooped, the sky of the south, a deep violet, with much of the red in it; wherein the stars sparkled with a keen steely lustre, like spangles cut from sword-blades. Underneath flowed the sea, with great dashes of purple upon a slate blue, that swept, and rolled, and floated away to the east; where the sky-sea, barred with orange and yellow, told that the sun was near. Two or three sea-birds were following close behind us; and suddenly through the waves came a troop of porpoises, rushing along with wondrous speed; shooting out of one wave, and plunging headlong into the

next; gambolling, and coursing, and bounding, as if trying their *wind* against the steamer, and easily able to pass her if they chose. I thought what a delicious life they had of it in the waves, with their cool slippery sides, that were always wet; and how they felt as much at home in the water as we in the air, knowing it was their only element. And then I began to pity them that they had only the Mediterranean to swim in, and were so unlikely ever to find the way out into the great world-sea. But I knew that this was only the longing for freedom in me, which can never be stilled by limitless room, but must find the boundless in another region than that of space and time.

At length the hills arose and drew near. Ere long we saw the white city built up the face of one of the low range—the Sahel that guards the coast; from the summits of which the pirates used to search the face of the sea for the white-winged game, that so often fled in vain before the swift hunters of the waves. Soon we were in the midst of swarthy visages and glowing eyes, that might well belong to the descendants of these terrible men; and ere long, we were guided by one of them to a hotel in the principal *place* of the town, where, by-and-bye, we contrived to forget the horrors of the steamer in the less, but not less real, horrors which mingle with the comforts of an Algerine hotel.

It was the end of November; yet, invalid as I was, I dressed next morning with the window open. The day was so glowing, the air so clear, and the colours of sea, and earth, and sky were so intense, that the whole scene looked like one of those pictures one does not believe in. Across the still blue bay, we saw the purple hills which continue the range on which the city is built; and beyond them rose in the distance blue mountains with snowy summits; around which we could see the tops of lower hills crouching like lions at their feet. Above all spread the cloudless blue. The square on which my window looked, and which, open on one side, revealed the scene of which I write, was crowded with a bewildering variety of the most brilliant costumes. The splendid dresses of Moors and Jews mingled with the numberless varieties of the uniforms of French soldiers; while the rainbow mass was relieved by the graceful simplicity of the Arab bernouse, and the mournful white of the shrouded Moorish women, who seemed already half buried from life and clothed in the garments of the grave—where, even if the spirit lingered by the mouldering form, they could scarce feel less lonely and hopeless than they at least appear to the eyes of the English stranger. The whole was filled with military noises; in which the kettle-drum, with its terrier-like alarum, took a foremost part, and soon wearied us with its regularly recurring noisy monotony. Indeed, we were very soon sick of the tumult, indoors and out, and longed for the seclusion of the country.

From the sea, the outline of the city, lying on the slope of the hill, somewhat resembles in form one of the Moorish horse-shoe arches, but bent outwards considerably at the heel; expanding, that is, when it reaches the more level ground at the base of the hill. The whole mass is of a dazzling whiteness, resembling the escarpment of a chalk

hill; for twice a-year they whitewash the whole of their houses outside and inside, to protect themselves from the heat, though thereby they expose themselves the more to the injurious effects of the light. Some of the principal streets, where the mortifying hand of the conquerors has been at work, are entirely French in their appearance; but as soon as you turn southwards, and commence to climb one of the streets which lead up the hill, you find yourself in an entirely novel environment; wandering in the labyrinth of an apparently endless accumulation of narrow streets, and stairs, and passages, and archways, shooting off in all directions; some ascending towards the sunlight as you hope; others appearing to dive into the earth; all narrow, many so narrow that a little person could easily touch both sides at once; many arched over, and many roofed in by the contact of the projecting upper stories of the houses on opposite sides. The design is to exclude the sun in all ways. The rubbish can only be removed on the backs of donkeys, of which you may often meet a troop in your way emerging from what seems the entrance to a splendid mansion, or jolting along a squalid lane three or four feet wide. But, although the streets are so narrow, it must not be supposed that the town is therefore as ill aired as, with such appearances, an English one would be justly supposed to be. For inside every house—whose heavy door looks like that of a prison—in these narrow passages, is a square court open to the heavens, so that 'each has its own patch of sky, and little lot of stars.' Along these streets I much enjoyed wandering. Some of them are full of workshops, little rooms, or scarcely more than closets, open to the street, above which they are sometimes raised a few feet. In these the various trades go on—tailoring, shoemaking, turning, tobacco-cutting, and others. Conversations might easily be carried on across the streets between the different artizans. I used sometimes to stand and watch them at their work, and generally saw something to interest me. One time it was the extraordinary development and use of the great toe, supplying the place of a thumb on the turning lathe, one hand being employed to turn the lathe with a bow; while the operator sat on the floor on a level with his machine. Another time it was the covering of a button with a network of silk, or a stitch new to me in shoemaking; or the moulding of red clay pipes; or the scraping of the shell of a clumsy musical instrument, which looked like a dropsical guitar. But I had not much opportunity for making acquaintance with these streets; for, after many failures, we at length succeeded in finding an *appartement* in a large Moorish house, belonging to a French officer, at the distance of two miles from the city; and here we settled down for the winter, exulting in the hope of privacy and leisure, with an open silence all around us, wherein the soul might feel that the whole external world is (as Schleiermacher says) the extension of the human body, and might flow forth and occupy its dwelling without hindrance from contact with uncongenial forms. The room in which we sat had a low groined roof, with vaulted recesses on one side, in one of which we soon contrived to put a French piano, and on a cheffonier in the other a

statuette of the Venus of Milo; finding thus some relief to the picturesque dulness of the room. The floor was paved with coloured tiles, rising a couple of feet up the walls; but the entire absence of red in any combination prevented these tiles from continuing to please me much. Then the room was disfigured by a huge French stove in one of the small windows, which, when it became necessary to use it, added much to our discomfort by smoking. But through our little windows we saw the Mediterranean at a furlong's distance; and when its sunny face drew us out to the little terrace at the top of the entrance stair, we were in the midst of a glowing world; the great hills in the distance, like an infinite hope, and the air filled with the odours of citron and orange-blossoms. Here our days passed quietly. For some time the weather was warm enough to sit reading out of doors upon the rocky cliffs by the tideless sea; on which, when you looked up from your book, you might see the boats of the country, with their elegant three-cornered latteen sails on the long slanting yard, bounding before a breeze from the west, when the white water is coming out of the black, as my little girl said; or in one of those cloudy days, which were comparatively rare there, you might see these boats dreaming along over a floor of delicate silver-grey, turning up ever as they broke the surface, and leaving behind them a track of brilliant intense blue, corresponding to a belt of the same colour that circled the edge of the far horizon. Or, if the sun had gone behind the hills, and sea and sky built up one cavern of calm blue, you might catch the rosy glow of a single sail which alone, in the midst of the prevailing blue, reflected the sunset red. But over all, I think the colours of this new land affected me most. Yet there were no gorgeous sunsets, such as in our England, to crown earthly vapours with unearthly glory. The sky was too clear for those. The hills lying immediately behind us prevented our seeing the actual sunset, whereof the only noticeable sign in middle air might be a pale pink vapour, in the centre of which might sparkle one diamond star. Nor was there any common grass. No fields with thick carpets of green, wherein even the foot has its own sensuous joy, and whereon you may cast yourself down in silence when the love of the earth becomes too strong for happiness. Only once did the feeling of earth's homeliness enter my soul. It was an early spring night. A heavy dew falls at sundown, but after that it is often warm and dry. We had just left the house of some Scotch friends, who, like ourselves, had spent the winter there, and who long ere this had become dear to us. It was a night of stars. Venus was going down in the west in a triumph of glory, flashing red, and green, and blue, like a sea-beacon, through the refracting strata of the lower atmosphere. The whole night-vault was filled with the roarings of the waves which a wind, since dead, had aroused, and driven landward to rave on the rocky shore. And suddenly to my soul came a scent of earth, of damp spring earth, an odour well known from childhood, which calls up thoughts of love and the grave, and mingles with either kind, for they are not far apart. Then I recognised the common mother; knew that Eng-

land and Africa were of the same earth, and rejoiced that she bore me.

But with the new year a stormy time began. For many, many weeks there was more or less rain every day, sometimes, but rarely, continuous for two or three days, accompanied by violent storms of wind and lightning. Then we could go out but little. We read, or sat and gazed through our tiny windows on the turmoil of the sea. Far out from the shore reached the white chaos of the breakers. In mingling shades of green, and yellow, and white, barred and patched with the purple shadows of the clouds, the sea tossed and foamed beneath the wind, which tore the glassy tops of the billows into hair-like spray. During this season you might sometimes see fine masses of cloud, but seldom such as, during thunderous weather, may be seen, like grotesque masses of half-finished sculpture, piled in Titanic confusion and magnificence around our sky. The rain falls like a cataract. Once I saw the finest rainbow I have ever seen. It planted one end of its arch close beside us, between us and the sea, and rose aloft and stretched away the other where we could not see it for the heights around us. I never saw one come so near. It would have been easy to find the golden key at its foot this time. But what struck me most was the intensity of its chords of thick colour. A second larger arc appeared beyond it; but its root was planted far out in the sea, and its hues were thin, and vague, and ghostly beside the glow of the nearer.

With the night came often the lightning and the thunder. It was so dark without, that to us looking from within the windows appeared solid as the walls. When suddenly a sea and sky immense asserted themselves with an instantaneous illumination of existence in the soul, flashing themselves in through the narrow windows—for a small opening admits a great space—then darkness followed, rent and billowed by the thunder. Such a stormy winter had not been known by any of the French inhabitants.

Now and then I took a few hours' ride in the surrounding country, among the low hills which crowd the coast. As there are but few large trees, and at this season little vegetation, the country has in many parts rather a bare look, but in the gorges between the hills there are many bushes and small trees. The most striking plants are the prickly-pear cactus and the aloe. This cactus forms a defence around and throughout the Arab villages. But what seemed to interest me most was the Arab cemeteries. One of the largest of these lay on the top and seaward slope of a hill, from which the inhabitants of the near village, a noted nest of pirates, used to search the sea for their prey. Of this village only miserable huts remain amidst the ruins of Moorish houses. The numberless graves with their tiny vertical stones lie broad and bare to the sea and the sky; unlike the greater number of their churchyards, which lie in groves of olives and other trees. Suddenly, when riding along a narrow bridle-path you find yourself in the midst of one of these chambers of the dead; and looking back you see perhaps that for some little way you have been

riding through graves, crowded among the roots of the trees. Over the resting-places of their chief men they build small mosques, or, in some cases, mere low-roofed huts; but better than many of the dwellings of the living. I entered one of these, and found the floor filled with tombs, one apparently very old; and one or two in the usual form of the more elaborate tombs of the country, with a high ornamented stone at the head and feet, connected by two long side stones, across which were little shelves with hollows for water, and I think flowers. Some earthen lamps stood on the old tomb; and babies' graves were near the door. It was a solemn place. The light through the rents in the walls or roof fell in faint brown patches on the earthen floor. This and that which entered by the low ever open door was the sole sombre illumination of the place, which had a cathedral stillness and sacredness about it, mingled with that feeling of faint desolation which in every land and under every form the forsaken graves of men and women awake in the heart.

But oftener I went into the city, never tired of looking at the varied human forms that met me on my way. One cannot help wondering, when he sees the little, jerky, self-asserting, tight-laced Frenchman, beside the stately, dignified, reserved, loose-robed Arab, how the former could ever assume and retain authority over the latter. I have seen a power of contempt and repressed indignation in the half-sidelong look with which an Arab in a ragged bernouse regarded a Frenchman who had tapped him on the shoulder with a stick to attract his attention. There is something in the bearing and manners of the Arab significant, whether truly or not, of a personal dignity far beyond that common to the German, or French, or English. Two of them came once to our residence to remove our piano before we left. A great proportion of the heavy carriage in Algiers is done by the Arabs slinging the weight on a pole which rests on their shoulders. Our breakfast being still on the table, I asked them to sit down and have some coffee; which they did without the least embarrassment, half-lounging on their chairs, and chatting away in bad French, aided by gesture, with a thoroughbred ease rarely to be seen in our own country. I was proud of them. Their religion teaches them that in the sight of God they are all equal, and they seem to believe it, more at least than Christians do; and this combined with their fatalism, which naturally destroys all haste and perturbation, produces an indifferent stateliness of demeanour which many a man of Norman blood and fabulous origin might well envy. One or two of them whom I came to know a little, used always to shake hands with me after the English fashion. Indeed, they seem to like the English much. *Ingless bono* are frequently the first words you hear from their lips. Some English ladies we knew had favour shown them to the degree of being permitted to enter the mosques without putting off their shoes, being only required to wipe them very carefully on a mat brought them for the purpose. I was amused at being recognised in the streets as an Englishman, because I was partly dressed in the Highland costume. But, indeed, the Highlander is the type of the English soldier with them. This notion the native African troops

have brought back with them from the Crimea. Once I was standing in the principal market-place, when one of a little group of French and Maltese about me touched me and pointed to the sign of a *cabaret* opposite, upon which appeared a Highlander and a Zouave, fraternizing hand in hand. They seemed desirous I should acknowledge the relationship.

(To be continued.)

Flowers.

Lear.—Give the word.
Edgar.—Sweet marjoram.
Lear.—Pass.'—*Shakespere.*

WHAT would conventional poets and quasi-poetic conventional moralizers do without their common-places, the Sea, the Stars, and the Flowers? The grey-green old Ocean has been bothered about his 'secret' till he might almost be forgiven for rising in his wrath and deluging the land at large for the sake of drowning the rhymes; and the Stars have been so bowled about in modern verse, that if 'the bands of Orion' are not yet loosened, it can scarcely be for want of pulling about. The flowers have fared even worse, and how should *they* revenge themselves? The stars might shake themselves to earth, like plates from Antony's pocket, and the Sea might 'drench our steeples, drown the cocks,' to stop the perpetual small-talk going on about them. But the Flowers!—from the child's primer to the last verse-book, they are abused with 'the counterfeit of settled praise;' the modesty is almost maundered out of the violet, the perpetual perfume well nigh pottered out of the rose, and the lily nearly plagued out of her purity. And what can they do? There may exist the man who would

'Die of a rose in aromatic pain,'—

I can quite conceive it, for I have turned very faint over a bouquet merely from excess of pleasure—but who can conceive a Rose going out of her way to put a poetaster to death? or employing the Deadly Nightshade to do it? Or even engaging the Poppies to silence him with their lethargic touch? The Flowers endure the evils of familiarity, for the love they bear us,

'Teaching us by most persuasive reasons
How akin they are to human things.'

And *how* akin they are! How full of sympathy and persuasive speech! The little moss in the parched desert said 'God is here' to the fainting traveller, and perhaps there is hardly one of us who has not been indebted at some time in his life for a positive suggestion of good from a flower. I speak not now of common-places. I do not mean that any one has ever been taught purity by the lily or modesty by the daisy. I speak of such a thing as coming suddenly upon a little blossom in a weary, dusty road, or picking up a dropped rose in

Cheapside,—a thing to touch the least sentimental of men. Of the technical 'Language of Flowers,' forfend that I should know anything; I would as soon open 'Napoleon's Oraculum,' or 'Mother Shipton's Dream-book,' as one of the accredited manuals of floral meanings. But there are certain colours, and certain combinations of form and colour among flowers which have a speech not to be put into a dictionary, and yet which constitutes a real spiritual influence. Tastes differ. I have myself a fancy amounting to a passion for the large blue convolvulus. Its celestial depth of colour seems almost too much for the eye to bear, and its shape is surely quite unsurpassed in beauty among all the flowers. I mean the climbing convolvulus, which is now in its glory, when

'. . . to the mellow season
Branches in the lawn make drooping bowers,
Vase and plot burn scarlet, gold, and azure,
Honeysuckles wind the tall grey turret,
And pale passion-flowers'—

now, when there is a mistiness in the moonlight, and a touch of decay in the South wind, which speak of coming

'Days that shred the boughs with trembling,
Nights that weep and wail.'

I have not met any one who sees in the Convolvulus as much as I see; but every one who reads this will think of his own favourite. With one of my friends it is the passion-flower—

'The flower that I love is both solemn and rare,
The deep-hearted purple it wears in disdain;
When other gay blossoms are flaunting and fair,
It spreads out its petals like triumphing pain.
Its white is for pureness, its green is for hope;
All golden its fruit in the soft chilly air;
The dream it suggests is of infinite scope,
For the Cross and the Passion are symbolized there.'

With another, it is the simple dandelion, and, if you will but look at it, there is more in a dandelion than you think for. It is really a beautifully constructed flower, and how akin it is to human things, how it can inspire a passion, we know from the story of the fat and listless Shawondasee, so exquisitely told in the most finished poem of the century:

'Listless, careless Shawondasee!
In his life he had one shadow,
In his heart one sorrow had he.
Once as he was gazing northward,
Far away upon a prairie
He beheld a maiden standing,
Saw a tall and slender maiden
All alone upon a prairie;
Brightest green were all her garments;
And her hair was like the sunshine.
Day by day he gazed upon her;
Day by day he sighed with passion;
Day by day his heart within him

Grew more hot with love and longing
For the maid with yellow tresses.
But he was too fat and lazy
To bestir himself and woo her;
Yes, too indolent and easy
To pursue her and persuade her,
So he only gazed upon her,
Only sat and sighed with passion
For the maiden of the prairie.
Till one morning, looking northward,
He beheld her yellow tresses
Changed and covered o'er with whiteness,
Covered as with whitest snow-flakes.
"Ah! my brother from the northland,
From the kingdom of Wabasso,
From the land of the white rabbit,
You have stolen the maiden from me.
You have laid your hand upon her
With your stories of the northland!"
Thus the wretched Shawondasee
Breathed into the air his sorrow;
And the south wind o'er the prairie
Wandered warm with sighs of passion,
With the sighs of Shawondasee,
Till the air seemed full of snowflakes,
Full of thistle-down the prairie,
And the maid with hair like sunshine
Vanished from his sight for ever;
Never more did Shawondasee
See the maid with yellow tresses!
Poor deluded Shawondasee!
'Twas no woman that you gazed at,
'Twas no maiden that you sighed for,
'Twas the prairie dandelion,
That through all the dreamy summer
You had gazed at with such longing,
You had sighed for with such passion,
And had puffed away for ever,
Blown into the air with sighing.
Ah! deluded Shawondasee!'

It is to 'the beldam tribe of lovers' that we must go for instances, if we would learn fully what kinship there is between flowers and human creatures; what confidences may spring up between them; how roses and lilies may be talked to as if they were 'our even Christians.' What a pretty story does the laureate tell here:—

'Rivulet, crossing my ground,
And bringing me down from the Hall
This garden-rose that I found,
Forgetful of Maud and me,
And lost in trouble, and moving round,
Here at the head of a tinkling fall,
And trying to pass to the sea;
O Rivulet born at the Hall,
My Maud has sent it by thee
(If I read her sweet will aright)
On a blushing mission to me,
Saying, in odour and colour, "Ah, be
Among the roses to-night."'

The rose sent down with a message 'in odour and colour,' then getting giddy at the whirlpool and forgetting itself, 'lost in trouble,' 'trying,' poor bewildered rose! 'to pass to the sea;' and intercepted, like a truant child, by the lover, who knew better than to let it have its will—it is all quite human. And that the rose had a soul, and that other flowers could sympathize with an expecting lover, we all know, or may know, if we will read his account of his floral confidences in Maud's garden, where the lion that 'ramps' over the gate is 'clasped by a passion-flower.' Note, however, with respect to that message 'in odour and colour,' that the colour of the rose is not *precisely* that of love. If love has a colour, it contains a shade of blue, and, as nearly as possible, resembles that of the electric fluid sent through an exhausted receiver. The first time I saw that colour I told my companion it was the colour of love, and I still think so. But listen to the lover in waiting:—

'I said to the lily, "There is but one
With whom she has heart to be gay;
When will the dancers leave her alone?
She is weary of dance and play."
Now half to the setting moon had gone,
And half to the rising day;
Low on the sand, and loud on the stone,
The last wheel echoes away.

I said to the rose, "The brief night goes
In babble, and revel, and wine;
O young lord-lover, what sighs are those
For one that will never be thine?
But mine, but mine," so I swore to the rose,
"For ever and ever mine."

And the soul of the rose went into my blood,
As the music clash'd in the hall;
And long by the garden lake I stood,
For I heard your rivulet fall
From the lake to the meadow, and on to the wood,
Our wood that is dearer than all;

From the meadows your walks have left so sweet,
That whenever a March-wind sighs,
He sets the jewel-print of your feet
In violets blue as your eyes,
To the woody hollows in which we meet,
And the valleys of Paradise.

The slender acacia would not shake
One long milk-bloom on the tree;
The white lake-blossom fell into the lake,
As the pimpernel closed on the lea;
But the rose was awake all night for your sake,
Knowing your promise to me;
The lilies and roses were all awake,
They sighed for the dawn and thee.

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls
Come hither, the dances are done,
In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,
Queen, lily and rose in one;
Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls,
To the flowers and be their sun.

> There has fallen a splendid tear
> From the passion-flower at the gate;
> She is coming, my dove, my dear;
> She is coming, my life, my fate;
> The red rose cries, "She is near, she is near,"
> And the white rose weeps, "She is late;"
> The larkspur listens, "I hear, I hear,"
> And the lily whispers, "I wait."'

Talk, dear lady, of the play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out! Please tell me, what would become of that poetry if you took out the flowers? and, companionable as love is, and able to make friends of stocks and stones and the vacant air, if you think the lover would have got along so confidentially with any inanimate objects *but* the flowers? He tells the lily that he is the happy man, and he knows it. He takes his oath of the same to the rose—adding a sarcasm at the sighs of the silly, sequacious peer. He borrows the soul of the rose, or, at least, allows it to enter his blood. With a passing allusion to the violets in the meadows (Maud's doing), and the indifference of the acacia and the sleepy pimpernel, he expresses his confidence in the wakeful sympathy of the queen of flowers and her sister. The roses and lilies were awake all night in expectation of the 'little head sunning over with curls.' The passion-flower dropped a conscious tear at her delay, and the larkspur caught the first sound of her step on the garden walk! Such is life—shared by the flowers—to a lover in the garden of his mistress.

After Love, the great fact of human story is death. And the mourner comes next to the lover in his quick sense of companionship with the flowers. What would churchyards be without them? What tenderness, what patience, what suggestions of immortality, nay, of infinity, in the flowers! For have you not noticed that in all fine colour there is a hint of vanishing away—not a vanishing away into nothingness, but into infinity? A deep blue or green seems to me to have this quality more than any other colour; deep pink next. Only yesterday, I became utterly rapt over such a simple thing as a bed of larkspurs—quite insensible of time, and space, and external things. It was, I think, but for a second, but God knoweth it might have been for ages. The same thing has happened, though more rarely, over a picture. It is a kind of moment that does not come often. But there is what a Frenchman would call a *religiosité* of feeling naturally attaching to the love of colour; and flowers are natural companions for us in our solemn mournful times, as well as when the pulse beats its highest, and the warm human life is itself breaking into flower.

It seems to me that we have lost something in the art of writing about flowers. There is a rich odorousness and fulness of colour about the old writers whenever they treat of them, which the moderns come far short of, so I fancy. Take Lord Bacon's Essay 'Of Gardening.' It is really quite delicious to read it. You see the flowers, their odour encompasses you, you tread the thyme, and admire the 'sweet Williams red.' It is luscious writing. The Keats school have only imperfectly imitated it. Keats is very rich and odorous sometimes, but rather in Cockney fashion. To read of that 'blanched linen smooth and *laven-*

der'd' is as good as opening an old-fashioned housewife's chest of drawers on the sly. But let us hear my Lord Bacon! I scarcely know anything daintier than his discourses on housebuilding, gardening, and masks and triumphs:—

'And because the breath of flowers is far sweeter in the air, where it comes and goes like the warbling of music, than in the hand, therefore nothing is more fit for that delight than to know what be the flowers and plants that do best perfume the air. Roses, damask and red, are fast flowers of their smells, so that you may walk by a whole row of them, and find nothing of their sweetness; yea, though it be in a morning's dew. Bays, likewise, yield no smell as they grow, rosemary little, nor sweet marjoram; that which, above all others, yields the sweetest smell in the air is the violet, especially the white double violet, which comes twice a-year, about the middle of April, and about Bartholomew-tide. Next to that is the musk-rose; then the strawberry leaves dying, with a most excellent cordial smell; then the flowers of the vines, it is a little dust like the dust of a bent which groweth upon the cluster in the first coming forth; then the sweetbriar, then wall-flowers, which are very delightful to be set under a parlour or lower chamber window; then pinks and gilliflowers, especially the matted pink, and clove gilliflower; then the flowers of the lime-tree; then the honeysuckles, so they be somewhat afar off. Of bean flowers I speak not, because they are field flowers; but those which perfume the air most delightfully, not passed by as the rest, but being trodden upon and crushed, are three, that is burnet, wild thyme, and watermints; therefore, you are to set whole alleys of them, to have the pleasure when you walk or tread. . . . . For the *heath*, which was the third part of our plot, I wish it to be framed as much as may be to a natural wildness. Trees I would have none in it, but some thickets made only of sweetbriar and honeysuckle, and some wild vine amongst; and the ground set with violets, strawberries, and primroses, for these are sweet and prosper in the shade; and these are to be in the heath here and there, not in any order. I like, also, little heaps, in the nature of mole-hills (such as are in wild heaths), to be set, some with wild thyme, some with pinks, some with germander, that gives a good flower to the eye; some with periwinkle; some with violets; some with strawberries; some with cowslips; some with daisies; some with red roses; some with lilium convallium; some with sweet Williams red; some with bear's foot—and the like low flowers, being withal sweet and sightly; part of which heaps to be with standards of little bushes pricked upon their top, and part without; the standards to be roses, juniper, holly, berberries (but here and there, because of the smell of their blossom), red currants, gooseberry, rosemary, bays, sweetbriar, and such like; but these standards to be kept with cutting, that they grow not out of course.'

And, by the side of this prose, place one passage from Milton:—

'Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
Of shades and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enamelled eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honied showers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freak'd with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
With cowslips wan, that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears;
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffodillies fill the cup with tears,
To strew the laureat hearse where Lycid lies.'

And one from Shakespere :—

'O, Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that, frighted, thou lett'st fall
From Dis's waggon ! daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty ; violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath ; pale primroses,
That die unmarried ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength ; bold oxlips, and
The crown imperial ; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one ! O, these I lack
To make you garlands of.'

We have no modern writing about flowers that breathes and blooms like this. Perhaps you will say we have no Miltons, Shakesperes, and Bacons. But, if any man could have written perfectly about flowers, it should surely have been the delicate Shelley. I fancy, however, he has not done so. Read these verses, immortally beautiful, but not such a nosegay of words as some of the fifth-rate Elizabethan poets give you, and as some moderns vainly think to reproduce by the free use of such words as 'rathe,' 'lush,' &c. :—

'A Sensitive Plant in a garden grew,
And the young winds fed it with silver dew,
And it opened its fan-like leaves to the light,
And closed them beneath the kisses of night.

And the spring arose on that garden fair,
And the Spirit of Love fell everywhere ;
And each flower and herb on earth's dark breast
Rose from the dreams of its wintry rest.

But none ever trembled and panted with bliss
In the garden, the field, or the wilderness,
Like a doe in the noon-tide with love's sweet want,
As the companionless Sensitive Plant.

The snowdrop, and then the violet,
Arose from the ground, with warm rain wet,
And their breath was mixed with fresh odour sent
From the turf, like the voice and instrument.

Then the pied wind-flowers and tulip tall,
And narcissi, the fairest among them all,
Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's recess,
Till they die of their own dear loveliness ;

And the Naiad-like lily of the vale
Whom youth makes so fair and passion so pale,
That the light of its tremulous bells is seen
Through their pavilions of tender green ;

And the hyacinth, purple, and white, and blue,
Which flung from its bells a sweet peal anew
Of music so delicate, soft, and intense,
It was felt like an odour within the sense ;

And the rose, like a nymph to the bath addrest,
Which unveiled the depths of her glowing breast,
Till, fold after fold, to the fainting air,
The soul of her beauty and love lay bare;

And the wand-like lily, which lifted up,
As a Mœnad, its moonlight-coloured cup,
Till the fiery star, which is its eye,
Gazed through the clear dew on the tender sky;

And the jessamine faint, and the sweet tuberose,
The sweetest flower for scent that blows,
And all rare blossoms from every clime,
Grew in that garden in perfect prime.'

I own, indeed, that I would rather read those verses than go to a nursery or to Kew. I hate a nursery; I hate Kew. I hate a flower-fancier. I am not a flower-fancier, I am a flower-lover. What do I care for double-dahlias, and prize stocks, and hydrangias turned blue by a chemical solution? I would rather see a heath-bell, or a forget-me-not, than the finest flower florist ever produced, if he brought it to me with a label, express or implied, round its neck. A flower-show is my abhorrence. I know this is absurd. I know that the principle of the nursery is implied in the garden, and even in the flower-pot. But, with all my love for flowers, I have, I fear, a lurking prejudice against even gardens—I am sure I have against flower-pots. I should prefer it, if roses and lilies grew wild everywhere. Botany as a science is my horror. Also, I don't like your outlandish flowers. A cactus, now, is my aversion, however fine. What right had anybody to fetch it away from where it was? I saw a man in Fetter-lane the other day, selling large water-lilies. Poor, desolate, naked flowers that they looked, transplanted from the element which was their very *raison d'être* and their peculiar beauty! I would rather have seen a thistle or a marsh-mallow in flower; the purple of the thistle is, indeed, a very especial favourite of mine.

I think, among the cants that are canted about flowers, too much is said of the fondness of children for them. I do not observe that children are madly given to 'buttercups and daisies,' though poets and painters make it out so. What children *do* like is to trample down a garden-bed, and pick the flowers they are expressly told to leave alone. But that there is something childlike about flowers is most true. They *live* and take no thought. Emblems not only of the little ones, but of rare, happy Children of the Kingdom—

'——— souls found here and there,
Oases in the waste of sin,
Where everything is well and fair,
And God remits his discipline;
Whose sweet subdual of the world
The worldling scarce can recognise,
And ridicule against it hurl'd,
Drops with a broken sting and dies.

Who live by law, not like the fool,
But like the bard, who freely sings
In strictest bonds of rhyme and rule,
And finds in them, not bonds, but wings;
Who shine like Moses in the face,
And teach our hearts, without the rod,
That God's grace is the only grace,
And all grace is the grace of God.

Happy, happy souls, and rare as happy! And none can tell how blessed in themselves, and in the work they do. We can love and learn as they move shining onward, but the most of us can only take up the flower-life as an emblem, in a mitigated strain:—

'How fresh, O Lord, how sweet and clean
Are thy returns, e'en as the flower in spring;
To which, beside their own demean,
The late past frosts tributes of pleasure bring.
Grief melts away,
Like snow in May,
As if there were no such cold thing.

Who would have thought my shrivell'd heart
Could have recovered greenness? It was gone
Quite under ground, as flowers depart,
To see their mother root, when they have blown,
Where they together,
All the hard weather,
Dead to the world, keep house unknown.

O that I once past changing were,
Fast in thy Paradise, where nō flower can wither!
Many a spring I shoot up fair,
Off'ring at heav'n, growing and groaning thither:
Nor doth my flower
Want a spring shower,
My sins and I joining together! . . .

These are thy wonders, Lord of love,
To make us see we are but flowers that glide,
Which when we once can find and prove,
Thou hast a garden for us where to hide;—
Who would be more
Swelling through store,
Forfeit their Paradise by their pride.'

Z.

Mr. Mac Donald's Poems.*

We have received this volume of poems too late in the month for any, extended notice, but it is better to say at once the words of welcome that rise to our pen than to delay. We can scarcely, perhaps, deal adequately, can scarcely deal fairly, with four hundred pages of poetry

* 'Poems,' by George Mac Donald, author of 'Within and Without,' a Dramatic Poem. Longman. 1857.

in which there is no thread of connexion, though there is at first sight great similarity of topic and treatment too. We may as well say at once, and have done with it, that there is considerable monotony of rhythm in all the poems; that the scansion of the verse intersects the sense too frequently, especially in the sonnets, though, where we accord that privilege we naturally look for *variety* of rhythm in exchange; and there is a not unfrequent mannerism of simplicity and *gaucherie* which is very provoking—as in these two verses, called

'AN OLD STORY.

'They were parted at last, although
Each was tenderly dear;
As asunder their eyes did go,
When first alone and near.

'Tis an old story this—
A trembling and a sigh,
A gaze in the eyes, a kiss—
Why will it not go by?'

That Mr. Mac Donald can write with simplicity that is free from clumsiness, we know; for we all remember

'Little white Lily
Sat by a stone,
Drooping and waiting,
Till the sun shone.'

And in the book before us, we have some very beautiful poems, in which there is the same delicate *naïveté* of expression, combined with much suggestion. As an instance, take

'A BOY'S GRIEF.

'Ah me! in ages far away,
The good, the heavenly land,
Though unbeheld, quite near them lay,
And men could understand.

The dead yet find it, who, when here
Did love it more than this;
They enter in, are filled with cheer,
And pain expires in bliss.

Oh, fairly shines the blessed land!
Ah, God! I weep and pray—
The heart thou holdest in thy hand
Loves more this sunny day.

I see the hundred thousand wait
Around the radiant throne;
To me it is a dreary state,
A crowd of beings lone.

I do not care for singing psalms;
I tire of good men's talk;
To me there is no joy in palms,
Or white-robed solemn walk.

I love to hear the wild winds meet,
The wild old winds at night;
To watch the starlight throb and beat,
To wait the thunder-light.

I love all tales of valiant men,
Of women good and fair;
If I were rich and strong, ah then,
I would do something rare.

I see thy temple in the skies
On pillars strong and white;
I cannot love it, though I rise
And try with all my might.

Sometimes a joy lays hold on me,
And I am speechless then;
Almost a martyr I could be,
And join the holy men.

But soon my heart is like a clod,
My spirit wrapt in doubt—
"*A pillar in the house of God,*
And never more go out!"

No more the sunny, breezy morn;
No more the speechless moon;
No more the ancient hills, forlorn,
A vision and a boon.

Ah, God! my love will never burn,
Nor shall I taste thy joy;
And Jesus' face is calm and stern—
I am a hapless boy.'

Not as a charge against the Author, nor as a complaint of his poetry in general, but simply as a fact to be registered, we must add that Mr. Mac Donald is introspective to a degree for which we can call to mind no parallel even in our debilitated modern poetry. There is some unhealthiness of pulse in the book; yet the unrest which troubles you from many a page seems that of a man who would live gallantly if he could. Read this poem, called

'LONGING.

'My heart is full of inarticulate pain,
And beats laboriously. Ungenial looks
Invade my sanctuary. Men of gain,
Wise in success, well-read in feeble books,
Do not come near me now, your air is drear;
'Tis winter and low skies when ye appear.

Beloved, who love beauty and love truth!
Come round me; for too near ye cannot come;
Make me an atmosphere with your sweet youth;
Give me your souls to breathe in, a large room;
Speak not a word, for see, my spirit lies
Helpless and dumb; shine on me with your eyes.

O all wide places, far from feverous towns!
  Great shining seas! pine forests! mountains wild!
Rock-bosomed shores! rough heaths! and sheep-cropt downs!
  Vast pallid clouds! blue spaces undefiled!
Room! give me room! give loneliness and air!
Free things and plenteous in your regions fair.

White dove of David, flying overhead,
  Golden with sunlight on thy snowy wings,
Outspeeding thee my longing thoughts have fled
  To find a home afar from men and things;
Where in his temple, earth o'erarched with sky,
God's heart to mine may speak, my heart reply.

O God of mountains, stars, and boundless spaces!
  O God of freedom and of joyous hearts!
When thy face looketh forth from all men's faces,
  There will be room enough in crowded marts;
Brood thou around me, and the noise is o'er;
Thy universe my closet with shut door.

Heart, heart, awake! the love that loveth all
  Maketh a deeper calm than Horeb's cave.
God in thee, can his children's folly gall?
  Love may be hurt, but shall not love be brave?—
Thy holy silence sinks in dews of balm;
Thou art my solitude, my mountain-calm.'

This beautiful, but hectic, writing fairly represents great part of Mr. Mac Donald's volume. We do most deeply regret that it should be so; that a collection of poems such as this, showing great fancy and great insight, not wanting in touches of tender human affection, and full of pious thought, should yet, upon the whole, be a morbid book, is really cause for grief. The more so, as Mr. Mac Donald can be 'objective' when he pleases; can write vigorously and stirringly upon occasion. Glad enough should we have been—and we are sure we speak the language of many who love Mr. Mac Donald's muse, and wish her bright and blessed fortunes—if this volume had been only one-third of the size, and had contained a *little* more of such poetry as this, from

'LIGHT.

'What meanings various thou callest forth,
Upon the face of the still passive earth!
Even like a lord of music bent
Over his instrument;
Whether, at hour of sovereign noon,
Infinite cataracts sheet silent down;
Or a strange yellow radiance slanting pass
Betwixt long shadows o'er the meadow grass,
When from the lower edge of a dark cloud
The sun at eve his blessing head hath bowed;
Whether the moon lift up her shining shield,
High on the peak of a cloud-hill revealed;
Or crescent, low, wandering sun-dazed away,
Unconscious of her own star-mingled ray,
Her still face seeming more to think than see,
She makes the pale world lie in dreams of thee.
Each hour of day, each hour of thoughtful night,
Hath a new poem in the changing light.

Of highest unity the sole emblem!
In whom all colours that our eyes can see
In rainbow, moonbow, or in opal gem,
Unite in living oneness, purity,
And operative power! whose every part
Is beauty to the eyes, and truth unto the heart!
Outspread in yellow sands, blue sea and air,
Green growing corn, and scarlet poppies there;—
Regent of colours, thou, the undefiled!
Whether in dark eyes of the laughing child,
Or in the vast white cloud that floats away,
Bearing upon its breast a brown moon-ray;
The universal painter, who dost fling
Thy overflowing skill on everything!
The thousand hues and shades upon the flowers,
Are all the pastime of their leisure hours;
And all the gems and ores that hidden be,
Are dead till they are looked upon by thee.

Everywhere,
Thou art shining through the air;
Every atom from another
Takes thee, gives thee to his brother;
Continually,
Thou art falling on the sea,
Bathing the deep woods down below,
Making the sea-flowers bud and blow;
Silently,
Thou art working ardently,
Bringing from the night of nought
Into being and to thought;
Influences
Every beam of thine dispenses,
Powerful, varied, reaching far,
Differing in every star.
Not an iron rod can lie
In circle of thy beamy eye,
But thy look doth change it so
That it cannot choose but show
Thou, the worker, hast been there;
Yea, sometimes, on substance rare,
Thou dost leave thy ghostly mark
In what men do call the dark.
Doer, shower, mighty teacher!
Truth-in-beauty's silent preacher!
Universal something sent
To shadow forth the Excellent!'

It is Emerson who has said that there is nothing which intense sunshine cannot beautify. Mr. Mac Donald has a keen eye for this truth, or truth-in-fact. In the first of the poems before us, a ploughboy meets a beautiful girl on a palfrey. The beautiful girl looks at him and into him. Quintessential sunshine for the ploughboy's heart! Ploughboy finds something on the straw in the barn next morning, which he never saw before, though the crack in the roof was, probably, not a new one, and Phœbus is of a respectable antiquity:—

'At noon returning, something drew his feet
Into the barn. Entering, he gazed and stood.
Through the rent roof alighting, one sunbeam,

Blazing upon the straw one golden spot,
Dulled all the yellow heap, and sank far down,
Like flame inverted, through the loose-piled mound,
Crossing the splendour with the shadow-straws,
In lines innumerable. 'Twas so bright,
The eye was cheated with a spectral smoke
That rose as from a fire. He never knew,
Before, how beautiful the sunlight was;
Though he had seen it in the grassy fields,
And on the river, and the ripening corn,
A thousand times. He threw him on the heap,
And gazing down into the glory-gulf,
Dreamed as a boy half-sleeping by the fire;
And dreaming rose, and got his horses out.
God, and not woman, is the heart of all
But she, as priestess of the visible earth,
Holding the key, herself most beautiful,
Had come to him, and flung the portals wide.
He entered in: each beauty was a glass
That gleamed the woman back upon his view.'

We take this passage from the first poem in the volume, called 'A Hidden Life;' a poem which we are sure will command great admiration. The story might very well have been true — nay, for what we know, it *may* be true in its important features— but it is not *vraisemblable*. Our private opinion of that ploughboy would be that, for all his honesty, he did not really grasp the facts of life. How much better we should have liked him if he had gone and shaken that woman by the hand, instead of leaving a copy of verses to her as a legacy, and sending her (what else *could* come of it?) to cry her bright eyes red upon his grave! We know quite well what the author's answer will be—'The ploughman lived out his true self.' Our reply would be twofold—1. No man ever did that yet, though many fine natures, alas, have worn themselves away in trying to do it; and 2. That the 'self,' at its best, was unhealthy, and its disease was one in which 'the patient must minister to himself.'

For a last quotation, let us take

'FAR AND NEAR.

'Blue, sunny skies above; below
A blue and sunny sea;
A world of blue, wherein did blow
One soft wind steadily.

In great and solemn heaves, the mass
Of pulsing ocean beat,
Unwrinkled as the sea of glass
Beneath the holy feet.

With forward leaning of desire,
The ship sped calmly on,
A pilgrim strong that would not tire,
Nor hasten to be gone.

The mouth of the mysterious Nile,
Full thirty leagues away,
Breathed in his ear old tales to wile
Old ocean as he lay.

Low on the surface of the sea
  Faint sounds like whispers glide
Of lovers talking tremulously,
  Close by the vessel's side.

Or as within a sleeping wood
  A windy sigh awoke,
And fluttering all the leafy brood,
  The summer-silence broke.

A wayward phantasy might say
  That little ocean-maids
Were clapping little hands of play,
  Deep down in ocean-glades.

The traveller by land and flood,
  The man of ready mind,
Much questioning the reasoning, stood—
  No answer could he find.

That day, on Egypt's distant land,
  And far from off the shore,
Two nations fought with armed hand,
  With bellowing cannon's roar.

That flattering whisper, low and near,
  Was the far battle-blare;
An airy rippling motion here,
  The blasting thunder there.

And so this aching in my breast,
  Dim, faint, and undefined,
May be the sound of far unrest,
  Borne on the spirit's wind.

The uproar of the battle fought
  Betwixt the bond and free;
The thundering roll in whispers brought
  From heaven's artillery.'

It will be seen that we could hardly pick out so many beautiful things, if Mr. Mac Donald's volume were not rich in fine matter. We thankfully accept it at his hands, and shall make sure of meeting him again, in the company of a more robust and free-footed Muse. Nobody who reads 'Death and Birth' can doubt of the Author's poetic future.

The Fables of Gotthold Ephraim Lessing.

BOOK THE SECOND.

NO. X.—THE ASSES.

The asses complained to Jupiter that men treated them too cruelly. 'Our strong backs,' said they, 'carry their burdens, beneath which they and every weaker animal must sink. And yet, by means of merciless blows, they try to compel us to a swiftness, which would be rendered impossible to us by the burdens, even if nature had not denied it us. Forbid them, Jupiter, to be so unjust, if indeed men allow themselves to be forbidden any wickedness. We will serve them,

because it seems that thou hast created us thereto, but we will not be beaten without a reason for it.' 'My creature,' replied Jupiter, to his petitioner, 'the request is not unjust; but I see no possibility of convincing men that your natural slowness is not idleness. And as long as they believe this you will be beaten. But I will contrive to alleviate your lot. Insensibility shall henceforth be your portion; your skin shall be hardened against blows, and so weary the arm of the driver.' 'Jupiter,' exclaimed the asses, 'thou art ever wise and gracious!' They went away joyous from his throne, as the throne of universal love.

NO. XI.—THE PROTECTED LAMB.

Hylax, of the race of wolf-dogs, was guarding a gentle lamb. Lykodes, who both in hair, mouth, and ears was more like a wolf than a dog, saw him and fell upon him. 'Wolf,' cried he, 'what art thou doing with this lamb?' 'Wolf thyself!' retorted Hylax. (The dogs were both mistaken.) 'Begone! or thou shalt learn that I am its protector!' Lykodes, however, insists upon taking the lamb from Hylax by force; Hylax insists upon detaining it by force; and the poor lamb—excellent protectors!—is torn in pieces in the struggle.

NO. XII.—JUPITER AND APOLLO.

Jupiter and Apollo disputed which of them was the better archer. 'Let us put it to the proof,' said Apollo. He bent his bow and shot so directly into the middle of the appointed mark, that Jupiter saw no possibility of surpassing him. 'I see,' said he, 'that you really do shoot very well. I should find a difficulty in beating that. However, I will try another time.' He has yet to try, the prudent Jupiter!

NO. XIII.—THE WATERSNAKE.

Jupiter had now given the frogs another king; a voracious water-snake instead of a peaceful log. 'If thou wishest to be our king,' cried the frogs, 'why dost thou devour us?' 'Why,' answered the snake, 'because you have asked for me.' 'I did not ask for thee,' said one of the frogs, whom the snake already devoured with its eyes. 'Not?' said the water snake; 'so much the worse! Then I must devour thee, because thou didst not ask for me.'

NO. XIV.—THE FOX AND THE MASK.

In the olden times a fox found the empty mask of an actor, with the mouth gaping open. 'What a head!' said the observing fox; without brains and with an open mouth! Must not that have been the head of a talker?' This fox knew you, ye eternal speakers, ye curses of the most innocent of our senses.

NO. XV.—THE RAVEN AND THE FOX.

A raven was carrying away in his claws a piece of poisoned meat, which the enraged gardner had thrown down for his neighbour's cats. He was just about to eat it in an old oak-tree, when a fox crept by, and cried out to him, 'Blessings on thee, bird of Jupiter!' 'For

whom dost thou take me?' asked the raven. 'For whom do I take thee?' replied the fox. 'Art thou not the vigorous eagle, who from the right hand of Jupiter daily descends to this oak, to feed poor me? Why dost thou disguise thyself? For do I not see in thy victorious claw the desired gift, which thy god still continues to send me through thee?' The raven was astounded, and inwardly rejoiced at being taken for an eagle. 'I must not tell the fox of his mistake,' thought he. With stupid generosity he let his prey fall, and flew proudly away. Laughingly the fox seized upon the flesh, and ate it with malicious joy. But soon the joy was changed to agony; the poison began to work, and he died. Accursed flatterers, may ye never win anything but poison!

NO. XVI.—THE AVARICIOUS MAN.

'Unhappy me!' complained a miser to his neighbour; 'some one has robbed me this night of the treasure which I had buried in my garden, and put an abominable stone in its place.' 'But you would not have used your treasure,' replied his neighbour. 'Imagine then that the stone is your treasure, and you are none the poorer.' 'But even if I were none the poorer,' rejoined the miser, 'is not another all the richer? Another all the richer! I could go mad!'

NO. XVII.—THE RAVEN.

The fox saw that the raven plundered the altars of the gods, and lived upon their sacrifices. 'I should like to know whether the raven has a claim to the sacrifices, because he is a prophetic bird; or, whether he is considered a prophetic bird because he is bold enough to share the sacrifice with the gods.'

Record of Christian Missions.

COULD we feel at all certain of the accuracy of the rumours respecting the massacre of Christian missionaries in Bengal, it would be a sad pleasure to devote a few pages this month to a 'record' of the 'advancement' of Christian learning in that great Presidency, up to the time when English negligence and English injustice stopped the progress of civilization and Christianity in a sixth part of the British dominions. But we do not like speculating upon rumours, which may possibly turn out to be altogether unfounded. From two or three sources we learn of lives spared that had been given up for lost, and Christian missionaries are scarcely likely to be the first to be sacrificed in such a revolt as has taken place in Bengal. Their own converts would take advantage of every means of sheltering them from the insurrectionists, and would probably so secrete them, that they could not be immediately found. On the whole, therefore, we shall receive any intelligence respecting the death of missionaries with great caution, and, for the sake of their friends at home, we would advise an equally unwilling and cautious circulation of all such rumours.

With present possibilities before us, news and advice respecting Hindoo Christianity reads rather curiously. How many narratives, like the following, taken from the 'Chronicle' of the present month, are we likely again to read? We copy from Mr. Porter's letter on the success of the mission in Cuddapah, Presidency of Madras:—

'At the beginning of the year a petition addressed to the missionary, signed by thirty families belonging to this village, was sent to Cuddapah. At the time it came I was at the committee meeting at Madras, but Mrs. Porter was at home, to whom the letter was read. The purport of it was to say that they had now made up their minds to renounce all idol worship, and were anxious to receive a Christian teacher, and to have their children instructed in the great doctrines of the Christian faith. One of our catechists was immediately sent to Dhoor, where he was kindly received by the people, who confirmed *vivâ voce* what they had written in the letter. Jacob preached to them the word of life under one of the trees in their village. About eighty persons, besides several children, assembled on that occasion. After singing and reading the word of God, the question was put to them, "Have you entirely renounced all idolatry?" To this they replied, "Yes, yes." The catechist then asked them, "Will you now give me proof that what you say is true? Will you not throw away your idol?" As soon as they heard this, some of them went to the pillar, which is in front of the temple, and pushed it down. Afterwards they went to the idol and tried to push it down, but it was so firmly fixed in the ground that they could not succeed. Then one of them took a large stone and cast it on the idol, saying, "Can you curse me now, O idol—we have nothing to do with you, thou stony idol." The god was afterwards dug up, and put to the threshold of the new school-room, which was built for the benefit of their children. In the meantime another man came up with a copper idol (Venkethasoo), saying, "Sir, since I have brought this idol into my house a curse has come upon me and my children. O sir, take this idol and throw it away." Besides all this, the people cried out with a loud voice, "O sir, we have done with our idols and our false gooroos. We will now worship that Saviour of whom you spoke to us six years ago, and send our children for instruction."'

Mr. Underhill's report, written on the presumption of a long and quiet peace, seems now more like a document intended for a past generation. We remark that his estimate of the Bengal missions is not a very high one. 'I could not but notice,' he says, 'with regret, how dependent the converts seemed to be upon the care and protection of the missionary, and how rare were the instances among them of a voluntary and ardent zeal for the extension of the blessings of the gospel to their perishing fellow-countrymen. This accordingly formed a frequent topic of discourse in the numerous meetings I had with them, and every occasion was seized to urge the duty of supporting the ministry of their native teacher, of providing for themselves the means of grace, and of communicating to others the knowledge of Christ. On the whole, however, I received favourable impressions of the piety of the converts. If the lamp burn feebly, it must not be forgotten how recently the people have emerged from a form of heathenism the most degrading and demoralizing the world has ever seen, and that they have to shake off the influence, and to be released from the shackles of superstitions which bind the whole nation as a child is bound in swathing bands.' With the missionaries

altogether withdrawn, with caste prejudices revived, with an open and wide-spread revolt, and with the necessity, under the most favourable circumstances, of an entire reconstruction of our system of government, the immediate prospect for missionaries is dark indeed. But we shall be able to write with more confidence a month or two hence. Meantime, surely no portion of the great vineyard needs so much the showers of the Spirit's blessing; and no portion so much the remembrance of the devout believer.

We are glad to see, by letters from Christian missionaries of all denominations, that the effect of the Chinese war in retarding the preaching of the gospel has not yet extended beyond the limits of the immediate neighbourhood of Canton. Thus Mr. Piercy, of the Wesleyan Missions, writes from Macao on April the 11th, that he finds abundant scope for all his strength and abilities. Mr. Williamson, of the London Society Mission, writing from Shanghae on the 4th of the same month, says that the war has not at all affected his work. 'The surrounding district is as quiet as ever; not even a breath of dissatisfaction has ruffled the placid temper of the people.' Mr. Fearnley, also of the Church Missionary Society, is still labouring at Fuh-chaw without interference. We append one or two interesting sketches from the communications of the two last-named gentlemen :—

RESOURCES OF THE COUNTRY.

'The claims of the Chinese cannot be over-estimated. Whether you contemplate their history, their literature, their polity, the educated classes, or the trading throngs, you rise penetrated with a sense of their importance. Nor is this feeling diminished by intercourse. On the contrary, it is heightened into intensity. Like all other great objects, no one can fully realize the magnitude of the Chinese nation till he has met it face to face. I have read of their cities with their temples and their crowds, of their shipping with its extent and universality, but never till I had entered the one, and gazed upon the other, had I anything like a just idea of the energy which pervades the masses, and the extent of this country's resources. We have cities nearly as crowded as London, and, instead of flies and omnibuses, we have boats moving in as quick and constant succession as they do in Fleet-street.'—*Mr. Williamson.*

THE CHINESE INTELLECT.—THE EDUCATED CLASSES.

'As a field for Christian enterprise, China stands unrivalled. The country lies before us. Ere many years pass, we may confidently anticipate free access to its remotest corners. They are a reading people. A spirit of inquiry and discussion is arising among them. Not a few *literati* in various parts of the country—to our knowledge—have already discarded opinions which have been long and religiously held. Not a week passes but many come to us—often from distant provinces—eagerly inquiring after truth, and especially scientific truth. Among these, not a few possess talents of a very superior order, and, generally speaking, the educated classes are, in mental calibre, quite equal to their compeers in Europe.'—*Ibid.*

RECEPTION OF THE SCRIPTURES.

'The public examinations which took place at Kwan Shan and Sung Keang during October and November of last year were visited, and many copies of the New Testament and other works distributed to thousands eager to receive them. "Kea Hing," "Ra ze," "Ping hoo," "Kea ting," "Ta tsang," and almost all the

important cities within the compass of eighty or a hundred miles, have been repeatedly visited by us; and we were always cordially received. Wherever we go, crowds assemble to hear us, and listen with far greater attention than our countrymen do to open-air preaching at home.'—*Ibid.*

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

'I walked on up the back street to another printer's, to whom, also, I had to pay money, and also for the Bible Society, greeted everywhere by cries and inquiries for books, and repetitions of the name of Jesus. Leaving this second printer's shop, I continued on up Back-street, looking out for some convenient spot to take my stand in, and gather an audience. I turned in under a gateway, thinking the place convenient, but scarcely expecting to have any one to listen to me there, for there were no people in it at the time of my entrance. However, I had no sooner taken a book from my bag, and presented it to a grave, elderly-looking man whom I saw approaching, than, almost immediately, I found two or three more about me, eager to the highest for books. I did not give them immediately. "Why do you want them?" I said. "Do you know what they contain?" "No; how can we without seeing them?" "But perhaps they contain bad business, and then it would do you no good to read them." "Well, will you let us hear some of their doctrines, that we may know them?" "Yes, most willingly." And by this time thirty or more had gathered; so I was very willing to declare my doctrines to them, and began at once. Thus an audience is gathered, and a very rapid process it is; and very patient and polite they generally are.'—*Mr. Fearnley.*

So, gradually, is this fertile and luxuriant soil being sown with gospel truth.

We again notice with pleasure the active energy of the Church Missionary Society in all departments of missionary work. Within the last few weeks it has sent out no fewer than sixteen new missionaries to widely different parts of the globe—to Peshawar, Agra, Benares, Tinnevelly, Madras, Ceylon, and Morse Fort, and York Factory, Hudson's Bay.

The Wesleyan Society, on the other hand, appears to be deficient in both money and missionaries. It advertises this month an excess of expenditure over receipts in the first half of the present year of no less than 29,000*l.*, and, at the same time, makes an urgent appeal for volunteers to vacant stations in Gibraltar, Ceylon, the Mysore, China, Kaffraria, Sierra Leone, the Gambia, West Indies, and Central America. The general operations of this society are more widely extended than those of any other similar institution. The Baptist, London, and Church Missionary Societies, are judiciously confined to definite fields of labour, where scarcely a missionary can be said to be alone. The Wesleyans occupy a wider sphere, but appear to be the weaker for their width.

We notice with pleasure that the special subscription in aid of Dr. Livingston's Central African Mission already amounts to nearly 3,000*l.* We very urgently recommend this new mission to the consideration of those churches who do not usually give aid to the London Missionary Society. It would be a graceful act to see the denominations uniting in this most gratifying of all testimonials to the character and labours of the great missionary who has undertaken to establish the gospel in the heart of Central Africa.

Monthly Retrospect.

It is rather late in the day perhaps to refer to the case of Miss Smith, and if we were to consult only our own taste, we should pass the subject without a remark; but it has occupied too much of the attention of the country, and its attendant circumstances have cut too deeply into the lives of all of us during the past month, for it to be entirely ignored without suspicion of an indifference which we for one do not care to assume.—Had not the trial taken place, what different lives should we all have lived! In the absence of the keen discussions, the careful weighing of each day's evidence, and the conflict of moral emotions, that marked the history of each one of us for nearly a fortnight, what a comparatively calm and even life should we have passed! The marked influence of this single outward event on the whole current and tenor of our thoughts for so long a period suggests how much we are moulded and made by that which is external to us,—how much our daily life takes shape from that which is without, rather than wells up and expresses itself by force of that which is within. A man takes—for of that we never had much doubt, and now have none—a few grains of arsenic—a thing that is done, we suppose, with the same intent, every day of the world's history. The man is a vain, insignificant, and altogether contemptible fellow, who, if he had *lived* a thousand years would probably never have made any profound moral impression on a single one of his fellow-beings; yet the death of that man is the cause of a whole nation being thrown into a state of almost unparalleled excitement, of the upheaving of a tempestuous storm of feeling such as the world has not often witnessed, of creating a number of what may be termed educational influences, which have scarcely ever been exceeded in the intensity of the impressions they have made. Now, if Luther had been living in these times, he would very probably have said that the devil was never so outmatched as in the case of L'Angelier's death. A man commits a self-murder; it is likely that by means of this event a second murder will be committed; a whole family and its connexions thrown into agonizing torture of soul; and perhaps strange and unusual misdoubts of Providence; and a nation be hardened by the exhibition of legal vengeance on the supposed criminal. What a glut for the maw of the destroyer! But see how he is discomfited. The self-murderer —Satan's own disciple—is held up to the abhorrence of the whole human race; the intended second victim goes forth from her fiery furnace—which we may hope, and in Christian spirit believe, has purged her of her sin,—with loving pity and charitable thought to live, it may be, a holier and more reasonable life; the hearts of men are strangely moved and softened at her salvation from death and condemnation; and her family have heaped upon them the rich and gushing sympathy of thousands of their fellow-creatures, who hasten to surround them with the odour of their esteem, and to pour in upon their wounds the oil of human love. Verily, as Sir

Bulwer Lytton says in one of his romances, the devil is the greatest fool and the greatest failure in the universe!

The trial has been remarkable for one or two other circumstances, which will, doubtless, be noticed in the history of the times. First, the cruel and unwarrantable audacity of a government in making an accusation of murder which it was so ill able to sustain, and which it ought to have left alone, if it had been aware that it had so broken a case. Secondly, the array of opinion and judgment against the accused after her acquittal. Some, to adopt Douglas Jerrold's forcible illustration, must needs 'wriggle the arrow in the wound.' They have not ceased to throw back upon her her shame, and her moral guilt, and to taunt her, as did the 'Times,' with a merely 'legal' acquittal. Others have loaded her with their pity; others still have pointedly exhibited her in pictures; and now, like hungry wolves disappointed of their prey, the whole pack follow her every movement to her father's re-opened door, and greedily speculate upon the nature of her feelings while she is once more living the accustomed outward life of the nineteenth century. Has not your hottest indignation, Reader, been moved as you have noticed these things? as you have seen these 'gentlemen' outrage every fine feeling of nature in order first to create, and then to pander to the vitiated taste which gloats over a fallen creature's sin and suffering, as a Spaniard gloats over the agonies of the tortured bulls? Out, we say, upon such exhibitions of the vice that is in human nature!

But the unanimity of the press in particular in pronouncing sentence of condemnation against the accused is very remarkable. We had not noticed before so great a want of common manliness in the spirit of our newspaper literature, nor were we so vividly conscious of its utter un-Christlike spirit. Scarcely have we read an article on the trial that has breathed the spirit of true and redeemed humanity. Instead of being eager to believe the best, there has been an evident disposition to state and credit the worst. Not one has there been to say she was guiltless; not one unready to take up stones to stone her. Yet, we dare to say, there have been scarcely any whose heart would have borne so terrrible and microscopic a scrutiny as Madeleine Smith's.—And now let us turn to another subject.

We refer, with sorrow, to the Italian insurrection. Since the first news of the outbreak came, some circumstances have been brought to light which go far to justify this apparently mad attempt. We now know that it was admirably well planned; the Continental journals themselves speak with wonder of the extensive character of the conspirators' arrangements. We also know that the attempt involved very considerable personal risk and great self-denial to the leaders of the movement. We have here breadth of judgment and purity of motive combined; there was no failing of intellect or heart in the scheme. But there was a sad lack of accurate knowledge of Italian nature, and sad, if not culpable, deficiency of information regarding the amount of practical sympathy that might be expected. The knowledge of the scheme possessed by the different Governments does not at all lessen the force of this last and most damaging circumstance. The people did not know that their Governments were aware of the intended revolt, yet they did not rise in response to the

patriots' call. It may be that the remembrance of the abortive results of all previous attempts of the kind kept them back; but this remembrance will now be deepened, and serve to increase the difficulties attendant on any future revolt. Much, therefore, as we sympathize with the exiled and the oppressed, we think there can be no doubt that the last attempt needs some justification. Possibly, if we had a more intimate acquaintance with the whole facts of the case than we have at present; if we possessed some different means of information than that of the newspaper correspondents; if what we do know had not come to us coloured by a French police minister and his agents, we might be able wholly to justify M. Mazzini. At present, however, he is charged, with very great show of reason, with having provoked a cruel, rash, and senseless revolt, which, if he did not know, he ought to have known, could only, with the instruments at his disposal, result in a fresh legal massacre of his own friends, and a further abridgment of the liberties of those whose names may happily have escaped betrayal.

We are inclined to say little concerning the much stigmatized rise at Genoa. It is quite possible, and very probable, that this part of the scheme was concocted by the Sardinian and French Governments. If not, we do not see so much cause for blame as some of even the liberal journals. Apart from some knowledge of the real character of the Sardinian Government, we should very much suspect the rule that, together with Austria and France, has received the especial patronage of Lord Palmerston and the particular praise of the 'Times.' But we know that, with a vaunted publication of many of the forms of a free constitution, there is almost as much ecclesiastical and political tyranny in Sardinia as in Naples itself. Not a month goes by, but some peasant is thrust into the dungeons of Turin for reading his Bible or holding prayer-meetings; not a month but some revolting case occurs of refusal of the office of burial to the child of Protestant parents; not a month but liberty of speech is estopped. Lord Palmerston and the 'Times' have cozened the English people into the belief that this little kingdom is a second England, and so it is—it is the England of their imagination and desires. There was never a better illustration of the old proverb that 'the wish *is* father to the thought.'

In connexion with this subject of Continental liberty, a brief reference is due to another exile whose residence in this country will add to it a new and imperishable honour. M. Kossuth—'enthusiast' and 'fanatic,' as he has been termed—has not once committed himself to a causeless shedding of blood. With admirable judgment and self-reserve, he has hitherto held back his power, for the purpose, we may hope, of exhibiting it with greater and more effective result when the day comes that will see him restored to his rightful place. Nor has he mixed himself up with any other schemes. What may be his opinion of the Italian band we do not know, but we do know that he has not at any time advised the steps they have thought proper to take.

One is disposed, under present circumstances, to say much about India, but our own say shall be brief. There has been, and we suppose will be, a vast quantity of writing concerning the causes of the mutiny in Bengal,

and in Parliament there will doubtless be a studious, and, on the part of Government, a successful concealment, colouring, or misrepresentation, as well of these causes as of the progress of the revolt. Not, of course, that the Palmerston administration has had very much to do with it, but the cliques out of which all our English ministries are formed, have unquestionably had a great deal. Misgovernment is the sole key to the present state of affairs. With boys of fifteen as brigadiers of regiments; with beardless and empty-headed coxcombs from the junior clubs, with enormous salaries, put—like Lord Palmerston's step-son, the Hon. W. F. Cowper—at the head of the most important and responsible departments of State; we can hardly expect a well and wisely directed Government. Grapes never will come of thistles. The present revolt of native troops, however, appears to have resulted not so much from negligence as from direct provocation. The seizure of Oude; the open contempt of the prejudices of religious caste; and the threat of a commission for the examination of all native titles to landed property, appear to have been the principal and more immediate causes of the rising of the troops. To this, although it is contradicted by the intelligence that is recently to hand, must doubtless be added the private ambitions of despoiled native rulers. No revolt of this nature or extent ever yet took place without a designing head. No body of men, sixty thousand in number, could possibly have acted in concert without instructions from some one leader. It may be politic that he should for the present conceal his name, but success once established, we shall know it soon enough.

Note two circumstances connected with the manner in which Government has met this emergency. It has acted with very great and commendable promptitude in sending out a general to the seat of war who, as Sir Patrick Grant is there, was perhaps scarcely needed. But, as it sent the soldiers to the Crimea without any guns or ammunition, so it has sent a general to India without any troops. It seems that in the good old times of Nelson and the 'Peninsula,' troops were sent abroad in heavy troop-ships that sailed about six to seven miles an hour. We have now railways and steamers which would take us to India in six weeks, and, therefore—for we can put it in no other way—all our grandmothers' vessels are called out in order that assistance may not reach the Indian Government for something like six months. Is this simply infatuated madness, or is it worse?

Although aware that before this reaches the reader everything we say may read like the political comment of the old Parliamentary History, we hazard the opinion that the present crisis ought not to be pooh-poohed. The revolt of the northern tribes against Imperial Rome was pooh-poohed, but the northern tribes not only beat back the Roman generals, but ultimately gave an emperor to the nation, whose decline began to date from her defeat by the barbarians. In the case of India, as in the case of the American colonies, we have to fight with our own people, whom we ourselves have taught, educated, trained, and armed. The Government despised Russia; the result was a loss of a hundred millions of money, some thousands of troops, and a degree of moral prestige such as it will take a

quarter of a century of successful government to recover. The day that Sir Charles Napier predicted has arrived—the result he feared, but almost feared even to give warning of, may arrive with it—the deserved loss of an empire, and the thence sudden decline of all our boasted position and power. We may yet be what we were before Cromwell reigned.

We may dismiss Parliamentary proceedings in a very few words. The result during the past month has been *nil*. 'Punch' has done it too much honour in giving a whole page a-week to its 'Essence.' There have been debates on the Persian war, the Chinese ditto, the Irish Secretaryship, &c., a good deal of able speaking and unsuccessful struggle against the powers that be. The ballot motion has, of course, been lost; and in the House of Lords the Oaths bill has, also of course, met with the same fate. The immediate result of the last has been a show of great indignation on the part of Lord John Russell and others which, as Mr. Dillwyn was about to put it into a practical shape, suddenly exposed itself by suggesting and carrying the renewal of the same course of conduct for which Lords have so often shown—and will, doubtless, show again — their contempt. Mr. Disraeli is not the only one to whom 'Punch's' satire will apply:—

> '"There is a word I'd never use,
> 'Tis SHAM," remarked the Asian Mystic:
> Henceforth, who'll venture to accuse
> DIZZY of being—egotistic?'.

If brains instead of red tape had carried the day at Oxford, the great moralist might have found plenty of work of this kind amongst the Commons. What a treat would it have been to read Thackeray *versus* Disraeli!

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Jephson; or, Midnight and Dawn.

A TALE OF INNER LIFE.

CHAPTER XVII.—TIME FLIES.

The reader may remember that the conversation in the last number was concluded by a proposal from the vicar to give us 'a tune on his barrel organ.' But at the moment a carriage and pair dashed up to the gate, the horses were pulled up and almost thrown upon their haunches by the driver, a military man, who tossed the reins to a servant; and, as a gentleman and lady descended, the vicar said,

'Sir Wynne Rashleigh and his daughter, with her intended, Captain Fulke, of the Guards, who has just received an appointment at the Cape, or somewhere.'

He went to meet his visitors, but soon returned, saying, that they were come in reality to see Mr. Jephson, having been directed first to Mr. Fewston's, and thence here. The lady was on the point of marriage; and she and the captain were to embark in about a fortnight; and, all at once, she had set her heart on taking out with her a portrait of her father, while he too was bent on having one of his only child. They were come to make an engagement with Jephson, and the worthy vicar returned to usher them into the apartment. Introduction over (the captain rather lofty), and the errand stated, Jephson said, that much as he should appreciate the pleasure, under existing circumstances he must be obliged to decline the honour. Sir Wynne and his daughter were intensely disappointed. The lady was to be married in a few days, and could not possibly go to town 'to sit;' and, indeed, could only spare odd hours during the day, so that they wanted the artist to be their guest. Jephson briefly repeated his expression of regret. The baronet intimated that it would be conferring a favour if he could arrange to meet their wishes. The

captain twirled his moustache, muttered something about 'the devil,' and said, in an off-hand style, they 'did not care what they paid for the job.' Jephson surveyed the gentleman leisurely, and looked away from him without further notice, when the young lady, who had not spoken, interposed—'Oh, Mr. Jephson, you will paint me, I am sure; papa does so doat on the idea of having a remembrance of his little romp when she is so far away. And I shall be such a capital, what d'ye call it, subject? no; patient? no, that's not it; sitter. How shall I be taken?' And she whipped off her bonnet, shook her head playfully, till the ringlets were all tossed about, started up, turned a pirouette, and looking over her shoulder, asked, 'Will this do, Mr. Jephson?' Then flung herself on the ottoman, and assuming a look of pensiveness, proposed that attitude, while her father surveyed her with an expression of mingled pride and sorrow, and a half smile contended with a look of haughty vexation on the countenance of her lover. The vicar said somewhat hesitatingly, and with a glance at Jephson, which seemed to ask his pardon for the liberty, that he thought he might venture to explain where the difficulty lay; that the artist was about to lose his betrothed for a time, and had intended to accompany her to Bristol, to see her safe on board the steamer for Cork. Mary blushed and sighed; which the young stranger no sooner observed, than she said,

'Oh, I hope that is not you. I should not like such a lovely girl to be separated from her lover. Why cannot you stay here?'

Mary said she was a governess.

'A governess! oh, how shocking! How I wish you had been mine, though; I'm sure I should have loved a sister just like you. But you'll let him paint me. Do, there's a love. You aren't afraid? And only think of me, over yonder there, without a portrait of my dear, dear papa, and shut up to the company of that good-for-nothing captain of mine. Look at him; how grim he is; I don't know whether he is ready to eat me up, or pinch me black and blue, I declare. Mr. Jephson, now, shouldn't you enjoy painting a graceful, agreeable little rattle like me? all life, you see, down to the very tips of my fingers and the ends of my hair?'

'My dear George, do consent,' said Mary, in a low voice, 'to oblige me. Our friends here will, some of them, see me to London, and I should be so sorry for the young lady not to have a portrait of her father; and it will be more than a comfort to him to have a memorial of her sunny face. Do say, Yes.'

This had not been spoken so low but that Miss Rashleigh had caught the words, and, jumping up, flung her arms round the gentle speaker, and kissed her, saying, 'You little love, you; God send you a happy wedding-day soon for that. How pretty you would look in a bridal veil, would not she, Fred.?'

But the gallant 'Fred.' evidently thought his little lady was making a fool of herself; and as one watched his countenance and manner, the wish might have been pardoned that the lady had been destined for some more gracious bridegroom. Jephson consented to do his best

to gratify father and daughter; and the young lady promised to make the sittings, which should be in her boudoir, as pleasant as she could, in return for his amiableness in consenting. The captain growled out an under-toned 'humph,' and, with the slightest and stiffest of bows, left the room. Miss Rashleigh kissed Mary, and said in a low tone, 'I can't think why I love you so; and I quite admire your choice. What a noble forehead he has, and such eyes; an't you proud of him? Well, you may trust him up at the Hall, I'll promise not to fascinate him. But don't be a governess; be married to him at once; why not? I'm sure I would, if I were you.'

'A merry little pussie,' said the vicar.

'Fascinating little witch,' said the major.

'No slave to the conventional,' said one of the young ones.

'A happy little bird,' said another.

'Or grasshopper?' suggested the youngest.

'I wonder whether she'll chirp and sing so blithely when she's caged?' said the vicar, doubtingly.

'I'm afraid not,' said the major; 'but come, Jephson, you've made no comment on her; nor you either, Miss Walter.'

'Such a bird-like nature,' said the latter, 'seems to want all sunshine and flowers; and I wonder her father can trust her in the hands of that captain.'

'Why,' said the vicar, 'you see what a little piece of artless, downright wilfulness she is, sure to coax everybody into letting her have her own way. But how the poor child came to throw her heart away upon this Don Whiskerando, there's no saying. I can't pretend to understand the ladies. That's out of my depth, quite.'

This interruption will, at all events, serve the purpose of informing the reader that the time was close at hand when Jephson must consent to be without the presence that for several months had been almost his all. Miss Walter had heard that the family was in town, and would be returning to Ireland on a day named, when she could accompany them; and as the vicar was going to London the very day before that named, he begged the pleasure of seeing her safe into the hands of her new friends.

The evening before her departure, Jephson came in from 'the Hall,' with his brow more clouded than usual.

'Here comes Mr. Jephson,' exclaimed one of the young ones. 'Now tell us what you've seen to-day.'

'Seen? why, I've seen a little fairy, or angel, I don't know which, going to be soon eaten alive by an ogre.'

'Oh, but we don't mean that,' said the child; and Miss Walter explained that, having mentioned the circumstance which Goethe relates in his 'Wahrheit und Dichtung,' that at one period he and his young associates were in the habit of going out 'figure-hunting,' the young people had been looking out during their walk to see what various objects might serve to illustrate.

'And the vicar has told us something he has seen to-day, and now you must,' said the young one.

'What did the vicar see?'

'Oh, he watched a flock of sheep turned into a pen of turnips, and, in less than five minutes, a dozen of them had left the fresh, green food, and were sniffing and nibbling in the other part of the ground, that had all been eaten off bare and trodden down days before.'

'A very pastoral vision, my dear,' said Jephson, coaxed into a smile by the under-current of thought suggested by the kind of thing the worthy pastor had noticed.

'Now, what have you seen? for we are going to write down all such things that we notice ourselves, or hear of.'

'Well, then,' replied Jephson, 'see what you make of this. It was dusk when I left the Hall, and there was a fine mass of rolling cloud in the sky. The evening star came out, and looked down so softly. Presently I came to Martyrs' Corner, where the road winds downward, and you know how the great chalk hills rise up there from along the roadside to the left; and have noticed that the side of Beacon-hill is dotted, here and there, with very dense, dark yew-trees; and to-night the wind was sobbing and wailing through the close branches. There is one that, growing near the summit, appears to a passenger below to be on the top; and this evening it broke the regular, hog-backed outline of the hill, by standing up, distinct and black, into the clear sky. The dark mass just there, with the peculiar sky effect there was to-night, was attractive to the eye; and as I walked, and looked upward, the silver star presently stood close above the black tree. And that was all there was to be seen in that quarter—the star of love looking down on the funereal yew! That's what I saw, my child. The fates have shown me just that to-night.'

Perhaps it was only fancy that detected a tremulousness in the voice, and a moisture in the eye, as he fixed a sadly earnest look on the face of her he loved, who answered playfully,

'Ah, but, George, we don't believe in omens, you know.'

'I do,' he replied.

'What!' said Fewston, entering the room at the last remark, 'Jephson believe in omens!'

'Ah! my dear sir,' replied he, assuming a cheerfulness he did not feel; 'did you ever know one man that was thoroughly consistent for a single day, or even hour? I never did.'

'You remind me of George Herbert's line—

> "Oh! what a thing is man—
> He is some twenty several men at least
> Each several hour."'

CHAPTER XVIII.—GONE!

On his return from town, the vicar reported that he had left 'the lassie' in the hands of a lovely lady, with whom Miss Walter, he felt assured, would be thoroughly happy. She had received her with genuine Irish hospitality, and had insisted on his dining with them. And the good vicar repeated so many of the lady's remarks, and dwelt so fully—I thought almost anxiously—on her amiableness, and

the musical sweetness of her voice, and I know not how many other admirable things, that I half suspected there were some features he wanted to keep out of sight; and when we were alone, he confessed, in answer to my inquiries, that the husband of the lady seemed the reverse of herself.

'In fact,' said he, 'I felt an instinctive shrinking from the fellow; a coarse, loud-talking, animal-looking Irishman, with plenty of blarney, but scarcely feeling it worth while to be at the trouble of dispensing it. I don't like the fellow,' repeated the worthy vicar, with almost as much jealousy in his tone, perhaps, as a lover, and at the same time—a thing I never knew him do before—he gave his dog a kick, with an almost unconscious, 'Get away, sir!'

CHAPTER XIX.—THE CLOSET KEY.

Jephson's engagements required him to pass the winter in town; but he arranged to remain during the few weeks of the waning autumn in our neighbourhood. The vicar often added himself to our group; and Biggins had so thoroughly enjoyed the unwonted pleasure of a little society different from what he could command across the moors, that he, too, was made free to join us when he could.

The vicar looked in one day when the major was smoking his cigar in my study, and in the course of conversation asked if we thought our friend was at all 'a praying man.' I could not say. The major had often wished to broach the subject, but felt it was a delicate thing to do. The vicar said that the interest he was beginning to take in him made him desirous to know, and he thought he would take an opportunity of asking him, while he rather wondered that I had not ascertained before now. But there are some natures which are best left without much interference from without. Fewston was thankful for almost all that Jephson was, and had little faith in the wisdom of attempting to hurry spiritual processes. Too little is better than too much. It would have been easier, indeed, to speak than to wait and watch; but the child was in his Father's hands, and perhaps wisdom would not thank one for officiousness. However, he proposed to the major, since Jephson was looking out for a good study of a female head for a picture he had in hand, that he should take him to look at some of our old 'dames,' quite sure that they would talk to him out of the fulness of their hearts, yet so simply and naturally, that it would be a very different thing from a personal appeal by a man of his own class whom he was constantly associating with, not as a child, but as a gentleman and an equal. I knew my old 'dames;' God bless them! Though, as they are all gone now, I suppose I must draw my pen through the ejaculation, or some of our fine-nosed heresy-hunters will hold me up as a Jesuit in disguise, for 'praying for the dead!'

It so happened that Jephson came in while we were talking about the faith in prayer that some of the pious poor exhibit; and the vicar was observing that

'The kingdom of heaven, altogether, and not merely in some of its

parts, still required to be received by us as little children. Begin to reason, and you may very soon reason yourself out of all comfort in prayer, at least, if not out of all faith in its efficacy.'

'You, too, believe, then,' said Jephson, 'that reason and faith are antagonistic, and that we must select one or the other for our guide, without being able to combine the two?'

'*Carnal* reason,' replied the worthy vicar, one of whose weaknesses it was, perhaps, to set down all 'Socinianism, infidelity, and atheism,' to the 'reason' which he generally so designated. 'Carnal reason is the great enemy to faith. It prevents the very beginnings of faith, if possible, and afterwards poisons and kills it.'

'But why say "Carnal reason?"' replied the other. 'Surely reason is man's grandest endowment, and that which differences him from the brutes, and makes him in the image of God. To stigmatize it thus seems to me scarcely — pardon my saying so — scarcely reverential to God, or grateful.'

The vicar had habituated himself to the epithet, and become partial to it, deeming it a part of true evangelical belief to hold that every faculty in man was not only enfeebled, not merely in some degree injured by 'the fall,' but had become 'wholly depraved, and worse than useless, just as if the needle should lose all power whatever of indicating the north.' I knew his opinions on these points, and that he would soon ignore all common standing-ground on which the 'subject of divine grace,' and 'the worldly man, dead in trespasses and sins,' might meet together; and so remarked that we were talking about the confidence in prayer which constitutes the grand blessing of many of the pious poor. Jephson sighed deeply, but made an effort that it should not be observable, and rejoined—

'Aye, but the estimable vicar himself believes that reason disowns and frowns on prayer; and yet, if we are to ignore reason—*ratio*—we might as well have been without it, better, indeed, and so have been *irrational*. Without reason, how am I to weigh the claims of Christianity? or, why prefer it to Hinduism or Mahomedanism? How recognise the validity of the "evidences" you offer me? How discriminate between the true faith of the believer, and the spurious faith of the fanatic? Outside your peculiar religious circles, the more reason a man can bring to bear on things the better; surely Christianity would not subject itself to suspicion and odium by denouncing it, unless reason is sure to withhold its sanction from it either in whole or in part. I don't know. I am attracted strongly to Christianity, or, perhaps, rather to Christ indeed; my reason approves of so much I find in him that, I confess, I should now feel sad if I really believed that reason must array itself on an opposite side.'

'Come, come,' said Fewston; 'we cannot go into the whole of that question now. We were talking about prayer; and I am quite sure the vicar knows some good sound arguments on behalf of that, and is shy of no reasoning about it but what is false. He can "give a reason," as the apostle requires, for his own faith and practice in this matter. And if Jephson will kindly state what he deems the chief

objections to a belief in the efficacy of prayer, perhaps together we may be able to see how they hold water.'

But he replied that he should be sorry to array and fortify objections; he would prefer to see the way to a full and hearty belief made clear; and that it was with sincere regret that he had heard the worthy vicar's remark that we might soon reason ourselves out of all faith in its efficacy.

'Do you think there is much weight in the argument drawn from the immensity of the universe, and the insignificance of the individual?' asked the major; 'from the infinite greatness of God, and the infinite littleness of the creature? It used to be one of the stock arguments at our mess-table, I remember.'

'That never weighed much with me,' answered Jephson, 'for with God what is great, or little? I see the lichen and the animalcule finished as carefully as the oak and the elephant; the same perfectness as in the arrangements of solar systems. But I cannot conceive of the Divine mind as changed or at all influenced by the entreaties of a creature in time; cannot realize an alteration in the fixed order of things brought about by the manifold, if not indeed often conflicting, prayers of millions of human beings, constantly proceeding.'

'Ah,' said the major, 'sometimes that puzzles me, and, in some moods, I confess distresses me.'

'Oh,' said the vicar, 'I fight against all those thoughts as suggestions from the enemy, and betake myself to the written word, and good old John Bunyan's weapon of all-prayer. Now you know what I mean by "carnal reason."'

'I think,' said Fewston, 'there is some truth in what has been suggested. I cannot blame any mind for recognising the formidable difficulty which Jephson has so moderately intimated; and yet I am quite certain of the wisdom of the vicar's habit of having recourse to the word of truth. We are all friends here; none of us but would despise himself if he could argue for mere victory, and not exclusively for the sake of arriving at just conclusions. Shall we try if it is possible for us to begin at the beginning, and proceed step by step, towards some satisfactory result?'

'Well, agreed,' replied the vicar; 'only I'll thank you not to unsettle or unhinge my mind. I don't pretend to be much of a metaphysician; and I never saw good enough from it to make me wish to be one. I thank God for the faith I have, and only wish it was stronger.'

'I don't pretend to be able to clear up all the difficulty,' said Fewston; 'in fact, I know I cannot; but I fancy difficulties are better faced than avoided, and that there is advantage in ascertaining how far our discovered and solid territory extends, and where the *terra incognita* begins.'

'I shall be thankful,' said the major, 'to have a way made, even if no better than the one we sometimes get cut through the jungle in India.'

'I suppose there are few things we believe, but very formidable

objections may be urged against them,' said Fewston. 'Even the most ascertained *facts* may be confronted by considerations which might bring them into grave suspicion, and which, if exclusively regarded, would, to a very great extent, justify unbelief; as Archbishop Whately has well shown in his "Historic Doubts."'

'No question of it,' they all said.

'Shall we linger a moment,' continued Fewston, 'on this singular concession, which all are compelled to make? Only think—such is the state of twilight in which we pass through this first stage of our being, or so extremely partial and limited is our knowledge, or so dimly developed even our highest faculties, that on very few matters can we have absolute proof—proof, *i.e.*, that eternally silences even the faintest whisper of objection. On most subjects we all alike have to be content with a high degree of probability. And we all, whether Christians or unbelievers, daily believe many things, and act confidently upon the belief, fully recognising that arguments which we cannot confute may be advanced against them. This is the case in all departments of belief and activity; and everybody knows that many a thing is true, although unanswerable objections to it exist.'

'True,' said the vicar.

'Perfectly true,' said the major.

'I also am glad to remember that it is true,' said Jephson.

'Therefore,' continued Fewston, 'the efficacy of prayer may be a fact, even though an imperfect mind like mine may not be able to scatter every difficulty, or to say to every dark cloud that hovers over a portion of the subject, "Be dispersed." While, even if the words, "Let there be light," should be uttered by him who can command it, the eye could not even then, in an instant, take in and combine all the mighty breadth spread out before it.'

'I remember, when I was a boy of eight years old,' said the major, 'discussing with some of my playfellows the lesson in geography of the roundness of the world, and its motion on its own axis; and we all agreed that, notwithstanding its being in the book, neither was possible. "For," said one little fellow, "you know, if the world was round, as that globe is in the Latin room, the people on the other side would be hanging with their heads downwards, walking like flies on the school-room ceiling, and since their feet have not got flaps like the flies, why, wouldn't they all tumble off? To be sure they would!" And this was reckoned conclusive; while Ned Harris (poor fellow, he was killed years after by a stone cannon-ball at Navarino) clenched it by the observation that, "if all the world was turning round at that rate, why we should see America cutting by like winking, shouldn't we?" And again all assented. While Harry Toovey (a fat boy, dressed in corduroy) said, "Do any of us boys ever *see* any signs of its being round? I've come all the way from London, more than sixty miles, and I don't see anything like roundness." "No," they all said; "and none of us *feel* it move either." And so we were all agreed that the book was wrong, and the masters were either fools or worse, for making us say that the world was round, and that it moved.'

'Ah,' said the vicar, 'we men are but "children of a larger growth," and unless we believe things in spite of even unanswerable objections, we shall believe uncommonly little. I confess that, even now, I cannot explain to really intelligent children how it is that the inhabitants of the globe are not conscious of standing with their heads downward half their time.'

'And yet,' put in the major, 'there's something not quite satisfactory in this either. I see it is so; but what is to decide us, if there are equally good arguments on both sides?'

'Oh, I don't say equally good arguments on both sides,' replied Fewston. 'But every treatise on logic will remind us of the necessary cautions; such as, for example, the real worthlessness of arguments derived merely from our ignorance, &c. And if anything is established on sufficient evidence, the impossibility of our seeing how it is, or how it is reconcilable with some other equally well or even better established facts, is entitled to no force as against. Mr. Jephson, I am sure, agrees to this?' He acquiesced instantly. 'The efficacy of prayer, then, again, may be a fact, even if none of us can harmonize it with the unchangableness of God, or the alleged fixed order of things.'

'True, true,' said both the vicar and the major; while Jephson reminded Fewston that he had very properly said, 'established on sufficient evidence.' Fewston begged him ever to demand that, but requested that he should reserve it in reference to the present subject, for a few minutes longer; and continued—

'I suppose it is not that we are any of us prepared to affirm the absolute impossibility with God of a fixed order of things co-existing with a broad margin left for the efficacy of prayer, but merely that we cannot see how it can be. May not this, however, be among the things that Infinite Wisdom is equal to arranging? For, certainly, *some* "things that are impossible with men are possible with God."'

'But suppose we were to concede that the fixed order of things could be changed or modified in answer to prayer.'

'Pardon me, Jephson, but I should be sorry to ask for any such concession. My suggestion was, or was intended to be, that all those things which are done in answer to prayer, may, by Divine wisdom, form a part of the order of things, or may be, in some way unknown to us, reconcilable therewith. I content myself with intimating, *first*, that this fixed order of things we mortals talk about so very fluently, this more than iron inflexibility, is rather a result which the metaphysical and theological brain has excogitated, than anything else; and, possibly, the history of its genesis would not a little surprise some of its easy affirmers. Nature seems almost unconscious of it, beautifully and happily unconscious. The great Life-tree of the universe seems to wave a joyous affirmation of greater freedom. You smile, Jephson; and I could liken your smile to a gleam of light playing over the landscape on a cloudy day.'

'I thought you were getting a little poetical,' said Jephson, in a happy tone, 'and I expected Pegasus presently to jerk his armed heel

—though, by-the-bye, was that animal shod?—at metaphysics, in style. But, seriously, do you mean what you seem to, when you as good as imply that the absolute and eternal fixedness of every future event, however trivial, needs better proof than it has?'

'And, *secondly*,' said Fewston, 'if you'll postpone this question to another time, that even if this grim dead fixity were established by better evidence than metaphysics contains within the possibilities of its attenuated, bloodless, boneless, fleshless, lifeless realm—this stony rigidity which the joyous old Hebrew prophets knew nothing of—even then, however impossible for us to harmonize the efficacy of prayer with it, yet even then I remember that logic has taught me that contraries may be true, though not contradictories.'

'You are getting out of my reach, friend Fewston,' said the vicar. 'I shall be glad when you come back to *terra firma*.'

'Well,' said Fewston, 'only suffer me to add, that this is part of the old difficulty of how to reconcile man's freedom with the Divine decrees, and does not attach to prayer more than to many other things. And I would remind Jephson of the paper he wrote for Blair on "the first certainties of things," and the sound basis he laid, viz. that the affirmations of consciousness must pass unquestioned. Now I know from consciousness I am free; but it is only from the fallible understanding, and by dint of argument, that I conclude anything about the Divine decrees, and fixed order of things.' And as all were silent, he continued, 'And now I am ready to suggest another objection to the argument that weighs oftentimes so heavily on, not only the sincere, but even the devout mind itself. It is hard to believe that prayer obtains blessings that would not otherwise be had; hard, perhaps, because of the great simplicity of it. But to my mind the formula of objection needs to be abridged of some superfluities, and should be stated more briefly and comprehensively.'

'I don't take you,' said the major.

'Is prayer anything but an asking? Is not a prayer a request?'

'Undoubtedly,' said all.

'And request is prayer?'

'Yes, if you like to call it so.'

'A child's request to its father is the child's prayer?'

'Yes,' from all.

'And a schoolboy's request, or petition, to his master, is a prayer?'

'Of course; if you like to call it so.'

'All the world, I suppose, knows that everybody obtains things from others through asking, that would not have been had without.'

'Well; and what then?'

'Only this; that everybody believes in the efficacy of prayer offered to a *human* being, whether believing or not in the efficacy of prayer offered to the *Divine* Being. All the world believes in prayer, you see.'

'Eh? What? I never thought of this before,' said the vicar.

'"Carnal reason" does not seem quite so bad a thing as it did, I hope,' said Jephson to the vicar, with a good-humoured smile; to which the latter replied that he 'did not call *this* "carnal reason."'

'But all the difference is, I suggest,' said the former, 'that it is reason working in favour of your views instead of the same power arrayed against them. And steam is still steam, neither more nor less, whether the engine move up the line or down.'

'But to the subject again, please,' said the vicar, pleasantly. 'Fewston had not quite capped his remarks, I see. Pray continue, my friend.'

'Well, all I have to say is this, that the earthly fact bears all the weight of the heavenly. If a child gets a toy from its father, or a bit of barleysugar from its mother by asking—that is, praying—it would not otherwise have had; or a schoolboy a half-holiday, or a second piece of pudding; or a tradesman an accommodation from his banker; the efficacy of prayer is established, *i.e.* of prayer, you see, in general. For whether to a father, a tutor, a banker, or to a Being higher than all, the fact is one.'

'But,' rejoined Jephson, 'is there not this difference—viz., that the parent, the tutor, and the banker had not previously determined, decreed, anything at all on the cases supposed, while the Divine Being has from eternity fixed all things that he will do; so that the fact that prayer to a human being is successful does not prove that prayer to the Author of the divine decrees may be?'

'I think,' answered Fewston, 'that possibly you mistake the point of my observation. If all things in this universe are so fixed as the argument alluded to takes for granted, then, the giving of the toy to the child, the half-holiday to the schoolboy, the loan to the tradesman, must all be among the things eternally decreed, so that the whole weight of the argument against prayer to God lies also against our ever asking anything of any human being. And, in fact, it extends much farther than this, even.'

'Satisfactory,' said the major; 'isn't it, Jephson?'

'It is somewhat new to me,' he answered; 'I must take time to reflect; and glad should I be if the thick forest and underwood in which a good many poor mortals grope sadly could have a path cut through it, as you were saying, even if it were but a rough one, in which logs and brambles still remained, to require some degree of resolution. But I do not think our friend has proved his point yet.'

'You are quite correct. I have not attempted to build. I have aimed at nothing but clearing away some of the obstacles, or, as you suggest, cutting down some of the bushes that have overgrown the path.'

'Suppose we concede, then,' said Jephson, 'either that the objections are such as ought not in fairness to be adduced, or else that they can be fairly answered; still your task, however valuable, has been hitherto but negative; will you proceed to the positive?'

'Gladly. Will you grant me, first, that God is true?'

'Most undoubtedly.'

'Not only in his words, but in his works; everything that issues from the Creator's hands bears the impress of perfect veracity? God cannot deceive; "cannot lie," as the apostle says?'

'How can you ask such a question? Even the thought is horrible,' said the vicar.

'Then God would not create a being with instincts, for example, that must inevitably lead him astray, and make a dupe of him the more he follows them?'

'Certainly not.'

'Have you any difficulty in granting me, secondly, that in many circumstances every man instinctively cries out to a higher power—to God?'

'You are thinking of Volney when the ship was thought to be foundering,' said Jephson, 'and of Lord Herbert of Cherbury.'

'Not of them in particular; for I suppose volumes might be filled with similar illustrations. But what say you? Is there something like an instinctive tendency in men to pray to God in the hour of felt need, or not?'

'I do not feel sure as to the term "instinct;" but the irresistible tendency I think I may concede. But, to be honest, I do not like to jump to a conclusion.'

'And perfectly right, my dear fellow. Well, let this "instinct," or whatever it might be more correctly designated, be borne in mind, and pass for what it is found to be worth on maturer reflection. For my own part, I believe in it. And, possibly, it might be somewhat illustrated by another thing. It is natural to man to wish for things he has not?'

'No doubt.'

'Is not a wish an embryo prayer?'

'Stop! not too fast. What?'

'Well, then, is it not natural for us to wish that we had such a God as both could and would let us ask him for the blessings we need?'

'I don't know that it is, if the blessings are constantly provided and forthcoming without our asking. The birds have their berries without, and the cattle their grass.'

'My dear Jephson, none knows better than yourself that man is placed on a far higher level than this, and has many a want, the satisfaction of which does not grow in a corn-field, and cannot be supplied by the grazier. However, many of the objections to prayer lie also against the allowance of a wish of any kind; only, as we have done for the moment with the objections, I would suggest that to wish is natural to man; that the instinct which prompts it is wisely implanted, although it needs regulation and governance; that wishing lies at the basis of seeking, and so leads to getting; that when the good wished for is one that the individual cannot get himself, but another can give, wishing, in many instances (the child with the father, &c.), embodies itself in words, and becomes asking, *i.e.*, praying; and that the wish that God would do this or that for me is a prayer, only one stage less developed, like a child full formed, but not yet actually born into the outer world.'

'I see,' said the major, rising, and stretching himself, and instantly

resuming his seat. 'God is the author of our nature, and cannot deceive us. It is natural to us to wish, and even, under some circumstances, to pray; and therefore, &c. And so our poor old dames on the common are justified even by reason.'

'Aye, and, thank God, without all this tax on their poor brains, too,' rejoined the vicar; 'for how the poor things would ever plunge, and push, and fight their way through all these thorn-brakes and furze-bushes, I don't know. But there—"things hid from the wise and prudent, and revealed unto babes. Even so, Father!"' And the dear man's eye glistened with devout thankfulness to God, and loving sympathy with the humble Christians everywhere that had his heart. He added, 'But why, my dear sir, don't you settle it all in a word by the testimony of the Book?' and turning to Jephson, 'That's the short cut to certainty, the royal road, depend upon it, my friend.'

'The Bible is my warrant, too,' replied Fewston; 'but when any of our brethren are not yet satisfied in their consciences that the book can bide the fair tests that honesty feels bound to apply to it, and when some of the latent difficulties in the way of receiving it lie perhaps in portions of the contents, and among them this very subject of prayer, I feel bound to try and clear the way, and make room for the blessed teachings of the book, by showing, if I can, that the speculative objections may possibly be met on their own path. And I would almost venture to indulge the hope that some of the bars and bolts which had shut up the closet that the Saviour invites to, may prove to be withdrawn, and that not merely reason, but even reasoning (which is quite another thing) warrants the kneeling attitude for man. If the mental difficulties, arguments, which cannot be commanded down, cannot be annihilated by the will direct, can be confronted by their equals, and made to retire, the way is open for the appeal to Scripture; and then, all clouds are gone, the sky is serene and blue, and the sun shines brightly and warmly, as we lift the eye devoutly and joyfully, and say to Him, "O Thou that hearest prayer!"'

'Well,' said the vicar, rising, and giving his hand affectionately to Jephson, 'I wish the lassie were here now; she prays, I am sure; and I would ask her to sing two short verses that are favourites with me.'

'Perhaps you will kindly favour us with them before you leave,' suggested the major, putting his hand into the worthy vicar's, who at once began:

'Hour of prayer! full well I know it;
Sweetest hour on earth to me.
Never would my soul forego it,
While there need of prayer shall be.

Hour, in which the dews of heaven
Gently o'er my spirit fall;
Hour, when all my sins forgiven,
Lose their wormwood and their gall!

Like a streamlet from the fountain,
Like the gale when flowers are near,
Like the breeze upon the mountain,
Is to me the "hour of prayer."'

Jephson withdrew soon after the vicar, leaving the major, who lighted another cigar, and seemed disposed to linger.

'After all,' said he, 'a man won't pray merely because the objections are refuted. He won't pray unless he is inwardly impelled; and then he will pray through thick and thin.'

'I wish,' said he, after a pause, 'you would preach a sermon on prayer before Jephson leaves. Not one of the argumentative ones; but just one of those, you know, that kindle the very spirit of prayer, and strengthen one's faith, one does not know how.'

'Well, if one comes. We shall see. But that is just the class of sermons we cannot preach at will. The argumentative you can, of course, at any time. And the mechanically manufactured ones, of whatever pattern, require nothing but the necessary time. But as to the kind you covet, and which I wish I could always preach—I don't know—the Spirit bloweth where it listeth—and yet—if we habitually—'

The sentence was not finished; and when his friend presently took leave, the chord which had been struck did not cease to vibrate. Ah, that indescribable something in a sermon which is not written down beforehand; which, in fact, is not even spoken; but is additional to the words uttered; which you could not include, indeed, under the head of voice, tone, manner; but bears, perhaps, the same relation to words and voice, which the odour of a flower does to the form and colour of it. SPIRIT! is it THOU?

On the Sunday evening, Fewston complied with the major's suggestion, and in preaching did not forget the hint he had received as to the 'something better than even the most forcible argument.' The major's hearty grasp of his hand, afterward, and the earnest, yet genial expression of his countenance, told better than words could have done how deeply he rejoiced in the truth developed from the apostrophe of the Psalmist, 'Oh, Thou that hearest prayer!'

As to Jephson, he had hastily quitted the place on the conclusion of the service, and, avoiding all who would be likely to address him, returned to his own apartments, where, sinking into a chair near the window, which commanded a full view of the wide-spread landscape, then gloriously bathed in the light of the autumn moon, he resigned himself to thought. And thought grew deeper, tenderer, holier. An autumnal pensiveness stole over him. He lost himself in a muse. And, by-and-bye, the meditation became a reverie; but still connected with the recent subject. And then, as the moon sank down behind the high hills, and the dusk grew into darkness, he fell into a sleep, and passed through the gate of dreams into that strange world of unreal realities.

THE DREAM.

He was an Oriental, and stood before the throne of Darius the Mede. He saw the decree signed forbidding any prayer to be offered to God or man for thirty days. And then the throne and the king seemed to blend into one, and to grow and expand on all sides;

and still vastening, and ever more vastening, it rose from the earth, self-moved, tremulous in every part with life, huge, dreadful, with deep rifts, and chasms, and gulfs of darkness. And there flashed therefrom a thousand lightnings which, darting and glancing everywhere, like serpents, presently became fixed in the thick dark air, like veins of white in a block of black marble. Then from the rifts and chasms of darkness, the skin-wrinkles and hollows of the living cloud-horror, crawled forth all hideous and unclean things, huge, monstrous; and after them all the wild untamed creatures of the universe, whose home is the blanks of space.

And noises, horrible and full of terror, were everywhere; unearthly noises, to which the howlings of the midnight forest, and the wildest yells of savages, and the fiercer cries of blood-drinking, revolutionary mobs, were but as the welcome sounds of blessed childhood.

Then all ceased. A silence more awful than the noises fell heavily on the earth; and the lightning serpent-forms disappeared, and the spectre-forms crept back into the rifts and chasms of darkness in the living horror; and after them, the unclean things, huge, monstrous, crawled in again, and in every part the horror was tremulous with life. And yet a while the silence lasted. Not a sound was heard. All was still as the grave.

Then a voice, close behind the terror-stricken man, said, 'Mortal, this is the throne of God. Hearken!' And as he shrunk and cowered, a voice from the dreadful throne, clear and articulate, though louder than a thousand thunders, said, 'PRAY NO MORE! MORTALS SHALL PRAY NEVER MORE!' And the sound went echoing everywhere, *Pray no more—never more! Never more!* And the blood thickened in his veins; and an icy cold, keener than of arctic winters, breathed upon him, and he became a pillar of ice, frost-rooted to the ground; only, his brain was on fire, and his heart still beat.

And he saw the angels of God summoned to the foot of the throne. And they came; forms of light, radiant, glorious as suns, and clothed in rainbow vesture. And they received commandment to go down to earth, and cause all prayer everywhere to cease. And at the command they waxed deadly pale; and the radiance grew dim, and each became like the corpse of a mortal; and their rainbow vesture turned into sackcloth, and became a shroud; while every eyelid drooped with heavy tears, which, as they flowed over, fell, and falling, turned into blood, and rained down on the earth a red rain. Then they fell upon their faces before the throne, beseeching to be spared from such an errand. But when they looked upward, to see how their prayer sped, they were scared at what they saw, and fled away from before the awful brow, whose frown-wrinkles were the rifts, and chasms, and gulfs of blackness—away! away! away! and fled, and still they fled, till they had left the farthest world, and faintest embryo of a world, behind them, and stood trembling and aghast on the utmost verge of creation.

Then, ten thousand times ten thousand demons stood before the throne, and eagerly prayed to be the ministers of his will; and, forth-

with, came down to earth. And as they came, every star dropped tears of sorrow over this miserable world, and, waning, glimmered only like a dying taper in a dark vault. And as they came near, all things felt their presence. The leaves of all trees turned black and shrivelled, as when fierce heat has followed upon hoar frost; every blade of grass withered, and every flower lost its scent and colour; and everywhere on the ground there were cinders for stones, and the dust of the earth was ashes.

And the demons spread themselves abroad over all the earth on their eager errand. Some of them entered into human beings prepared for such possession, who forthwith went into the homes and secret chambers of the holy, and, dragging everyone that prayed from his knees—the old man in his solitary room, the child lisping its evening prayer at a mother's knee—made them listen and look upward, as the decree kept still reverberating through the world. Some clothed themselves in shapes such as only the frenzied heretofore had seen; while others became a hateful presence, visible only to spiritual eyes.

The daughter, kneeling beside her dying mother, felt a strange, unearthly touch—heard—looked up—shrieked—and died! The young mother, pressing her first-born to her bosom, as it pined and moaned in sickness, bent over it in purest prayer for the precious life; and as she prayed, and almost believed her prayer was beginning to be answered, she felt a cold, clammy hand upon her mouth, sealing her lips from prayer, as though a toad had crept there, keeping ugly guard; and her babe fell from her convulsed arms, and was choked with ashes.

The father, wrestling in prayer for a wicked son, had the breath of prayer sucked up from his lips, and stifled; and, tearing his thin white hair, in the terrible revulsion of hope turned into despair, sought death by his own hands.

A storm raged over the sea. A sailor child thought of his far-off home, and how his mother prayed, and with hurried steps climbed to the top of the quivering mast to pray. But there, too, the decree wrought, for one howled it into his ear; and, starting in sudden fright he fell, and was swallowed in the boiling billows, while peals of hollow laughter encompassed the lonely ship, and shook the shrouds, and the sailors cowered together, and dared not move, for every wave seemed ridden by the hags of night.

The prayer-stiflers hurried to a deep, dark cell, where the walls, green and slimy, were dripping with the damps of ages; and where a chained and fettered patriot had found in all the long years of his captivity one only solace—in crying to his God; and they turned the NAME into a curse, and breathed it reversed upon his brow; and left him, chained and fettered, a raving maniac, in his cell below the waters.

In their subterranean halls of judgment, hung round with black, inquisitors in robes of doom watched a victim on the rack. Their stony eyes watched coldly how he bore the successive turns of the

torture-engine. But he bore all in brave, uncomplaining silence; for inwardly he called on God, and prayer gave courage to his heart, and made his will like iron; a hero with none to admire, with none to know; his God sufficed him. Suddenly, blank despair fell upon him. The power of prayer was gone! and with it the power to endure. He cried and shrieked till his cries and shrieks frightened away the slaves that did the bidding of the hoary judges, frightened away the hoary judges, and he was left on the tensely stretched rack, to shriek alone to the midnight hours.

A saint of ninety years, but still vigorous and ruddy from the temperance and piety of a life-time, sage as well as saint, prayed as he had prayed through all his years of honourable toil; and when prohibited from prayer, still prayed on. A hundred hands forthwith protruded from invisible or shapeless forms. He was caught up and hurried away towards a wild beasts' den, down in the bowels of the earth; and as they bore him off, his white hairs streaming in the wind, still he prayed. But ere he reached the pit, he saw the horror, he heard the dismal word, a knell to fill the soul. He dared not pray! The hope of ninety years was gone. He struggled with the iron claws that griped him; but in vain; and, almost dead with fear, fell moaning into the midst of the savage beasts.

There was one in whom all nobleness, all majesty, was summed. His step was more than royal. He looked the uncrowned King of creation. And he went forth, as of right, to stay the miseries that were breaking the heart of the world, and crumbling the earth back into chaos. He strode onward to a secret place of prayer, that was thrice and four times hallowed. A grove of olive-trees begirt it. And kneeling there, the generous intercessor for a world fast perishing, and offering to bear alone the deluge of wrath for his people, he offered one mighty prayer of concentrated intercession. In his agony he lay along upon the ground; but the ground had turned to ashes there also. And, as he wrestled in his mighty prayer, the ashes were reddened by the drops that fell from his brow and bedewed his whole frame. Then forthwith came all the evil ones trooping from the four winds of heaven, and made the air he breathed thick with their baleful presence. And as they strove to make the Strong One cease from his intercession, the Strong One strove with them—the one against the all. But they had come from the living throne of power, and were armed with the inexorable decree; and his brow became pale with fear; his eyes lost their living glory; his knees shook and trembled. He tried still to pray; but a triple paralysis seized him. His tongue could not articulate the once dear name; the lips could no longer utter it; the heart no longer prompted it; and, with a shriek which shook the living throne terror above him—a shriek such as a God in his agony might give—he died; and his death-place was the everlasting grave of the world's hope, for now, beyond all hope of reversal, was its doom—A PRAYERLESS WORLD!

* * * * *

The man who had passed through the gate of dreams, and saw the

universal woe that had fallen on a world thus doomed by dark decree to be prayerless, sprang forward to clasp the dead form of the baffled Mediator, and to perish with him. He started—and awoke. The cold dew of fear was on his brow. His frame shook with terror. He could not believe that he had 'only dreamed!'

And when he had recovered from his horror, he wept; but as he wept, he thanked God THAT HE MIGHT PRAY!

(To be concluded in our next).

Pictures and Painters.

'Dost thou love pictures? We will fetch thee, straight,
Adonis painted by a running brook,
And Cytherea all in sedges hid,
Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,
Ev'n as the waving sedges play with wind.'—*Shakespere.*

I SUPPOSE everyone has fancied, at some moment in his life, that he could make a picture, at least in outline. For myself, I confess it is a delusion from which I believe I shall never escape for good and all. As I cast my eyes on the two busts of Niobe's daughters above my book-shelves, it seems to me that I could take a stylus and imitate the breathing nostril, and the erected neck, and the waving hair, and the thin drapery loose-lying on the half-developed bust. It seems *so* easy! Yet, if I assume the pen or the pencil and really make trial, I find that the gulf between conception and execution is ludicrously wide—in my case, at least.

Of course, the best painter in the world, your Raphael, your Correggio, your Whatsaname R.A., must have his limitations. As Bassanio says over 'fair Portia's counterfeit,'

'. . . . . What fine chisel
Could ever yet cut breath?' . . .

but then I find my pencil cannot even cut lips—the most chiselable of all the features, let alone breath.

Taking myself as a Representative Man, not as a mere private individual, I investigate the causes of this failure, and it leads me into a review of the qualities that go to make a painter; from which follows, necessarily, some insight into the causes of the *partial* failures which all paintings, or nearly all, disclose to us. From which may follow a modest contribution towards the preliminary criticism of works of art.

I observe, among other things, that I not only cannot draw the nose of my Niobe's daughter, though it belongs to that class of ideas which I believe Beniowski, the Phrenotypist, would call familiar in the first degree, though its image in my mind seems to be so vivid that it *must*

flow out from the pencil's end upon the paper at the bidding of the will—that I not only cannot reproduce Niobe's daughter's nose as it stands in my mind, but I cannot reproduce on this present page the letter O, or many another letter, as I conceive it. It is not once in a billion of times that the character I inscribe is as good as the *phantasm* of the character which precedes the inscription. What is the reason?

I observe, further, that, with the keenest sensations about order, I am very seldom up to my own mark. If I try to place a vase of flowers very nicely, the chances are that, *without a special effort of the will*, I shall only half succeed.

The fact is, says the reader, 'You are clumsy handed.'

I must, however, trouble my reader for a more inclusive statement of the case. Let us say that our Representative Man is *immechanical*. He lacks a good endowment of the faculty by which the intellect uses the prehensile implement, whatever it may be. 'Clumsy-handed' will not cover the difficulty. It is the brain that is at fault—not in the faculty which conceives, but in that which executes. I need not recall to you the celebrated Miss Biffin. Remember Ducornet. He had no hands, and had only four toes on each foot, said foot being attached to the merest apology for a leg. Yet he was one of the finest historical painters France ever produced. The force of the brain was too strong for the defect of the frame. It did what it pleased with the best implement that—came to hand I cannot say, but that offered itself. If our Representative Man had Ducornet's brain, he would do the same, though he might not paint historical pictures.

The Representative Man I have chosen will stand for the bulk of those who read this article. Only it is not in every case that the mere mechanical skill is wanting, the brain-impulse of manipulation. It may be something else; and not everyone who feels a latent capacity to produce pictures is tormented by it like our Representative Man.

A painter should have keener perceptions than most men of—1. Colour; 2. Form; 3. Size; 4. Relative Situation; 5. Momentum as *visible;* 6. The Individualities of Things; 7. He should have Mechanical skill; and 8. The impulse of Imitation. If a man have all these, he will probably be a painter. His special merits and defects of *execution* will depend upon the degrees in which he may have particular qualities in the list. His peculiarities of *design* will depend upon other portions of his idiosyncrasy. We can easily trace in the lives of men like Etty, Hogarth, Haydon, the qualities which determined their style as painters. If I could paint, I should produce endless faces, flowers, seas, and sunsets; but chiefly faces. And here I can conceive some one demanding what similarity, that could be traced to the same idiosyncrasy, exists between the two styles of Wilkie? I answer, much. There is one wonderful power of grouping, of throwing a diffused, consenting expression over all his pictures, early or late, which to any eye but that of a technical critic, is the chief source of the pleasure they give. The worst of your ordinary

'conversation pieces' and scenes from public and private history, in which large numbers of human faces and forms are put upon the canvass, is, that there is no unity of life about them. Rare indeed are the cases in which you do not feel by instinct that each figure was separately blocked. With Wilkie's pictures it is not so. There is a homogeneity, a consent, about his pictures, which makes the moral grouping (if I may so speak) as nearly perfect as one could conceive it to be. Now, I have read enough of the life of Wilkie to know that he possessed in a high degree the power of concentration—the power of holding fleeting ideas till they can be taken up in order and put in their places—and I suspect that, though he may not have been an amiable man, he possessed the social sentiment (sympathy with *life*, pure and simple) in very unadulterated strength.

In the catalogue of requisites for a painter given just above, it is the seventh which, added to the preceding six, chiefly determines the function. Take away the mechanical faculty, and you have—well, that is uncertain, but you have *not* a painter. As a Milton may be 'mute and inglorious' from lacking 'the accomplishment of verse,' so a Raphael may be invisible and inglorious for want of the executive faculty which bears the same relation to his perceptions of the divine frame of things that skill in versification does to the poet's perception of the same. And it is a noticeable circumstance that the quality in which lies the main difference between the Painter and the Man of Letters is that in which painters are, for the most part, *extremely* deficient. The painter's utterance is in Colour; the poet's in Words. Now, language, the literary faculty, your painter of all men most commonly wants. The mottoes and inscriptions of 'artists' for their works are usually things to make merry with, and I can scarcely name such another exhibition of literary imbecility and ineptitude as the annual catalogue of the Royal Academy. I remember, when I was quite a boy, I used to marvel over it, and I do not know that it improves. Yet some high-class artists have written well, while, on the other hand, I do not remember a single man or woman whose primary vocation was literary, who has left behind enduring works on canvass or in marble. Michael Angelo wrote sonnets which have lived. Leonardo da Vinci's great work I saw at a book-stall only the other day. I cannot quote Hogarth, because he was 'assisted' in the composition of his book by Hoadley and Morell. Rubens did not write, but he was literary, and an accomplished linguist. I could quote Reynolds as a literary painter, only I do not believe in him. But I may not omit Blake, painter and poet—true painter and true poet.

Of course there are painters of all ranks and classes as well as writers of all ranks and classes. But the word 'painter' is never used with that strict limitation in the mind of the user which is often applied to the word poet. Crabbe and Hogarth are very much alike. But while I could conceive a jury of critics deciding that Crabbe was *not a poet at all*, I could not conceive a jury of critics deciding that Hogarth was *not a painter at all*. We say, perhaps, Crabbe does not see things in 'the light that never was on sea or shore,' therefore he

is no poet, however graphically and pungently he writes in verse. But I know of no school of connoisseurs in painting who would criticise paintings with any such limitation. We speak of *genre* painters, and landscape painters, and historical painters, and, in general, of realist and idealist painters, but we call all who handle the brush with a certain degree of skill by the generic name. So that there is really not a parallel between the painter and the poet; it lies between the painter and the man of letters; between him whose implement is colour, and him whose implement is language. And my private and confidential opinion is, that the characteristic of the *immense* majority of painters, including in that expression many whom connoisseurs would excommunicate me for speaking lightly of, is, like that of men of science,

'An eye well practised in nature, a spirit bounded and poor.'

Creswick paints a bit of nature very sweetly, but something is wanting in him, and, in that something, everything. Two lines of Tennyson—

'The market-boat is on the stream,
And people hail it from the brink,'

affect me more, and show me things more vividly than Gainsborough can, and yet I heartily admire Gainsborough. When I say to myself, 'Be just; it is because you understand the implement (language) of the poet better than the implement of the painter' (colour), myself is constrained to reply,—not wholly so; for sometimes the painter can touch me more than the poet. Millais can bring very unquestionable tears into my eyes; and though I think I see pretty clearly the faults of his 'Sir Ysumbras at the Forde' this summer, I am constrained to say there is more of 'the light that never was on sea or shore' in that picture than in all the rest of the Academy Exhibition. It is useless to try and criticise it away; there it is; I cannot see what is not to be seen; only a certain thing can give me a certain sensation. There is Ary Scheffer again. His pictures are suffused with ideality. Distinguish between this, and *incidental* poetry in a picture, resulting from mere skill in imitation. A man may paint a brook well, or a tree, or a poppy in a cornfield, and so please me that my mind may put poetry into his work, but that is quite another thing.

Great allowances must be made in criticism of all kinds of painting as well as of poetry and music, for the peculiar leanings of the spectator, and, when he praises, for what he has brought with him to put into the artist's work. I have a dislike to 'Holy Families,' but they generally attract the attention of women, whose love of child-life counteracts in their minds the shock which is the natural result of attempting to paint the unpaintable. Read these

LINES ON THE CELEBRATED PICTURE BY LEONARDO DA VINCI, CALLED THE VIRGIN OF THE ROCKS.

While young John runs to greet
The greater Infant's feet,
The mother standing by, with trembling passion
Of devout admiration,

Beholds the engaging mystic's play and pretty adoration;
Of those so low beginnings
From whence we date our winnings;
But wonders at the intent
Of those new rites, and what that strange child-worship meant.
But at her side
An angel doth abide
With such a perfect joy
As no dim doubts annoy,
An intuition,
A glory, an amenity,
Passing the dark condition
Of blind humanity,
As if he surely knew
All the blest wonders should ensue,
Or he had lately left the upper sphere,
And had read all the sovran schemes and divine riddles there.'

They are very beautiful, and will remind you of Milton's Hymn on the Nativity. I have not seen the picture, but, though, of all the old masters I think I admire Leonardo da Vinci most, I feel sure that, if I were to see it, I should not *read* it and find a soul-satisfying story in it as the writer of that strange poem did. It was a woman,—Charles Lamb's sister.

In looking at nearly all pictures of such subjects as demand spiritual and poetic treatment, I suppose we find ourselves too often in the position of the clown who could not see London for the houses when he got there. We may be sure that an imaginative painter, when he has done his work, is in a similar predicament. 'Of all men whom I have ever known,' said the physician to Arthur Dimmesdale, 'you are he whose soul and body are most closely conjoined together.' The temperament of Arthur Dimmesdale was that of the ideal artist. No man can paint a thought, but to paint thought is what real 'high art' is always aiming at, and the success with which the aim is taken must be in proportion to the closeness of the conjunction between 'soul and body.' I have often thought it a proof of the fewness of the artists in whom there is any such conjunction that the works of the man who drew Arthur Dimmesdale, abounding as they do in word-pictures of infinite suggestion and spirituality, calling out, 'Come, put me on canvass if you can!' remain a yet unopened portfolio of treasures. I read, two years ago, of some miserable 'uncircumcised Dog' of a Yankee who had turned 'The Scarlet Letter' into an opera (!), but I am not sure that I have heard of a single picture from it. Yet it opens with a picture, which I have a hundred times wished to see painted by a man like Millais:—

'THE PRISON DOOR.

'A throng of bearded men in sad-coloured garments, and grey steeple-crowned hats, intermixed with women, some wearing hoods, and others bare-headed, was assembled in front of a wooden edifice, the door of which was heavily timbered with oak, and studded with iron spikes. . . . . The wooden jail was already marked with weather stains and other indications of age, which gave a yet darker aspect to its beetle-browed and gloomy front. Before this ugly edifice, and between it and the wheel-track of the street, was a grass-plot, much overgrown with bur-

dock, pigweed, apple-fern, and such unsightly vegetation, which evidently found something congenial in the soil that had so early borne the black flower of civilized society, a prison. But, on one side of the portal, and rooted almost at the threshold, was a wild rose-bush, covered, in this month of June, with its delicate gems, which might be imagined to offer their fragrance and fragile beauty to the prisoner as he went in, and to the condemned criminal as he came forth to his doom, in token that the deep heart of Nature could pity and be kind to him.'

The scene in the forest, entitled 'A Flood of Sunshine,' would make a beautiful picture in competent hands, and such hands would be those of Millais. Frank Stone might paint Phœbe gathering the roses at her bedchamber window in 'The House of the Seven Gables.' I think Mr. Dyce would find work that would suit him in 'Drowne's Wooden Image.' And I am quite sure Ary Scheffer would in the 'Blithedale Romance.' The man who painted Mignon, and Margaret, could not fail with Priscilla, Hollingsworth, and Zenobia. But if any man of genius wishes to test anew, palette in hand, the *possibile quia impossibile*, I commend him to Shelley:—

'DEMOGORGON.

Behold!

ASIA.

The rocks are cloven, and through the purple night
I see cars drawn by rainbow-winged steeds,
Which trample the dim winds; in each there stands
A wild-eyed charioteer urging their flight.
Some look behind, as fiends pursued them there,
And yet I see no shapes but the keen stars;
Others, with burning eyes, lean forth and drink
With eager lips the wind of their own speed,
As if the thing they loved fled on before,
And now, even now, they clasped it. Their bright locks
Stream like a comet's flashing hair; then all
Sweep onward. . . .

PANTHEA.

See, near the verge, another chariot stays;
An ivory shell, inlaid with crimson fire,
Which comes and goes within its sculptured rim
Of delicate strange tracery; the young spirit
That guides it has the dove-like eyes of hope.'

There, I think, is work for any one who can give shape and colour on canvass to airy nothing. Let him paint the steeds '*trampling the dim winds*;' and let him not shirk making the winds *visible*. Observe, he might have done that, merely giving pawing steeds in the air, if it had not been for that adjective '*dim*;' but if the winds are 'dim' they are to be seen. And how to paint the crimson fire '*coming and going*' in the rim of the shell? Probably, the man who painted the peacock's feather in Sir Ysumbras could come near *that*, but he could not do the rest of the picture. Perhaps Turner might have done it all.

I might mention as another proof of the 'spirit bounded and poor'

which I charge upon the immense majority of painters, including, as I said before, heaps of R.A.'s and 'Old Masters,' their vile selection of heads and faces in 'composed' pictures. Charles Dickens has said something of this in 'Little Dorrit,' but it is a subject which really deserves separate treatment. The same poverty of mind which gives you Cromwell in one dress for ever and ever, gives you a grey-haired dog-stealer for a Pilgrim Father, and a simpering ballet-girl for a Joan of Arc. Unfortunately, you cannot give people eyes, or teach them the use of them. Men like John Leech and George Cruikshank, who both have eyes, and know by instinct the right use of eyes, never give you monstrous anomalies which you find in the works of 'high art' and other idiots. If they were to paint Minerva, they would not give her a neck as wide from ear to ear as that of Venus, or a poet the back-head of a gladiator. John Leech is singularly careful in such particulars, and it pays him—and us—that he *should* be careful. Careless spectators cry out, Who measures back-heads in looking at a picture? I reply, thousands do, more or less. If anyone were drawn with a retreating brow helping a lame beggar, many an untutored eye would feel that there was an incongruity in the design, without being able to account for it; and so of other cases.

But we shall never make any impression upon the 'Artist' breed in the way of making them hear reason till we have blown up, like the windbag nonsense it is, all this German 'Kunst' business. Of late years we have been pestered with Art (with a capital A) till I, for one, have often exclaimed, in bitterness and vulgarity of soul, 'Bother Art!' This talk is three parts insincere, and it must be exploded. 'Artists' are very much like other people—the bulk of them—and their 'dignity' and 'mission' is a sham. The mob of minnows must not be allowed to trade on the honours and functions of the Tritons of Art. It is preposterous that fellows who can hardly spell, who quote in the fashion every year's Academy catalogue exemplifies, who sit late over grilled kidneys and gin-and-water at night-houses, when they ought to be with their wives in bed at home, should set up for 'world-teachers' on the strength of knowing how to mix their greys, and their lakes, and their bistres, and how to carry off a tower with an old woman in a red cloak. It is impossible for a sincere and unprejudiced person not to feel that the whole subject of 'the teaching of Art' has been very much overdone. If a picture stirs healthy sympathies in my mind, it does me good; the merest clown may insensibly gather a lesson when he finds hundreds of human beings mingling peacefully in such quiet enjoyment as that of an Art Treasury Exhibition, and through sympathy he may snatch even a higher joy; there are, of course, besides, direct and indirect educational influences attaching to the production and exhibition of good pictures. But, in stern, practical truth, what is the chief result to the workingman, or even the (perhaps) more intelligent clerk or foreman, of a day in a picture gallery? Commonly a—Headache! It is a great thing to get at the truth. A grain of fact is better than a bushel of half-

fact, half-cant, which is the mixture usually served up on Fine Art topics. As the leisure of the mass of the people is extended, and their general intelligence and susceptibility increased, the value of Art as a means of culture will increase. But I never lose an opportunity of insisting that its 'teaching,' to the majority of men and women, is indirect and precarious to a degree which makes the pretensions of the 'Kunst' school in its favour read like burlesque.

Z.

Robert Robinson, once of Cambridge.

FROM 1759 TO 1790.

NO. II.

WITH such slender materials* as we possess we shall now endeavour to trace Robinson's path from 'orthodoxy' to 'heterodoxy.' From 1772 to 1775 there was no small amount of controversy at Cambridge on the subject of subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles. In this controversy many of the clergy joined with the Dissenters, and united with them in petitioning Parliament for the removal of this test. Robinson, who was on intimate terms with 'Robert Tyrwhitt, Fellow of Jesus College,' who had 'proposed a grace' for the abolition of subscription at the time of taking degrees, and with 'John Jebb, tutor of Peter House,' who preached before the University against subscription from Acts xv. 10, had watched this controversy with intense interest from its commencement. The result was the publication of an anonymous treatise called 'Arcana, or the Principles of the late Petitioners to Parliament for Relief in the Matter of Subscription, in Eight Letters to a Friend.' These letters are on 'Candour in Controversy;' 'Uniformity in Religion;' 'The Right of Private Judgment;' 'Civil Magistracy;' 'Innovation;' 'Orthodoxy;' 'Persecution;' and 'Sophistry.' This work made a great sensation, and as the authorship was not long concealed, it procured Robinson many valuable friends. 'Daniel Turner, a respectable Baptist minister at Abingdon,' and afterwards Robinson's invariable friend, said concerning the 'Arcana,' 'When I was informed that it was written by a Baptist minister, I replied, No, it cannot be; we have not one amongst us who can write such a book as the "Arcana."' This was the first of Robinson's many publications that were for years to direct public attention to the humble but learned pastor of 'the Dissenting meeting-house in St. Andrew's parish, Cambridge;' but even this contains a few sentences which we can easily believe the timid people whom Robinson took special

* There are two biographies of Robinson, one by 'B. Flower, Harlow,' published in 1807; the other by 'George Dyer, late of Emanuel College, Cambridge,' published in 1796; but they are both excessively stupid performances; in both it is the life of Robinson with Robinson left out, and the biographer put in.

pleasure in frightening would be 'scared at.' Already Robinson was known to hate the gown, and cassock, and bands; oftentimes he wore 'different coloured clothes,' and welcomed anyone to his pulpit who could really '*teach*' his people, whether he wore a blue or a drab coat, or had metal or covered buttons. Grave people then, as now, shook their heads, and whispered that Robinson was going wrong, decidedly wrong, in the matter of ecclesiastical vestments, or, as they sometimes called them, 'the robes of the sanctuary.' And now in the 'Arcana' he had spoken of *Orthodoxy* in a way most unrelishable. 'Orthodoxy,' says he, 'like all the martial terms of controvertists, is a very vague, equivocal word. In its original and true import, it signifies a *right belief;* but such is the fate of language, in one latitude it means a belief of one thing, in another the belief of another thing, quite contrary. In this letter let it stand for what St. Paul calls "the belief of the truth;" not the belief of the truth as it is in this creed, or in that, or in any other, but "as it is in Jesus."' Very latitudinarian this, and evidently Robinson must be watched; 'orthodoxy a vague, equivocal word,' what next?

Very soon the controversy respecting subscription took a *doctrinal* turn. Hitherto it had been wholly political, but it was whispered that the men averse to subscription were not 'tenacious of orthodoxy,' and Robinson, anxious to vindicate himself and others from such a charge, brought out in 1776 his well-known and masterly 'Plea for the Divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ.' Of this 'Plea' we must speak at some length, but before doing so, we are compelled to animadvert on Mr. Dyer's gratuitous assertion that Robinson's mind was even then in a state of hesitancy and embarrassment on this very doctrine. This is simply an absurdity. No man all through life was more transparently honest than Robinson. We have already mentioned one instance of his unblenching integrity, and here we may add that immediately on the appearance of this 'Plea,' 'handsome proposals, that a man of such distinguished abilities, and surrounded with such a numerous family, should have decent provision for life, were readily made,' but were modestly, though firmly rejected. On Dr. Ogden's addressing him, "Do the Dissenters know the worth of the man?" Robinson replied, "The man knows the worth of Dissenters."' Besides which the man who was on most intimate terms with his congregation, being, as Mr. Dyer graciously informs us, 'very fond of a pipe, though he was never a drinker,' and who dedicated this pamphlet to that congregation who must have known his real sentiments, could not have been the double-faced hypocrite Dyer insinuates. 'What I am going to offer to you on the divinity of Jesus Christ appears to me the truth; but perhaps I am deceived; for who "can understand his errors?" At present I affirm, because I believe, that *Jesus Christ is truly and properly God.*' Surely, the man who thus 'affirms' to those who knew him best must be regarded as genuinely sincere, and though both Dyer and Robinson have long since passed the tribunal of Him who 'searcheth the heart,' we have not thought it right in attempting this chapter of ecclesiography, to let the biographer's insinuation pass

unnoticed. In addition to this, we may add that in the same year as the 'Plea' was published, he writes to a young minister seeking his advice a most beautiful letter, full of piety, wisdom, and humour, in which occurs the following passage illustrative of Robinson's own religious life:—'After all, your danger may be lurking where you least suspect it; I mean among the *majority*. Should their approbation make you vain; should their humility and deference for you make you aspire to play the priest and domineer; should their hospitality make you a gossip, running from house to house with eagerness to retail news, nonsense, and slander; should their liberality make you haughty and pompous; should their seriousness make you play the hypocrite and a dealer in grimace; should their frailties make you peevish and ill-tempered; should their virtues make you censorious and cruel; should you take it into your head that you are a GREAT MAN, and in the faith of this leave off the *study of the Scriptures, private prayer, and personal religion;* whatever you might think of yourself, I should think you a mere jack-a-dandy.' Characteristic as this is of Robinson, we can scarcely conceive the man who urges the 'reading of the Scriptures, private prayer, and personal religion,' on a young minister, to have been a liar when he wrote his famous 'Plea.' No! Whatever change in his sentiments afterwards occurred—and, as we have said, a most melancholy change did take place—it was subsequent to the publication of the 'Plea' in 1776.

Still, apologists as we are for the *honesty* of Robinson, believing his soul incapable of a pious fraud or a double meaning, there is much in the 'Plea for Christ's Divinity' to which we are not surprised to find that serious objection was made. 'With the rigidly orthodox,' says Dyer, 'the divinity of Christ is a fundamental in Christianity, and the belief of it essential to salvation.' 'The temper of the Plea,' says Robinson, 'has procured me a deal of blame from the good folks who inhabit the torrid zone. I wish people would renounce their disposition to damn mankind.'* The fact was, Robinson did not profess to be an Athanasian Trinitarian,† as his brethren thought he ought to have been, and his natural amiability led him *to*, if not *over*, the border of most extreme latitudinarianism in speaking both of the spiritual state and future condition of 'Unitarians.' We give a few extracts from this celebrated 'Plea,' that our future course may be less impeded. The following we take to be most worthy of a great mind, though it gave much offence at the time:—'Controversy does not deserve to be called religious unless it be religiously managed; that is to say, unless it be managed with all that good faith, undaunted courage, and extensive benevolence, which the gospel recommends. There is the highest reason for this way of disputing. It is founded on the nature of things. He who never doubted a religious truth, never believed it. Merit and demerit do not consist in believing, or in disbelieving, a

* Dyer, p. 110.

† 'The "Plea for the Divinity of Christ" Robinson always professed to be rather a Sabellian than a Trinitarian book.'—*Dyer*, p. 120.

truth; but in paying, or in not paying, that attention to the evidences of it which its nature and importance require. *A fiery, passionate dispute about the Deity is not a religious controversy; it is a dark, diabolical quarrel about God.*' ('Plea,' p. 7.) But the passage that gave gravest offence, and awakened strongest suspicions, that presently found tongue in worse insinuations, was the following:—'"But what occasion," the zealot will say, "is there to keep company with Unitarians, and to maintain intimacy with them?" Because on every other article they edify me, and on *this we agree to differ*. In the possession of this truth I think I have the advantage of them. In regard to many others, I am not worthy to speak to them; I glory in being their disciple. "In what light, then, do you consider a sincere man, who denies our Lord's divinity?" In the light of a mistaking brother; in every other attitude an object of esteem; in that of denying the divinity of my Lord, an object of my tenderest compassion. "But all this argues great coldness to your Lord." Well, I would rather be frozen into a formalist than inflamed with the fire of hell; in the first case I should be a harmless statue; in the last, a destroyer, like the devil. . . . Contend "earnestly," but not uncivilly, for "the faith once delivered to the saints." Pity those Christians in every church who plead the cause of Christ with penal arguments, who "go into the house of their God, and eat, and drink, and *curse* Abimelech." Remember, the primitive Christians were happy till they began to EXPLAIN the nature of Christ. Profit by their mistake; and may the "precious things of the earth, and a fulness thereof, with the goodwill of Him who dwelt in the bush, come upon the head" of each of you, and of every one, who for conscience sake hath been separated from his brethren.' ('Plea,' p. 107.)

Henceforth we have to follow Robinson into the dreary paths of alienation from his Baptist brethren, and what is infinitely sadder, alienation from what we deem to be the central and all-important truth of the New Testament. Yes, this very 'Plea for the Divinity of the Lord Jesus' appears to have been the proximate cause of his renouncing his faith in that divinity. There is an hiatus in Robinson's mental history at this period that is most difficult now to fill up; nevertheless, we shall make the attempt to ascertain the subjective causes which led to that change, which, though gradual, was most certain, definite, and final. His last sermon was preached in Dr. Priestley's chapel, Birmingham, and of that sermon even Dr. Priestley says, 'His discourse was unconnected and desultory; and his manner of treating the Trinity savoured rather of burlesque than serious reasoning. He attacked orthodoxy more pointedly and sarcastically than I ever did in my life.' This is very dreary; terribly dreary; at fifty-four years of age to preach his last sermon, in which 'the Trinity' was treated with 'burlesque,' and on the Thursday to be found dead in his bed, according to his frequently expressed wish to die 'softly, suddenly, and alone.' Who will not recall the tenderly beautiful lines of our worthily laurelled Laureate; who will not murmur them over and over again to himself as he thinks on such an

end to such a great man's life, and pray, as thus he murmurs, 'Lead *me* not into temptation:'—

'O thou that after storm and toil
Mayst seem to have reach'd a purer air,
Whose faith has centre everywhere,
Nor cares to fix itself to form.

Leave thou thy sister when she prays,
Her early heaven, her happy views;
Nor thou with shadow'd hint confuse
A life that leads melodious days.

Her faith through form is pure as thine,
Her hands are quicker unto good;
Oh, sacred be the flesh and blood
To which she links a truth divine!

See, thou that countest reason ripe
In holding by the law within,
Thou fail not in a world of sin,
And e'en for want of such a type.'

Let us then try to account for the change we have indicated. A careful perusal and re-perusal of Robinson's life and remains have led us to the following conclusions. It does not appear to us that his religious convictions were at any period of his life very profound. The trembling consciousness of sin and guilt is nowhere apparent. He lived on too good terms with himself ever to be greatly distressed about the cause or consequence of wrong-being and of wrong-doing. The fifty-first psalm could have had no personal contact with his life-experience. His low Arminianism led him to 'take things easy,' and to 'work out his salvation' *without* 'fear and trembling.' Then there was the habit, the fatal habit he contracted, to which we have previously alluded, of rudely *dogmatizing* about his *own* faiths, and of *ridiculing* the faiths of those who differed from him. Now no man is safe who *jokes* over the question, 'What is Truth?' and it is a painful but not uncommon sight to see indifference keep company with intolerance. Along with this *ex cathedrâ* style of denunciation, there was also an extreme susceptibility of praise, nay, of flattery politely administered. He could do and bear many things, but he could not 'do' with censure, nor could he bear praise safely. Hear how he writes about those whom he says are 'ready to burst with orthodoxy:'—'I have been seven weeks in London; my own party treated me with neglect, and even preached against me in my presence, about mental error, which "ita Dii me ament,' not a soul of them understands. I preached, however, for the General Baptists, and for Drs. Rees, Kippis, Price, Worthington, &c. So that now the slandering orthodox name me an Arian and Socinian with apparent grace. They are a bitter, mischievous generation, and many of the most zealous are immoral and dishonest; stuffed ready to burst with faith, they have no room for virtue.' Here is another illustration of what we have termed his *levity* in the treatment of serious subjects:—'"Well, brother," he would say at the end of a long debate on controversial theology, "I

must now begin to consider the price of wheat, and leave those who have more leisure and wiser heads to fathom profound doctrines." Nay, I have heard him say to his brother ministers jokingly, for it must be confessed that he was accustomed to carry his jokes even into religious disputes, "Brother, I have delivered my present sentiments, but I am going to feed the swans at the bottom of the garden; on my return, I perhaps shall think differently."'* Or can the following be approved; when the Universalist preacher, Mr. Winchester, from America, visited him, Robinson met him thus, 'What, are you the man who thinks that God Almighty will burn the old tobacco-pipes till they become white again?'

The fact cannot be concealed that Robinson, with all his nobility of character and generosity of heart, had learnt first to despise, and then to hate, all who differed from him. Whatever bitter things the 'orthodox' may have spoken, or whatever 'harshness' of treatment he may have received from 'Calvinists,' it would be hard to find Robinson's equal in sarcasm, invective, and sometimes downright low abuse. Take the following; he is speaking of a Calvinist minister; 'his manners are mild, gentle, benevolent, but his system teaches him it is a sin to treat erroneous people with benevolence, for there is a damning guilt in error, and he who doth not resist it, is not sound in the faith; and if he is unsound, down he goes, chuck into the devil's jaws, who champs him as crows do a fresh bone.' This is comparatively mild. To be a Calvinist was quite enough to make Robinson forget the doctrine of mutual forbearance he so constantly insisted on. Was that, or was the following, contending '*civilly* for the faith once delivered to the saints?' In his 'Ecclesiastical Researches,' a work of immense labour and learning, he calls Augustine 'that bitter and bloody fanatic of Africa from whom proceeded two hundred and thirty-two pamphlets, an innumerable multitude of epistles, expositions of the gospel, and the psalter, besides sermons and homilies; and by this man's writings, did Luther, Æcolampadius, and other reformers, expound the Scripture, and frame an ecclesiastical constitution to lead Europe into purity of faith and manners; as if Punic faith and African manners, execrable at Rome when Rome was Pagan, were fit for ages enlightened by philosophy and religion.' Elsewhere he speaks of Augustine as 'an impudent debauchee, who was baptized along with his bastard Alypius, who invented original sin, and baptism to wash it away, and told a lie to support it by calling it apostolic tradition,' &c.

We have said enough on this subject. Robinson's divergence from his brethren soon led to a convergence towards others. Much is it to be lamented that no effort appears ever to have been made to save Robinson from going down the inclined plane on which he triumphantly placed himself prepared to go anywhere. It would have been much better if Dr. Rippon, instead of preaching *at* him, had spoken *to* him, and prayed *for* him. Much better if some of the 'orthodox'

* Dyer, p. 121.

had caught Robinson with guile, as the Unitarians did. They saw the worth of such a man. They would borrow his quiver, if he would lend it them; and it would be pleasanter to 'shoot privily at the upright in heart,' than to establish either the philosophy or the beauty of their melancholy and monotonous system of a Christianity without Christ, and a redemption without a sacrifice. The 'orthodox,' however, made no advances: and Robinson made none; and so Robinson began to despise them, and wanting some one to love and some genial spirits to commune with, he went over to the *ranks*, he says, not to the *tenets* of the Unitarians. But of this presently. Our belief is, if Robinson had been dealt with wisely and tenderly, his last sermon would not have been a '*burlesque on the Trinity*.'

Already this article is too protracted, and we shall have to entreat our reader's attention to our final paper next month, but we have felt bound to make an attempt to get at the secret of Robinson's change of sentiments; in doing so we have been guided by such lights on his history as we could obtain. It is but right to give a completeness to this part of the subject by allowing Robinson to speak for himself. In a letter written in 1789 (he died in 1790), he says, 'Believe me, I am neither a Socinian nor an Arian. I do not know among what class of heretics to place myself; sometimes I think I am a Paulianist or Samosatanian, for I think Jesus a man in whom the fulness of the Godhead dwells, and I give him more dignity than they do who ascribe to him only a third part of Deity. Years ago reverence for great names misled me. I said after Clarke, that there was a Scripture Trinity, and I would say so still, if I could tell what I meant; but as I cannot, I cast that phrase also to the moles and to the bats. There is, there can be only one First Cause. Jesus is his Son, his representative, and, if you please, your God, the vicegerent of the Supreme, whom you honour by honouring him. I do not think God ever proposed the question of the nature of Jesus to us to determine; it is a child of the schools, born in litigation, and subsisting by it to this day, to the utter ruin of genuine piety and Christian benevolence. Pray, says one, "Do you believe the atonement?" Not your gross description of it; yet I cannot think all the passages that speak of the death of Christ are to be taken figuratively. In brief, I believe the Scriptures, the record that God hath given of his Son, but as for the rash questions which the schools in their great wisdom have started, be so good as to settle them among yourselves, and allow one disciple of Christ to sit at his feet, and be content with hearing his word, and no more. Disputants have wanted me to take a side, and because I refuse to do so, they represent me as a man void of all principle, to whom truth and error are alike indifferent. What I say of scholastic theology they apply to the gospel of our Lord, as if a man who held their brangles indifferent, held the sacred truths of revelation so. I adore God for "so loving the world as to send his Son." I embrace him as "an unspeakable gift." I believe his doctrines, trust his promises, copy his life, imbibe his disposition, and live in hope of the glory he has promised all his disciples. I have NO DOUBTS, and I

want none of the reputation that this host of men lavish upon one another.'

Poor Robinson, he forgot that now for more than ten years he 'had taken a side,' and that with Philistian vehemence. But two years before this was written he had passed through 'deep waters;' God had come very nigh unto him in a stroke that crushed him humbly, not dumbly in the dust; when this letter was written there was that upon his mind which was enough to make him sad and tender; he was already 'only the shadow of himself;' and unconsciously he was fast nearing that goal beyond which our judgments of men have not the rash courage to proceed.

W. G. B.

Patrick Hamilton.*

THERE is no country in which the Reformation so signally triumphed, and none which owes so much to that great ecclesiastical revolution, as Scotland. There, when once the die was cast, we discover no halting between two opinions, such as more than once made the religious future of the southern portion of the island to tremble in the balance. Almost from the first the movement became a thoroughly popular and democratic one. The nation *en masse* pronounced against the old and for the new faith, and from its sovereign sentence there was no appeal possible. Here no 'Pilgrimage of Grace' threatened a diversion in favour of Rome; and Scotland's Catholic Mary, unlike her namesake of England, was utterly powerless to bring about so much as a temporary and simulated reaction. So far from being able to check the headlong torrent of change, the beautiful Papist queen was herself forced to listen to the uncourtly thunder of Knox, rebuking with equal boldness her sins as a woman, and her shortcomings as a ruler. Paralyzed and helpless, she heard him give, and saw her people enthusiastically follow, his far-sighted and sagacious piece of advice, to burn down the rookeries if they wanted to be rid of the rooks. The event has fully justified the uncompromising Reformer's prophetic insight. Nowhere was a cleaner sweep made of the old, and nowhere to this hour has Rome found it more difficult to regain a footing. It was not only the material appliances of the condemned system that disappeared, as if by magic, along with the doctrines of which they

* 'Patrick Hamilton, the First Preacher and Martyr of the Scottish Reformation. An Historical Biography, collected from Original Sources; including a View of Hamilton's Influence upon the Reformation down to the Time of George Wishart. With an Appendix of Original Letters and other Papers.' By the Rev. Peter Lorimer, Professor of Hebrew and Exegetic Theology, English Presbyterian College, London. Edinburgh: Thomas Constable and Co. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.; Williams and Norgate. 1857.

were the expression and the symbols. Every vestige of the Romish polity vanished as well, and the Presbyterian form of government, with its republican spirit, took its place. Elaborated by Calvin from a profound and original, if not sufficiently comprehensive and unbiassed study of the New Testament, the new regimen had been already reduced to practice in a Reformed city, Geneva. It was now applied to a Protestant nation, and whatever diversity of opinion may obtain as to the success of the great experiment in some other respects, there is no denying that Presbytery has proved, in the case of the Scottish people, one of the strongest breakwaters ever erected against the ever-threatening waves of Romish aggression. By taking her stand on this distinctively Protestant-platform of church government, Scotland proclaimed to all future ages that the breach between herself and the Papacy was complete and final.

And verily she has had her reward. Before the sixteenth century Scotland can hardly be said to have emerged from barbarism. She had her great warriors, like Wallace and Bruce, and gallantly maintained her independence in the ceaseless struggle with her powerful southern sister. But her place in the history of European civilization was on the very lowest form; and if it is now on the highest, she owes this rise entirely to the heartiness with which she embraced the Reformation. If we want to see to what a depth of degradation a great country may sink by stupidly clinging to a superstitious faith amidst the emancipation of surrounding nations, we instinctively turn to Spain. In Scotland, on the contrary, we have an illustration quite as striking how a country, ill-favoured in soil and climate, insignificant in extent and in the amount of its population, and with very poor antecedents, may, by a happy change of religion, at once cast its slough, and soar to the highest pitch of material, intellectual, and moral advancement. With scarcely an exception, her great names—and the roll is as lengthy as it is sparkling—belong to the Protestant centuries. Her conversion from heathenism to Christianity made a less marked difference in her national life, than her emancipation from the leading-strings of the Vatican into the light and freedom of the Reformed belief. If to England, Holland, Germany, Switzerland, and other European states, the change was as the awakening from a long and troubled trance, to Scotland it was more; it was positively a new creation; life from the dead. A nation was reborn in a day. We can with some difficulty form a faint image in our minds of what Catholic England may have been like. But we question whether the most vigorous fancy can truly picture to itself Glasgow Cathedral, with its twenty or thirty altars dedicated to Mary and the saints, surrounded by crowds of canny Scotchmen devoutly telling their beads, trimming their candles, and mumbling their Aves and Paternosters. There are still, we know, a few Popish chapels north of the Tweed, where the resident Irish, and even here and there a handful of Highlanders, perhaps too some scores of Lowlanders, may keep up these mummeries to this day. But these flies in amber, the fossils of an antediluvian world, merely serve to render somewhat more credible

what formerly existed, and afford but scanty help to the fancy in its endeavour to realize the past. The high and dry fragments of the ancient beach show rather how far the brine has receded, instead of vividly recalling the days when the hard conglomerate rock was shifty shingle, and was swept to and fro by the onward and backward wave. These relics of Scotland's mediæval Church are not the Scotsmen who have fought their way to fame in every department of life, and in every branch of science and philosophy. It is not from such unreduced ore that Scotland's great men, her statesmen, lawyers, divines, poets, scholars, metaphysicians, political economists, chemists, naturalists, mathematicians, engineers, and orators, have been cast. The Scotchmen who crowd and adorn all the liberal professions, and climb to the bench and the woolsack, who win their way by trade to the rank of merchant princes, who colonize the bleakest shores of distant worlds, and are everywhere the missionaries of culture, morality, and religion, all revere the memory of Knox, and execrate the name of Beaton. With the Reformation blotted from her annals, nothing could have prevented Scotland from sinking into another Ireland. Give her the Reformation and she can raise Ireland itself into another Scotland, as the case of Ulster proves. She owes everything to that grand event. She made right earnest of her change of faith, and it has made her what we see.

The first apostle and proto-martyr of the Reformation in Scotland was PATRICK HAMILTON. The work before us is a 'historical biography' of this spiritual hero, whose name has always been a household word amongst his countrymen, as familiar to the plaided shepherd in his bothie as to the minister in the manse. Probably, too, the cotter, with the well-thumbed copy of the 'Cloud of Witnesses' ever in his bosom, knows as much about the martyr and his martyrdom as his pastor. Unfortunately, the most that either could know has hitherto been but little. Hence, both will join with us in thanking Professor Lorimer for this laudable endeavour to shed fresh light upon a character and career of such intense and sterling interest. If his success has not been altogether commensurate with his exertions he is not to blame. He has evidently done his best, and has left no cranny or corner unexplored from which it was possible anything might turn up. Here, for a wonder, in these days of paste and scissors, we have a work marked by thoroughly honest and conscientious research. Our author has ransacked libraries himself, and has set friendly scholars to do the same, both at home and abroad. Musty old records have been carefully overhauled. The treasures of the State Paper Office, of Lambeth and Sion College, the Cottonian and other MSS. in the British Museum, and similar collections belonging to the Advocates' and Signet Libraries and the Register Office, Edinburgh, as well as the stores of the English and Scottish universities, have been freely laid under contribution. During a season of Continental travel, rendered necessary as a relaxation from the labours of his chair, our author found time to examine the fine old library of Wolfenbüttel, where he was aided in his researches by the venerable Dr. Schöne-

mann, not forgetting that of Halle, where Dr. Tholuck acted as his *cicerone*, and Marburg, where he received every assistance from Professor Hencke. Professor St. Hilaire, of the Sorbonne, searched at his request the registers of the University of Paris; and a friend at Bonn made a similar inquisition amongst those of the University of Cologne. He even opened up a correspondence with Louvain, where, however, the Jesuit fathers, acting up to their true character as the enemies of light, refused to furnish any information. From this brief description, our readers will form some idea of the extensive range of Professor Lorimer's inquiries, and of the laudable amount of pains he has taken to render this contribution to the early history of the Scottish Reformation as complete as possible. The result is, a work of which Ullmann, to whose 'Reformers before the Reformation' it bears some affinity in its subject, need not have been ashamed. We shall impatiently look for the other two members of the series of 'Precursors of Knox,' of which it is the first; especially for the memoir of that much neglected worthy, Patrick Hamilton's own convert, born phœnix-like from the ashes of his spiritual father, we mean Alexander Alane (or Alesius), on whose biography, already in an advanced state of preparation, our author is understood to have put forth all his strength. Of George Wishart, the last of the illustrious three, more is already known.

But to return to the subject of the present volume. Here is Professor Lorimer's own account, as given in his preface, of what he has been able to accomplish in clearing up the history of Patrick Hamilton:—

'Nearly three years ago, when the author of the following work was collecting materials for a life of Alexander Alesius, the earliest and one of the most distinguished of the Scottish exiles who were driven out from their country for their attachment to the principles of the Reformation, he came unexpectedly upon the traces of a work in which Alesius had inserted some account of Patrick Hamilton. Following up these traces, he found that Rabus, a German author of the sixteenth century, had introduced a translation of that account into his "History of the Martyrs;" on perusing which, he discovered that Alesius had noticed several important particulars of Hamilton's character and life, and of his own connexion with him, which were perfectly new to history, as well as extremely interesting and valuable. The author then became anxious to see the original work, which was referred to as a "Latin Commentary on the First Book of the Psalms," but no copy of it could be found in the library of the British Museum, the Bodleian, Sion College, or any of the other great libraries of this country to which he had access. It was not till he had travelled in quest of it as far as the old library of Wolfenbüttel, in the Grand Duchy of Brunswick, that he got his first sight of a copy.

'The amount of new light thrown by the statements of Alesius upon the biography of Hamilton was so very considerable, and these statements had so much value as coming from one who was the martyr's own disciple and convert, and the eye-witness of his trial and martyrdom, that the author resolved to attempt to construct, by their help, and with the aid of such additional facts as further research might bring to light, a complete life of the First Preacher and Martyr of the Scottish Reformation.

'Such a biography has remained till this day a desideratum. Scarcely anything, in fact, has been added to our knowledge of the first and most interesting of all our Scottish Protestant martyrs, since the account of him inserted by Fox in his

"Acts and Monuments." Even Knox, the only original historian of the Scottish Reformation, was able to add very little to that account; while Spottiswood and Calderwood could only repeat the statements of the Martyrologist and the Reformer. It is indeed singular that such facts in the life of such a man, as the universities where he studied, and the influences under which his character and convictions were formed, and the length of time during which he had opportunity to disseminate his doctrines, and even his birthplace, his marriage, and several of the circumstances of his last days and martyrdom, should have remained so long unknown. But it is more singular still that a learned work, which supplied original and authentic information upon the most of these points, and written, too, by a man who was himself an honour both to his teacher and his country, should have remained for three hundred years unnoticed and unknown by Scottish authors, and should only at this time of day be accidentally brought to light.

'In executing his design the author found it necessary, in order to exhibit the various influences under which Hamilton's character and convictions were formed, to bring into view many facts belonging to the religious history of the times in which he lived, and to the annals of the numerous universities in which he studied. He conceived that much of the interest of such a life lies in tracing the manifold discipline of institutions and events by which the workman is shaped and trained for his work, as well as in the exhibition of his work itself; and requiring to draw somewhat largely for that purpose both upon academic and general history, he has thought the designation of an "Historical Biography" the most appropriate to describe the mixed contents of the volume. He has been able, however, in some instances, to derive that history from fresh sources; and he refers, in evidence of this, to the original documents contained in the Appendix, which have never been printed before, and which will be found to possess considerable value in relation particularly to Scottish ecclesiastical affairs.'

Turn we now from the biographer to his subject. PATRICK HAMILTON was one of the few of noble birth to whom it is given to climb to the hierarchy of grace. Royal blood flowed in his veins. His mother, Catherine Stewart, was the daughter of Alexander, duke of Albany, second son of King James II. of Scotland, who was thus the martyr's great grandfather on the maternal side. It is true, that shortly after her birth, the duke of Albany had obtained a papal decree of divorce from her mother on account of propinquity in blood in the fourth degree; and the strict effect of this sentence was to brand her with illegitimacy, although born before it was pronounced. Hence her exclusion from the titles and estates to which as a legitimate princess she would have been heiress. On the other hand, even in the palmiest days of Romish superstition and misrule, the voiding of a marriage by the canonists on the ground of such intangible refinements, was not held to entail any stigma on the offspring, and still less will any weight be attributed *now* to the *dicta* of these Christian Rabbis. The bar sinister, however, shadowy as it may seem, has had the effect of veiling in too much obscurity one of whom we would gladly have known as much as possible. Save the honour, which, by a sort of retributive justice, fell to the lot of the disinherited royal lady whom the Church had so grievously wronged, of giving birth to Scotland's first Reformer, and the interesting fact that her illustrious son loved her tenderly in life, and after the example of his Divine Master, did not forget amidst the flames of martyrdom to commend her to his friends and kindred, history has nothing to tell us about her.

To her husband, Sir Patrick Hamilton, the martyr's father, an ampler space has been assigned in the records of the times. He is strictly an historical character. He was the Bayard of the Caledonian chivalry of his age; and the old chronicles delight to dwell on his prowess at jousts and tournaments in the presence of the rank and beauty of the Scottish and English courts. After washing out the stain that rested upon his birth (he was an illegitimate son of the earl of Hamilton) by many brave deeds and valuable services to his country, he gallantly met his death on the 30th of April, 1520, in the tumult on the High-street of Edinburgh, known in the annals of Scotland by the name of 'Cleanse the Causeway.'

Patrick Hamilton the son was born in the year 1504, and, according to a register of the University of Paris, was a native of the *city*, as his biographer at first imagined, or, as Professor St. Aulaire probably more correctly interprets the entry, of the *diocese* of Glasgow. If the latter be the true account, it is likely that he first saw the light at Stanehouse, near Hamilton, where his father had a barony. His childhood and youth are a blank to us. But as he seems from the first to have been destined for the Church, we may conclude that his education was not neglected, and that either in the grammar-school of Glasgow or Linlithgow, or under the eye of one or other of the several distinguished ecclesiastics to whom his family was related, he drunk in his first draughts from the fountain of learning. His paternal uncle, David Hamilton, was bishop of Argyle, and held besides *in commendam* the abbeys of Glenluce and Dryburgh. Another uncle on the mother's side, Alexander Stewart, was commendator of the convents of Whithorn and Inchaffray, and our Reformer was even a distant kinsman of Gavyn Douglas, bishop of Dunkeld, the best Scottish poet of the age, the translator of Virgil, and one of the most renowned amongst the few scholars whom his country could then boast. Amidst these various possibilities Professor Lorimer seems disposed by his fancy to make choice of Glenluce—*the valley of light*—as the earliest school of the future illuminator of Scotland. Glenluce, therefore, let it be, since fancy—and there is nothing else to guide us—could hardly have made a happier hit. Here then it was, we may suppose, that in his tenth year some dim sense of the national disaster of Flodden Field, fought on the 9th of September, 1513, passed like a dark shadow over the spirit of the boy. In that bloody fight not only Scotland's king, James IV., but the primate of her Church also, the archbishop of St. Andrew's, had fallen, and the vacant mitre at once became the occasion of a most scandalous scramble, which lasted for several years. This disgusting squabble for pelf and power opens up a shocking view of the corrupt state into which Scottish Christianity had sunk at the beginning of the sixteenth century. There were no fewer than four candidates, and they stuck at nothing which might secure the golden prize. Hepburn, prior of St. Andrew's, procured the canons to elect him, and then turning out the troops whom his competitor, the poet-bishop, Gavyn Douglas, had posted in the castle of the city, garrisoned the place for himself.

Forman, whom Gavyn Douglas angrily, but not untruly, describes as 'yon evil-minded, yon wicked bishop of Murray,' relied for success on the gold which he scattered lavishly at Rome, and not in vain, as the event proved. Beaton, the martyr-burner, was the fourth aspirant to the empty chair, for which, however, he had to wait till another turn. Nor was St. Andrew's the only see which was the scene of similar disorders in those disgraceful years. In 1516, Gavyn Douglas, who had unpatriotically consented to become Henry the Eighth's candidate for the primacy, but on whose behalf the English king had in vain personally written letter after letter to the Pope, made himself by main force bishop of Dunkeld. 'The Chapter had been compelled to elect a brother of the earl of Athol, and the Stewart Highlanders were in possession of the cathedral and episcopal palace. When Douglas presented himself and produced his two-fold warrant of entry from the Pope and the regent of the kingdom, the rude soldiers of the mountains preferred their duty to their chief to the claims of all other authorities in Church and State. Cannon frowned upon the unfortunate bishop from the battlements of his own palace, and the steeple of his cathedral was converted into a stronghold of his enemies. There was no alternative left but to overcome force with force. The Douglases summoned to their aid the horsemen of Fife and Angus. The Stewarts retired into the mountains before this display of superior forces. The poet-bishop was instituted at the sword's point.' Everywhere ecclesiastical affairs were in the same chaotic state. 'The Scots,' wrote Magnus to Wolsey, from Kirkoswald, in March 1515, 'are in continual trouble and business among themselves—daily fighting, killing, and robbing. As for abbots and priors, they pass to their places by none ordinary process, but by the might, strength, and power of their friends and kinsmen temporal, in all their elections, and they depose them in divers places after the same manner.' And James Inglis, chaplain and secretary to Queen Margaret, writes to Lord Dacre in the same year, 'The master of Kilmaurs, with help of the earl of Lennox, has entered in Kilwynning *again*, and put out the Lord Montgomery with slaughter and hurt on both sides. Cambuskenneth was tane by Sir Ninian Seton, but my Lord Erskine and the secretary (Patrick Panther, abbot of Cambuskenneth) have put him out again. Every man takes up abbacies that may please—they tarry not till benefices be vacant, they take them ere they fall, for they tine (lose) the virtue if they touch the ground.'

The darkest hour which precedes the dawn had evidently come. The temple had become a den of thieves, and the abode of every obscene creature—bishops, like Dunbar and Gordon of Aberdeen, and Douglas of Dunkeld, whose licentiousness was notorious; priors, like Hepburn of St. Andrew's, who openly boasted of his many adulteries; and a priesthood, both monastic and secular, so lecherous that the laity had to bind them down by legal instruments (Professor Lorimer prints in his appendix a curious document of the kind) to something like decorum. If the Church was to be saved the knotted scourge of Reformation could not long be wanting.

Meanwhile in the very year 1517, in which Luther nailed his famous Theses to the door of the church at Wittenberg, Patrick Hamilton, who was one day to publish the same truths in Scotland, and to seal them with his blood, was impressed into the service of Rome, when as yet a mere lad, as titular abbot of Ferne in Rosshire. A few months afterwards he was sent to the University of Paris, where he took his degree of Master of Arts in 1520. At Paris he imbibed a strong taste for the new Erasmian learning, then just coming into vogue there, and an equally decided contempt for the scholastic barbarism to which it was opposed. This sympathy with the intellectual movement of the age would naturally dispose him to a candid consideration of the claims of the Lutheran revival, the discussion of which was at that very time stirring all minds in that ancient seat of learning. Numbers of copies of the Leipsic disputation were passing from hand to hand, and it was in the same year in which Patrick Hamilton graduated that the Elector Frederick of Saxony wrote to the Sorbonne to ask their opinion of Luther's doctrines. Lefevre, too, whose rediscovery of the fundamental truth of justification by faith alone had been, as D'Aubigné has shown, quite independent of, and even anterior to Luther's, was then active at Paris, so that there was a double ferment at work there. We cannot doubt, therefore, that it was during this period of his life that the first seeds of the new faith were sown in the heart of the young Scotchman. From Paris he seems to have proceeded to Louvain, where it is not unlikely he met with Erasmus himself. How long he stayed on the continent after taking up his Master's degree we are not told, but as he lost his father in the same year, it is a reasonable conjecture that he soon afterwards returned to his native land. It is certain, however, that on the 9th of June, 1523, he became incorporated in the University of St. Andrew's, and on the third of October in the year following he was admitted *ad eundem* in the Faculty of Arts. It must have been at this epoch that he entered into holy orders. 'To testify the truth,' says the English Reformer, Frith, 'he sought all means, and took upon him priesthood (even as St. Paul circumcised Timothy to win the weak Jews) that he might be admitted to preach the word of God.' That this is the true explanation of the step which he took seems likely from the fact, that although an abbot, he never assumed the monastic dress or mode of life. It must have been at least as early as 1526, if not before, that Patrick Hamilton began to publish his Lutheran convictions; for in the Lent of the next year Archbishop Beaton had already found that he was 'infamed with heresy, disputing, holding, and maintaining divers heresies of Martin Luther and his followers.' In fact, we see nothing against the supposition that he was not only Scotland's first Reformed preacher and martyr, but actually her first Protestant believer. As such, this young man of twenty or twenty-one stands out in a solitary grandeur 'in the glorious minority of one'—an impressive spectacle to behold.

We have seen, however, that Beaton's sleuth-hounds had already tracked him out, and he was compelled to flee to the continent. 'He

passed,' says Knox, 'to the schools in Germany, for then the fame of Wittenberg was greatly divulged in all countries; where, by God's providence, he became familiar with those lights and notable servants of Christ Jesus at that time, Martin Luther, Philip Melancthon, and Francis Lambert.' Driven from Wittenberg by a pestilence he betook himself to Marburg, along with Lambert, who had been called by Philip, landgrave of Hesse, to be the head of the Theological Faculty of the new university which that sovereign was about in a few weeks to inaugurate there. He was actually present at the opening of this, the first evangelical university, and his name stands enrolled amongst the hundred and four 'cives' of the new academic body who were inscribed in its album on that memorable day, the 30th of May, 1527. Amongst the professors at Marburg were, besides Lambert, Schnepf, and Von dem Busche, one of the authors of that crushing satire upon the monks and blockheads, the 'Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum,' undoubtedly the most effective work of the kind ever penned. Here also it was that the Scottish Reformer made the acquaintance of John Frith, who, along with his friend and coadjutor in the work of translating God's word into English, had come to reside on the same spot that very year. Tyndale's treatise, 'The Parable of the Wicked Mammon,' was finished here in the very month of the opening of the new university; and his 'Obedience of a Christian Man' was printed by Hans Luft, of the same city, in the December following.

The impression made on Patrick Hamilton by this meeting with kindred spirits, some of them destined to martyrdom, like himself, was deep and abiding. Lambert, in particular, the 'root and branch' Reformer of Hesse, loved him tenderly, and it is to his influence over him that posterity owes the only production which proceeded from Patrick Hamilton's pen. 'He was the first man,' says Lambert himself, 'after the erection of the university, who put forth a series of theses to be publicly defended. These theses were conceived in the most evangelical spirit, and were maintained with the greatest learning. It was by my advice that he published them.' Indeed, these theses, which have an historical importance, as the earliest manifesto of the Scottish Reformation, bear internal evidence, from their frequent coincidence of thought, and even expression, with Tyndale's 'Parable,' of the circumstances under which he produced them.

Before the appearance of Tyndale's other work, 'The Obedience of a Christian Man,' Patrick Hamilton was already on his way back to Scotland, so that his sojourn at Marburg could not have lasted more than about six months. Fired by his glowing communion with his brother Reformers on the continent, his soul burned to preach the gospel amongst his fellow-countrymen; and though he clearly foresaw the danger of such a course, and was urgently dissuaded by his friends, yet he felt that he could not forbear, and 'steadfastly settled his face to go to Jerusalem.'

Only a few months were granted him for his last testimony. Both by word and deed he flung defiance at Rome. Not only was he zealous as a preacher, but, though an abbot, he married—a fact of some

interest, first brought to light by Professor Lorimer, as clearing his memory from the stigma which the circumstance that he is known to have left behind him a daughter had caused to rest upon his fair fame. But his old enemy, Beaton, had his eye on him from the hour of his landing, and was only biding his time. The wily primate (for such he had meanwhile become) was only watching for the favourable conjuncture of public affairs, when, backed by the king and the court, he need not fear the powerful Hamiltons. At length he pounced upon his quarry, and, notwithstanding an attempted rescue, succeeded in getting him within his power. Of the martyrdom, however, in the light of which it is that Patrick Hamilton is best seen, we must suffer his biographer to tell the tale :—

'Everything was now ready for the last acts of the tragedy. The last day of February arrived, and an immense concourse of people flocked to the cathedral at an early hour. The primate passed from the castle with a numerous train of bishops, abbots, priors, and doctors, and took his seat on the chief bench of the tribunal of heresy. The abbot of Arbroath was there to take care that his victim should not escape at the last moment, and that no force of argument employed in his defence should be able to turn aside the vengeance of the Church. And Patrick Hepburn, the prior of St. Andrew's, took his seat on the bench, as if to show how much zeal against heresy may be manifested by a man who has none for the commonest maxims of religion and virtue. Patrick Hamilton was conducted from his prison in the castle to the church, under a strong guard of horsemen, and was placed in a pulpit where he could be seen and heard by the whole assembly. Then the process began. First, the doctors of theology handed up to the bench their judgment on the articles, subscribed with all their hands. Then Friar Campbell stood forward to read over the articles with a loud voice, and to charge them one by one upon the prisoner. Alexander Alane was in the crowd of spectators, and has graphically described several features of the scene. "I was myself," says he, "an eye-witness of the tragedy, and heard him answering for his life to the charges of heresy which were laid against him. These were read aloud by a Dominican friar; and he was so far from disowning the doctrines which were alleged against him as heresies, that he defended and established them by clear testimonies of Scripture, and refuted the reasonings of his accuser. He took care also to guard his doctrine against the calumny that the faith of which he spoke might be no better than the faith of devils and hypocrites, and not that reliance of the heart which draws along with it repentance, hope, and charity. He was careful to explain that faith, hope, and charity are so knit together that he who has any one of them has all, and he who is destitute of one is destitute of all." The Dominican used arguments to prove that the articles were heretical, but Hamilton detected his sophistries, and exposed the nullity of his proofs.

'At length Campbell was silenced, and was obliged to turn to the tribunal for fresh instructions. The bishops enjoined him to desist from reasoning—to call the Reformer heretic to his face—and to justify the opprobrium by overwhelming him with new accusations. Campbell disliked the task; his conscience misgave him; he remembered the admissions which he had made to Hamilton in private. But he had consented to be an actor, and he must go on with his part. "Heretic!" he exclaimed, turning again to the Reformer. "Nay, brother," replied Hamilton mildly, interrupting him before he could proceed further; "you do not think me heretic in your heart; in your conscience you know that I am no heretic." "Heretic!" reiterated Campbell, stifling the emotion which such an appeal must have called up in his heart; "heretic! thou saidst it was lawful to all men to read the word of God, and specially the New Testament." "I wot not," replied Hamilton, "if I said so; but I say now, it *is* reason and lawful to all men that have souls to read the word of God, and that they are able to understand the same, and in particular, the latter will and testament of Christ Jesus, whereby they may

acknowledge their sins and repent of the same, and amend their lives by faith and repentance, and come to the mercy of God by Christ Jesus." "Now, heretic, I see that thou affirmest the words of thy accusation." "I affirm nothing but the word which I have spoken in the presence of this auditory." "Now, farther," continued Campbell; "thou sayest it is not lawful to worship imagery." "I say no more," replied the Reformer, "than what God spake to Moses in the twentieth chapter of Exodus, in the second commandment, 'Thou shalt not make any graven image; thou shalt not bow down to them nor worship them.' And also David, in his Psalms, curseth them that are the makers of images, and the maintainers and worshippers of the same." Then answered the accuser, "Heretic, knowest thou not that imagery is the books of the laic and common people, to put them in remembrance of the holy saints that wrought for their salvation?" "Brother!" rejoined Hamilton, "it ought to be preaching of the true word of God that should put the people in remembrance of the blood of Christ and their salvation." "Heretic! thou sayest it is but lost labour to pray to or call upon saints, and in particular on the blessed Virgin Mary, or John, James, Peter, or Paul, as mediators to God for us." Mr. Patrick answered, "I say with Paul, 'There is no mediator betwixt God and man, but Christ Jesus his Son;' and whatsoever they be who call or pray to any saint departed, they spoil Christ Jesus of his office." "Heretic! thou sayest it is all in vain our labours made for them that are departed, when we sing soul-masses, psalms, and dirigies, which are the relaxation of the souls that are departed, who are continued in the pains of purgatory." "Brother! I have never read in the Scripture of God of such a place as purgatory; nor yet believe I that there is anything that may purge the souls of men but the blood of Christ Jesus, which ransom standeth in no earthly thing, nor in soul-mass nor dirigie, nor in gold nor silver, but only by repentance of sins, and faith in the blood of Christ Jesus."

'Such was Patrick Hamilton's noble confession in the face of that solemn tribunal and immense assembly. He disguised nothing that was in his heart. He spoke out the whole truth of God as he knew it, though well aware what his great "plainness of speech" would cost him; and he spoke the truth in love, calling even his opprobrious and perfidious accuser, Brother.

'The object of his unrighteous judges was now completely gained. They had succeeded in making out what would be considered by the vast majority of the assembly, a strong case against the accused; and they had done so by means of his own frank avowals. These last points of heresy, indeed—those which had been elicited by Campbell's oral charges—were not the same as the written articles which had been condemned by the doctors and were inserted in the sentence about to be pronounced; but they were heresies of a kind to be palpable and odious to every zealot of the Roman Church. Every devotee in that assembly of devotees was now satisfied, that he saw before him at the Church's bar a decided antagonist to his own religious faith and practice. The accused had spoken against prayers to the saints, and they were all saint-worshippers. He had even spoken against prayers to the blessed Virgin, and they were all adorers of Mary. He had condemned the use of images, which they were all daily kneeling to; and he had denied the existence of purgatory, which they all believed in as firmly as in heaven and hell. The prior of the Dominicans did not need to add another word of accusation; and he knew it. Turning round to the tribunal he said, "My Lord Archbishop, you hear he denies the institutions of holy Kirk, and the authority of our holy father the Pope. I need not to accuse him any more."

The primate, with the unanimous consent of his assessors, then solemnly pronounced the sentence. And to give it the greater authority, whosoever were of any estimation in the university were made to subscribe the same; amongst whom was the earl of Cassillis, a child of thirteen years old!

'The tribunal instantly rose, and Hamilton was conducted back to his prison under a strong guard. As the captain of the castle left the cathedral with his prisoner, he called aloud for Sir James Hamilton to come and receive his brother out of his hands. He knew perfectly well that Sir James was not then in St. Andrew's. But he remembered the pledge he had given to the prisoner's friends; and it was in this evasive manner that the bishops had instructed him to redeem it.

'It was appointed that the execution of the sentence should take place that very day. The archbishop had made sure that the warrant of the secular power would not be withheld. It was immediately obtained; but from what minister of the law is not known. The usual formalities of degradation from the orders of the priesthood were dispensed with; and in a few hours after Hamilton had heard his doom in the cathedral, executioners were preparing the stake at which he was to die, in front of the gate of St. Salvator's College.

'To account for this cruel and indecent haste, it has been surmised by our historians that the clergy were apprehensive of the execution being stayed by the interposition of the king. But the king at that moment was at the shrine of St. Duthac; and Angus, his prime minister, was not the man to employ his power to his own disadvantage. If he had all the strength he had none of the feelings or natural affections of a king. It is more probable that the bishops were in dread of Sir James Hamilton's attempt to effect a rescue. Alane informs us that the guard which conducted the Reformer between the cathedral and castle was several thousand strong. Such an imposing display of force could only be owing to an apprehension of attack; and the same apprehension is sufficient to account for the hastening of the execution.

'At noon, Patrick Hamilton was seated at table in an apartment of the castle awaiting calmly the signal for setting out to the closing scene. The martyr was ready for the stake, as well as the stake for the martyr. The spirit of power and of love had fallen abundantly upon him, and the most perfect composure, resolution, and self-devotion, filled his soul. When the hour of noon struck, he sent for the captain, and inquired whether all was ready. The captain, more humane than his masters, was unable to tell him plainly the fatal truth; he could only hint that the last hour had even come. Hamilton immediately rose from his seat, and, putting his hand into the captain's, walked forth with a quick step towards the place of execution. He carried in his right hand a copy of the evangelists, and was accompanied by his servant and a few intimate friends. When he came in sight of the spot, he uncovered his head, and, lifting up his eyes to heaven, addressed himself in silent prayer to Him who alone could give him a martyr's strength and victory. On reaching the stake, he handed to one of his friends the precious volume which had long been his companion, and the rod of his strength; and taking off his cap and gown and other upper garments, he gave them to his attendant, with the words, "These will not profit in the fire; they will profit thee. After this, of me thou canst receive no commodity, except the example of my death, which I pray thee bear in mind. For albeit it be bitter to the flesh, and fearful before man, yet is it the entrance to eternal life, which none shall possess that denies Christ Jesus before this wicked generation."

'The officials of the archbishop had stationed themselves near the stake, and made a last attempt to overcome his constancy. They offered him his life if he would recant the confession which he had made in the cathedral. "As to my confession," he replied, "I will not deny it for the awe of your fire, for my confession and belief is in Christ Jesus. Therefore, I will not deny it; and I will rather be content that my body burn in this fire for confession of my faith in Christ, than my soul should burn in the fire of hell for denying the same. But as to the sentence pronounced against me this day by the bishops and doctors, I here, in presence of you all, appeal contrary to the said sentence and judgment given against me, and take me to the mercy of God."

'The executioners then stepped forward to do their office. They bound the martyr to the stake by an iron chain, which was passed round his middle, and they prepared to set fire to the pile of wood and coals. "The servant of God," says Pitscottie, "entered in contemplation and prayer to Almighty God to be merciful to the people who persecuted him, for there were many of them blinded in ignorance, that they knew not what they did. He also besought Christ Jesus to be Mediator for him to the Father, and that he would strengthen him with his Holy Spirit, that he might steadfastly abide the cruel pains and flames of fire prepared for him by that cruel people. Addressing himself likewise to the Father, he prayed that the pains of that torment might not be the occasion to make him swerve from any point of his faith in Christ Jesus, but to strengthen and augment

him in his spirit and knowledge of the promise of God, and to receive his soul in His hands for Christ Jesus' sake, 'in whose name,' said he, 'I make this oblation and offering—that is to say, my body in the fire, and my soul in the hands of Almighty God.'"

'Fire was now laid to the pile, and exploded some powder which was placed among the faggots. The martyr's left hand and left cheek were scorched by the explosion; but though thrice kindled the flames took no steady hold of the pile. "Have you no dry wood?" demanded the sufferer. "Have you no more gunpowder?" It was some time before fresh billets and powder could be fetched from the castle, and his sufferings during the interval were extremely acute. Notwithstanding, "he uttered divers comfortable speeches to the byestanders," and addressed himself calmly to more than one of the friars, who molested him with their cries, bidding him convert, pray to our Lady, and say, "Salve Regina." To one of them he said with a smile, "You are late with your advice, when you see me on the point of being consumed in the flames. If I had chosen to recant I need not have been here. But I pray you come forward and testify the truth of *your* religion by putting your little finger into this fire, in which I am burning with my whole body." To another of the friars he was constrained to speak in a severer and more indignant tone. It was Friar Campbell, his betrayer and accuser. That bad man was foremost among the tormentors of his last moments. Once and again the sufferer besought him to depart and no more to trouble him, but in vain. At last he struck upon his conscience with these words of righteous severity: "Wicked man! thou knowest it is the truth of God for which I now suffer. So much thou didst confess unto me in private, and thereupon I appeal thee to answer before the judgment-seat of Christ."

'Patrick Hamilton bore in many points a resemblance to the beloved disciple John. But John was a son of thunder as well as the apostle of love. Sometimes, when truth required it, the words which fell from him were liker bolts from the clouds than honey from the comb. The Reformer had much of his "spirit of love," but he had much also of his "spirit of power."

'Meanwhile, the executioners had returned from the castle, and the flames were rekindled. "A baker, also, called Myrton, ran and brought his arms full of straw and cast it into the fire; whereupon there came a blast of wind from the east, forth of the sea, and raised the flame of fire so vehemently that it blew upon the friar who had accused him, and threw him upon the ground, burning all the forepart of his cowl." The terror and confusion of the conscience-stricken Dominican contrasted strangely with the calmness of the martyr. Surrounded and devoured by fierce flames, he had still recollectedness enough to remember, in his torment, his widowed mother, and to commend her with his dying breath to the care and sympathy of his friends. When nearly burnt through his middle by the fiery chain, a voice in the crowd of spectators called aloud to him, that if he still had faith in the doctrine for which he died, he should give a last sign of his constancy. Whereupon he raised three fingers of his half-consumed hand, and held them steadily in that position till he ceased to live. His last audible words were, "How long, Lord, shall darkness overwhelm this kingdom? How long wilt thou suffer this tyranny of men? Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!"

'It was six o'clock in the evening before his body was quite reduced to ashes. The execution had lasted for nearly six hours; "but during all that time," says Alexander Alane, who had witnessed with profound emotion the whole scene, "the martyr never gave one sign of impatience or anger, nor ever called to heaven for vengeance upon his persecutors; so great was his faith, so strong his confidence in God."'

The Biographical History of Philosophy.*

HOBBES said, *nihil est in intellectu quod non fuerit prius in sensu*,†—the mind contains nothing which was not first in the sense. Leibnitz made the epigrammatic addition, *nisi ipse intellectus*, — except the mind itself. We can well understand that this would be aggravating to a positivist, and Mr. Lewes accordingly flouts it, but it was one of the finest things ever said, for all that. The difference between the proposition as first stated by him of Malmesbury, and as amended by Leibnitz, is the everlasting bone of philosophic contention, which we are assured by the positivist is *only* a bone, and never can yield any real philosophic nutriment. From Thales to Comte, *duce* G. H. Lewes, leads to the conclusion that Metaphysics are impossible. Mr. Lewes draws attention to the circular movements of philosophies, and asks what they have led to; to which we cannot prevent his giving his own answer in the words of Goethe, quoted in his title-page, that man learns nothing by attempting the unknowable but to keep within the limits of the knowable. But we do not admit that 'philosophy (*i. e.* metaphysical philosophy) is everywhere fallen into discredit;'—we think it is as rife as ever, and are well satisfied that the old questions will continue to be debated so long as there are such radical differences in human intellects as exist between minds like that of Mr. Lewes and that of Dr. Whewell. The 'discredit' into which 'philosophy' has fallen is an optical illusion pertaining to the point of view of him who announces the fact. The human race will never escape finally from the 'Metaphysical,' no, nor the 'Theological stage' till a man can jump from his own shadow.

The conception of the Unity of the Sciences is one which has dawned upon many minds, not to say, upon all minds of good reflecting powers that have studied the universe. It is almost an inevitable conception. That no more takes away from Auguste Comte the merit of having initiated the Scientific Method to which it points than the fact that we are all by nature Inductionists robs Bacon of his glory. Mr. Lewes says of Schelling, 'There are indeed general ideas in his *Natur-Philosophie* which approach the conceptions of positive science,' and there was a time when we in pride of juvenility and Schellingism felt disposed to say to Comte, 'We have heard all that before—do not tell us obvious things, man!' We acknowledge our error. We have learnt the greatness there may be in simplicity,—a point nobly put by Mr. Lewes in his defence of Locke,—and no longer start to read

* 'The Biographical History of Philosophy, from its Origin in Greece down to the present Day.' By George Henry Lewes. Library Edition. Much enlarged and thoroughly revised. J. W. Parker and Son.

† In Shelley's 'Peter Bell the Third,' occurs, applied to Wordsworth, the curious expression—

'*Wakening a sort of thought in sense*,'

which always occurs to us when we think of the epigram of Leibnitz.

that Comte has done for science in the nineteenth century what Bacon did in the seventeenth. That he is far Bacon's inferior in reach of faculty is not to the point, and may be more than balanced by the superior depth of his affectional nature.

Our readers, like ourselves, are well sure that there is in human nature an inveterate tendency to both the 'Metaphysical Stage,' and the 'Theological Stage,' and they do not need to be told how Positivism presents itself to metaphysically and theologically minded thinkers. It is a system which attains its last perfection of 'Unity' by a *coup d'etat*, which implies all that it afterwards ignores. Its master stroke is its policy of extradition. It trundles the Infinite Ideas off the scene, upon the plea of their anomalousness, and then exclaims, 'how consistent is our scheme!' Its position is quite arbitrary. It says to Philosophy (and implicitly to Theology), 'Age after age, your obstinate hankering after things unseen drags these disturbing Ideas upon the stage—they will not fit in—we will not have them.' And it is quite competent to Philosophy to reply, 'Age after age men of a certain mould reject these Ideas upon one ground or another—Positivism is simply the last pretence, and it will only serve the purpose of the hour, like others before it. The human mind can no more escape from Metaphysics and Theology than the globe from its atmosphere.'

It must be obvious that what Positivism practically *is* must depend, to a large extent, upon the nature into which it is received. Absolute rejection of the Infinite Ideas as topics of speculation is *impossible* to the human mind. Absolute unreligiousness, by any ignoring process whatsoever, is *impossible* to the human mind. Positivism then, which makes the Everlasting Puzzle fit together by just shelving certain ideas apart, and labelling them, THE GREAT MYSTERY, will be quite different things to different people. Some minds *will* run to the closet, and no Blue-beard sword of utter negation looming in the future will deter them. Just as no foregone conclusion of the intellect can fix in any mortal mind the boundary line between Pantheism and Theism, we may be sure that with large numbers of Positivists the Metaphysical and even the Theological will be constantly overlapping the Positive. This is certainly not the case with Mr. Lewes, who has been for many years our most consistent and persevering Positivist man of letters; but in his case the philosophy has rooted itself in a nature so genial and so open to impulses of reverence, that we have a zealous propagandist who is not only logically equitable, but capable, by reach of sympathy, of taking the points of view of other philosophers besides Auguste Comte, and writing a Biographical History of Philosophy without disguise of his own aim, and yet without offence to the feelings of any class of thinkers. The handsome volume with which he now presents the public is one without which the library of a studious man is not complete. Its dedication to ARTHUR HELPS, the author of 'Companions of my Solitude' and 'Friends in Council,' is a circumstance which,—though that is not the usual effect of dedications,—invests the volume with a real

interest. A book which is published as a 'memorial of long friendship' between two such men,—agreeing in so much, yet differing in so much,—can hardly be without intrinsic value.

However painful it may be that the most widely-read and most attractive history of Philosophy should be written by a Positivist, the truth must be spoken; and we know of no other work of the kind which can compare with that of Mr. Lewes in its claims upon 'the general reader.' It is an important circumstance, however, that Mr. Lewes' confidence in his own position and courageous candour in controversy are such that he often makes the most important admissions; as in this passage concerning Final Causes:—

'Although Bacon energetically reprobated the pursuit of Final Causes—those "barren virgins," as he characteristically styled them—pointing out the productive error of all such pursuit; and although the advance and extension of science has gradually more and more displaced this pursuit, it is still followed by minds of splendid reach and attainment, as the surest principle of research in some departments. But although the error has the countenance of men whom we cannot speak of without respect, the fact itself that only in those departments of inquiry, wherein imperfect knowledge still permits the Metaphysical Method to exercise its perverting influence, are Final Causes ever appealed to, is significant, we think, of the *nature* of the error. While no Astronomer, no Physicist, no Chemist, reasons teleologically, there are many Biologists who proclaim teleology to be a luminous guide. Cuvier declared that to it he owed his discoveries; Owen declares that it has often aided him.'

We say nothing of the value of such a name as that of Owen, but the very positiveness with which it is here asserted by Mr. Lewes that there are physicists who never reason teleogically will force upon many a mind an act of introspection which will establish the conviction that teleological reasoning is a necessity of the human intellect—and once on that track, what End but one?

We think Mr. Lewes is unintentionally unfair, *i.e.*, incorrect, in his statement of the question of Absolute Ideas, which he says (p. 414, and p. 664) is the question, '*Have we any ideas independent of experience?*' We think an unfairness lurks in the word 'independent.' It were as reasonable to ask, Have we any ideas 'independent' of existence? For experience and life must be precisely co-extensive. Of course we can have no ideas '*independent*' of experience. But that, we submit, is *not* the question upon which 'Philosophy stakes its pretensions.' The real question is, Have we any ideas which are not ACCOUNTED FOR by experience? And being as yet in our crude 'metaphysical stage,' we answer, Aye. All ideas must originate in some way in 'experience,' *i.e.*, in the collision of faculty and fact; and, perhaps, as Locke, Lewes, and Mill tell us, 'the mind never *begins* but always *ends* in a generalization.' But the absoluteness of an idea does not consist in 'innateness' (which is nonsense) but in *universality*. Most assuredly my perception of the universality of mathematical truth *is* 'independent of,' in the sense of being unaccounted for by, my 'experience.' My perception that *the* whole is greater than its parts, universally, is quite another thing than my perception that *a* (particular) whole is greater than its parts, and is obviously unaccounted for by any possible experience.

Just in passing, we may say that Mr. Lewes has always seemed to us (in his casual controversial papers as in his books) unnecessarily severe upon Victor Cousin; not unjust, perhaps, in any other way, but *severe*. But this is a small matter. The 'History of Philosophy,' as a whole, is a model of equitable writing. The chapters on Spinoza, Locke, Berkeley, and Hobbes, strike us as excellent; that on Spinoza as beyond all praise. We can refer to no other quarter in which a student of limited time and means can find so able and luminous an exposition. With Kant, Fichte, and Hegel, we do not think Mr. Lewes is so successful. His dislike to German metaphysics is no secret, and on page 596 he avows that he is only 'translating Schelling.' We do not mean that his exposition in this region is incomplete, but that there is not that grasp of the matter which a sympathetic intelligence only can give.

The literary texture of the book has all the usual characteristics of style of its accomplished author. A certain genial trenchancy pervades all the criticism, and there are threads of feeling and poetry interwoven everywhere. A quotation from Shelley's 'Love's Philosophy' brightens up 'Hegel's Method;' if a bye-path of anecdotical illustration offers itself, it is cheerfully pursued; and where a drier philosopher would have pointed to 'the book on the table,' or 'the pen in my hand,' Mr. Lewes chooses to quote—'the rose in Julia's hair.' He is also liberal with his foot-note quotations in illustration—a feature we like much. Take 'Giordano Bruno,' for instance; a less industrious man than Mr. Lewes, and one less willing to confer a pleasure, would have omitted the extract from that author's *Eroici Furori* on page 327, which is a very amusing instance of superfœtation of epithet in the Italian language. But the biographical matter in general is exceedingly well chosen and well written. We shall make no apology for the length of the following extract from the memoirs of Fichte—its interest will justify us, and there is plenty of such matter in Mr. Lewes' book:—

'Johann Gottlieb Fichte was born at Rammenau, a village lying between Bischofswerda and Pulsniz, in Upper Lusatia, on the 19th May, 1762.

'His childhood, of which many touching anecdotes are related, was signalized by extraordinary intellectual capacity and great moral energy. He was a precocious child, and long before he was old enough to be sent to school he learned many things from his father, who taught him to read, and taught him the pious songs and proverbs which formed his own simple stock of erudition. With these various studies was mixed an enchanting element—the stories of his early wanderings in Saxony and Franconia, stories to which young Johann listened with never-tiring eagerness. It was probably the vague longings which these recitals inspired, that made him wander into the fields, quitting his companions, boisterous in mirth, to roam away and enjoy the luxury of solitude, there to give vent to the indulgence of those unspeakable longings. This pale and meditative child is at ease in solitude. He stands for hours, gazing into the far distance, or in mournful yearning at the silent sky over-arching him. The sun goes down, and the boy returns home melancholy with the twilight. He does this so constantly that neighbours remark it; comment on it; and, in after years, when that boy has become a renowned man, they recur to it with sudden pleasure, not forgetting also that they had "always said there was something remarkable in the boy."

'Fichte's progress was so rapid that he was soon entrusted with the office of reading family prayers; and his father cherished the hope of one day seeing him a clergyman. An event curious in itself, and very important in its influence on his subsequent career, soon occurred, which favoured that hope, and went far to realize it. But before we relate it we must give a touching anecdote, which exhibits Fichte's heroic self-command in a very interesting light.

'The first book which fell into his hands after the Bible and Catechism, was the renowned history of *Siegfried the Horned*, and it seized so powerfully on his imagination, that he lost all pleasure in any other employment, became careless and neglectful, and, for the first time in his life, was punished. Then, in the spirit of the injunction which tells us to cut off our right hand if it cause us to offend, Fichte resolved to sacrifice the beloved book, and, taking it in his hand, walked slowly to a stream flowing past the house, with the intention of throwing it in. Long he lingered on the bank, ere he could muster courage for this first self-conquest of his life; but at length, summoning all his resolution, he flung it into the water. His fortitude gave way as he saw the treasure, too dearly loved, floating away for ever, and he burst into a passionate flood of tears. Just at this moment the father arrived on the spot, and the weeping child told what he had done; but either from timidity or incapacity to explain his feelings, was silent as to his true motive. Irritated at this treatment of his present, Fichte's father inflicted upon him an unusually severe punishment, and this occurrence formed a fitting prelude to his after-life, in which he was so often misunderstood, and the actions springing from the purest convictions of duty, were exactly those for which he had most to suffer. When a sufficient time had elapsed for the offence to be in some measure forgotten, the father brought home another of these seducing books; but Fichte dreaded being again exposed to the temptation, and begged that it might rather be given to some of the other children.

'It was about this time that the other event before alluded to occurred. The clergyman of the village, who had taken a fancy to Gottlieb, and often assisted in his instruction, happened one day to ask him how much he thought he could remember of the sermon of the preceding day. Fichte made the attempt, and, to the astonishment of the pastor, succeeded in giving a very tolerable account of the course of argument, as well as of the texts quoted in its illustration. The circumstance was mentioned to the Count von Hoffmansegg, the lord of the village, and one day another nobleman, the Baron von Mittiz, who was on a visit at the castle, happening to express his regret at having been too late for the sermon on the Sunday morning, he was told, half in jest, that it was of little consequence, for that there was a boy in the village who could repeat it all from memory. Little Gottlieb was sent for, and soon arrived in a clean smock-frock, and bearing a large nosegay, such as his mother was accustomed to send to the castle occasionally as a token of respect. He answered the first questions put to him with his accustomed quiet simplicity; but when asked to repeat as much as he could recollect of the morning's sermon, his voice and manner became more animated, and, as he proceeded, entirely forgetting the presence of the formidable company, he became so fervid and abundant in his eloquence, that the Count thought it necessary to interrup him, lest the playful tone of the circle should be destroyed by the serious subjects of the sermon. The young preacher had, however, made some impression on his auditory; the Baron made inquiries concerning him, and the clergyman, wishing for nothing more than an opportunity to serve his favourite, gave such an account that the Baron determined to undertake the charge of his education. He departed, carrying his *protégé* with him, to his castle of Siebeneichen, in Saxony, near Meissen, on the Elbe; and the heart of the poor village boy sank, as he beheld the gloomy grandeur of the baronial hall, and the dark oak forests by which it was surrounded. His first sorrow, his severest trial, had come in the shape of what a mis-judging world might regard as a singular piece of good fortune, and so deep a dejection fell on him, as seriously to endanger his health. His patron here manifested the really kindly spirit by which he had been actuated; he entered into the feelings of the child, and removed him from the lordly mansion to the abode of a country clergyman in the neighbourhood, who

was passionately fond of children, and had none of his own. Under the truly paternal care of this excellent man Fichte passed some of the happiest years of his life, and to its latest day looked back to them with tenderness and gratitude. The affectionate care of this amiable couple, who shared with him every little domestic pleasure, and treated him in every respect as if he had been indeed their son, was always remembered by him with the liveliest sensibility, and certainly exercised a most favourable influence on his character.'

Take, for one more quotation, the following picturesque passages in the sketch of the life of Spinoza. In the first, he is excommunicated :—

'Dreading his ability, and the force of his example, the Synagogue made him an offer of an annual pension of a thousand florins, if he would only consent to be silent, and assist from time to time at their ceremonies. Spinoza, indignant at such an attempt to palter with his conscience, refused it with scorn. One evening, as he was coming out of the theatre, where he had been relaxing his over-tasked mind, he was startled by the fierce expression of a dark face, thrust eagerly before his. The glare of blood-thirsty fanaticism arrested him ; a knife gleamed in the air, and he had barely time to parry the blow. It fell upon his chest, but, fortunately deadened in its force, only tore his coat. The assassin escaped. Spinoza walked home thoughtful.

'The day of excommunication at length arrived ; and a vast concourse of Jews assembled to witness the awful ceremony. It began by the solemn and silent lighting of a quantity of black wax candles, and by opening the tabernacle, wherein were deposited the Books of the Law of Moses. Thus were the dim imaginations of the faithful prepared for all the horror of the scene. Morteira, the ancient friend and master, now the fiercest enemy of the condemned, was to order the execution of the sentence. He stood there, pained, but implacable ; the people fixed their eager eyes upon him. High above, the chanter rose and chanted forth, in loud lugubrious tones, the words of execration ; while from the opposite side another mingled with these curses the thrilling sounds of the trumpet ; and now the black candles were reversed, and were made to melt drop by drop into a huge tub filled with blood. This spectacle—a symbol of the most terrible faith—made the whole assembly shudder ; and when the final *Anathema Maranatha !* were uttered, and the lights all suddenly immersed in the blood, a cry of religious horror and execration burst from all ; and in that solemn darkness, and to those solemn curses, they shouted Amen, Amen !'

In the next, he is in love with his master's daughter, who jilts him :—

'Van den Ende had a daughter ; her personal charms were equivocal, but she was thoroughly versed in Latin, and was an accomplished musician. The task of teaching young Benedict generally fell to her ; and as a consequence the pupil soon became in love with the tutor. We often picture this courtship as a sort of odd reverse of Abelard and Heloise. Spinoza, we fancy, not inattentive to the instruction, but the more in love with it coming from so soft a mouth ; not inattentive, yet not wholly absorbed. He watches her hand as it moves along the page, and longs to squeeze it. While "looking out" in the dictionary, their hands touch—and he is thrilled ; but the word is *found*, nevertheless. The lesson ended, he ventures on a timid compliment, which she receives with a kind smile ; but the smile is lost, for the bashful philosopher has his eyes on the ground ; when he raises them, it is to see her trip away to household duties, or to another pupil ; and he looks after her sighing. But, alas for maidenly discernment ! our female Abelard was more captivated by the showy attractions of a certain Kerkering, a young Hamburg merchant, who had also taken lessons in Latin and love from the fair teacher ; and who, having backed his pretensions by the more potent seductions of pearl necklaces, rings, etc., quite cast poor Benedict into the shade, who then turned from love to philosophy.'

We, personally, accept at least *one* of Mr. Lewes' reasons for omitting the Orient from his History of Philosophy—namely, that the East never had a philosophy apart from its theology—and we recognise the justness of 'the filiation of thought' as a principle of selection in the names chosen. He so carefully defines his purpose, and so steadily keeps to it, that we can honestly say his book fulfils its promise. It is a Biographical History of Philosophy for the general *student* (rather than general reader), in which its author comes to the conclusion that 'in the present day speculations on metaphysics are not intrinsically more rational than speculations on the development of animated beings peopling Sirius.' It is not the fault of Mr. Lewes that there is no history of philosophy so readable and so accessible, which is written from another point of view. There is an octavo volume mainly translated from the French, edited by Mr. C. S. Henry, of New York, published by Longman a few years ago, which includes the Eastern and Mediæval philosophies, and is written 'metaphysically.' But it is not nearly so readable, its biographies are only dates, and in many respects it is meagre and unjust, though well worth having.

We had nearly forgotten to say that Mr. Lewes has not been so liberal of amusing matter in the memoir of Kant as in other parts of his book. He refers his readers to a paper in De Quincey's Miscellanies, which we happen to have read. Kant had many whimsicalities. When he went abroad he never talked, lest he should admit cold air into his lungs *viâ* the mouth; he maintained that he was less liable to thoracic disturbance, if he compelled the atmosphere to make a circuit by way of the nose, so that it might get warm on the road. He was very particular, too, in the matter of braces to his trousers; and invented and wore a complicated apparatus of suspenders, which required special study on the part of the valet, and reminded observers of the Ptolemaic system of the heavens, with its

'Cycle on epicycle, orb on orb.'

Up to old age he was a singularly punctual man. Late in life, however, he lost all count of time, and rated minutes as hours. He would order the carriage out for a *long* drive, and in five minutes bid the postilion turn back. After dinner he took coffee; and, to meet his impatience of delay, *several* servants were always ready at the appointed time to get this coffee ready—one to grind, one to make the decoction, and so on. But this was not enough. Kant would ring the bell, and, the instant after, fancying an hour had elapsed, would open the door, and, 'as if (says De Quincey) appealing to the last remains of humanity in his fellow-creature,' plaintively and supplicatingly call out 'Coffee! coffee!'—adding, as he tottered back to his chair, 'Well, well, in the next world there will be no waiting for coffee!' Kant is always quoted in the phrenological books as an instance of disease of 'the organ of time.'

It is scarcely necessary, we presume, to inform our friends that though there may be minds that would find means to bridge over

the gulf between the conclusion in which Mr. Lewes lands his reader and faith in Christianity; and though a philosophic work is controversially amenable only to philosophic judgment—yet the *animus* of this book is as much opposed to Christianity as that of Hume's Essays. As a propagandist book, however, we do not consider it dangerous, because it belongs to a class of works which comparatively few will read, and those few will know the ground which they are about to tread without warning of ours. A Biographical History of Philosophy, written from the Christian stand-point, is so obvious a task that we wonder it has never been undertaken. As we said before, it is not the fault of Mr. Lewes that that has not been done.

Letters of Calvin.*

THE name of Calvin is inseparably connected with the history of the Reformation, not that he can be called one of *the* Reformers in the strictest sense of the word. He did not originate a reformatory movement even in France, much less in Switzerland, where the greater part of his life was spent. Other men laboured, and he entered into their labours. Yet he was so soon to be found among the Reformed, and when once he had embraced the doctrines of the Reformation, he did this with such thorough heartiness, that he quickly took his place in the van of the new movement, and associated with some of those who had laid the foundation of the Reformed churches in Switzerland. Moreover, his energy of character, his fixed, resolute purpose, his single, unselfish aims, and his practical, as well as methodical mind, all combined, not only to place him at the head of the Swiss Reformation, but to give him such pre-eminence, that whilst the *one* name associated with the Reformation in Germany is that of the first Reformer himself, in Switzerland that of Calvin has thrown all others into the shade. It would be wrong, however, to suppose that the prominence assigned to Calvin can all be explained from his influence on his own age. His connexion with the church of the future, and the fact that, with so few exceptions, Calvinism is in most of the Christian churches in this country a household word, a synonyme for all that is true in theology, has led to an exaggeration of the importance of the position occupied and the influence exerted by Calvin himself.

The publication of Calvin's letters, a portion of which has been translated into English, we regard as a great boon, both because they help us to understand more thoroughly the position in which he stood among his compeers, and also because the perusal has shown us more of his inner life than we had ever seen before, and has removed many

* 'Letters of John Calvin, compiled from the original MSS., and edited, with historical notes, by Dr. Jules Bonnet, vols. i. and ii., translated from the original Latin and French.' Edinburgh: Thomas Constable and Co. 1855-7.

an error into which we had fallen, from associating too closely Calvinism the system and Calvin the man. His letters show us many a dark spot in his history, as we shall presently show, but they also prove that he was not hard, dry, and unfeeling, with his sympathies all eaten out by logic, as many of his nominal followers would lead us to imagine, but that he had a warm, loving, and even tender heart, though when occasion demanded he was inflexible and severe, and was sometimes urged on by conscientious convictions to unpardonable extremities.

John Calvin was born at Noyon, in Picardy, in 1509. At a very early age he was sent to Paris to study for the church. He was only twelve years old when he obtained a benefice in the cathedral at Noyon. But, although he had received this presentation, he never took priest's orders, and was therefore still at liberty to choose another calling. From pecuniary considerations his father determined to take him away from the church and bring him up to the law. The change was not distasteful to Calvin, for he had seen enough of the evils of Romanism to remove all inclination to become more deeply involved. He went to Orleans, and after that to Bruges, where he learnt Greek, an important event in those days, when the mere knowledge of Greek was so soon to be regarded as a distinguishing mark of a Protestant heretic. During his stay at Bruges he became confirmed in the doctrines of the Reformation, and even began to preach in the villages. After visiting Noyon on the occasion of his father's death he went again to Paris. In 1532 he resigned his benefices and devoted himself to theology. The next year, being called upon to read a public discourse, he availed himself of the opportunity of declaring his convictions respecting the new doctrines. He was soon obliged to leave Paris, and retired to Angoulême, where he was engaged in teaching Greek, and appears to have written the greater part of the 'Institutes.' In 1534 he returned to Paris, under the auspices of the queen of Navarre, a letter to whom is contained in this correspondence, but he quitted the city that same year. From Paris he went to Basle, where the 'Institutes' was finished and published. He made a flying tour after this through Italy for the purpose of visiting the Reformers there, but he was soon obliged to recross the frontier, in consequence of the Inquisition. He returned to France, but in 1536 he was induced to visit Geneva, where the Reformed religion had just been established.

In Geneva Calvin was persuaded by Farel to take up his abode, and eventually he accepted the office of Professor of Theology in that town. The first care of the two associates was to complete the organization of the Reformed Church, and for this purpose they drew up a plan of ecclesiastical discipline. This attempt, which was thought so natural, so essential to the prosperity of the church of Christ, and so thoroughly in accordance with the principles of the gospel, was destined to be the great stumbling-block in the way of all the efforts of Calvin and his colleagues, and sowed the seeds of troubles and disasters, which lasted till Calvin's work was done. From

this time forth, nearly every letter which Calvin wrote about the state of religion in Geneva breathes of nothing but mourning and discontent. Everything is rotten in the state of Geneva, and not a thought ever enters the Reformer's mind that possibly his own plans had been at fault. Yet the opposition which he met with was just what we should expect, and we can only wonder that he did not expect it too. The *authorities* of Geneva had adopted the Reformed religion as the religion of the Genevan state; and immediately the Reformed ministers looked upon all the inhabitants of that city as members of one church, for which they, in concert with the civil authorities, were to draw up ecclesiastical rules. These rules were based, according to the judgments of those who framed them, upon New Testament principles, and every inhabitant was expected to conform. If any disobeyed, church censure and excommunication were the inevitable result. Now had the church consisted of members voluntarily associating together, they might of course adopt any rules, however stringent, if they thought such a course of procedure wise. But when two ministers of the gospel met together, and drew up a stringent code of church laws, for which they merely claimed the sanction of the Council before they proceeded to enforce them upon a whole community, we can only wonder that they did not foresee the inevitable result. We are aware that they but did as others had done before them and continued to do after them. We are aware, moreover, that their plan of action was quite in accordance with the State-church theory, which nearly all the Reformers regarded as incontestable. But this does not diminish our surprise that Calvin was not clear-sighted enough to detect the fallacy of the theory and the impracticable character of the line of action which was based upon it, or at least that for so many years he persisted in the same course, and never questioned for a single moment its wisdom and propriety, or its strict accordance with the spirit of Christianity. On this subject he writes—

'Were I to begin to describe to you at length the full narrative of our most wretched condition, a long history must be unfolded by me. This, however, I will venture to throw out in passing, that it does appear to me that we shall have no lasting church, unless that ancient apostolic discipline be completely restored, which in many respects is much needed among us. We have not yet been able to obtain that the faithful and holy exercise of ecclesiastical excommunication be rescued from the oblivion into which it has fallen; and that the city, which in proportion to its extent is very populous, may be distributed into parishes, as is rendered necessary by the complicated administration of the church. The generality of men are more ready to acknowledge us as preachers than as pastors.'—*Letters*, vol. i. p. 42.

The people of Geneva were not prepared for such discipline as the Reformers attempted to introduce; and both Farel and Calvin were expelled from the city for refusing to administer the communion. Calvin went first to Basle, and thence to Strasburg, where he became Professor of Theology and minister of the French church. During his stay at Strasburg, which only lasted about three years, he wrote several letters to the church at Geneva. In these letters he appears to great advantage. Other ministers had been appointed in the

place of those who had been banished, and a feeling of jealousy would not have been unnatural, but every feeling of this kind is suppressed, if it ever existed, and he endeavours most earnestly to quell the discord and strife which had continued in the church from the time of his expulsion. Thus he writes:—

'Nothing, most beloved brethren, has caused me greater sorrow, since those disturbances, which had so sadly scattered, and almost entirely overthrown your church, than when I understood your strivings and contentions with those ministers who succeeded us. For although the disorders which were inseparably connected with their first arrival among you, might with good reason prove offensive to you; whatever may have given the occasion, I cannot hear without great and intense horror that any schism should settle down within the church. . . . I trust that you will readily perceive that my only object is to lead you into the right way, that being so persuaded with regard to me, you may show in reality by what motive you are brought into subjection to the truth. Especially I ask you to weigh maturely, having put aside all respect of persons, of what honour the Lord accounts them worthy, and what grace he has committed to those whom he has appointed in his own church as pastors and ministers of the word. For he not only commands us to render a willing obedience to the word while it is proclaimed to us, but also commands that the ministers of the word are to be treated with honour and reverence, as being clothed with the authority of his ambassadors, whom he would have to be acknowledged even as his own angels and messengers. . . . Nor besides ought it to seem a light matter to you, that sects and divisions are formed and cherished within the church, which no one who has a Christian heart beating in his breast can without horror even drink in with the hearing of the ears. But that the state of matters is indeed such, where a separation of this kind exists, and as it were a secession between pastor and people, the thing speaks for itself.'—*Ibid.* vol. i. pp. 118—124.

He writes much more to the same effect, and this excessive estimate of the dignity and authority of the pastor, together with his horror of all divisions, will explain his frequently overbearing conduct in the ministerial office.

In 1540 overtures were made to him to return to Geneva, but nothing could exceed the antipathy which he manifested to the very thought of return. Virel advised it on the ground of health. 'Why,' replied Calvin, 'could you not have said at the cross? for it would have been far more preferable to perish once for all than to be tormented again in that place of torture.' (P. 163.) Again to Farel he says:—

'Whenever I call to mind the state of wretchedness in which my life was spent when there, how can it be otherwise but that my very soul must shudder when any proposal is made for my return? . . . While I call to mind by what torture my conscience was racked at that time, and with how much anxiety it was continually boiling over, pardon me if I dread that place as having about it somewhat of a fatality in my case.'—*Ibid.* p. 187.

His scruples were at last overcome, and in August, 1541, he wrote to Farel:—

'As to my intended course of proceeding, this is my present feeling: had I the choice at my own disposal, nothing would be less agreeable to me than to follow your advice. But when I remember that I am not my own, I offer up my heart, presented as a sacrifice to the Lord. Therefore there is no ground for your apprehension that you will only get fine words. Our friends are in earnest, and promise sincerely. And for myself I protest that I have no other desire than that setting aside all consideration of me, they may look only to what is most for the

glory of God and the advantage of the church. Although I am not very ingenious, I would not want pretexts by which I might adroitly slip away, so that I should easily excuse myself in the sight of men, and show that it was no fault of mine. I am well aware, however, that it is God with whom I have to do, from whose sight such crafty imaginations cannot be withheld.'—*Ibid.* pp. 256, 257.

No sooner had he returned, however, than the same difficulties beset his path, and he felt unhappy in his charge. A month or two after his arrival he writes to Farel:—

'As for our own proceedings, what I wrote to you about being unequally yoked, I find to be more completely verified than was expected; but must endure what cannot be remedied. Therefore, should Virel be taken away from me, I shall be utterly ruined, and this church will be past recovery.'—*Ibid.* p. 283.

From this time forward he maintained his post, but so far as his correspondence extends, his life appears to have been a scene of constant excitement, caused by his attempt to enforce strict discipline, and the contentions with individuals in which the attempt involved him. Among his failures was the endeavour to suppress all dancing in the city, and he advised the Consistory to proceed against the dancers according to the strict letter of the law:—

'After your departure,' he writes to Farel, 'the dances caused us more trouble than I had supposed. All those who were present being summoned to the Consistory with the two exceptions of Coma and Perrin, shamelessly lied to God and us. . . . When I was fully informed of the state of the case, I could do nothing but call God to witness that they would pay the penalty of such perfidy. Finally, I added that a new city must be built for them, in which they might live apart, unless they were willing to be restrained by us here under the yoke of Christ; that so long as they were in Geneva they would strive in vain to cast off obedience to the laws, for were there as many diadems in the house of the Favres as frenzied heads, that would be no barrier to the Lord being superior. They not only confessed what we wished, but that they on that day danced at the house of the widow of Balthazar. *They were all cast into prison.*'

Calvin was quite as strenuous in his efforts to put down foppery as dancing, and apparently as unsuccessful. A peculiar style of trousers had come into fashion, at which he took great offence, and he procured the passing of an ordinance, in which the wearing of them was prohibited.

'We have here lately some little trouble about slashed breeches. This was the pretext, but they had already begun to break out into the greatest license. When the *Two Hundred* had been summoned at their request, we were all present. I made a speech, which in a moment extorted from them what with firm expectation they had eagerly swallowed, for I discoursed about sources of corruption in general, premising that I was not speaking against these trumperies. They fall into a rage, and gnash with their teeth, as they do not dare openly to shout.'

Again he writes:—

'The state of our young people is very corrupt; so that when we will not allow them every license, they go from bad to worse. Of late they were sorely enraged under cover of a small matter. It was because they were not allowed to wear slashed breeches, which has been prohibited in the town for these twelve years past. Not that we make overmuch of this, but because we see that by the loop-holes of the breeches they wish to bring in all manner of disorders. We have protested, however, in the meantime, that the slashing of the breeches was but a mere piece of foppery, which was not worth speaking about, but that we had quite another end in view, which was to curb and repress their follies. During this little conflict the

devil has interjected others, so that there has been great murmuring. And because they perceived in us more courage than they could have wished, and more determination to resist them, the venom which some of them had concealed within their heart burst forth. But this is nought but smoke; for their threats are nothing else but a splutter of the pride of Moab, who is powerless to execute what he thus presumes to threaten.'

The danger was greater, however, than Calvin anticipated, and the affair did not pass away in smoke. Hitherto it had been an affair of words, and he writes respecting one of the leaders—'provided he does not go the length of throwing stones, our patience, yours and mine, will not find it very hard to bear with his abuse.' But, shortly after, a riot broke out which showed at once the courage of Calvin in the midst of danger, and the bitter feelings which his iron rule had excited in the minds of the people.

'The enemy,' he writes, 'are so blinded that they pay no regard to propriety. Yesterday not a little confirmed a suspicion previously entertained by us, that they were shamelessly striving to excite some commotion. The *Two Hundred* had been summoned. I had publicly announced to my colleagues that I would go to the Senate House. We were there a little indeed before the hour of meeting. As many people were still walking about in the public street, we went out by the gate that is contiguous to the Senate House. Numerous confused shouts were heard from that quarter. These, meanwhile, increased to such a degree as to afford a sure sign of an insurrection. I immediately ran up to the place. The appearance of matters was terrible. I cast myself into the thickest of the crowds, to the amazement of almost everyone. The whole people, however, made a rush towards me; they seized and dragged me hither and thither, lest I should suffer some injury. I called God and men to witness that I had come for the purpose of presenting my body to their swords. I exhorted them, if they designed to shed blood, to begin with me. The worthless, but especially the respectable portion of the crowd, at once greatly relaxed in their fervour. I was at length dragged through the midst to the Senate. There fresh fights arose, into the midst of which I threw myself. All are of opinion that a great and disgraceful carnage was prevented from taking place by my interposition. My colleagues, meanwhile, were mixed up with the crowd. I succeeded in getting them all to sit down quietly. They say that all were exceedingly affected by a long and vehement speech, suitable to the occasion, which I delivered. . . I hardly hope, however, to be able any longer to retain any position for the church, especially under my ministry. My influence is gone, believe me, unless God stretch forth his hand.'—*Letters*, vol. ii. pp. 134, 135.

We must not suppose, however, that Calvin proceeded with puritanical zeal against all kinds of amusement. He even sanctioned the public performance of a *morality*, or play, entitled, 'The Acts of the Apostles,' and showed himself on this occasion far less scrupulous and stringent than some of his colleagues, one of whom stirred up such a tumult in the city that Calvin was obliged to put forth all his influence and authority to quiet the agitation and to save his colleague's life.

Amidst the care and toil connected with his position as minister of the Geneva church, Calvin found time to attend to the interests of the other churches round about. But there were two things at which he constantly aimed—viz., the removal of differences which prevented a thorough union among the churches of Switzerland; and, above all, the *reconciliation of the two Protestant churches*, the Lutheran and the Reformed. The former was happily effected in the course of time,

but the latter proved to be no easy matter. The church at Zurich held firmly by the doctrines taught by Zuingli, and the antipathy which Luther cherished to some of these could only be exceeded by his hostility to the Church of Rome. The one point, upon which every attempt to effect a reconciliation was destined to be wrecked, was the nature and meaning of the Lord's Supper. All Protestants agreed to reject the Catholic doctrine of transubstantiation, and one would imagine that, this once rejected, there could be no resting-place short of the doctrine of Zuingli, that the whole ceremony is symbolical, and the bread and wine are *merely* signs. Not only did Luther find what to him was no doubt an intelligible and satisfactory position between the two—namely, in his doctrine of *consubstantiation*—but Calvin was able to split the difference between Luther and Zuingli, and, all unconsciously no doubt, was doubly anxious to bring the two together, because of his desire that both should cede just what was necessary to bring them to his own stand-point. His letters on this topic serve to show both his desire for such an union, and his own views of the sacrament:—

'I rejoice,' he writes, 'to find that my pamphlet *De Cænâ* has met with your approbation. I have also published a Catechism, which is trustworthy and pertinent evidence of the kind of doctrine with which the common people are imbued by me. Would that the people of Zurich, as you say, were willing to give their assent to *that confession!* I do not think Luther is so unyielding but that there might easily be an agreement, and they do not withal venture to disapprove of my views. The chief obstacle to their giving assent to *my* doctrine is, that being preoccupied by a meaning, once and now for a length of time prescribed to them, they so stick to their customary forms as to admit of nothing new.'—*Ibid.* p. 26.

In several letters Calvin hints at the difference between his own views and those held by the Zuinglians and most of the Reformed. Thus:—

'Many think that we make no distinction between the sign and the truth signified, unless we separate them entirely, to make God like a mountebank, who exhibits delusive representations by sleight of hand.'—*Ibid.* p. 69.

Again, to *Bullinger*, successor of Zuingli:—

'In whatever way I may hold the firm persuasion of a *greater communication of Christ in the sacraments* than you express in words, we will not on that account cease to hold the same Christ and to be one in him.'—*Ibid.* p. 146.

'We teach that the sacraments are instruments of the grace of God; for as they were instituted in view of a certain end, we refuse to allow that they have no proper use. We therefore say, that what is represented in them is exhibited to the elect, lest it should be supposed that God deludes the eyes by a fallacious representation. Thus we say, that he who receives baptism with true faith, further receives by it the pardon of his sins. But lest anyone should ascribe his salvation to baptism as the cause, we at the same time subjoin the explanation, that the remission flows from the blood of Christ. Our opinion regarding regeneration is precisely similar to that about baptism. When the signs of the flesh and blood of Christ are spread before us in the supper, we say that they are not spread before us in vain, but that the thing itself is also manifested to us. Whence it follows that we eat the body and drink the blood of Christ. By so speaking, we neither make the sign the thing, nor confound both in one, nor enclose the body of Christ in the bread; nor, on the other hand, imagine it to be infinite; nor dream of a carnal transfusion of Christ into us; nor lay down any other fiction of that sort. You maintain that Christ, as to his human nature, is in heaven. We also profess

the same doctrine. The word *heaven* implies, in your view, distance of place; we also readily adopt the opinion, that Christ is undoubtedly distant from us by an interval of place. You deny that the body of Christ is infinite, but hold that it is contained within its circumference. We candidly give an unhesitating assent to that view, and raise a public testimony on its behalf. You refuse to allow the sign to be confounded with the thing; we are sedulous in admonishing that the one should be distinguished from the other. You strongly condemn *impanation*; we subscribe to your decision. What, then, is the sum of your doctrine? It is this, that when we discern here on earth the bread and wine, our minds must be raised to heaven in order to enjoy Christ, and that Christ is there present with us while we seek him above the elements of this world. For it is not permitted us to charge Christ with imposition; and that would be the case, unless we held that the reality is exhibited together with the sign. And you also concede that the sign is by no means empty. It only remains that we define what is contained within it. When we briefly reply, that we are made partakers of the flesh and blood of Christ that he may dwell in us and we in him, and in this way enjoy all his benefits; what is there, I ask, in these words either absurd or obscure, especially as we, in express terms, exclude whatever delirious fancies might occur to the mind?'—*Ibid.* pp. 155, 156.

Calvin's wishes were in part realized; and a sacramentary truce was brought about with much difficulty; but it lasted for a short time only, and Calvin blamed Luther for the rupture. We quote one or two extracts from his letters with regard to this, chiefly for the references they contain to the great Reformer. Even after the truce Luther continued to show his ill-humour against the memory of Zuingli, by writing against his doctrines. At length the church of Zurich replied by publishing Zuingli's works, with an apology for his doctrine prefixed. This is thought by some to be equivalent to throwing down the gauntlet, and Calvin was requested to remonstrate with the Zurichers. To this he replies:—

'What you have been advising of late, I mean for me to go to Zurich to admonish the brethren, I do not see what good that would do. . . . At present the danger arises not so much from them as from Luther. He must be pacified. Will this be screwed out of the Zurichers, that they be brought meekly to entreat Luther? It ought to have been looked to long ago that they should not stir that filthy puddle. But who among ourselves had foresight enough for that? Let us therefore make known our request unto the Lord, who only can apply the healing remedy to this disease. It will certainly occasion a serious and ruinous conflagration, but let us await the issue.'—*Ibid.* p. 405.

In a letter to Bullinger he says:—

'Of this I do earnestly desire to put you in mind, in the first place that you would consider how eminent a man Luther is, and the excellent endowments wherewith he is gifted, with what strength of mind and resolute constancy, with how great skill, with what efficiency and power of doctrinal statement he hath hitherto devoted his whole energy to overthrow the reign of Antichrist, and at the same time to diffuse far and near the doctrine of salvation. Often have I been wont to declare that, even although he were to call me a devil, I should still not the less hold him in such honour that I must acknowledge him to be an illustrious servant of God. But while he is endued with rare and excellent virtues, he labours at the same time under serious faults; would that he had rather studied to curb this restless, uneasy temperament, which is so apt to boil over in every direction. I wish, moreover, that he had always bestowed the fruits of that vehemence of natural temperament upon the enemies of the truth, and that he had not flashed his lightning sometimes also upon the servants of the Lord. Would that he had been more observant and careful in the acknowledgment of his own vices. Flat-

terers have done him much mischief, since he is naturally too prone to be over-indulgent to himself. It is our part, however, so to reprove whatsoever evil qualities may beset him, as that we may make some allowance for him at the same time on the score of those remarkable endowments with which he has been gifted.'—*Ibid.* p. 409.

To Melancthon he writes:—

'Your Pericles allows himself to be carried beyond all due bounds with his love of thunder, especially seeing that his own case is by no means the better of the two. We all of us do acknowledge that we are much indebted to him. Neither shall I submit myself unwillingly, but be quite content, that he may bear the chief sway, provided that he can manage to conduct himself with moderation. Howbeit, in the church we must always be upon our guard, lest we pay too great deference to men. For it is all over with her when a single individual, be he whosoever you please, has more authority than all the rest, especially where this person does not scruple to try how far he can go. Where there exists so much division and separation as we now see, it is indeed no easy matter to still the troubled waters and bring about composure. But were all of that mind we ought to be, some remedy might perhaps be discovered; most certainly we convey a mean example to posterity, while we rather prefer of our own accord entirely to throw away our liberty, than to irritate a single individual by the slightest offence. But you will say, his disposition is vehement and his impetuosity is ungovernable; as if that very vehemence did not break forth with all the greater violence when all show themselves alike indulgent to him, and allow him to have his way unquestioned. If this specimen of overbearing tyranny has sprung forth already as the early blossom in the springtide of a reviving church, what must we expect in a short time, when affairs have fallen into a far worse condition?'—*Ibid.* pp. 442, 443.

To return to Geneva, the difficulties in which Calvin was involved on the score of discipline were heightened by the appearance in that city of teachers of heresy, with whom he felt it necessary to deal severely and promptly. Among others was *Servetus*, and the second volume of these letters contains Calvin's own description of his trial and condemnation. The first reference to him is in a letter dated 13 Feb., 1546, in which he says—

'Since my return, at the first leisure that I have had, I have been quite willing to satisfy your desire, not that I have had great hope of late of being profitable to a certain person, judging from the disposition in which I see him to be; but in order to try once more if there shall be any means of bringing him back, which will be when God shall have wrought in him so effectually, that he has become entirely another man.'

This certain person was Servetus, and shortly after Calvin writes:—

'Servetus lately wrote to me, and coupled with his letter a long volume of his delirious fancies, with the Thrasonic boast that I should see something astonishing and unheard of. He takes it upon him to come hither if it be agreeable to me. But I am unwilling to pledge my word for his safety, for if he shall come, *I shall never permit him to depart alive, provided my authority be of any avail.*'*

It is not till seven years afterwards that his name occurs again. In August, 1553, he writes:—

'We have now new business in hand with Servetus. He *intended*, perhaps, *passing through* this city; for it is not yet known with what design he came. *But after he had been recognised, I thought that he should be detained.* My friend Nicolas summoned him upon a capital charge, offering himself as security, according to the *lex talionis*. On the following day he adduced against him forty written charges. He at first sought to evade them. Accordingly we were summoned. He impu-

* The italics are ours.—Ed.

dently reviled me, just as if he regarded me as obnoxious to him. I answered him as he deserved. At length the Senate pronounced all the charges proven. Of the man's effrontery I will say nothing; but such was his madness that he did not hesitate to say that devils possessed divinity; yea, that many gods were in individual devils, inasmuch as deity had been substantially communicated to these, equally with wood and stone. I hope that sentence of death will be passed upon him, but I desire that the severity of the punishment may be mitigated.'—*Ibid.* p. 399.

Writing to the pastors of the church at Frankfort to request them to procure the destruction of all the copies of Servetus' book, he says:—

'There is no sort of impiety which this monster has not raked up as if from the infernal regions. I had rather you should pass sentence on it from reading the book itself. The author himself is held in prison by our magistrates, and he will be punished ere long I hope.'

The opinion of the Swiss churches generally was solicited before the fate of Servetus was decided; and Calvin announced the result in the following letter to Farel:—

'Behold what will give you some gratification! The messenger has returned from the Swiss churches. They are unanimous in pronouncing that Servetus has now renewed those errors with which Satan formerly disturbed the church, and that he is a monster not to be borne. Those of Basle were judicious. The Zurichers were the most vehement of all; for they not only animadverted in severe terms on the atrocity of his impieties, but also exhorted our Senate to severity. They of Schaffhausen will agree. Also, to an appropriate letter from the Bernese is added one from the Senate, in which they stimulate ours not a little. Cæsar the comedian, after feigning illness for three days, went up to the assembly in order to free that wretch from punishment. However, he was without doubt condemned. He will be led forth to punishment to-morrow. We endeavoured to alter the *mode* of his death, but in vain.'—*Ibid.* p. 418.

These letters will not help to remove the blot upon Calvin's fair fame, which the death of Servetus is generally acknowledged to have left. Much has been said to palliate, if not excuse, his fault. Undoubtedly he was not alone in his opinion that Servetus ought to die; but he went out of his way to arrest him. This was, if possible, still more inexcusable than his subsequent condemnation, and in this he acted alone. It is sometimes thought sufficient to say that the death of Servetus was quite in accordance with the spirit of the age. But this is no excuse. The Reformers professed to be above their age; they had light, and professed to hold principles which were entirely adverse to the spirit of their age; and, however just it may be to palliate the failings of Catholics on this ground, the Reformers can put in no claim to such a plea. But it was not the spirit of their age which was at fault, but the belief of their age, and many other ages, in which they shared. They held firmly to the conviction that it is a man's duty to put down error according to the best of his ability; that the nearest approach he can make to this is to contend against what he believes to be error. In this they were right; and not only right, but in earnest. It was work, solemn work, and not mere play with them to battle against falsehood wherever they met with it. They hated it, they resisted it as they would resist its author, the devil. And they fought as men whom God had called to drive all lies from the face

of the earth. For this they deserve all honour, and we have but to lament that they did not attempt it in the right way. But their own efforts were thwarted by two mistakes. They thought it the peculiar province of ministers, backed by magistrates, instead of being the work given to every man to do, and this begat intolerance. And they believed it possible to kill error by killing men; to starve out creeds by starving out their authors in prisons; and to drive away the devil by force of arms. Now, granting the correctness of their premises, we should have no maudlin sympathy with their victims, always supposing that God endowed them with the ability to make a right selection. But with their premises false, and with their own confession that they could lay no claim to infallibility, we can only wonder and lament that such a man as Calvin should have been foremost in an act of cruelty, which was no less a gigantic error than a fearful crime.

We had marked several detached pieces for quotation, but fear that we have already exceeded our proper bounds. We must, therefore, content ourselves with but one or two. The following letter on the search for truth was written to Bucer, who had retired into exile, sadly disappointed at the frustration of those efforts for the reconciliation of the two churches in which he so cordially united with Calvin:—

'Truth is most precious, and all men confess it to be so. And yet, since God alone is the source of all good, you must not doubt, that whatever truth you anywhere meet with proceeds from him, unless you would be doubly ungrateful to him; it is in this way you have received the word descended from heaven. For it is sinful to treat God's gifts with contempt; and to ascribe to man what is peculiarly God's is a still greater impiety. Philosophy is, consequently, the noble gift of God, and those learned men who have striven hard after it in all ages have been incited thereto by God himself, that they might enlighten the world in the knowledge of the truth. But there is a wide difference between the writings of these men and those truths which God, of his own pleasure, delivered to guilty men for their sanctification. In the former you may fall in with a small particle of truth, of which you can get only a taste sufficient to make you feel how pleasant and sweet it is; but in the latter, you may obtain in rich abundance that which can refresh the soul to the full. In the one a shadow and an image is placed before the eyes, which can only excite in you a love of the object, without admitting you to familiar intercourse with it; in the other, the solid substance stands before you, with which you may not only become intimately acquainted, but may also in some measure handle it. In that the seed is in a manner choked; in this you may possess the fruit in its very maturity. There, in short, only a few sparks break forth, which so point out the path that they fail in the middle of the journey—or, rather, which fail in indicating the path at all—and can only restrain the traveller from going further astray; but here, the Spirit of God, like a most brilliant torch, or rather like the sun itself, shines in full splendour, not only to guide the course of your life, even to its final goal, but also to conduct you to a blessed immortality.'

Occasionally we find a gleam of humour in the midst of the serious matter which forms the staple of this correspondence. The French church in London had written to consult him as to the propriety of praying for the bishop of Rome.

'As for the name of the bishop of Rome,' he replies, 'that is a foolish question to dwell upon. We bestow too much honour upon these *horned cattle* in calling them bishops, for the name is too honourable for them. Neither does the title of

Pope any better suit the brigand who has usurped God's seat. The chief practical point of difference is about the form of prayer. I know that we make a due distinction between the individual and the abominable and accursed seat (of the beast). But I do think that those who pray specially for him who bears such a mark of reprobation have surely much time to spare.'

Calvin's influence at Geneva must sadly have declined at the date at which this volume closes; for he writes, with evidently a heavy heart: 'Our Council regard with suspicion whatever we say to them. So much so, that were I to allege that it is clear at midday, they would forthwith begin to doubt of it.'

We have confined our remarks to the letters which bear more particularly upon Calvin's personal history. There are many other letters interspersed of great worth and interest, of which it would be scarcely possible to give any account within the limits of a single article. Amongst those of peculiar interest, we may mention the letters to the Protector Somerset, to Edward VI., to Cranmer, and especially to Melancthon. Great thanks are due to M. Bonnet for the publication of these letters, a work which has all the greater worth, when we know that, notwithstanding the preparations which were made by Calvin himself, the request of the dying Reformer is now for the first time adequately fulfilled. The work would have still greater interest if the letters had been connected by a thread of history, in the place of the brief notes, which simply explain the immediate circumstance which gave rise to each particular letter. Why should not the letters of Calvin be edited, as those of Cromwell have been by Carlyle?

The Fables of Gotthold Ephraim Lessing.

NO. XVIII.—JUPITER AND THE SHEEP.

The sheep was compelled to endure much from all the animals. So it appeared before Jupiter, and besought him to alleviate its misery. Jupiter appeared willing, and said to the sheep, 'I see plainly, my good creature, that I have created thee altogether too defenceless. Now choose how I shall best remedy this defect. Shall I arm thy mouth with terrible teeth, and thy feet with claws?' 'Oh no,' said the sheep; 'I will have nothing in common with those voracious animals.' 'Or,' continued Jupiter, 'shall I put poison in thy saliva?' 'Ah, but,' replied the sheep, 'the poisonous snakes are so very much hated.' 'Well then, what shall I do? I will place horns upon thy brow, and give strength to thy neck.' 'Not so, kind father; for I might easily become as butting as the ram.' 'And yet,' said Jupiter, 'thou must thyself be able to injure, if others are to be on their guard against injuring thee.' 'Must it be so!' sighed the sheep. 'Oh, then, leave me, kind father, as I am. For the power to be able to injure awakes, I fear, the passion of wishing to injure; and it is better

to suffer wrong than to do wrong.' Jupiter gave his blessing to the good sheep, and from that hour it forgot to complain.

NO. XIX.—THE FOX AND THE TIGER.

'I should like to have thy strength and swiftness,' said a fox to the tiger. 'And have I nothing besides which would suit thee?' asked the tiger. 'I don't know anything else!' 'Not even my beautiful skin?' continued the tiger. 'It is as many-coloured as thy nature, and the outward would admirably agree with the inward.' 'Thank you all the same, but I beg to be excused,' replied the fox. 'What I am, I must not appear to be. But oh that the gods would let me exchange my hairs for feathers!'

NO. XX.—THE MAN AND THE DOG.

A man who was bitten by a dog fell into a rage and killed him. The wound seemed dangerous, and the physician was obliged to be called in. 'I know no better means in this case,' said the physician, 'than to put a piece of bread into the wound, and give it to the dog to eat. If this sympathetic cure does not avail, then'—here the doctor shrugged his shoulders. 'Unfortunate, hasty anger!' exclaimed the man; 'it cannot help me, for I have killed the dog.'

NO. XXI.—THE GRAPES.

I know a poet whom the shouting admiration of his small imitators injured far more than the envious contempt of his critics. 'It is sour though!' said the fox of the grape, after which he had been reaching a long time in vain. A sparrow heard this, and said, 'Is this grape said to be sour? It does not look so to me!' He flew to it, tasted, and found it unusually sweet, and called a hundred of his dainty brothers together. 'Just taste!' cried he; 'just taste! The fox calls this excellent grape sour.' They all tasted, and in a few moments the grape was so spoilt, that no fox ever sprang after it again.

NO. XXII.—THE FOX.

A hunted fox saved himself upon a wall. In order to descend safely on the other side he seized hold of a thorn-bush near. He let himself down on it nicely, only that the thorns wounded him painfully. 'Miserable helpers,' cried the fox; 'who cannot aid without injuring at the same time.'

Monthly Retrospect.

SAD and harrowing have been the events of the month that is gone—forming a page in the history of the British Empire unsurpassed for its gloomy horrors, its tales of outrage and massacre, its hair-breadth escapes, and, we gratefully add, its acts of dauntless courage and noble heroism. Our great Eastern dependency has been trembling in the balance, and no mortal man can yet say that, for a time at least, the sceptre of British India has not been wrested from hands that have proved so unworthy the dread responsibility. The centenary of the Battle of Plassey which established our supremacy in Hindostan was, according to Hindoo prophecy, to witness its overthrow. 'The ides of March are come, but they are not passed.' British India has to be reconquered. The petted Sepoy army of Bengal, which we have used to conquer one territory after another, and to dethrone successive native dynasties, is either in arms against us, or is melted away. Is it not a stern retribution upon England for the misuse of ill-gotten power, and the neglect for generations of the glorious opportunities given us by Providence for the regeneration of an Asiatic nation, comprising a hundred and eighty millions of the human race?

It is inexpressibly mournful to see how skin-deep is the civilization we have, in the space of a century, introduced into India. The native army of our Eastern Empire, which, if needed at all, we ought to have inoculated with the spirit of the holy religion we profess, has risen upon us with a ferocity, vindictiveness, and fiendish hate, that admit of but one interpretation. All Europe shudders at the black catalogue of atrocities which daily fill the columns of our journals. But have we not reaped as we have sown? Could we expect to gather grapes from thorns—to expect loyalty and attachment from some hundred thousand of mercenary troops, whose creed is a hideous imposture, based upon the subversion of morality; whose gods are the impersonations of all the vices and all the crimes that degrade human nature? The following description of the Hindoo religion, which the East India Company has so sedulously protected, taken from Mr. Thornton's 'India,' gives us *the key* to those terrible crimes, the record of which is daily pouring in upon us. 'The vilest and most slanderous impurity pervades their mythology throughout, is interwoven with all its details, is at once its groundwork and its completion, its beginning and its end. The robber has his god, from whom he invokes a blessing on his attempt against the life and property of his neighbour. Revenge, as well as robbery, finds a kindred deity; and cruelty, the never-failing companion of idolatry, is the essence of the system. The rites and ceremonies are worthy of the faith; they may be summed up in three words—folly, licentiousness, and cruelty. . . . By the institution of caste it estranges man from his fellows, and shuts up avenues of benevolence; invests one part of society with the privilege of unrestrained indulgence, casting over them the cloak of sanctity, however unworthy—shielding them from the

consequences of their actions, however flagitious; and condemns another to hopeless and perpetual debasement, without the chance of emancipation or improvement. A system more mischievous or iniquitous, better calculated to serve the interests of vice, or destroy those of virtue, seems beyond the power of the most perverted ingenuity to frame.' Who can be surprised if the 'faithful Sepoy,' nursed in this fearful creed, has proved to be a Bengal tiger?

With entire faith that the power of England will suffice ultimately to crush this terrible revolt, and that the work *must* be done if it were only, as Mr. Bright says, to save India from anarchy, it is impossible to shut our eyes to the magnitude and costliness of the struggle. From Benares to Meerut, and from Mhow to Bareilly—a vast territory, comprising Central India, Oude, and several tributary states—the British are masters only of a few detached stations, the country being overrun and plundered by petty rebel chiefs and hordes of disbanded Sepoys. Delhi, the focus of the revolt, has not fallen into our hands, but, defended by thousands of mutineers, who 'fight like demons,' and have an unlimited supply of artillery, threatens to become another Sebastopol. The besiegers are harassed by incessant sorties, which prove both the resolution and military skill of the rebels. General Barnard has, like his predecessor, General Anson, fallen a victim to his responsibilities, and the British army is mainly dependent for reinforcements upon such irregular troops as can be spared from the Punjaub. The rainy season, which has set in, will probably suspend the operations before Delhi, but will equally retard the arrival of the mutinous regiments, including the Gwalior contingent, that are hastening to relieve their brother Sepoys in the city by attacking the British in the rear. Cawnpore, a city of Oude, scarcely less important as a military position than Delhi itself, fell into the hands of the rebels, but was recaptured by General Havelock after three several engagements. Of the fate of General Wheeler and the gallant band that held a fortified barrack in that city we have no tidings, but hope for the best. Sir Henry Lawrence, perhaps the ablest of Indian administrators, has fallen at the head of the forlorn hope that still holds possession of the capital of Oude. Reinforcements of British troops are coming in by driblets, of which the most is made. But we must wait for months ere the 30,000 troops despatched from our shores reach the scene of action, and the revolt can be effectually crushed. Meanwhile, the Madras and Bombay armies remain staunch in their allegiance, and the general population for the most part passive, but ready to cut off fugitive Englishmen, and plunder when it can be done with impunity. A prestige, the growth of a century, is gone from the British name, and has to be recovered by means dreadful to contemplate. The fiendish barbarities of the vindictive and benighted Sepoys have raised a cry of vengeance in British hearts which will require a hecatomb of victims to allay. Humanity turns sick at the spectacle presented by British India, and Christians shudder at the depravity to which our nature can be dragged down by imposture and sensuality. 'No more Sepoy troops,' should be the one unanimous, reiterated demand of all Englishmen who would avert, at some future time, a worse calamity than that which has now befallen our Indian empire.

In spite of the precarious tenure of our rule in the largest and most populous portion of the British Empire, the Parliamentary session has been brought to a close. No one can deny the exhausting labours of the House of Commons during the last few weeks, nor the reasonableness of a respite. If the result be not commensurate with the toil, it is because legislation can of itself do little to make a people virtuous and great. The great Parliamentary triumphs of the last quarter of a century have been the repeal of bad laws. But, on the whole, Lord Palmerston's administrations have something to show as the outcome of their policy in the first session of the new Parliament. Their triumphs have all been in an ecclesiastical direction. Their Probate Bill destroys the vitality of the venerable institution, the Ecclesiastical Courts, by removing from its jurisdiction all matters relating to wills. Doctors' Commons, after a siege three times the duration of Troy, surrenders at discretion to the all-powerful Palmerston. In the Divorce Bill, which was more fully discussed and amended in the House of Commons than any measure within our recollection, compromise has been the order of the day. The Opposition commenced by taking its stand on the indissolubility of marriage, and ended by helping to increase facilities for divorce; ministers, in spite of the protest of 9,000 clergymen against being obliged to marry persons divorced for adultery, started with the resolve to keep them to their bond to fulfil the behests of their master, the State, but finally left them free to act according to their consciences. But incumbents cannot refuse the use of their churches for such marriages, though, if the persons desirous of being married cannot obtain the services of a clergyman, they must perforce go to the Registrar's Office. Dreadful alternative! One of our Liberal journals throws out a friendly hint to the clergy 'on the consequences of weaning the people' from the 'solemn ceremonies' of the Church of England. 'The process is now in operation as to burials, the difficulties interposed by the heads of the Church to the consecration of cemeteries having ended in the use of unconsecrated ground, and the performance of the funeral service by laymen. One by one do the clergy intend to teach people to dispense with their ministrations? Is the marriage service to follow the burial service in the train of disuse?' Of the Burial Acts Amendment Bill, it will suffice to say that a more liberal measure, ecclesiastically considered, has rarely passed the Legislature. It puts a curb equally upon prelatical intolerance and clerical rapacity. The bishop of Oxford, in the House of Lords, impotently striving to arrest its progress, reminds one of *Pope*, in 'Pilgrim's Progress,' sitting at the mouth of the cave, grinning at *Christian* as he went by, 'and biting his nails, because he could not come at him.' To Mr. Dillwyn and Mr. Massey, the Under Secretary of the Home Department, are specially due the credit of perfecting this measure; and when we see the Divorce Bill, the Probates Bill, and the Burial Acts Amendment Bill, a part of the law of the land, it would be unfair to withhold our meed of praise from the Government for their resolute perseverance, and disposition to conciliate Dissenters. The Church-rate question is again postponed. Wisely so—for we can quite believe that the bill which Lord Palmerston had in his pocket would have been no real settlement of the grievance.

Lord Palmerston, with all his want of earnestness, and easy good nature,

has left his Whig rival far behind in the race of competition. Lord John Russell picked up the Jews' question which the Premier, after the defeat of the Oaths Bill in the Lords, had thrown aside for the session. Far better for his reputation had he let it alone, or taken up with Mr. Dillwyn's straightforward proposal to seat Baron Rothschild by resolution. But both his bill to allow each House to put the oath in the form most binding on the conscience of the member, and his committee to inquire whether the Jew could not be admitted by an act which referred to oaths in general, proved egregious failures. The result is, that Baron Rothschild remains outside St. Stephen's, that Lord John retains the question in his own hands, and that Lord Palmerston looks on with cool composure—conscious that *he* can tear up 'the last rag of intolerance' next session, if so minded.

Democratic Birmingham has nobly and handsomely redressed the injustice done to John Bright at the general election, by returning him as the successor of Mr. Muntz. Never did political ingratitude receive a more cutting rebuke than the Midland capital has thus administered to plotocratic Manchester. The re-election of the rejected of the Free-trade city has been welcomed as a national gain. Conservative vie with Liberal journals in expressing pleasure at the re-appearance on the stage of political life of a stalwart politician, who is capable of throwing the light of a clear, penetrating intellect on every subject he takes up, and who has never stooped to be the tool of faction, or given up to party 'what was meant for mankind.' The House of Commons is incomplete without John Bright, who is rather a power than a unit in its deliberations. We can only hope that, by the opening of next session, his health may be so completely renovated that he may be able, without stint, to devote his masculine energies and sound sense to the solution of the Indian problem that will then absorb attention.

The failure of the first attempt to lay down a submarine cable at the bottom of the Atlantic is too important an event, as affecting the future relations of the Old and New World, to be passed over without notice. Happily, it is a failure that has yielded the experience that promises ultimate success. We now know there are no insuperable obstacles to the future completion of the gigantic enterprise. The want of success in this instance is due, not to the unsuitableness of the material used, nor to physical difficulties, but simply to careless manipulation. For a distance of more than three hundred miles the wire was deposited at the botton of the ocean—in one part at a depth of two miles—and kept up complete telegraphic communication between the 'Niagara' and the coast of Ireland. Next year there is every reason to hope that Queen Victoria may be able to send a submarine message to the President of the trans-Atlantic Republic. Meanwhile, the huge cable may be applied to present use by being laid down on the route to our Eastern Empire.

THE MONTHLY

CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR.

OCTOBER, 1857.

Jephson; or, Midnight and Dawn.

A TALE OF INNER LIFE.

CHAP. XX.—THE END IN VIEW.

'JEPHSON thanked God that he might pray.'

So ended the last chapter. But to a true life every goal is a new starting point. And a new world is opened to the man who sees that the throne of the universe is a 'throne of grace.' The resources of the infinite Father are available. He can 'take hold of God's strength.' The fountain of true wisdom is unsealed to him. He can face Eternity; how much more Time! There is no moral achievement beyond his power. For the power to pray is power to conquer, to climb, sometimes to soar. Life and death are both made tributary to him of whom it may be said, 'Behold, he prayeth!'

And now, remembering this narrative is entitled 'Midnight and Dawn,' the reader will probably consider the writer's task to be nearly done. It is time he made his retiring bow; for would there not be some impropriety in carrying on the tale of inner development much beyond the point now gained, seeing that the light which shineth more and more unto perfect day has certainly *dawned* on the mind that knows the blessedness of prayer? True, there are many other matters of grave import on which such a mind as Jephson's was sure to be still exercised; and before he left us for his winter's residence in town, and when he returned to us in the following spring, many such questions were canvassed among us. And could the writer bring himself to believe that the notes of such conversations would interest the reader, they should, in some form or other, be at some future time forthcoming. As it is, however, he deems that his present duty is to prepare for the falling of the curtain on the characters that for so many months have occupied possibly too large a space in this periodical.

The winter was over and gone. God had breathed forth his Spirit and renewed the face of the earth. Children with handfuls of primroses and violets had some weeks since been constantly met in our rambles, and fresh groups of wild flowers were now continually laid on our breakfast table. One had heard the cuckoo; another had seen the first swallow; a third believed he had even heard the nightingale. The fields were covered with buttercups and daisies; the clover sparkled with the morning dew, or sunny shower; and the child that chased the butterfly was often ankle deep in grass. It was time for the artist, whose chief picture was this year hung 'on the line,' to lock up his town studio, bid farewell to the smoky atmosphere of dingy London, with its interminable streets of ugly, unmeaning houses, and see what God was doing where men to mar his handiwork were fewer. And so Jephson was once more amongst us.

One bright morning, when the season was still more advanced, we sat at breakfast in a sunny room that opened to the garden, and beyond which, after two or three meadows in which the sweet-breathed cows were grazing, the hills began to swell and rise; the gracefully swelling chalk hills, with here and there beech-woods clothing their sides, while the upper portions were covered with short, well-nibbled grass, with quantities of wild thyme everywhere, and fern, and gorse, and the children might gather 'no end' of delicate little blue harebells, and, later on, in the flinty dells and hollows, tall foxgloves by hundreds. Jephson had invited himself to breakfast with us previously to another day's sketching, and desirous to press one of the younger ones as a reader to him while he worked. The meal, so charming in the country, with the windows open, admitting the various perfumes of gardens and meadows, and the many rural sounds that harmonize so well with the sweet whole, had not long commenced, when the letters were brought in; and, as Fewston was engaged at the moment in some interesting chat with Jephson, the hand-writing of the addresses and the postmarks were scrutinized by juvenile curiosity before he was at leisure to open them.

'Well, what a funny hand this is!' said one; 'I should think it was written by some scullery-maid.'

'At all events, sealed by one,' said another; 'see, she has used her thimble for the purpose.'

The unpromising appearance of the said missive caused it to be left for perusal till the last, although curiously addressed to 'His Reverence.' But Fewston had scarcely begun to read it before he was glad to make some excuse for retiring to his study, that he might finish it without so many bright, curious eyes upon him. Remaining absent, one messenger came after another to bring him back to the breakfast-room, where he found some difficulty in resuming his former tone. He now somewhat eagerly gave permission for two of the younger ones to accompany Jephson, whose departure was a great relief to his mind, which I suppose was pretty decidedly expressed by the tone in which 'Poor fellow!' was involuntarily uttered as soon as all but the wife had quitted the apartment.

'And why "Poor fellow?"' asked she, somewhat alarmed, as well as surprised.

'My dear,' was the reply, 'think I have received a "private" communication, and, therefore, be so kind as to ask me no question about it for a day or two. God grant that, by that time, my apprehensions at this moment may be set at rest. But, don't be frightened,' he added, as he saw her rising disquietude. 'If I am agitated, it is not on account of anything personal. And you will consult your own comfort, and best secure your naturalness of demeanour, by remaining for the present ignorant of the contents of the letter I have received. However, can you tell me anything about the state of Miss Walter's finances? Do you think she has received any portion of her salary yet?'

'From some trifling remark in her last note to me, I should think not.'

'Then she cannot have much in her purse now.'

'I should say so. But you frighten me. What can be the matter?'

'My dear, let us have faith in God. Mary is infinitely dearer to the heart of her heavenly Father than to any human being. And now let us drop the subject; only, if, without seeming to be unduly inquisitive, or to have any particular motive, you can ascertain from Jephson any of the domestic details that may happen to be mentioned in her latest letter, it may assist me to the clue I want.'

Three days of great anxiety followed, during which Fewston was utterly at a loss how to act. The image of Mary was never absent from him. He saw her in all imaginable kinds of difficulty and distress, while Jephson's cheerfulness, when he came in at night, or in the morning previously to resuming his out-of-door work for the day, did not lessen the load he was obliged to bear and conceal. On the third day, however, having received no further tidings, he took the major into his confidence. He had no sooner read the thimble-sealed letter—which, by-the-bye, was quite illegible in some parts—than he sunk back in his chair, pale as death, and his lips of an ashen hue.

'Good God!' he faintly exclaimed; and could say no more.

Indeed, so thoroughly unmanned was he, and sick at heart, that Fewston had to open the window and dash water on his brow, to revive one who had formerly found nothing but intense excitement in the whistling of bullets, and the exchange of sabre-stroke, and the roar of artillery. It was almost strange, almost unaccountable indeed, that a man of such pith and nerve should, 'for the first time in his life,' as he afterwards said, experience sensations which he thought 'peculiar to the other sex.' When, however, he had thoroughly recovered from this first effect, he passed into a mood which Fewston found still more difficult to cope with; for the Christian was for the moment thrown, and scarcely struggled against old passions, to which once he had allowed unchecked sway; and anger, towering up into rage, and fierce revenge threatened to usurp their former ascendency. The conflict was terrible. His teeth were firmly clenched; his eyes

flashed fire. He stretched out his right arm with his fist doubled, and seemed to find a wild satisfaction in feeling that the strained muscle was hard as iron, and still fit, as he had sometimes said, to fell an ox. He muttered something about his sword and pistols, and cursed himself for a fool. But, with a desperate effort, recovering himself somewhat, and regaining a glimpse, but for the moment only a glimpse, of religious truth and the rule of conscience, he said between his teeth—

'Fewston, it would be a great relief to me to swear!'

'Perhaps so; but a greater, my dear fellow, to remember One who, with all power slumbering in his hand, suffered himself to be led as a lamb to the slaughter, and, though God's undefiled one, yielded himself with meekness to the basest treatment.'

The major sighed once, very deeply—oh, so deeply—and, presently, again; and then became more like himself, though still fearfully indignant; only now with a more righteous indignation. Subsequently, he appeared to think some explanation of his excessive emotion necessary, although Fewston wished to prevent him. And the reader, probably, will deem it superfluous; for, indeed, what he now insisted on disclosing, his paroxysm had somewhat revealed; viz., that if Miss Walter had been perfectly free, he himself might, possibly, have realized what had hitherto been but a day-dream of life with him. But the major was the soul of honour. And not merely of that which consists in outward demeanour only; but, knowing that individuals exist as spirits as well as embodied, he knew that they were capable of being wronged as such; and that their very idea and image in the mind must be guarded and protected against even thoughts and feelings which would be injurious if realized in the outward. But he confessed that it had often cost him a severe internal struggle never for an instant to yield to the temptation of thinking what might have been, had he chanced to meet her before she was the betrothed of his friend. For he 'had never known the woman,' he said, 'whose presence had so instantaneously exercised such more than magic power over him. He had triumphed, however, and always; but this sudden evil, which seemed to have fallen on her, taking him unawares, had laid bare his soul.

It is time, however, that the reader should know as much, or as little, perhaps, as the major and Fewston did. The letter which so powerfully affected him, then, and which I once more draw from my desk, to transcribe for the printer, was as follows (excepting that I have not thought it worth while to retain the peculiar orthography of an Irish servant, or to supply the words that were illegible, and which I leave blank):—

'Honoured Sir,—This comes hoping you are well, as it leaves me at present, only I am very sorry for her, meaning Miss Walter, as I have not seen since she went away, which I don't wonder at, poor lady, nor cook neither; but she remembered seeing your name on a letter she put in the post one day for her, please your honour. Sir, I

had been fast asleep, more by token . . . when I was woke by such . . . another, and I wanted . . . but cook said, "'twas of no use," and . . . her window was open, and she was not nowhere at all, sure, and has not been since. And so I remain, your

Humble servant, NELLY BRIAN.

'P.S. I told Father Tom, who had dined with the Master the day before, and praised the whisky uncommon, but he only laughed, and sung something about, leave 'em alone, and they'll come home. And, sir, I should not stop myself, only he says I'm an ugly brute, more's the pity. And, sir, there was a heap of straw underneath the window, there was, so it would not . . . cook says.'

The only information we could gather from Jephson, without appearing too inquisitive, was, that the lady, whose three children Miss Walter was educating, must have been gone, at the date of this letter, to Kilkenny, on a visit to a brother, who was colonel of a regiment that had just arrived there, after several years of absence in the East. She had taken the two eldest children with her, and, as they had travelled in their own carriage, the coachman was absent, and the house left comparatively lonely. We were already aware that Mary was greatly attached to the lady, who quite fulfilled the vicar's happy expectations, but that every feeling of respect paused there.

The fourth morning terminated our suspense, but without diminishing our solicitude. Vaguely expecting to hear, I knew not what, I had engaged the major to breakfast with us. The scene without was bright and beautiful. The song of the lark blended with the sound of the mower's scythe, and the scent of the newly-cut grass from the fields beyond came in at the open window, with the breath of the garden flowers. But the cloud which, unseen by others, hung over the spirits of two of us, threw its shadow over all the scene. Jephson strolled in before the meal was finished, and had not long joined the circle before he remarked, with a look of kindest concern, that I seemed depressed, and, presently, that the major did not look himself. But, at the instant, the door opened, and, 'Letters!' exclaimed Polly, as she came in, all life; and, looking at the envelopes, said, 'Cork! I did not know that you had any friends living at Cork, pa.'

'Oh, my child,' replied Fewston, 'I have friends in a great many places that you know nothing of.'

'Cork!' said Jephson, quite involuntarily, and instantly looking as if he would recall the exclamation.

'Yes,' said Fewston, when he had read the letter, and capacitated himself for speaking by the relief of a deep sigh, as quietly breathed as he could, although he did now wish altogether to conceal it. 'Yes, I have had dear friends, one, at least, at Cork; and I am not sure but I have two there just now.'

'I'm glad to hear that,' hastily exclaimed the major; and then he, too, looked as though he had involuntarily committed an error.

'Pa, wasn't it Cork where Mrs. Leslie lived? You've often promised to tell us her story; for you said there was a story, you know.'

'Yes, my dear; and, like many of the true stories of life, a very painful one.'

'Her husband died the day before they were married; didn't he?' A question which excited some mirth.

'What, even thinking about Ireland has the bull-provoking power, has it?' said Jephson, laughing.

Fewston was not sorry to have the opportunity of briefly giving the history of a friend who had been called to pass through 'deep waters,' and whose heart had been wrung by a most sudden, and totally unlooked-for death, in the very moment of crowned affection. At the conclusion of the narrative, Jephson sighed deeply, and exclaimed,

'What a terrible lot!'

'Yes, the actual events of life are often very unlike those the novelist invents.'

'And so she never married again?' asked one.

'Never.'

'Ah, she was right,' said Jephson. He sighed in deep sympathy, and presently added, 'One would like to know such a woman as that.'

'Well, if we should go to Cork together, I may have the pleasure of introducing you to each other. Perhaps her sympathies would make her press your hand as tenderly as yours would lead you to greet her gently.'

'Cork! Go together! Sympathy with me! What can you mean?'

'But, papa,' asked the eldest daughter, 'how did she bear the stroke? Oh, I am sure I never could have survived such a dreadful grief!'

'Faith in God, and in Christ and immortality, my dear, has supported many a gentle spirit. He who said to the apostle, "My grace is sufficient for thee," could equally sustain any of us under trials that the heart would sicken only to think of. Eh, Jephson, I am right, am I not?'

He gave me a searching look, glanced at the letter, which I had handed to the major, scanned the countenance of the latter, and looked bewildered. Then, as he once more fixed his eyes on me, trying to read whether or not I had any hidden and terrible meaning, I rose from the table, and said:

'Come, Jephson, my friend, come with me into the study. It is not altogether unsuitable, this reference to Cork, and the story of terribly disappointed love.'

The poor fellow started and turned deadly pale. 'You frighten me,' he said, in a hollow voice. And he staggered rather than walked into the adjoining room. Fewston shut the door, and soothingly placed him in a low chair. He instinctively understood the token, and trembled like an aspen, while the big drops stood upon his brow.

'Be calm, if you can, dear friend,' said Fewston, 'and strong; for you have need of patience; though, I am thankful to say that my earliest fears are, in some slight measure, allayed by the letter from Cork, which has just come to hand.'

'Is—she——dead?' he falteringly articulated, shivering as with intense cold.

'Thank God, no; though I am not sure what the result may be.'

'Make haste,' said he, now impetuously; 'make haste, for God's sake, and tell me all. Suspense is too dreadful. Tell me, if I die for it.'

I will not torture myself by describing the scene of that sad morning; but will relate, in as few words as possible, the additional particulars I had gained by the morning's letter; adding enough from subsequent explanations to enable the reader to understand our anxiety and distress.

Fewston had given Miss Walter, on leaving for Ireland, a letter of introduction to the Mrs. Leslie just referred to, and had also written to the lady direct respecting her; and thus had been somewhat quieted after receiving the startling intelligence of her abrupt departure from H—— House, by the belief that she would at once repair to Cork. So, indeed, she had determined on doing. And, dreadfully agitated as she was at feeling herself instinctively constrained, thus hurriedly and secretly, to depart before day, she had presence of mind enough to possess herself of the letter to Mrs. Leslie, intending to avail herself of it, if necessary. But her purpose was, if possible, to place herself on board the steamer from Cork to Bristol, without delay. Unfortunately, some sixty miles lay between her and the city; and as her finances would barely suffice for the voyage, she unhappily made the journey on foot. Ignorant of the way, and vaguely dreading to be recognised, so that she seldom inquired, she wandered on those hot June days many a weary mile out of the road. On the fourth day, with much difficulty, she hardly reached a cabin she had long seen before her in the distance, when she sunk down, exhausted, at the door. The poor woman tended her as carefully as she knew how; and when, after some hours, she somewhat revived, she remembered her letter of introduction; and, putting it into the hands of the peasant woman, feebly expressed a wish to be conveyed to Cork, which was still ten or twelve miles off. After a good deal of delay a very humble kind of cart was procured, and the kind-hearted Irish woman insisted on seeing her safely to the house she had named. But, before arriving, her revived strength again gave way, and it was in a fainting state that she was borne into Mrs. Leslie's house. After a long time she again became conscious, but only to sink back, in a few minutes, once more into the same state of collapse. When Mrs. L. wrote, although she could announce her arrival beneath her roof, she could not report much that was satisfactory. The physician was convinced 'the mind had experienced some severe shock, and feared the nervous system was too terribly depressed to warrant any hope of speedy recovery; if, indeed, nature did not sink altogether.'

This was the intelligence, then, that came to us on that bright June morning; and while the birds were singing, and the sun shone brightly, and all nature looked a fit accompaniment for only human happiness, Jephson was a prey to all those cruel thoughts, and imaginations, and feelings, which the reader may more easily conceive than I describe.

We all thought he would have lost his reason. For some time he was frantic. And what could we say? We recognised the wisdom of silence. And when the first violence was somewhat abated, the major sat by him, supporting him as tenderly as a sister. Presently, he felt 'able to go,' and wanted to start off at once. But trains and steamers must be consulted; and so, consigning him to the gentlest of feminine care, the major and Fewston withdrew to ascertain the necessary particulars, and consult about arrangements. This was Tuesday; a boat would leave Bristol on Thursday morning, arriving in Cork about noon on Friday. Nothing could be done till the morrow! And then —Jephson could not be suffered to go alone; yet—yet—how could Fewston dream of accompanying him? Does the reader ask, why? My unworldly friend! in this present state there are, alas, many sad obstructions in the way of the good we yearn to do; so that we have to be the more watchful and thankful for the little that we can. To tell the real truth, however, although, as a school-boy, Fewston could have given a very good reading of the *res angusta domi*, yet, as a Nonconformist minister, he could have construed it much more feelingly. Then, how to get 'a supply' for Sunday? &c., &c. However, in the course of the day, one circumstance after another occurred that compelled him to abandon the idea of carrying out the desire of his heart. For this decision some of his 'people' were answerable, though they knew it not. Fewston had his own troubles just then —church troubles, which are *sui generis*, and often as annoying as any one knows of— and when the major begged to be allowed to go instead, his proposal was readily accepted.

The next day they went. Followed by what sympathies, what hopes and fears, from Fewston and his family, the reader may easily guess; although Mr. Deacon Sludge, and his brother Wiggins, with the amiable Mrs. Babbit, and others, who of course heard of their departure, 'hoped to goodness that major and his crony would never come back again.'

And in the pages of the 'Christian Spectator' they never will.

However the partialities of friendship might prompt the writer to linger among other scenes in which his friends shared, yet the laws which regulate 'Monthlies,' and their readers, are as ascertainable and fixed, I suppose, as those which sway the tides, or propel the planets; and the month of 'brown October' is, perhaps, the most fitting one for writing '*Finis*' to an already too-long tale like the present.

Still, there are some inquiries which the reader will, probably, insist on having answered. So I promise to answer a few, provided only three of them relate to Jephson and Miss Walter.

I easily anticipate your first, my amiable young friend: 'Did they find her alive?' They did; but this was almost more than the physician had expected. 'Did she die, then, after all? Oh, do not say, "Yes."' My dear young lady, I have already received several remonstrances against letting the intimations previously dropped of the sonnet-like brevity of her life be realized. But have I the power of life and death? Do you want a tale by a writer of fiction, and all

ending, after approved fashion, with merry marriage bells? Is life, then, arranged, think you, on the plan of a three-volume novel? Or is it but the opening chapter or two of human life, or perhaps, indeed, only the preface, that writes itself in the present state, while the world beyond the veil becomes the chief scene of action? When the noble and the good are withdrawn from our admiring observation, have they gone out like the snuff of a candle? Are they clean perished? Nay, do you think of them as even lying in the grave, and, while the prey of the worm, waiting patiently for some far distant day to re-awaken them? Hearken, I pray you. Hath not Christ conquered death for all his followers? I heard the voice of Him that is true, proclaiming, 'Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that keepeth my saying shall never see death.' And when the angel of the Resurrection pointed to the forsaken tomb of the great Redeemer, and said, 'He is not here, he is risen,' the heavenly words did not then expire and cease; but, being committed, by God's decree, to this living atmosphere, have remained till now as the blessed portion of every one that hath ears to hear; and may still be caught by the listening believer, as he stands by whatsoever tomb where affection has deposited the 'relics' of departed worth.

Such a tomb is that which, a few months after the date of this chapter, might have been seen in the Protestant Cemetery, outside the city of Cork. A short marble cross, of most perfect white, is raised over the grave, which, in the spring of the year, is sweet with lilies of the valley. There is no name, no date, but, in small gilt letters, the words—

SHE RESTS WITH CHRIST.

And if the passer by, arrested by this simple memorial, were just to push aside the grass at the foot of the marble cross, he might trace, in small characters, only two or three inches above the ground, the additional memento, which affection loved to inscribe—

DEAR MARY!

CHAPTER XXI.—VANISHED ALL.

The reader is entitled to answers to his remaining questions. Jephson, as we have seen, had learned to pray; and he could say, 'My Father!' Need I say more? Would it not be impertinently superfluous to tell that his grief was very deep, and very long? And how could the heart of friendship bear to disclose the manifestation of his woe? Could the surgeon lay the body of his own brother, or son, on the dissecting table, and act as demonstrator? The reader will respect real grief so much as to consent that a veil shall be drawn over it:

'For, with a soul that ever felt the sting
Of sorrow, sorrow is a sacred thing.'

Or, need I tell that such a crisis gave a colour to all his after life? As to his subsequent course, it falls not under the title of this tale.

Reader, let him depart. He has completed one circle of his life, which, to such as he, is spiral. Understandest thou?

'Well then, the major?' you ask. He devoted himself to his friend with all the nobleness of his nature; and, having revealed the sacred secret which disclosed itself in the last chapter, Jephson took him into a still closer heart relation. Theirs was a beautiful specimen of what the friendship of two noble men can be. It was, indeed, 'one soul in two bodies,' as Aristotle defines it. The marble monument was a joint memorial of their affection; and, having agreed together on the simple inscription, it was the major who proposed the two words that were added at the base, while their position was the suggestion of the more deeply bereaved one. The major's subsequent course is not to be hinted on the closing page of the narrative; but I cherish his name among my deepest memories, and I know that we shall meet again.

Perhaps Biggins has been too humble a person to awaken any interest. But if any one inquires concerning him, it may be told that the poor fellow paid dearly for the new pleasure he derived from being made free of our circle. The man about whom he came to consult Fewston, when he first made his appearance in these pages—the man 'who had not sat down' for so many months—had determined to 'work the oracle,' as he said, to unseat the worthy little village pastor. And as, about that time, one or two of the *very* 'religious magazines' and newspapers had denounced Fewston as a 'Neologist,' and branded him as 'little better than an infidel,' and poor 'Biggins had been a good deal in his company of late,' and, moreover, had grown somewhat more quiet and reverent in the pulpit, which some folks called, being 'less earnest like,' here was a quite sufficient handle. So Master Grabble, the deacon, took counsel with brother Pukeley, the leader of the singing, and Mrs. Whinnett, the chapel-cleaner; and these, setting to work, made things so uncomfortable, that, eventually, Biggins was glad enough to 'go.' But to the mortification of the Grabbles and Pukeleys (who, I am told, are a large family, and much spread abroad) the worthy vicar engaged him forthwith, as a sort of scripture-reader and itinerant pastor among the poor people on the commons; and, which was a mighty puzzle to some folks, with no restriction whatever on his teaching, or preaching, or —baptizing, even! And the poor fellow often feelingly distinguishes between the Christian gentleman, 'though a Churchman,' and Dissenting 'roughs,' as he irreverently terms the 'Grabbles' of the churches.

'Well, now the vicar?' He kept the even tenour of his way for some years longer, and then 'he was not; for God took him.' To the last he had this testimony, that he pleased God. The stone that marks his resting-place in the retired church-yard of Beechington was erected to his memory by the Dissenters of the parish. He was little of the Churchman, and much of the Christian; and Fewston and he were brethren, till earth was made, to the former at least, the poorer by his removal. But God be praised that—

'Such as he have lived—and died.'

An Invalid's Winter.

(*Concluded.*)

THERE are many negroes amongst the inhabitants of Algiers; the young remarkable, if rarely for beauty of features, yet often for the fine formation of the limbs, and for delicacy in the texture of the skin. The old, on the contrary, both in feature and limb, are something frightful. I feel almost guilty of inhumanity in writing it; yet so they affected me. Some of the Jews likewise present as exaggerated forms of the features peculiar to their race as caricature could desire; while the Jewesses are almost invariably unpleasant looking. In Tangiers, on the contrary, where there is a mixture of Spanish blood in the race, the Jews are, I am informed, a very fine people. But in Algiers, from being constantly treated with all the distinctions of a separate and inferior race, they seem to have degenerated. To return to the negroes. From the fact that the Moors do not permit their young women to go to the mosque, and, therefore, that their religious necessities are left unsupplied, some of the negresses have attained great influence over the Moorish women; seeming, indeed, to occupy the position of priestesses between them and some good or bad power which they attempt either to propitiate or disarm by barbarous ceremonies. At certain wells on the coast negresses meet one day in every week, to sacrifice fowls and perform other rites. To these assemblies some of the Moorish women repair, to have their faces laved in the holy water, and be fumigated by the negresses with incense. But on frequent occasions they assemble in an appointed house; that is, in the central open court of one of the Moorish dwellings, and anyone may easily gain admittance. At one of these I was present, but I should not choose to go again; it left such an impression of doleful, uninteresting horror. Nor were the performances at all such as to be worth describing. They consisted chiefly of intense bewildering noise from half a dozen drums, as many iron castanets, and some other instruments, accompanied at times with a most peculiar shrill whistle, resembling that of a steam-engine, from one or other of the negresses, with which they used to excite others to join in the second principal part of the performance—namely, a kind of frantic and degrading dance, in which at one time they threw themselves heels over head on the ground, and at another crawled backwards, beating time with their hands on the paved floor; or again, belaboured themselves with ropes, and pretended to stab themselves with knives. Whenever anyone seemed going too far, or likely to injure himself, another patted him on the back, and at once brought him to his senses. At length, however, one or two were carried away senseless. This kind of performance, I understand, is usually kept up to a late hour; and in many cases, when the excitement reaches its height, marvellous tricks of jugglery are said to be performed,

though I witnessed none of these myself that were at all wonderful. But the solemnity of the countenances of the performers, and the appearance of earnestness in their work, while it had something ludicrous in it, I yet found impressive and affecting. May it not be, I thought, that even in this there are the first rudiments of the expression of an unknown need? an inward prayer, that is yet so undefined as to take no embodiment in articulate sound, but utters itself in howls and artificial noises? These too are the children of the one Father, and there may be even in these orgies something of prayer that reaches the ear that listens not for the form of the words, but the utterance of the need. And I could not help collating these barbarities with some forms of Christian worship, good enough in themselves, but which when exalted into the place of essential duty, seemed to me equally senseless with these half animal utterances, and far more provoking, as being forced on the attention by persons whose appearance and development in other things seem to justify the expectation of something much farther beyond their negro brothers and sisters. At these exhibitions many Moorish women are present, but they take no other share in the performances than receiving every now and then what seems a benediction, in the form of being twisted by the shoulders from one side to the other and back, accompanied by other manipulations from the negresses; and inhaling now and then the odours of the fumigations proceeding from an earthen sherd with live charcoal, on which incense is sprinkled, and held under their faces.

Very different in purport and effect is the worship of the Mohammedans, to whom, however, the negroes belong, at least in name, although the remnants of old superstitions yet retain a power over them. One fine moonlight night, during the fast of Ramadan, my wife and I set out to walk to the town, that we might see the principal mosque lighted up for worship. Such good order is preserved under the rule of the French, and such is the quiet behaviour of the inhabitants generally, that we were far safer in doing so than we should have been in the neighbourhood of any large town in our own country. The streets were beginning to be deserted as we went through. After passing along a blank wall, within a colonnade in one of the principal streets, for some distance, a gloomy looking door in it, on being pushed open, admitted us into a kind of piazza, which ran round three sides of an open court. In this passage a fountain stood for the frequent washing enjoined by their law. The fourth side of the quadrangle was formed by the open arches of the roofed part of the mosque, which inner part seemed a much larger quadrangle than the outer, and was all divided into small square portions, by lines of pillars and arches, intersecting each other at right angles. The arches running in one direction were all plain, those crossing them ornamented by having the under side cut into many little arches. Along every avenue of pillars, running from the entrance inwards, was suspended a row of oil lamps, consisting of glass basins with floating wicks. These rows, when approaching the opposite wall, began to ascend, and the

lamps were carried gradually up the wall a short way, so as to give the appearance of a long perspective of lights. There were very few worshippers present, and these scattered in little groups throughout the building, but mostly at the upper end, where we heard the low tones of the priest's voice, in listening to which the worshippers now stood, now kneeled, and now bowed low with their foreheads to the ground. Once or twice a Moor, who seemed to have some charge in the observances, waved us away with dignity when he saw us; but we moved to a different part of the building, and had no other interruption to our curiosity. But the most picturesque point of view was the exterior court. Here, the moon shone clear into the court, her light falling upon a large tree in the centre, around which clung the stem of a great vine. As we looked up we saw one of the towers of the mosque rising high above us into the night, with the faint glitter of the moonlight on the glazed tiles which ornamented it near the top, around which was disposed a coronal of dull lamps, like those in the mosque below, and which showed reddish in the pale moonshine. Then on the other side opened the wide, strong arches, with the long rows of lamps stretching far into the distance of the mosque.

Stormy as the season was, the common red geranium had been in blossom in the hedges all the winter through. We had never been quite without flowers; but now, as the spring came on, the new children of the year began to arrive. I am no botanist, and my knowledge of the flowers is like my knowledge of the human kind. I have a few friends, a good many acquaintances—of some of whom I should be glad to be rid—and a vast multitude pass before my eyes whom I have not yet learned to like or dislike. Now, sometimes I come gradually to know and value a flower for what it is; sometimes I love one for the sake of its friends; sometimes I fall in love with one all at once for itself, with a love that never leaves me. It was a mingling of the latter two of these loves that arose in me when I saw first the splendid blue pimpernel of this country. I had been intimately acquainted with its red cousin in England; and that feeling blended with the new love for the blue one. It grows to a great size on the sides of the hills facing the sea; that is, the largest are as large as a small primrose. They grow in great multitudes, and are of a deep, *burning* blue, as an artist friend styled it. A slender, snaky, curled grass, that crept along the ground on the tops of the cliffs above the sea, and moved me with some feeling of repugnance, came out in the spring a delicate little blue iris. Indeed, the iris is a common flower here in all colours. A kind of asphodel is common in the fields; and the marigolds and lupins are likewise in great quantities. The varieties of grasses are very strange and beautiful. The cactus flowers had only just begun to appear before we left; but the acacia blossoms were wondrously rich and lovely, and filled the air around our dwelling with their odours. For ten acacia-trees stood on a terrace by our door; and pleasant it was, with the brilliant moon overhead, leaning down towards the earth, to walk on this terrace, looking

out over the Mediterranean, and hearing the low talk of the sea and the shore, each a mystery to the other, sounding on far below.

When the warmer weather arrived, I ventured inland as far as the town of Medéah, which lies high among the mountains. Two ladies and myself formed the party; and, seated in the *banquette* of the *diligence*, travelled with much enjoyment, first through the plain of the Metidja to Blidah, and next through the gorge of the Chiffah to Medéah. The day after our arrival in Blidah we strolled out through the town, and soon found ourselves in the market-place. Here one of my companions seated herself on a sack of corn, and commenced sketching some of the Arabs present. We left her surrounded by a group of twenty or thirty Arabs, one of whom, grinning with amusement, was half-leaning, half-lying, over another full sack, and presenting his handsome face for the exercise of her skill. In submitting without repugnance to this operation, these Arabs differed very much from those in Algiers, who would rarely, from religious scruples, (representations of the human form being condemned by their prophet) allow their portraits to be taken. Indeed, the same lady had, on one occasion at least, caused the sudden dispersion of a group assembled round a café, by proceeding to sketch it from the opposite side of the street. They hurried on their shoes, rose from their varied postures, and escaped as from an evil eye. Here the men appeared more free, but the women, in one particular at least, less so. For, whereas in Algiers all the Moorish women show both eyes, in the interior the Arab women gather the haik around the whole face except one eye, which you cannot see from the accumulated shade around it. You are hereby delivered, at least, from the sad expression of eyes which, whether from the effect of the setting of white, or from the mystery of concealment, appear invariably beautiful. These eyes are always dark; for, although I have seen blue eyes, on more than one occasion, shining out from these veiled faces, I was assured they must belong to women of Turkish, and not Arab descent. How strange some of our fair Saxon women would look in the streets of Algiers! for the French women are generally dark too. But the dress of the country women is very inferior, of course, to that of those living in the towns. Though when in the street the latter are dressed entirely in white, you can see through their thin upper garments the shining of their gold and blue or red girdles; and the garments are so white that they look ghostly. If you were to see one at the end of a deep narrow passage, emerging from a yet deeper gloom behind, especially if at night, and in the moonshine, you would think of a wandering ghost, or the raising of the sheeted dead. But in the country they seem to dress in the same kind of woollen stuff that the men wear. To return, however, to the morning in question. My other companion and I went outside one of the gates of the town, and seated ourselves on the grass. She commenced sketching, and I began to write a note. A little group soon gathered round us, of which two or three were native soldiers in the French army. With one of these, a fine-looking young fellow, who had been in the Crimea, I soon made friends, by asking him to give me a cigarette;

the most common way of smoking tobacco here, out of doors, being to twist up a little in paper prepared for the purpose. He granted my petition with the greatest alacrity; and, having prepared the cigarette, proceeded, by inserting a corner of his handkerchief, which had no hem on it, in one of his percussion caps, and scratching the powder at the bottom with the picker of his musket, to get me a light. He asserted the brotherhood of the English and the Africans, by laying his two forefingers together, and saying in French that they were all the same. I managed to have a little talk with him in French; after which we exchanged two small coins *in memoriam*, and he presented me with a Turkish one in addition. He then left me, but soon returned, bringing a beautiful bunch of roses, dripping with water, which he gave me. Something within me said, and says yet, we shall meet again.

When we rejoined our companion, whom we left in the market, she told us that after she had finished her sketching, and was going away, one of the Arabs ran after her, and offered her three sous. She asked one who understood French what he meant by it. He said it was to get a cup of coffee with. Their own women have no money, and he had supposed the English women have none either, and wished to show her this hospitality.

The gorge of the Chiffah is threaded by a fine road, one of the many the French have made in Algeria, running along the sides of the mountains, often at a considerable height above the bed of the river. Along the most difficult part of this road, with no parapet on the precipitous descent, and with very abrupt turns, we were driven by a heavy-browed, sullen-faced Moor, the only Moor I remember to have seen driving. To his muscular arm the seven horses he had in hand seemed no more than his four to one of our English coachmen. This part of the journey was very fine; especially one portion, which was crowded on both sides of the ravine with waterfalls of every kind. One of these was very peculiar. It appeared to come right out of the face of the precipice, and after running a little way down, again disappeared, as if it had run back into the rock from which it had sprung. Lovely ferns grew on the sides of the rocks, constantly splashed, and dripping with the clear water that ran from above. Though I dislike minute descriptions of scenery, and desire, with Jean Paul, that my friend should have the power of seeing Nature in large masses, yet sometimes the most intense enjoyment flows from no more than a cubic foot of the earth's bulk. I remember one little insignificant hollow, built of rough stones, and roofed over with a stone, inside which tumbled and gurgled and murmured and glided (I wish I might use the preterite, *glode*) adown the three feet of its height, a plenteous little cataract of clear, willing water; and all the sides of the tiny cavern were draped and purfled and waved with the maidenhair fern, with its black stalks and trembling leaflets. But no descriptive arrangement of scenery is of much use. A single unexpected flash of words may now and then throw a real feeling of the scenery on the mind; but the imagination generally outrunning the intellectual

reception of a description, arranges at its will the component elements of the scene, which afterwards refuse to be displaced, even when the mind is better informed. Indeed, a composition painted to express the general feeling produced in the artist's mind by any landscape, may do more to give a real impression of the nature of a country, in its relation to the higher elements of our being, than the most laborious portrait of real scenes in it, indispensable as these are to a perfect understanding of the whole; because the state of minute observation, the tension of the mind in attending, is inimical to those influences of the whole, which need for their perfection a lake-like calmness and passiveness of the spirit.

It seemed to me noticeable that, both on my companions and myself, the hot south wind from the desert, which prevailed during our short stay at Medéah, produced effects similar to those occasioned by a cold east wind at home.

At length the time came for our return to green grass, and large trees, and grey skies, and the increasing turmoil of confused and confusing progress. On a bright African noon we embarked on board a French steamer for Marseilles. I must mention one man, whose acquaintance I made for the short time it took to cross the Mediterranean, and pass the custom-house at Marseilles. We happened to be seated beside each other at the *table d'hôte* of the steamer. I was struck with his Scotch look, and so were others on board. He had nothing of French about him to the eye, only the ear recognised him as a Frenchman. His motions were British, and he even spoke French with more deliberation than his countrymen. But he spoke English well, though he had never been in England, and had only commenced learning it when at the age of forty-five. He was now sixty-three. I asked him if he had read Tennyson. He said he had not, though he had his works on his book-shelves. 'My name,' said he, 'is Tennéson, only spelled with an *e* instead of a *y*. My grandfather used to tell me that we are of Scotch descent, and that our family came over to France with James the Second.' A most benevolent old man he seemed, attentive and kind to everybody. I happened to express a hope that they would not detain us long at the custom-house, else we should lose the train we wished to go by; which was of some consequence to me, as my purse was nearly empty, and I could not get it replenished before reaching Paris. He said, 'I shall be happy to lend you some; make yourself quite easy about that.' And this, though our routes diverged as soon as we reached our port; and I do not know that he even knew my name. He helped us through the custom-house, got a carriage for us, and sent us away with kindness. His benevolence had a happy combination of Scotch solidity and French politeness.

And now we hastened northward towards our own island; and the skies rose higher, and the stars were paler, and further apart, and more of mystery brooded in the wastes of heaven. For we drew nearer to that region of the North where the old hero, weary that the skies rested on the earth, pushed them aloft, that men might have room

to live and labour. And so more of mystery in the aspect of the heavenly deeps dwells above the heads of the men who toil and struggle, than over the more noble forms of those who lead an incurious and easy life, waiting only for what will come, and never asking what it may be. And if the more busy and earnest had purer faith in the Father of all, a yet nobler and more dignified repose would pervade the spirit; and, working outwards, impart to the visible form a greater majesty of composure than that produced by the unquestioning fatalism of the Arab.

Children.

FIRST, children *are*. They are a great fact. They are not to be ignored. They surround us. They are with us, or not too far from us, in our downsitting and our uprising, by night and by day. They are in this street, and the next street; in my house, in your house, in the house of All-the-world and-his-wife. The children are here,—items in the census, players at street-corners, wearers out of shoes, disturbers of sleep, 'careful comforts,' helpful destructives, tangible, audible, visible, every way undeniable facts.

Passing from the fact of childhood to the reasons of it, we find ourselves adding that children always were; and, passing from the reasons of the fact to its moral consequences, we add, further, that the children always ought to be, and that it would be a sad, bad world (for the one generation of its then possible continuance), without them. I suppose every one of us *will* add this: and yet there is a great falling-off from its old-world standard in the feeling about children. Happy little ones! unperplexed as a mathematic line,—unconscious of political economy as the shuttlecocks you jerk in air, or the guineapigs you feed in hutches, taking no thought for that 'beloved to-morrow' of your elders (to whom it never comes),—eating, drinking, sleeping, and making merry, in defiance of Malthus and John Mill,— hard would it be to possess your minds with the thought that any one of you has come to Nature's table an unbidden guest, and that she 'sternly bids you begone;' that some of our solidest thinkers have taught that in an ideal community, the law would back the ordonnance of 'Nature' by penal statutes against such as carried a 'quiver' *too* 'full of' you! That you never should consider yourselves from the economic point of view seems *à priori* very probable, for it might stunt your growth, and make you uncomfortable. That you never do, I know, and every parent knows, for a positive fact. How long is it since one of you asked me for leave to buy and keep 'a buck and a doe'—meaning a pair of rabbits—and, in the same breath, to procure him a horse? Taking such delight in the thought of surrounding himself with life,

and never reflecting that life cannot be supported without means, that labour must supply the means, and that the human capacity for labour is finite! A type of you all was that little boy. If our countenance to you-ward has changed somewhat, not so yours to us-ward. Still you trust us, open-faced and clear-eyed, as when two of you followed the wicked uncle into the wood so 'quiet for the slaughter:' still you look up to us with boundless confidence in our wits, our arms, our purses; asking, that you may receive, knocking, that it may be opened to you, taught by the sure instinct implanted by One who is above Nature,—whose is the earth and its fulness,—who knows nothing of 'vacant tables,' and 'unbidden guests,' though He does of the 'ruffian gluttony' which forestalls honest hunger at 'the feast of life'—or drives it away.

Lord Bacon says that the tendency of Atheism is to degrade man by making the up-looking eye and the aspiring trust impossible. 'Observe,' he says, 'a dog, and mark what a generosity and courage he will put on when he finds himself maintained by a man, who to him is instead of a God, or '*melior natura*;' which courage is manifestly such as that creature, without that confidence of a better nature than his own, could never attain.' But this idea may be turned round. Observe (one might say) a man; and mark what a generosity and courage he will put on, when he finds himself the '*melior natura*' to a child who looks up to him. O beautiful complication in the web of our little lives! The nobler for honouring the weaker vessel, and the stronger for the child that clutches at his skirts, a man finds it good that he should 'lift up' sometimes, as well as 'look up.' I do not speak of a child as a motive to exertion, or of anything so utilitarian. I am thinking of the subtle *virtus* of generosity which flows from the child to the child's elders in their intercourse. It is among the immortally true and touching common places which no one turns from saying '*autrefois dit*,' that in the company of little humanities there is a sweetly cordial exhilaration, and a contagious atmosphere of simplicity, that must be reckoned among the most important sources of moral regeneration to grown people—that, in truth, it would be, as we were saying, a 'sad, bad world' without children.

Something of mystery and wonder, something of loveliness and pathos, clings to the beginnings and re-beginnings of things, in all inanimate nature and in all life. Before parasitical uses or warping customs have assailed the new-created thing, while the memory of the marvel of its emergence from infinity is fresh, and its future is almost as vague as its antenatal past, how sacred and how beautiful it is! Maturity is a broad table-land, measurable, traversable, fertile, of significance soon spelt out, where *this* is for one use, and *that* for another, and the beginning and the end are clear; but the infancy of things is an upward slope from nothing, of which the precise beginning may not be definable, and the precise incline not soon measured. The great, broad river is useful; the sky-bound sea is sacred; but sacred, too, the little fount at the mystery of its source, haunted by immortal creatures, white-footed and clear of eye. Nor sacred

alone; but beautiful too, like the spring, or the early morning, or childhood. The sacredness and the beauty too are touched with a cunning hand in these verses (of which I do not know the author):—

'TO AN INFANT SMILING AS IT AWOKE.

After the sleep of night, as some still lake
  Displays the cloudless heaven in reflection,
And, dimpled by the breezes, seems to break
  Into a waking smile of recollection,
As if from its calm depths the morning light
Called up the pleasant dreams that gladdened night,—

So doth the laughing azure of those eyes
  Display a mental heaven of its own;
In that illumined smile I recognise
  The sunlight of a sphere to us unknown;
Thou hast been dreaming of some precious bliss
In other worlds—for thou art new to this.

Hast thou been wafted to Elysian bowers
  In some blest star where thou hast pre-existed;
Inhaled the ecstatic fragrancy of flowers
  About the golden harps of seraphs twisted;
Or heard the nightingales of paradise
Hymn choral songs and joyous harmonies?

Perchance all breathing life is but an essence
  Of the great Fountain-Spirit in the sky,
And thou hast dreamed of that transcendent presence
  Whence thou hast fall'n; a dew-drop from on high—
Destined to lose, as thou shalt mix with earth,
Those bright recallings of thy heavenly birth.

We deem thy mortal memory but begun;
  But hast thou no remembrance of the past,
No lingering twilight of a former sun,
  Which o'er thy slumbering faculties hath cast
Shadows of unimaginable things,
Too high or deep for human fathomings?

Perhaps, while reason's early fount is heightening,
  Athwart thine eyes celestial sights are given,
As skies that open to let out the lightning
  Display a transitory glimpse of heaven;
And thou art wrapt in visions all too bright
For aught but seraphim or infant's sight.

Emblem of heavenly purity and bliss!
  Mysterious type, which none can understand!
Let me with reverence approach to kiss
  Limbs lately touched by the Creator's hand:
So awful art thou, that I feel more prone
To ask thy blessing than bestow mine own.'

I can conceive moods of mind in which this kind of apostrophe would appear exaggerated; but I should hope such moods as that in which the poem was written occur sometimes to all of us. In the 'holiness' of childhood I do not believe, but that the teaching of intercourse with children is a religious teaching is a most true and

Christian idea, which mountains of profane rhapsody (such as some of our Poetasters have piled up) cannot smother, any more than they can rob the lilies of the field of the glory wherewith the Lord of glory clothed them anew for all time, or take from woman the honour which has waited on her steps since Jesus loved Mary and her sister Martha.* Nor is the sacredness which clings to the untried life of the very young a theme likely to be *practically* overdone. There is usually enough gravitation in our position with our children to keep us from dangerous flights of sentimentality. And, in truth, the beloved little ones supply a moral discipline somewhat severe at times, and almost always enough to ballast the poetry they bring with them.

I remember an anecdote about Boswell 'drawing out' Johnson by putting the fantastic and uncomfortable hypothesis of his finding himself alone in an uninhabited place with a little baby,—'What would you do, Doctor?' 'Why, sir,' says Johnson, 'I would feed it,—and should wash it with warm water to soothe it, and not with cold water to fret it.' Now, familiar as is the image of the great man in undignified attitudes,—bearing home a poor woman on his back, or carrying cat's-meat up Bolt-court,—it *is* hard to think of Johnson performing the functions of a nurse. But who doubts that he would have done it in the case supposed? Or who doubts that anybody else would have done it? The imperativeness of the wants of children it is, which teaches the most ease-loving and unhandy of us lessons of self-renunciation and service we might otherwise have to learn in paths where no flowers or fruits of affection grew among the briars of painful toil. The ukase of a Czar is not half so despotic as the need of a little child. 'Attend to me, or I perish'—that is what it says; and we do attend, at any cost to ourselves; without, however, calculating consequences much. It is almost appalling to think of the adult wear and tear that go to the rearing of one child—broken nights, fevered days, aching heads, redoubled cares, and toils prolonged.

* Even this is not safe from the profane finger of spasmodic cant. The last volume of Poems contains—

'A Mary, with *meek eyes of blue, (!)*
And *low, soft answers*, gently drew
The weary Christ to Bethany,
When no home on earth had he.'

The despicable bad taste of this has, I believe, prevented any one from noticing something else in the passage—the palpable 'reminiscence' of a line in Tennyson's Lady Clara Vere de Vere—

'O, your sweet eyes, your low replies!'

I have, however, seen two parallels to the profanity of this allusion: in one case, it was said that Christ sang the hymn before going to the Mount of Olives 'with a *mellow* voice;' and in the other, that the Jews 'his *tender* body slew.' I have occasionally heard from the pulpit not dissimilar sentimentalisms in comments upon the more pathetic passages in the Gospels; and Watts is not blameless—

'There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume,'

is in abominable taste.

And it is all gone through, I dare not say cheerfully and unwearily at every moment, but quite ungrudgingly, and with no thought of flagging. The toil is borne, the headache comes and goes, the rest is broken again and again, but the child grows, and is happy, and the lesson is learnt and quietly woven into the texture of the character. What is more, over and above our transcendental dithyrambics about antenatal visions, and

> 'That outer murmur of the infinite
> Which unweaned babies smile at in their sleep,'

men with incumbrances sometimes go off into homelier and more genial raptures; as thus:—

> 'TODDLING MAY.*
>
> Five pearly teeth and a soft blue eye,
> A sinless eye of blue,
> That is dim or is bright, it scarce knows why,
> That, baby dear, is you;
> And parted hair of a pale, pale gold,
> That is priceless every curl,
> And a boldness shy and a fear half bold,
> Ay, that's my baby girl.
>
> A small, small frock, as the snowdrop white,
> That is worn with a tiny pride;
> With a sash of blue, by a little sight
> With a baby wonder eyed;
> And a pattering pair of restless shoes,
> Whose feet have a tiny fall,
> That not for the world's coined wealth we'd loose,
> That Baby May, we call.
>
> A rocker of dolls with staring eyes
> That a thought of sleep disdain,
> That with shouts of tiny lullabies
> Are by'd and by'd in vain;
> A drawer of carts with baby noise,
> With strainings and pursed-up brow;
> Whose hopes are cakes and whose dreams are toys,
> Ay, that's my baby now.
>
> A sinking of heart; a shuddering dread,
> Too deep for a word or tear;
> Or a joy whose measure may not be said,
> As the future is hope or fear;
> A sumless venture, whose voyage's fate
> We would and yet would not know,
> Is she whom we dower with love as great
> As is perilled by hearts below.
>
> Oh, what as her tiny laugh is dear,
> Or our days with such gladness girds!
> Or what is the sound we love to hear
> Like the joy of her baby words!
> Oh, pleasure our pain and joys our fears
> Should be, could the future say,
> Away with sorrow—time has no tears
> For the eyes of Baby May.'

* The verses are by Mr. W. C. Bennett, who is the author of a little of the prettiest child-poetry in the language.

These homely raptures (for they are nothing less than raptures) over our children are more than a counterpoise to our homely troubles with them.

But, beside this, and besides the good they do us in keeping fresh before our eyes the sacred mystery of life, in softening and clearing our minds by their simplicity and spontaneousness, and in supplying a practical discipline for the affections,—how often in public and private history have children proved the most unanswerable of negotiators, the most eloquent of peace-makers? Hail, childhood, the reconciler! For the healing of a deadly feud, commend me to the silent intercession of a child. Dread redoubts of hate, a generation old, have fallen before the touch of tiny fingers that knew not what they did. Family quarrels and shameful prides,—how many of such things, think you, are every Christmas quelled by the mere production of little humanities three feet high? It is an old trick to put *them* in the front of the battle; everybody sees through it; but everybody lays down his arms rather than take aim athwart them. A child is an appeal to the common humanity which goes straight to the mark and strikes deeper than any other. I might write a book on childhood considered merely as a social institution for the alleviation of the effects of bad passions in adult age, and a good big book too, full of anecdote, from cosmopolitan sources!

But childhood has another function of a mediatorial character. 'What is the meaning?' wrote to me once a friend, 'of this unceasing march across our planet of child-life, which appears but to pass away?' In other words, what end is served by the countless children who die so early? One end is soon said. For every beloved innocent the dark, cold river bears away, it loses some of its terror to mourning breasts. What! can we fear to follow where these tender blossoms of our love have floated away in our sight? Are they not part and parcel of our very selves, life of our life, blood of our blood, and shall we not be eager to reclaim them? It seems to me that to those from whom God has taken a child, death must be an infinitely tenderer, gentler, less loathsome thing than to others. Not only is there the remembrance of the hostage on the other side of the current, but thenceforward the dark wave is spanned by a trail of sweet, soft light, that does not pass away; and there is even the thought of cowardice if we flinch from what our beloved have borne before. Nor are we entitled to fling away any consolation or any courage we can gather from the varied suggestions of human affection under the pressure of its losses.

I have always been of opinion that adults are habitually unjust to the young. When I was a child I had strong, *i.e.*, strongly painful, thoughts upon that subject, and sometimes I used to express them. 'Wait,' said my seniors, 'till you have children of your own, and you will change your opinion.' I have waited, and have children of my own, and have, most emphatically, *not* changed my opinion. Few are they who are fit to be trusted with irresponsible power in any shape, and the irresponsible power of the nursery is hedged round with semi-barbarous conventionalisms. How often do we make the pleasure

or convenience of children give way to our own for purely selfish reasons; *i.e.*, how often do we, with all the love we bear them, prefer our own interests to theirs, *only in right of the strongest.* When very little I was once one of a party looking out of window at a passing pageant. There was not one of my elders to whom I would not have given way of my own accord; but many of them rudely pushed me aside from time to time, in order to get a better seeing position for themselves. There was no reason for this, but that they were bigger and *could* do it, and a little boy was, conventionally, nobody. It did not mend matters that they made a pretence of being anxious that I should see, or that I had, perhaps, a notion that I knew better than they did what I was looking at. But I have, you perceive, never forgotten the occasion, and it may serve to illustrate my meaning when I say I think adults are frequently unjust to the young. Sometimes when I am tempted to say to my own child, 'My boy, make less noise!' I think, again, thus—'My boy has his rights, why should he *not* make a noise?' And if I can find no better reason for silencing him than my own pleasure, I do penance, and bear his clatter. This, again, will show my drift; and I may say, in passing, that the way not to feel any inconvenience from the loud gaiety of children is to join in it, or, at least, to sympathize with it.

I am aware that there are children who never do make a noise. I mean the variety known as Spinsters' children. Those Arcadian innocents have other peculiarities. They never break your sleep—they have been 'trained to know better—a judicious system, sir, goes a long way with children.' They never fall down stairs. They always take their physic with cherubic faces. They do not cut their fingers with clasp knives while making 'boats,' or tumble and make their foreheads black and blue and knobly while 'playing at horses.' They never break mugs, upset inkstands, spoil pens, tear books, rend pinafores, lose peaks off caps, spend their little funds on unwholesome articles of food, never offend timid persons with infantile *brusqueries*, never forget a word of their hymn, and, like the little boy in 'Jane Eyre,' prefer learning a Psalm to having 'another nut.' But a great deal is lost with these children, in consequence of 'the judicious system, sir.' For example, they never fall down stairs. Now, one of the finest things I know of is the inveteracy with which all children *but* Spinsters' children fall down stairs without hurting themselves. There was once a sailor in war-time who fell from the mast-head, and, being too proud to confess the fact, treated it as a deliberate feat of his own, exclaiming, 'There! show me any of your lubberly French swabs that'll do a trick like that!' Children do things quite as wonderful every day and take no credit for it. The phrenologists tell us that the child's head shows an extraordinary development of their organ of 'cautiousness,' and that, in consequence, it goes to the brink of a thousand perils, and comes off scot-free where even the superior intelligence of an adult would not save him. I fear Spinsters' children are so carefully kept out of mischief that they supply no studies of this sort to the observing mind.

Of children's literature, I have not space to say much; but I think the pictures of child-life in current child's story-books bear about the same relation to real child-life as the Minerva Press novel of fifty years ago did to real adult life. Take a very favourable specimen, Miss Wetherell's capital little story of 'Casper.' It is one of the very best child's books ever written, but even there we meet such unnatural incidents as a little girl breaking off a conversation to begin a hymn about—

'I want to be an angel,'

and a little boy flinging himself on the ground in a passion of tears! How different the talk of children from the talk the story-books put into their mouths—how much more bold, more free; how much less categorical, and how much more pointed and unsparing! We have long ago given up the idea of teaching adults by stories in which the life is all rose-pink, and poetical justice comes with the last page, and people talk in balanced antithetic sentences, but we have yet to carry the principle of a healthy naturalism into the writing of child's story-books, in which the 'moral' shall transfuse the incident, instead of being tagged on.

A still more serious evil in our children's books, and in much of our professedly religious teaching for chtldren, is its barefaced secularity and mercenariness of spirit. I do not believe that the nature of a child is necessarily lacking in true heroism. I do not believe it is essential to the loveliness of virtue in its eyes that the gilt gingerbread should always be at hand with which to dazzle it. If we cannot touch the right chord, let us say so, and confess our own weakness; let us recognise that the truth of God does not dwell in us so mightily that we can fire the child's heart with a live coal from the altar; but in default of capacity to do better, let us not offer it gilt toys. I wish my child to have true views of life, and will keep from him, as I would poison, such books as make 'success' the necessary climax of right conduct. I am sorry to have to say that *that*, and one other reason of mine, will exclude the bulk of the so-called religious story-books, for it is in them that the mercenariness of tone of which I complain is most flagrant. The other resolve is this,—that I will keep from child of mine, all books of the 'lovely death' school, books in which little boys and girls are represented as in haste to die and 'go to glory.' They are false, false, false—and foolish! A child should be taught to prize life, and to live to God: a lesson not easily gathered from the whimpering sentimentality of the early-dying school.

There is one word more. I think that dried propositional teaching upon religious subjects is bad while the child is very young. When, after a little lecture from me on the being and attributes of God, my little one muses and then asks 'if God made muffins,' I see I have been making a serious mistake. By the contagion of sympathy in public, and still more in private worship, the child will catch truly religious ideas, before he can be expected to think them out for himself, or to assimilate your thinkings.

A

Robert Robinson, once of Cambridge.

FROM 1759 TO 1790.

NO. III.—CONCLUSION.

We have sufficiently indicated our antagonism to many of Robinson's sentiments, and to much of Robinson's temper. In the first he seems to have gone wrong with a chuckle of pleasure, as melancholy as it was unbecoming, in order to avenge himself on his 'orthodox' Baptist brethren; and in the second he was often fiercely intolerant to others, and in unmistakable Saxon told his opponents how immeasurably he despised them. Here is a characteristic specimen, and yet there is a vein of real good sense running through all this tirade; writing to a friend in 1787, he says:—'I have disposed of this summer in repairing and painting my house, in receiving company, and in a month's retirement; and I have made one observation; I never had so much company successively, in so short a time, in my life, and I have remarked only a few of the many ministers who are sincerely studying the New Testament, the four Gospels I mean. I want a man who vindicates the book, and ascertains the fact, that the history of the incarnation is not an addition, and this by sober, just criticism. I do not want authority of great names. I want reasons to convince my understanding. I want one who gives one the genuine doctrine of the four Gospels before the Epistles were written; a man as familiar with Palestine as his own country; with Herod, John, and others of that day, as with George III., and Pitt, and Fox. I do not want a quoter of texts, and a *packer of ecclesiastical news*. I want a sound logician, who knows how to reason, and is no novice—a cool, deliberate, honest disciple of Jesus, who pauses, and weighs, and admits the refining fire of inquiry to burn freely. Ah! my friend, what a falling off is here! Instead of possessing treasures of wisdom and knowledge, alas! we are asked one question, and *we gape like dying rooks;* and yet *we* are set for the "defence of the gospel, and the Lord Jehovah is wonderfully with us." As for mere squirrels, that jump, and frisk, and crack nuts, they divert me, for in my eye their idiotism is the seal of their salvation. But I hate your cat-o'-mountains, that hiss and scratch out harmless people's eyes. Brother, let us not be mischievous by our tempers; let us not be Jack-no-bodies by our idleness and inactivity. Let us begin to study at the feet of our quiet and mild Master.' Once again we quote;* if our readers think we quote too much we must reply that we are anxious to allow the true character of Robinson to be revealed, and revealed through the medium of his letters—for when does a man, like the hydra polype, so completely turn himself inside out, as when he sits down in a genial mood—being '*savage*' with others is quite consistent with thorough genia-

* Letter written about a year before his death.

lity—to write a confidential letter, or, in other words, to blow off the steam? Speaking of the 'orthodox,' he says, 'The difference between them and us is, they represent us as enemies of Christ, and treat us accordingly; but we take them to be babies in Christ's family, patiently hear their babblings, and only will not suffer them to govern the family. What they are about you, I know not; but here they are the greatest gossips, the busiest censors, the most zealous calumniators, in the county. *I had rather* believe all the heresies stirring, than rob one man of his character*, or injure in any degree my fellow-creature. By faith Calvin, barbarous Calvin, burnt Servetus, and by faith, that false, drunken debauchee, St. Augustine, obtained a good report; and their followers make nothing of a holy life, but like their masters, cry up faith, in their nostrum, to heaven. In a free country, what occasion have we to be gulled so; let us return to the purest ages, before such troublers of the world had uttered their oracles, and let the oracles of God be our faith, and the life of Jesus our model of living. Such are my wishes for the biggest fools among my orthodox neighbours.' We must confess to a strong dislike to all this 'sort of thing.' Light things lightly, grave things gravely, and serious things seriously, is our motto. If Augustine was a 'drunken debauchee,' and of this *we* can judge as well as Robinson, and unhesitatingly contradict so wide an assertion, he ought to have been thought of with tenderness, and wept over as one would weep over a morning star that should fall from heaven, and be quenched for ever in the abysmal waves of a bottomless sea. But we don't believe that Monica's son was, *after his belief in Christ*, a 'drunken debauchee,' or anything approaching to immoral in 'faith' or life. Great injury is done by this reckless joking on religious matters. Truths become half-truths, and half-errors become whole errors, in consequence.

We have alluded to a crushing sorrow that fell upon Robinson, and to this we again refer, because it throws light upon the closing scenes of his sadly chequered life, and makes us believe that the last sermon on the Trinity, the 'burlesque,' as Priestley called it, was the result of mental failure, and that within at 'eventide it was light.' Three years nearly before his death he lost his daughter Julia—and we shall allow him to communicate the intelligence, believing that our readers will excuse the length of the quotation:—'Our hopes and fears concerning Julia ended in her departure on the evening of the 9th inst. You, I know, foresaw it. For my part, I wilfully blinded myself; I could not, I would not believe it could be, but it was, and I have felt it, and ever shall feel it. Saturday she sat up and seemed better, gave me a drawing of a moss rosebud for my watch, and ate two slices of the breast of a goose and some green peas. Lord's-day, worse. Monday, worse still. Tuesday, up in an easy chair, and put again to bed more than twenty times a-day, yet she ate a bit of hare for

* We recommend this honest speech to all whom it may concern, and there are many it ought to concern, who believe that strong prejudices are consistent with weak principles, and who prefer scientific theology to true morality.

dinner. At seven, I gave her a night-draught, which she took with eagerness, and said, she would not take anything more to-night, but go to sleep. Presently she said, "Nancy, kiss me." Nancy kissed her, and Patty. Reclining her head on the pillow, she added, "Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit," and without a struggle, a sigh, a groan, or any unpleasant appearance, fell asleep! Oh! Mrs. T.—the picture is in my mind. I shall never lose it!

> "Turn, hopeless thought, turn, turn from her;
> Thought repelled, resenting rallies, and wakes all my woe."

Julia was the beauty and pride of my family. She was straight as an arrow, five feet ten inches high. A dark eye, like fire, and an oval visage, full of sensibility and sweetness. A complexion like the lily tinged with the blush of the rose. She had a fund of sterling wit, and a wise, grave reason that directed its use. . . . No suspicions invaded her serene bosom, during a gradual decline of three years; on the contrary, often would she exclaim, "His tender mercies are over all his works! Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" She had felicity enough to enjoy, and to communicate, and her sisters, who always waited on her, said, "Father, Julia is an angel!" My heart! my aching heart! She *was* an angel. Ah! too true! She had wings, and flew away. Do, dear Mrs. T., forgive me. It eases my grief to write to you—

> "As on some lonely building's top
> The sparrow tells her moan;
> So, far from tents of joy and hope,
> I sit and grieve alone."

I am not offended with the good Father in heaven. I have no fears about the lovely spirit of the departed. But will the great Being be angry with me for perceiving, when my family assemble, that David's place is empty? How wonderful are God's ways! My mother at ninety, with a complexion and a vivacity proper to seventeen, goes into mourning for seventeen, decrepid, departed, decayed!'

There is an exquisite tenderness about this letter; it may not be all everybody could wish; but it is the natural overflow of a father's heart, calm and submissive, without pretentiousness to a higher heroism than the subjection of his will to the will of God, and every way preferable to the marble stoicism of John Foster's letter on the death of his son. This sorrow was amongst the 'list of blessings infinite,' which Robinson, like many of us whose 'hearts have bled,' have placed amongst the foremost. Evidently, it was good for Robinson thus to be afflicted. About a year after 'Julia's death' he writes thus to a friend:—'Oh, how good God is to me, and I, with all these advantages, how unprofitable to him! Best of Beings, my Father and my God! Thy perfections are the base of my hopes. In thee I live, in thee I move, in thee I have my being! To thee, and to thee alone, be all the glory!'

Soon after this, he himself was removed; his heart was sore broken; by easy stages he set out from Cambridge to fulfil an engagement at

Dr. Priestley's chapel, Birmingham, from which place he never returned. We make no speculations about matters that lie beyond our range of vision. While speaking in animadversion of much in Robinson's career, we must distinctly avow our conviction that Robinson was driven out of his own denomination by its narrow-minded bigotry and ignorance, and that he took refuge with 'Socinians' more because he sympathized with them as a 'persecuted sect,' than because his mind reflected their theological tenets. He was succeeded at Cambridge by 'Robert Hall,' '*a person*,' Mr Dyer patronizingly assures us, 'of *very respectable talents*.'*

As Robinson's entire works are not very commonly to be found in ministerial libraries, we shall bring these papers to a close by giving a few extracts from two of his sermons, as illustrative of the characteristics to which we have alluded. In his justly celebrated discourse on the 'History and Mystery of Good Friday,' he says:—

'On these just principles I take up Good Friday where I find it, as part of the established religion of my country, and I modestly inquire the authority that made it so.

'A few old women refer me to the fourth verse of the twelfth chapter of Acts for the word Easter, and I return the compliment by referring them to their grandsons at school, who say, St. Luke wrote *passover*. I could, were I inclined to revenge, be even with these old ladies, by telling the tale of Lady Easter, Ashtar, or Ashtaroth, a Sidonian toad; but I am too busy and too placid now, and I take my leave of this goddess, and also of the godly translator, who profaned a Jewish fast by nicknaming it after a pagan prostitute, and laid the blame on innocent St. Luke.'—Vol. ii. p. 153.

Following this smart little fusillade, he opens the following fierce broadside, in which are some very wholesome truths, forcibly put. Robinson was a man greatly in advance of his times; his idea of men being kept '*in perpetual employ*' is far sounder in morals and in political economy than the sentimentalism of the present day, that is everlastingly maudling about the 'working classes,' and their need of relaxation, cheap trips, and various 'little goes' of amusement at other people's expense. To such an extent is this carried in some of our manufacturing districts, *especially in Manchester*, that the 'working classes,' that is, the men and women who have *less to do, and are better off by far* than small tradesmen, junior clerks, governesses, dressmakers, *et hoc omne genus*, most thoroughly believe that they have a right to all religious, educational, and other social advantages, for nothing. Practical Communists, the so-called 'working classes' are being quietly educated into habits the most inimical to a healthy national development of that reliant greatness which made our fathers what they were, 'giants in those days,' simply because they *did for themselves* what we now tell the people we will do for them.

'But the people derive great advantages from festivals. Good God, is religion magic! What people derive advantages from festivals? They who never attend them? It is notorious the poor are not to be found at church on Easter and

* Mr. Dyer is an odd specimen of a biographer. In another place he tells us that one of Robinson's friends was 'the Rev. J. C. Unwin, who afterwards became *tutor to the children* of Cowper, the ingenious author of the "Task."'

Whitsun holidays. Inquire for the London populace at Greenwich, and for the country poor at the sign of the Cross Keys. To say they might reap benefits, and they ought to pay for the liberty, is equal to saying, the sober populace might get drunk at the Dog and Duck, and they ought to pay the reckoning of those who do. Whatever advantages they derive from church holidays, many of their neighbours derive great disadvantages from their sinking 50*s.* annually to support them. This poor fellow should pay 30*s.* a year rent for his cottage, but the landlord never gets it; yet he would thank him to pay his rent by ten days' work for him. He can pay no rates to the parish, nor any taxes to Government; yet were he allowed to earn 50*s.* a year more than he does, he could pay both and save money to buy a pig or a bullock, or firing too. He owes something to the doctor for physic, and something to the shop for food, debts contracted in lyings-in and illness: he can pay none of these driblets; yet he could pay all, were he allowed to earn 50*s.* a year more, and to deposit it for payment of debts in his master's hands.

'Moreover, he got drunk on the feast of the Epiphany, which he, a heathen, called Twelfth Night, set up a score at the ale-house, rolled in the dirt, spoiled his clothes, lost his hat, fought with Sam Stride, who sent him a lawyer's letter, for which he paid 6*s.* 8*d.*, besides a guinea to Stride to make it up; and on the same night he gave Blue Bridget 1*s.* 7*d.* for the liberty of leaving a bastard to the parish; magistrates were tormented with warrants and oaths and depositions; peaceable subjects with the interruptions of riot and debauchery; the whole business of the parish stood still, and the industrious were obliged to pay, out of their honest gains, the whole expense at last.

'What! it will be said, would you keep these people in eternal employment, and allow them no holidays? I would keep them in perpetual employ. Six days they should labour and do all they have to do, the seventh being the Sabbath of the Lord their God; the clergy should so perform divine service, as to engage them voluntarily to choose to fill a religious assembly; their children should be catechised, and rational and agreeable pains should be taken to instil the great principles of religion into them; they should be taught a practice of piety, and a course of virtue; religion should be unmasked and exposed in its own beauty to their view; at present it appears to them an unmeaning encumbrance of expensive forms. Their infants are questioned and sprinkled; their wives pay 1*s.* and are churched; they are generally funny at a wedding, and feel no expense but the ring; they eat cross buns on Good Friday; they are merry at Easter and mad at Christmas; they pay small tithes through life, and are buried in form when they die; and they call this the Christian religion, in the best constituted church in the world, and abuse all who think otherwise as knaves and fools, ignorant of God and disloyal to the king! As to holidays, let the poor take as many as they can afford, and their masters can spare. Far be it from us to wish to abridge their liberty, or diminish their little enjoyment of life; but let us not make religion of their gambols, nor enrol their pastimes among the laws of Jesus Christ.'—Vol. ii. pp. 172—175.

With one more extract we conclude. Robinson had been annoyed by the behaviour of some undergraduates in his chapel, and accordingly he victimized, very calmly and thoroughly, his 'young gentlemen,' in a wonderful sermon, 'On a becoming Behaviour in Religious Assemblies;' from which we select two passages:—

'On a *becoming behaviour* in religious assemblies. When a young gentleman came first to college, finding no amusement in books, manuscripts, experiments, or any of the riches of literature, he must be amused by the oddities of Cambridge, among which old Hussey, the Presbyterian parson (as the cant of that day was), always numbered.

'Away a posse went to meeting, and in defiance of statutes and proctors, they would publish all along the streets they were going to have a little fun with the preacher. Arrived at the house they would bang the doors, stalk up the aisles,

fling themselves on the sides of the pews; just come from country schools, many of them from charity schools, they thought to give themselves airs were the marks of good breeding. One with a *lack lustre eye*, with a vacant countenance, and a harmless heart, would toss and twirl and play with his cap, and then tired with that amusement would walk off. A second with a *brazen brow and an iron sinew*, if the minister mentioned a word which was not in his school dictionary, would swear he never heard such a word in his life.

'A third, who thought he must act some part, would laugh, and for want of discernment to know where, would often laugh when he ought to have blushed. A fourth, with *eyes full of adultery* (I use St. Peter's language), would stand on tiptoe, stare at all the ladies in the meeting, and sometimes, lost to all decency, would peep under the women's hats. Do you wonder, my brethren! that there have been instances of the good women's losing all Christian patience, and before the whole assembly slapping their faces! Ought that young gentleman to complain, who one day mistaking an old for a young woman was knocked down by the old lady for his impertinence? These were the glorious virtues of academic politeness at that time of day. Whether the modern practice of hunting for the preacher as astronomers hunt for Jupiter's moons with magnifying glasses were then in use, I cannot tell. If it were I should think nothing would justify it, for if students' eyes be worn down with hard night-reading and writing, they should remember that they come to divine worship rather to hear than to see; besides, if *spectatum veniunt* (they come to see) be allowed, *spectentur ut ipsi* (they come to be seen) ought not to be refused, and would not that have been, think you, a very edifying sight! Some hundreds of people worshipping God by spying one another's features through glasses, the preacher in his turn spying them all!'—Vol. ii. p. 253.

'Let us never dissemble nor be ungrateful. We derive an advantage from even such as these; an advantage great enough to induce us to waive every power, which college rules, university statutes, and the laws of the land give us over such culprits. It is never necessary for Dissenting ministers in this town to teach their people reasons of dissent. Why should you puzzle yourselves, my brethren, with reading or hearing long dissertations on church discipline? Why compare the established hierarchy with the apostolic simplicity? Why trace this subject through the writings of your Owens and Godwins and Wattses and Doddridges? Behold a more popular way. Look at these members—members, yea, ministers of the Established Church. *These are thy gods, O Israel!* Behold your reasons of dissent held up in your places of worship to public view in characters of brass! *engraven with the pen of iron in the rock for ever!*'—Vol. ii. p. 265.

Here we close an already too extended article. The writing of it has been an exceedingly pleasant task, and as we lay down the pen, we earnestly entreat our readers to procure a complete copy of Robinson's works, six vols. 8vo, *if they can;* and having procured them, all that we have said in their praise or dispraise a perusal will certainly justify. There are very few books in which are such masculine vigour, such pure English, and such wondrous acquaintance with Scripture; very few books of its kind, in which are such learning, genius, and wit combined, notwithstanding the levity and approaches to profanity we have emphatically deplored.

W. G. B.

The Law Abolished but not Destroyed.

'Think not that I am come to destroy the law; I am not come to destroy.'—*Christ*, Matt. v. 17.

'Having abolished the law of commandments contained in ordinances.'—*Paul*, Eph. ii. 15.

DISCREPANCY and contradiction are words familiar enough to any one who has ever opened a book of biblical criticism and hermeneutics, whether written from a hostile or friendly point of view. Every thoughtful reader of the Bible, too, has met with what at least seem to be discrepancies, and has been puzzled to reconcile and explain them. The infidel has made the most of these. They have saved him much trouble, and furnished him with some of his most plausible arguments. But really the infidel has nothing to boast of, and the Christian has nothing to fear, from the discovery of all the discrepancies and contradictions that can be found in the Bible. It has been said that the Bible is the most contradictory book in the world. In a sense we believe this, and thank God for it. These contradictions, as they are called, are to our minds strong proofs of its divine origin, and among the most valuable of the elements that distinguish the Bible. *Men* can seldom write that which is even seemingly contradictory, without writing what is false; *God* alone can so discern the essential unity of propositions which seem to exclude each other, and which we cannot reconcile, as to teach us the highest truth under the form of seeming contradictions. Contradictions, even in appearance, are what men are generally most careful to avoid, hence they are seldom, if ever, found in creeds. The consequence of this, however, is not that these creeds embody the whole truth, but that they are contracted, one-sided, or false. The contradictions of the Bible are frequently appealed to as valuable evidence that the writings are genuine, and that there was no collusion between the authors. We admit the force of this, though it is not an argument that a believer in plenary or verbal inspiration can honestly employ. But they have a value far greater than this. They are there because either they must be there, or the truths revealed in the Bible could never be taught at all. In these seeming contradictions we perceive God's method of conveying infinite truths to finite minds. The truth, revealed by Christ, must at first be presented in parts; it cannot, in words at least, be placed before the mind as a whole. These parts at first sight appear to forbid any attempt to unite them. God sees their union, though a finite mind at the outset can only discover their distinction. *We* also shall see their union when as the result of believing study we look at them from the same point of view as God; but not till then. If this be true, we were right in saying that the discovery of these contradictions gives to an infidel nothing to boast of, but rather furnishes a striking proof that the Bible is of God, and reveals the highest of all

truths. Paradox may be a ground of objection in matters within easy reach of the human mind, but beyond the limits to which our mental powers reach with ease, the greater the paradox the greater may be the truth, and contradiction is the only form in which truth belonging to this higher sphere can be revealed at all.

We may find in this a fatal objection to nearly all creeds. They are so carefully constructed as to present no apparent contradictions. They are *too consistent to be true.* They are not fair copies of the Bible which they profess to represent, and for the sake of smoothness and polish they have been robbed of truths often quite as important as these which they contain. The compiler of a creed is sure to leave out what seems to contradict his system, even though God may have placed it in the Bible as an important element of eternal truth.

We have found it a most useful exercise, which we commend to our readers, to classify and examine carefully some of these contradictions. The mere habit of looking at both together without further inquiry as to how they could be reconciled, has often brought out in strong relief a truth entirely overlooked before. Their very dissimilarity has brought distinctly before the mind the higher truth in which they both agree; and to secure this result they only need as in a stereoscope to be laid side by side. Moreover, even where this result is not attained, the mere attempt to force into harmonious combination the seemingly discordant statements, the positive and negative elements of the word of God, will at least bring out some views of truth not seen before, or bring into clear perspective important truths of which only the most shadowy outline had previously floated before the mind. We have attempted this with the passages quoted at the head of this article, with what success our readers must judge for themselves. We do not profess to have brought out what no one has discovered before; but we have avoided a very common plan of reconciling apparent discrepancies, and think it impossible to do this without advantage. The ordinary practice is to say: A cannot mean so and so, because B says so and so; and B cannot mean this, when A says that. The result is, the retention of the smallest modicum of truth common to the two. The plan we have sought to adopt is this: A must mean this, for B says that, and *vice versâ*, and the result is, that we explain away nothing that is stated on either hand, but hold fast and amalgamate the whole.

The Saviour has abolished the law, and yet has not abolished it; it is abolished, but not destroyed. A common explanation of the relation between these two statements is, that Christ came to fulfil the law in his own life, that he obeyed it once for all for every one of his followers, and, therefore, they are released from its demands as well as from its curse; in other words, it is *abolished for them*, but was *fulfilled by him.* But this would really be destroying the law; for if the law has no relation to us, Christ has destroyed it. This, however, is as much opposed to the teaching of Paul as to that of Christ, seeing that he expressly declares the purpose of Christ's work to be that the righteousness of *the law might be fulfilled in us.* Another explanation

is founded upon the distinction between the *moral* and *ceremonial* parts of the law. The part abolished (the law contained in ordinances) is supposed to be the ceremonial law; the part not destroyed (*the* law), the moral. But this distinction is thoroughly arbitrary, and rests on no scriptural foundation. Every part of the law is moral in its essence, and every part, even the ten commandments, has something that is ceremonial in its form. Such divisions are quite inadmissible, and by no means meet the case.

There is no difficulty in ascertaining in what respects the law *has been abolished*. Its *outward formal precepts and arrangements have lost their force*. Not only is there no temple, but priests and services, ceremonial uncleanness and legal purifications, have all ceased. No sacrifices burn on holy altars. No festivals summon to holy places. No sacred men, on sacred days, in sacred places, now minister to the Lord; the *priest*, the *temple*, and *the holy day*, have ceased to exist. Again, its force, *as a law*, is entirely gone. No Christian goes, or ought to go, to the Old Testament for the principles or precepts of his life. Whether the law be found in its most concise form on the two tables of stone, or expounded and expanded by Moses at the foot of the Mount, or still further elaborated in the second law, it is no longer binding upon Christian men. Christ might quote some precepts with approval, apostles might require of the Christian that he should obey them, and we may now, to a great extent, make the precepts of the law our rule of life. But not because they are written in the law. Christians often make most egregious mistakes here. If you venture to assert that the ten commandments are not binding, you are met with the exclamation, What, is it lawful to steal and murder, and is the seventh commandment not binding still? To all this, however, we reply, No, it is not lawful to steal and murder, and yet the ten commandments may not be binding. These were sinful before the commandments were heard of, and would still be unlawful if they were forgotten. All that we contend for is, that the rule of life, the arbiter of right and wrong, is to be sought elsewhere, and not in any law of commandments contained in ordinances. 'The law is not made for a righteous man.' 'Thou shalt,' and 'thou shalt not,' are words of a past dispensation, the signs of that which has passed away. This seems to us, then, the abolition; not only as a series of ceremonies, but as a body of precepts—in other words, *as a law* it has lost its force, and is completely done away.

If this be the case, then, how can it be true that *it has not been destroyed?* There is no difficulty in understanding the words of Christ, 'I came to fulfil,' and most expositors take this expression as the measure of the other, and thus avoid the less obvious part of the subject. No exception we think can be taken to the ordinary interpretation of the words—namely, that, *as a whole*, it was strictly obeyed by Christ, whilst all the *symbols and types* which pointed to the Messiah received their complete fulfilment in his life and death. As the representative of a humanity, which was bound to obey the law and yet had broken the law, he both obeyed its precepts and paid its

penalties, bore its curse and merited its blessings. And this he did exclusively and entirely as man's representative. He paid its penalties that they might not be exacted of us; bore the curse that it might not fall on our heads; merited the blessing that we might receive it; and obeyed its precepts, not, as the common interpretation runs, that we might be exempted from them, but that we might learn from him the lesson, and receive from him the strength, to obey it too.

This last we regard as the Saviour's unmistakable meaning, that he was not about to exempt his followers from obedience to the law, but *to teach them and help them to render the truest obedience;* and it is this that we wish to place side by side with the apostle's words, 'He has abolished the law.' A simple and general explanation strikes us at once if we accept Paul's own definition—'love is the fulfilling of the law;' for if the whole law is fulfilled in this, Christ, by his perfect work and the gift of his Spirit, has made it possible for us to render the only perfect obedience that ever was rendered by man to the law of God; and thus the abolition of the law has led to the fulfilment of the law in its highest sense, and the only sense about which God ever cared.

But the fulfilment of the law even in us does not stop with the vague and general notion of love. There is a *special fulfilment* secured by the gospel of the most minute of the *special precepts* which have been abolished. All the minor details of the Mosaic law are grouped around a *peculiar law of sacredness.* The most prominent object was to keep distinct the holy and the unholy; and to effect this an arbitrary and artificial sanctity was established and enforced for a time. Sacred men and sacred places, sacred days and sacred deeds, constitute the marked pecularity of the law as distinguished from the gospel. This is all abolished, but how is it fulfilled? There is no difficulty in answering this.

The *sacred place is gone:* 'The hour cometh, and now is, when ye shall neither in this mountain nor yet in Jerusalem worship the Father.' Yet surely Christ does not teach that no place is sacred to the Lord. He cannot mean that the Jewish temple gave currency to a delusion and proclaimed a lie. On the contrary, he has unfolded what the temple set forth in symbol, that the whole earth is sacred now that the curse is removed, and all places equally are holy ground. Cathedral or conventicle, palace or peasant's home, city or closet, green fields or groves, all possess the same sanctity. God meets with them that love him as readily in one scene as in another, and does *not*

> 'Make a more delightful stay
> Where churches meet to praise and pray.'

The sacredness of the temple taught that the place where God meets with his people must be holy. Christ confirms this lesson, and teaches farther that that is everywhere. *The shutting up of the temple was the consequence of its own teaching,* the accomplishment of its own design, and thus the law was by the same act abolished and fulfilled.

Again, the *sacred order, the priesthood, is gone.* We take it for

granted that no reader of this magazine supposes that there is any analogy or connexion between the pastor of a Christian church and a Jewish priest. No doubt the work performed by a Christian 'minister' is sacred work, but it is sacred because he is a Christian, not because he is a minister, and it is not a whit more sacred than the faithful service of the humblest and most obscure of the disciples of Christ. Have the *priests* of the temple, then, no representatives in the Christian Church? They are not represented in Christ; for he is simply the antitype of the *high priest*. Yet *they* must also have their place in the Church of the New Testament, for we may assume it as an invariable rule that everything which can be regarded as an essential institution of the law, will be reproduced in a higher form as an essential element of the gospel also. There is at all events no exception here. The priesthood is fully represented. The high priest is Christ; the priesthood generally is the universal priesthood of Christian men. No sacred order is *set apart* from the rest to the service of God, just because all Christians are set apart from the world to do the work of the Lord. No special caste monopolizes the ministry, because all in their several places are alike *ministers of God*: 'ye are a royal priesthood.' Abolished the priesthood may be in all its narrow limitations, but it is abolished only to be realized in its fullest and most glorious sense, for *God's own priests are now through Christ all God's people*. He has made the priesthood co-extensive with his Church; and thus again is the law by the same act abolished and fulfilled.

The *sacred days have also ceased*. Sabbaths and festivals, pentecosts and passovers, have all, in a certain sense, passed away. This is clearly expressed in the apostle's injunction, 'Let no man judge you in respect of a festival, or of the new moon, or of the sabbath days.' It is true that the Christian Church, with one consent, still sets apart a seventh day for the public and united worship of God, and in doing this is following the example of apostolic churches, and can appeal to the sanction, if not to the example, of apostles themselves. But we no longer attach any peculiar sanctity to *the* seventh day, the only day to which sacredness is ascribed in the word of God. And though the custom of the disciples and the early Church to assemble on the first day of the week is clear and undisputable, and our practice therefore has all the support which such an example can give it, there is not a syllable in the New Testament in which that day is referred to as a *sacred day* in the Mosaic sense of the term. What (we fancy some reader exclaiming) has Christianity taken away from God his sacred day? Is not this robbing God? Stop a moment, gentle reader, we think we can turn the tables. We do not believe that the Christian system robs God of any sacred time, as we shall presently show. But if the Sunday be the only sacred day recognised by the Christian Church; if this be the true and only substitute for, not sabbaths only, but the Passover and the Pentecost, the new moons, the feast of Tabernacles, the great day of atonement, the sabbatical year and any other times that were pronounced sacred under the Mosaic law; then the Christian does give less time to God than the Jew, and we repeat the

question, is not this robbing God? Moreover, we ask again, can that be a correct view which leads to the conclusion that the sanctity of time was more fully recognised by the law than the gospel, and that life is less sacred, and a smaller number of our days belong to God now than before the Saviour came? As we understand the teaching of the New Testament, Christ has abolished times and seasons, and taught us not to 'observe days, and months, and times, and years:' *not to diminish, but to increase the number of our holy days;* in other words, to exhibit all days as holy to the Lord, and to bring us to regard our whole life as not our own, but his. We do not think that the New Testament represents the Sunday as less the Lord's than Christians generally believe it to be. But if we read it rightly it teaches plainly that the other six days of the week are far more the Lord's than most Christians imagine, and that he has a claim on those days, which is not properly recognised even in the Church of Christ. This again, though not the explicit, was yet the implicit doctrine of the law itself. The sacred seasons taught the holiness of time; Christ has developed their meaning by exhibiting the holiness of all time. They taught that *days* could be and should be consecrated to God; Christ has expanded the truth they embodied, and shows to us, who follow him, that *every day in the life of a holy man is alike holy to the Lord.* Thus again is the law unfolded in the gospel, and Christ by the same act has abolished and fulfilled.

Lastly, the same principle may be discerned in *the abolition of sacred deeds.* Apart from the minute precepts with reference to the actions of every-day life of which the law is full, we find constant injunctions as to the performance of acts of peculiar sacredness. Ceremonies for cleansing the unclean, journeys to the great assemblies, and the frequent presentation of thank-offerings, peace-offerings, and burnt sacrifices, must have occupied no small part of the life of every Jew. These have been all abolished, and what has been substituted? Where shall we look for the sacrifice and service of Christian men? Not merely to his hours of devotion, his prayer and praise, though these stand justly highest in the estimation of every believer. Christian service, as we understand the gospel, embraces every act of life which a Christian performs 'to the glory of God.' He 'presents his body a living sacrifice;' 'whatsoever he does he does it heartily, as unto the Lord;' and this is the highest ideal of worship and sacrifice of which we can possibly conceive. *The Christian does not perform fewer sacred actions than the Jew, but more.* No act could be sacred to the latter but those which were prescribed; every act may be sacred to the former, if he himself be sanctified, and seek in all the glory of God. Thus again, though the law has passed to give place to the gospel, it has only been abolished as the bud ceases to exist when it opens into the flower. The particular is absorbed in the universal; the exception becomes the rule; and the law by the same act is abolished and fulfilled.

This subject, doubtless, admits of being pursued into further details. But we have written enough, we hope, both to exhibit the

perfect harmony of the words of Christ and Paul, and also to show how such combinations bring out distinctly to light important views of truth, which may before have been hazy and obscure. And as in this case a thoughtful and intelligent examination leads to the result, that fulfilment in the true sense required abolition, and therefore entire abolition was the very opposite of destruction, so may we confidently hope that in every case the honest student who is stimulated to research by difficulties and apparent descrepancies, will be rewarded for his pains, not only by the removal of whatever perplexed his mind, but by the discovery of truths which he could never have discerned apart from the contradictions and difficulties which he was anxious to remove.

Church-rates Refused.

It may be within the recollection of most of our readers, that in the month of July last a deputation of noblemen and gentlemen, headed by Lord Shaftesbury, waited upon the Premier for the purpose of laying before him certain statements purporting to be based upon the return of 'Church-rates Refused,' moved for by Lord Cecil, and presented to the House of Commons in the early part of the present session. Amongst other statements made by the deputation was one to the effect, that only 408 out of 8,672 parishes in England and Wales, or about 'five per cent.' of the whole number, were proved to have refused church-rates. This assertion, when first made, considerably surprised all classes of politicians. It is believed so to have influenced the Premier as to have caused him to reconsider his engagement to bring in a bill for the settlement of this question during the current session. Dr. Foster, on behalf of the Religious Liberation Society, endeavoured to counteract its effect by exposing the imperfection and inadequacy of the returns. The Church party had a perfect 'glorification' over it—the 'Record' especially treating its readers to a series of articles, written in a ludicrously jubilistic strain on the weakness of Dissent, and the staunch attachment of Englishmen to Mother Church. As to the deputation, they appear to have retired into private life, evidently believing that they had settled the question for ever, and that no one would again dare to lay hands on this great buttress of the Establishment.

Now, we are sorry to spoil a triumph of any kind, but in this instance truth and justice demand it. Since reading the report of the interview of the committee of laymen with Lord Palmerston, we have taken the trouble to go through the whole of '8,672' returns, and we have found them to tell a very different tale to that to which Lord Palmerston listened. The assertions made by the committee of laymen are false in every particular. They have neither given the number of parishes correctly, nor have they stated their case in any

way so as to make a truthful impression. Reading the address of the committee, one would imagine that ninety-five per cent. of the parishes of England and Wales were in favour of church-rates, and that these imposts were still upheld by the opinion of the great body of the people. We find the truth to be in the one case exactly the reverse of this, and in the other so glaringly at variance with the statement of the committee, as to excite the greatest surprise that any respectable body of men could commit themselves to such an assertion. How the case really stood at the date of the church-rate returns will be found from the following summary, in which the parishes are grouped in counties, and the populations of both classes of returns given:—

SUMMARY OF RETURN OF 'CHURCH-RATES REFUSED,' ETC.

COUNTY.	No. for.		No. against.	
	Parishes.	Population.	Parishes.	Population.
Bedford	80	57,932	15	39,605
Berks	110	98,752	12	21,873
Bucks	122	83,486	18	22,100
Cambridge	80	67,225	26	37,014
Chester	89	175,347	28	151,994
Cornwall	121	215,264	36	80,174
Cumberland	91	113,113	4	4,471
Derby	122	116,615	18	53,079
Devon	294	339,185	81	133,336
Dorset	171	79,034	19	29,693
Durham	77	279,350	7	57,105
Essex	269	201,597	30	83,764
Gloucester	209	208,035	40	121,959
Hants	214	176,641	19	141,216
Hereford	134	61,859	6	10,382
Hertford	85	95,512	9	17,622
Huntingdon	55	38,496	12	7,996
Kent	284	364,249	23	116,987
Lancaster	111	175,236	89	1,259,024
Leicester	164	102,159	13	70,678
Lincoln	376	226,144	42	57,736
Middlesex	67	482,162	40	628,384
Monmouth	77	91,690	10	74,287
Norfolk	316	233,120	68	65,161
Northampton	185	92,950	32	67,496
Northumberland	64	133,472	11	123,347
Notts	141	100,612	21	113,026
Oxford	163	103,755	15	14,228
Rutland	29	15,734	1	500
Salop	189	162,359	3	31,100
Somerset	341	266,813	22	59,391
Salford	120	197,094	45	322,602
Suffolk	201	192,799	45	33,549
Surrey	101	231,695	12	84,471
Sussex	200	151,145	16	76,963
Warwick	145	99,935	26	258,994
Westmoreland	46	50,267	3	19,595
Wilts	191	141,416	10	22,479
Worcester	130	131,408	16	99,840
York	523	631,749	103	1,117,020
TOTALS	6,677	6,657,341	997	5,360,301
WALES	413	423,908	133	265,750
England and Wales	7,090	7,081,249	1,130	6,126,151

This, as will be perceived, gives a widely different result to that published by the Committee of laymen. Instead of only 408 parishes being returned as having refused church-rates, we find no fewer than 1,130 where they were not levied. These places contained a total population, according to the 'Blue Book,' of 6,126,151; the parishes levying rates containing only 7,081,249. But this is not all the truth. The 'Blue Book' on which this summary has been based is deficient in returns from three or four thousand parishes, containing a gross population of 4,720,209. We know for a fact that in many of these parishes church-rates have for years ceased to be levied. The returns do not include Leicester; they omit a great part of Reading, the greater portions of Southampton, Bristol, and many other large towns, where public opinion is well known to be against the continuation of this iniquitous system. Indeed, as far as we have been able to ascertain, the omissions are nearly altogether on the side of church-rates refused, so that we are justified in saying that church-rates are levied with the consent of only a small minority of the inhabitants of parishes. The utmost number that the 'Blue-Book' accounts for is 7,081,249, the population of England and Wales being 17,927,609. This, we take it, is a little less than '95 per cent!'

The table we have given will be sufficient to indicate the character as well as the number of the parishes ranged on the two sides of this controversy. It will be noticed that the average population of parishes approving church-rates is not quite 1,000; while the average population of those refusing is rather more than 5,000. The *intelligence* of towns being generally pretty fairly proportioned to their population, it will be seen at a glance on which side of the question the more advanced portion of the community is ranged. As a further illustration of this mode of argument, we subjoin an alphabetical list of the principal towns in the kingdom where church-rates are now abolished. We take them from the Parliamentary Return, where they are arranged according to their counties:—

Aberdare.	Chatham.	Leicester.
Amersham.	Devonport.	Liverpool.
Alberstoke.	Dowlais.	Leominster.
Almondbury.	Falmouth.	Lancaster.
Ashton-under-Lyne.	Frome.	Luton.
Aston.	Gateshead.	Manchester.
Blackburn.	Halifax.	Maidstone.
Bolton.	Hartlepool.	Middlesborough.
Bury.	Hitchin.	Melbourne.
Birkenhead.	Hanley.	Merthyr.
Bowden.	Huddersfield.	Norwich.
Bristol.	Illingworth.	Northampton.
Basford.	Jarrow.	Newcastle.
Brighton.	Kendal.	Nottingham.
Bradford.	Keighley.	Newport, I. W.
Birmingham.	Kirkheaton.	Oldham.
Chelmsford.	Kildwick.	Plymouth.
Cardigan.	Kirkburton.	Poole.
Carmarthen.	Leeds.	Portsea.

Rochdale.	Sainford.	Wareham.
Reading.	Sheffield.	Whalley.
Southampton.	Swansea.	Wigan.
Stoke.	Tynemouth.	West Bromwich.
Stroud.	Trowbridge.	Walsall.
Stockport (partial).	Wisbeach.	Worcester.

And the following amongst Metropolitan parishes :—

Chelsea.	St. Pancras.
Clerkenwell.	Christ Church, Spitalfields.
St. George's-in-the-East.	Mile End Old Town.
St. Mary, Islington.	St. Philip's, Stepney.
St. Paul's, Knightsbridge.	St. Sepulchre.
St. Anne, Limehouse.	St. George's, Southwark.
St. Margaret's, Westminster.	

These places will be acknowledged to be, without question, the most important in the kingdom. They include almost every county town and large borough, and they represent the greater portion of the religious, the moral, and the intellectual activity of this country. And their political power, as we judge Lord Palmerston will be made to feel, is quite equal to their intellectual; and, we have no doubt, will be found amply sufficient to carry a bill for the total and unconditional abolition of church-rates as soon as Parliament shall again meet. Meantime, we think it will be advisable, in order to counteract the effect of the statement of the Committee of Laymen, and to strengthen the hands of the advocates of abolition, both within and without the walls of Parliament, to give as wide a circulation as possible to the actual facts regarding the rates now refused.

Christian Fables and Parables.

THE PREACHER AND THE CHANDLER.

THE Herr Predigir Gustig was sometimes tauntingly demanded of touching the results of his labours. A chandler, at his counter, as he put up his commodities in coarse whity-brown paper, often jeered at the preacher, and vaunted his scales and weights as the real tests of things. Alas! what could Herr Gustig show?

One day as he went on a solitary ramble, with down-drooping head, a good spirit imperceptibly opened his understanding to understand the voices of nature, and also to interrogate. When, lo! just as the Herr Predigir was awaking up to the sense of this new faculty, he heard the chandler on the other side of the hedge, and so thought of the chandlery taunts that had often pained him. Thus it happened, that when the avoir-du-pois man was gone out of hearing, Herr Gustig demanded in the nature-language, where was the dew of the passed-by summer? What had become of the rain that had fallen last year?

Whither had gone the clouds of the preceding week? What remained of the lark-song of yester morn? What existing trace was there of the manifold fragrances of the spring? To what end had the apple-blossom blushed so maidenly, and the cherry-trees arrayed themselves in vestal white? What sign had the west winds of last month left? What memorial the rainbow?

The music of the replies filled his soul; and he went home with a brighter eye, a stronger heart, and a more elastic step; and when asked to state the upshot of all his brain-and-heart dew and mind-and-spirit exhalations, he only smiled patiently. But it was observed that the thought-and-spirit giver-out no longer sighed and drooped his head as of yore. Neither did he wish he were able to wrap up solid tokens of money's worth in whity-brown paper.

Mem.—I admit having written this for the English meridian, as it is well known that in the Father-land such a species of demand as the commerce-and-solid-pudding-living English indulge in would never be conceived of. We are accused of being dreamers, but we never dreamed anything like *that!* Possibly, it is one of the results of the too-exclusively, or at least unduly, cultivated talent for the practical which characterises the worthy islanders.

THE TROUBLESOME BABY.

A babe was born in a certain household. Sweet, though pensive, was the welcome-smile of the parents, and great the joy of their heart-friends. But, alas! great also the grumbling of others. 'Drat the child!' [Der Teufel hole das kind!] said a surly servant. Said another to the youngest child, 'There, now, your nose'll be put out of joint! Who dy'e think'll *care* anything for you, now?' 'Troublesome brat!' ejaculated a third. To be sure there was a good deal of crying, and much ado; and ever so many new arrangements had to be made, which involved sundry displacements. But the children of the family exulted over their new-come brother, till one would have thought the little stranger was the light of the dwelling, so they left all the grumbling to hirelings, who, having overheard the word 'light,' nick-named the little innocent, Neulicht *i. e.*, new-light. But the father said that it was often so in a far more important 'household' than his; and afterwards he used to ask his friends, why another truth lodged in the mind, or launched into the world, was like a new-born babe. What could the fond house-father mean thereby?

FORGOTTEN, YET NOT FORGOTTEN.

'Pa said he liked us to ask him for whatever we wanted, and I asked him yesterday to get me a kite, and he has not got it for me!' said a little, curly-headed grumbler, on a cold, foggy day in November.

'Yes; and I asked him to give me a gold watch, and he has never given me one!' said a brother, two or three years older; 'I don't see the good of asking him for things.'

Six months passed by, when, behold! one fine day in the month of

May, the father came in with a beautiful kite, which he gave to his little boy without saying a word.

But it was eight or nine years before he called the other boy to him, and said, 'I suppose you have forgotten, when you were a boy in pinafores, asking me for a gold watch, haven't you?'

'Yes, that I have,' answered the now tall youth.

'But I have not,' said the father; 'here's the watch, my dear boy; you can value it and take care of it now.'

Ah, Christian, need I add a word? else I might say that prayers do not spoil by keeping, but are only put out at interest.

ENOUGH NOT ENOUGH.

A certain prince had ordered his house and grounds, in his absence, to be thrown open to all his friends, and directed his major-domo to liberally entertain all visitors. The house-master, accordingly, provided ample stores of everything; nothing that hospitality could devise was wanting, and as the manifold visitors swarmed through chambers and galleries, or lounged in pleasure-grounds and arbours, the good man bustled about to discharge the rites of hospitality.

But how was it that the ladies, so pretty and elegant, turned away from his tray in disgust? And why did the roystering burschen [university student], throw sugar-plumbs at him; and the grand bearded officers, whose sabres clanked on the marble floor, swear they would make hound's-meat of him? Alas! the well-meaning, but scarcely discriminating house-master, had offered to the ladies great jacks of German beer, and pipes of tobacco, which the students, indeed, would have joyously discussed; but to them he had presented comfits and bonbons, and such like small deer; while, to the grand swearing officers, in whose moustaches birds might have built their nests, he smilingly offered the basons of gruel, sago, and arrowroot, which certain toothless old invalids were in want of.

So, for want of discrimination, although he had taken no end of weary pains in preparing, everybody called him fool! and when his lord came to know of it, neither did he thank him. Poor steward!

JUDGMENTS DIFFER.

A coarse boor was belabouring a horse that he had harnessed to a heavy dung-cart, and was driving over a wet piece of stiff clay land. The spirit of the horse was great, but the load was heavy, and the ground almost impossible to drag through. 'What are you doing, stupid, to use such a beautiful horse as that so?' cried a passer-by. 'Stupid yourself,' answered the boor, surlily; 'don't you see he won't do his work?' 'Fool!' rejoined the traveller, 'the animal is too good for such work as yours.' 'Too good!' and the boor laughed a rude, contemptuous laugh; 'too good! why compare him with my other beasts. They've got something like legs, they have, as thick as this here un's whole body—the nasty brute! Too good! eh?' and with that he cursed the horse, and kicked and lashed him, till the traveller again

bade him cease, and began to expatiate on the fineness of the fetlock, the handsome head, and whole form of the animal. 'Bah!' said the boor, 'he is not worth his keep; isn't worth sixty dollars.' 'Come, then, I'll give you a hundred.' 'You shall have him, and glad; and now what 'll you do with him?' 'Do?' said the traveller, 'the prince will be proud of him, and think himself lucky to give a thousand for him—two thousand—any sum, though I grant you he's not good at plough and dung-cart, and with a brute for a master.

D. Von Magdstein.

A Stroll into a Foreign Book-shop.

(MESSRS. WILLIAMS AND NORGATE'S.)

FRESH from reading Mr. Gladstone's charming paper on *Homer*, in the 'Oxford Essays,' we take up, with a feeling of curiosity, Augustus Jacob's elaborate volume, '*Ueber die Entstehung der Ilias and der Odyssee*' ('On the Origin of the Iliad and the Odyssey'), to see what likelihood there is of an agreement ever being come to between English and Continental scholars (the Tories and Radicals on such questions), as to whether but one bard or many were employed on these divine songs. Of course this is only one of several moot points of cardinal moment, on which issue is joined by the redoubtable paladins of Homeric literature. But it lies at the root of all the rest, such as whether a blind poet of the name of Homer had anything to do with the composition of these epics, or whether such a man ever even existed; whether the siege of Troy be a history or a myth, and whether Achilles and Hector, Ulysses and the Ajaxes, have any more substantive reality about them than Zeus, Athene, and Calypso. For all these matters have been and still are hotly disputed by able critics on both sides. Our readers need not be alarmed, as though we were going to drag them through the prickly mazes of the controversy. We like it too little ourselves to dream of anything so barbarous. We candidly confess that we have not read these five or six hundred pages of learned argument to show that both poems are patch-work. We have done nothing more than dip into the volume; but we have seen quite enough to find out, in spite of all our strong prejudices in favour of the common English belief, that it is far from plain sailing with the upholders of the unity. The seams are too palpable, under the microscopic lens to which our author subjects them. He himself fully expected that his minute investigations would have had a different result; but the truth was too strong for his prepossessions, and he bows to it accordingly. We also feel bound to surrender, in deference to his formidable array of proofs, the cherished faith of our younger days. The followers of Wolf will carry the day, although not without

the abandonment of much that was ultra-revolutionary in his theory. On the other hand, sensible Conservatives, like Mr. Gladstone, will have to meet them half-way. We do not think the Oxford essayist would very strenuously object to the views of the more moderate of the opposite party, as represented, for instance, by Faesi, in the Introduction to his recent edition of the Odyssey. Faesi gives a solution of the knotty problem which satisfies us better, upon the whole, than any other we have yet seen. As every person, pretending to any amount of culture, is expected to have an opinion of some sort upon the subject, we reproduce the most salient points.

It is thus, then, that he explains the origin of the Homeric epics. A period of repose having supervened upon the upheavings caused by the Trojan war—the historical character of which, in general, he very wisely takes for granted—and the Greek emigrants from Europe being safely settled in Asia Minor, a vigorous poetical life sprung up amongst these bold and imaginative Æolians and their excitable Ionian brethren. The Theban war, the deeds of Heracles, and, above all, the siege of Troy, were sung by many a minstrel at the religious and other festivals. By degrees these songs, handed down from bard to bard by oral tradition, acquired consistency and unity. Particular troubadours, like those of the middle ages, made certain subjects their own, on which they sang at the tables of the chiefs, or in the religious assemblies of the people. Such were Phemius and Demodocus in the Odyssey, the former of whom sung 'The Sad Return Home of the Greeks,' and 'The Deeds of Gods and Men,' and the latter, 'The Quarrel of Achilles and Ulysses,' and 'The Capture of Troy.' Occasionally the powers of the early minnie-singers of Greece were tasked to the utmost by trials of skill amongst themselves, such as are alluded to in the story of Thamyris and his contest with the Muses in the Iliad.

Out of the floating gossamer threads of such national ballads, a bard of transcendent genius and skill wove in the magic loom of his inspired brain that wondrous poem, the 'ILIAD,' in the first half of the ninth century before the Christian era, or more than two hundred years after the heroic age of which he sings. His name has been forgotten; his world-famous deed having been rightly deemed of more importance to later generations. For Homer (from ὁμοῦ and ἀρω) is an appellative, and literally means *the Compactor*. He moulded the previously existing materials into a marvellously artistic whole, and informed the *disjecta membra* with his own Promethean fire. A century or less afterwards a scarcely inferior Homer or Compactor created the 'ODYSSEY' in like manner. Neither poem was committed to writing till hundreds of years afterwards. They survived, as the separate ballads had done, in the memories of the Rhapsodists, who chanted them to the simple music of the four-stringed cithara. The Rhapsodists of the Iliad were clad in scarlet, those of the Odyssey in violet-coloured garments.

WHAT modern criticism has done for Homer, the Bible of the Greeks, Dr. Donaldson has pretended to do for the Bible of the Jews, to pull it to pieces and put it together again. In a learned but very

silly performance, entitled '*Jashar*' which he published a short time since, he endeavoured to enucleate from the Old Testament, and principally from the Pentateuch, so much—amounting to some half dozen pages—as might really be as ancient as the time of Solomon! His foolish book was received, as it richly deserved to be, with universal derision both at home and abroad. Nothing dismayed, however, he now returns to the charge in a publication which he facetiously calls '*Christian Orthodoxy reconciled with the Conclusions of Modern Biblical Learning.*' As the production of an arrant Sadducee, who chooses still to style himself a Christian divine of the Church of England, the thing is a theological curiosity, and may, perhaps, be useful as serving to render more comprehensible the rise of that ancient sect of unbelievers amongst the Jews. The most astounding part of the matter is, that he actually makes our Lord a sympathizer with the Sadducees! This is what he says upon the subject:—

'The attentive reader of the New Testament can hardly fail to observe that while the Pharisees are made the objects of continual reproach and censure, the Sadducees are in general less frequently mentioned, and their distinctive tenets are not rebuked or confuted, with, of course, the great exception of the vital doctrine of the resurrection. Their disbelief in angels and devils is passed over in guarded silence, as far as any censure is concerned. In many respects, our Lord seems to have approved and recommended their views. Like them, he and his apostles upheld the payment of tribute, and were for giving to Cæsar the things that were Cæsar's. Like them, Jesus agreed with the Karaites, in relying on the letter of the Old Testament, as distinguished from the Rabbinical traditions. "It is written," is his form of citation; and though he spiritualized the law and the prophets, and rejected the ceremonial after-growths of Leviticism, he found the spirit in the text which he quoted. Above all, he seems to have acquiesced in their distinctive name as applied to himself. He is known by his friends and by his candid enemies as "the just man," ὁ δίκαιος *ha-tzaddiq*, in fact, as "the *Sadducee*," according to the meaning of this term. "Have thou nothing to do with that righteous or just man," says Pilate's wife. "Certainly this was a just man," was the exclamation of the centurion who attended his execution. "Ye denied the Holy One and the Just," said Peter, "and desired a murderer to be granted to you." And in the same way James writes: "Ye have condemned and killed the Just." We might even go a step further, and assume that this was the special designation of Jesus at Jerusalem; for, in the language of prophecy, he is described as "the Lord our righteousness;" and we find that the same name was given to his relative James, who was the head of the Church in the city of David. "On account of his exceeding righteousness," says Eusebius, "he was called *tzaddiq*, that is, the just man." As this epithet was also borne by Simon, "the Just," the successor of Ezra and the true founder of the Sadducean sect, it is difficult to resist the impression that Jesus and his brother James, being known by the characteristic title of this sect, openly allowed many of the fundamental doctrines of the Sadducees; and there may be as much truth in the statement of Hegesippus, that James was put to death by the Scribes and Pharisees, as in the counter-statement of Josephus, that his martyrdom was effected by the Sadducean high priest, Ananus. If James the Just was the author of the epistle attributed to him, these considerations impart an additional interest to the declaration that sin and death spring from the lust inherent in our nature, and not from the temptations presented by a superior being.'

Dr. Donaldson is evidently very sore at the reception his 'Jashar' met with, and pours out the vials of his wrath upon his critics all and sundry. Most of them are hardly deserving of the anathemas he

lavishes upon them for simply refusing to pet his queer bantling, but the following graphic description of the 'Record' newspaper is caustic, because, alas! too true. Its attacks, as with justice he complains, are so constantly distinguished by 'unwarranted assumptions of authorship, misrepresentations of facts, distortions and garblings of written statements, abusive language, and reference to details derived from private conversations, or picked up by domestic spies and retailers of provincial gossip, that the paper, professing to be a warm advocate of pure religion, has become a by-word in the public mouth, and enjoys a reputation not very different from that of the "Age" and the "Satirist" a few years since. Those who do not feel that such a paper, adequately supported by subscribers, and encouraged by anonymous correspondents, is a most lamentable indication of the state of religion in this country, and that it ought to be denounced by all true Christians in terms of grave and sorrowful censure, are still so shocked by its monstrous abuses of the liberty of the press that they cannot refrain from jibes and cutting sarcasms at its expense. A morning journal calls it "the bi-weekly organ of religious mendacity;" a Sunday paper says that it professes to be *anti-tractarian*, but, from its constant slanders, ought to be called *de-tractarian*, and, from its cowardly apologies, whenever its statements are challenged, *re-tractarian*; and the able author of the article on "Church Parties" in the "Edinburgh Review" makes himself merry with the self-seeking advertisements, which appear from time to time in the columns of the "Record." But the existence of such a paper, as the avowed and adequately supported organ of a religious party, ought not to be treated with levity. It should be regarded either with the sorrow which the true Christian must feel for his weak and erring brethren, or with that indignation which every lover of truth must express when he sees malignity and falsehood assuming the outward garb of exclusive religiousness. The pitiable weakness and narrow-mindedness, which are among the characteristics of this journal, were well described by Dr. Arnold, in a letter to his sister, in 1830, where he speaks of having seen a copy of the "Record" newspaper, a true specimen of the party, with their infinitely little minds, disputing about "anise and cummin" when heaven and earth are coming together around them; with much of Christian harmlessness, but with nothing of Christian wisdom; the particular number of the paper being accidentally free from gall. The amount of childishness, the enormous want of reflection, which the "Record" presumes in its readers, may be inferred from the fact, that the editor once adduced as a conclusive testimony to his favourite dogma of verbal inspiration the text in which the Psalmist says: "There is not a word in my tongue but lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether!" Really one would have thought that there was not an educated person in England who would fail to see that this passage refers to the ominiscience of God, and might be applied to every foolish and wicked word printed in the "Record" no less than to the utterances of a holy and humble prophet. But the "Record" is not merely weak and foolish. To make a man a genuine

Recordite, "he must," says the "Edinburgh Review," combine his creed with the proper amount of ignorance and intolerance, and must enforce it in a damnatory spirit." And not only so; he must, if his organ truly represents him, make every difference of opinion the ground of personal animosity, and must pursue his religious opponent with undisguised malice, and even without any regard to honesty and truthfulness. One would have thought indeed that it would be sufficient to gratify the most furious zeal of religious partizans if their journal attacked the published and acknowledged sentiments of those who differed from them. And even if the journalists were not called upon to vindicate their own view by calm and legitimate argumentation, it might seem that they had done enough when they directed attention to the fact that some clergyman or layman had published a book or made a public speech denying the correctness of the Haldane theory of inspiration, or dissenting from some other doctrine of exaggerated Evangelicalism.' 'But the religious journalist does not content himself with this. All that appears bad to him must be made a little worse. Opinions never expressed must be ascribed to the supposed offender. If he seems to have been guilty of little, he must be assumed to be guilty of much. Words spoken, printed, acknowledged, must be distorted from their true and obviously intended meaning; garbled extracts, which would be explained by the context, must be taken as conclusive samples of a book, which may have been written avowedly to establish a proposition of directly opposite import; and if a writer assents incidentally to another, whose general opinions may be totally different, he is at once stigmatized as responsible for all that is wrong in the author whom he quotes. Nor is this all. The strictures are not confined to public and avowed authorship. The rumour of anonymous publication is taken for granted, and treated as fact. And even the materials derived from the social espionage and ill-natured gossip of provincial towns are made available for the purposes of theological detraction.'

This witness, we repeat, is true, and these allegations are supported by innumerable instances, several of the more glaring of which are duly adduced by Dr. Donaldson. The print thus characterised has long been a scandal to Christendom—a reeking nuisance in the nostrils of honest men. It is to the credit of the secular world that it has put down the 'Satirist,' and it is not to the credit of the religious world that it tolerates and upholds the 'Record,' and other journals which ape it. If Dr. Donaldson helps us to understand the ancient Sadducees, these papers exemplify, in the bosom of Christianity, the worst features of Pharisaism, with its hollowness, bigotry, and truculent spite, and do more to taint the breath of society than all the productions of the infidel and licentious press put together.

VOLKMAR'S '*Religion Jesu*' (The Religion of Jesus), is as palpable a misnomer as the title of Dr. Donaldson's book. It ought to have been styled 'Rationalism Sweetened,' or something of that sort. Several of the author's previous publications have been already noticed in the 'Christian Spectator.' The present is of a more exoteric kind. It is

addressed less *ad clerum* than *ad populum*. It gives the substance of a series of lectures, delivered by its author at Zürich, to an audience of educated lay people of both sexes, in the winter of 1855. Like Dr. Donaldson, the Zürich Theological Professor also aims to harmonize Christian orthodoxy with the conclusions of modern biblical science, meaning, thereby, the conclusions of the small and, happily, dwindling sect of the Rationalists, of which he is one of the last expiring lights. It is gratifying to find, from the subdued and apologetic tone of his book, so different from the jubilant style adopted in the heyday of the school, that the consciousness of its approaching annihilation is creeping over himself, in spite of all his efforts to the contrary. He tries everywhere to find some *mezzo termine* between his party and the believers in the supernatural, although his attempts almost always turn out ridiculous failures. The manner in which he deals with that cardinal Christian fact, the resurrection of the Lord, is a striking instance. He throws overboard, without a sigh, all the former Rationalistic expedients for getting rid of that stupendous miracle, with which Paul tells us Christianity stands or falls. No merely *apparent* death, no illusive night-vision, is to be thought of. These pet devices of the elder Rabbis are stale, and no longer satisfy the exigencies of science. How then is the stumbling-block to be rolled away? Why he actually, to prevent the resurrection, does more than the angels did to facilitate it. They removed the stone; he removes the sepulchre altogether. The grave of Joseph of Arimathea is mere poetical ornament. Jesus was really buried along with the two thieves! But, in process of time, the love of the believers got rid of this scandal, and substituted the other account! The spiritual triumph of Jesus over death, was, in like manner, gradually transformed into a bodily resurrection!

'Not until He had risen was the glorious tomb constructed, the tomb in a rock, as befits exalted persons, according to Isaiah (xxii. 16); it was first erected by the love of the first evangelist, Mark, in his loyalty to him, and in his anxiety to bring to view his glory upon earth.'

The passage, Isaiah liii. 9, was misunderstood in consequence of the same desire to glorify Jesus, as though it meant 'he was with a rich man in his death.' Indeed, a rich man had actually disinterred the dishonoured body of the Saviour, and removed it to the sepulchre hewn in the rock. Nay, the stone at its mouth had been rolled away, but, if we understand Dr. Volkmar, not for the purpose of allowing the Redeemer to pass, but of receiving his corpse!

'But, after this sepulchre *where he might rest*, the glorious sepulchre for the King of Glory, had been once constructed, who that desired to exalt him, the Redeemer of souls, should have found it in his heart to injure and destroy it? Certainly none of the subsequent remodellers of the original gospel; none of the subsequent evangelists. Each one adorns it anew, and adds fresh sacredness to the corpse which had been so tortured. Luke expressly adds, that it was a holy tomb, wherein none had ever yet lain; and Matthew says the same thing, only with more brevity—"a new tomb," "a new linen cloth." Yes, "a new sepulchre, wherein was never man yet laid," chimes in the last evangelist (John xix, 39—41); and even the locality was fenced off; it was "a garden enclosed." And still

more highly does this loving heart honour him than with linen napkins. The atmosphere where my Lord rests must be more fragrant than that of a king's chamber, "myrrh and aloes, about an hundred pounds weight." In accordance with these touching traits have been the honours paid to the glorious tomb of the Redeemer in Jerusalem, down to the present day. And even more free from the trammels of history has the worshipping soul become, until, at last, the old Gospels have been forgotten, and it has come to be situated within the city itself, in order to be safer from unbelieving hands, notwithstanding that Christ was crucified and buried "without the gate"—was huddled into the ground like a malefactor.'

'Who would lay hands on this holy sepulchre at Jerusalem? It is in very deed a monument of the resurrection of Jesus. And who would not leave undisturbed the genial first beginning of this structure of love in the first Gospel, and its developement in the following Gospels? As a monument, I mean, of this love, as a monument to the risen one. The Son of Man deserves it; he deserves all that man has which is fairest and best. Only it is not given to him by *history*, till *after* his resurrection. Even in death he was brought down to the lowest depths, and was treated as a malefactor even in the grave, whilst not one of his runaway disciples knew where they had laid him. Certain as they are that he has been exalted out of his deepest humiliation to the right hand of power, they have not a word to tell of his grave. That is what is yielded by the original account, out of the really apostolic time.'

'It is true that, looking at the matter thus, the whole evangelical narrative of the manner of the re-appearance of Jesus in that specific form must be regarded from the higher point of view of *ideal history*. For the rich man's tomb, the sepulchre in the rock, with the stone that closed its mouth, now needs, as a compensation for the runaway disciples, the beholding women as witnesses of the fact that "the sepulchre is empty." And this is the hinge of the whole of the following description, which was afterwards filled up by succeeding narrators with more and more latitude and freedom. But manifold as are the ways in which they shape it, all of them express most truly the world-historical fact, the one eternal gospel of the apostles—that death and the grave are vanquished by the Risen One: the grave is empty; why seek ye the living among the dead? Ye women especially are only too prone to have everything in a bodily shape, your dear ones, and accordingly to embrace bodily the dearest, truest, purest of all, the Redeemer. Your true womanly heart wants to bedew him with the tears of your affection, to adorn him with all your precious things. But why seek ye the living among the dead? Why seek ye the body of him who has risen?'

'Sad stuff,' we fancy we hear the reader ejaculate. We think so too, and close the book with infinite loathing at the impiety which would represent as affectionate homage to the King of Truth, what, according to the author, must have been the *lying* testimony of the apostles and first Christians to the veritable resurrection of their Lord, and at the wretched sophistry by which this revolting conclusion is maintained. If this be modern science, truly ignorance is bliss, and 'tis folly to be wise.

WE ARE right glad to see a reprint of Professor Max Müller's admirable 'Times' review of M. Stanislas Julien's 'Voyages des Pelerins Boudhistes.' '*Budhism and Budhist Pilgrims*' is a valuable contribution to our knowledge of that puzzling system of religious atheism—for such Professor Müller demonstrates it to be—which encoils within its folds nearly or quite a fourth of the human race. It is a great advantage, moreover, to enjoy the guidance of so competent an authority as the present occupant of the chair of European

languages at Oxford, in pointing out the immense gain in our acquaintance with almost unknown regions of the earth, for which we are indebted to such early pilgrims as Hiouen-thsang, the first of the series of these Budhist travellers, edited by M. Julien. This Chinese Anacharsis, who, in the middle of the seventh century, wandered from the flowery land through Central Asia to India, 'describes part of the world which no one has explored since, and where even our modern maps contain hardly more than the ingenious conjectures of Alexander von Humboldt.' What is more, 'his observations are minute; his geographical, statistical, and historical remarks most accurate and trustworthy.' Amongst the curious revelations thus unexpectedly brought to light, what does the reader think of a high state of civilization at that early epoch, in *Tatary*? Yet so it was according to the following extract from this interesting *brochure* of the profoundly learned German Professor, who has so happily pitched his tent amongst us on the classical banks of the Isis:—

'What is most important, however, in this early portion of the Chinese traveller, is the account which he gives of the high degree of civilization among the tribes of Central Asia. We had gradually accustomed ourselves to believe in an early civilization of Egypt, of Babylon, of China, of India; but now that we find the hordes of Tatary possessing, in the seventh century, the chief arts and institutions of an advanced society, we shall soon have to drop the name of barbarians altogether. The theory of M. Oppert, who ascribes the original invention of the cuneiform letters, and a civilization anterior to that of Babylon and Nineveh, to a Turanian or Scythian race, will lose much of its apparent improbability; for no new wave of civilization had reached these countries between the cuneiform period of their literature and history, and the time of Hiouen-thsang's visit. In the kingdom of Okini, on the western frontier of China, Hiouen-thsang found an active commerce; gold, silver, and copper coinage; monasteries, where the chief works of Buddhism were studied, and an alphabet derived from Sanskrit. As he travelled on, he met with mines, with agriculture, including pears, plums, peaches, almonds, grapes, pomegranates, rice, and wheat. The inhabitants were dressed in silk and woollen materials. There were musicians in the chief cities, who played on the flute and the guitar. Buddhism was the prevailing religion; but there were traces of an earlier worship, the Bactrian fire-worship. The country was everywhere studded with halls, monasteries, monuments, and statues. *Samarkand formed at that early time a kind of Athens*, and its manners were copied by all the tribes in the neighbourhood. Balkh, the old capital of Bactria, was still an important place on the Oxus, well fortified, and full of sacred buildings. And the details which our traveller gives of the exact circumference of the cities, the number of the inhabitants, the products of the soil, the articles of trade, can leave no doubt in our minds that he relates what he had heard and seen himself. A new page in the history of the world is here opened, and new ruins pointed out, which would reward the pickaxe of a Layard.'

The Fables of Gotthold Ephraim Lessing.

NO. XXIII.—THE SHEEP.

When Jupiter held his marriage festival, and all the animals brought him their presents, Juno missed the sheep. 'Where is the sheep lingering?' asked the goddess. 'Why does the sheep delay to bring us his complimentary offering?' And the dog took up the word and said, 'Be not angry, goddess! I have seen the sheep this very day; it was in great distress, and was lamenting loudly.' 'And why was the sheep lamenting?' asked the goddess compassionately. 'I am so miserably poor!' said the sheep. 'I have now neither wool nor milk; what shall I present to Jupiter? I will rather go and beseech the shepherd to offer me up to him!' Meanwhile the smoke of the sacrificed sheep penetrated through the clouds, with the prayers of the shepherd, a sweet scent to Jupiter. And now Juno might have wept the first tear, if tears ever moistened immortal eye.

NO. XXIV.—THE GOATS.

The goats besought Jupiter to give them also horns; for at first the goats had no horns. 'Consider well what you ask,' said Jupiter; 'with the gift of horns another is inseparably connected, which might not be so agreeable to you.' But the goats persisted in their request, and Jupiter said, 'Then have horns.' And the goats received horns, and a beard! For at first the goats were without beards. Oh, how the hateful beard vexed them! Far more than the proud horns gladdened them!

NO. XXV.—THE WILD APPLE-TREE.

A swarm of bees settled in the hollow stem of a wild apple-tree. They filled it with the treasures of their honey, and the tree became so proud of it, that it despised all the other trees in comparison with itself. Then a rose-tree called out to it, 'Miserable pride, founded on borrowed sweetness! Is thy fruit any the less sour on account of it? Let the honey appear in thy fruit, if thou canst; and then, indeed, man will bless thee!'

NO. XXVI.—THE STAG AND THE FOX.

The stag said to the fox, 'Woe to us poor weaker animals now! the lion has joined with the wolf.' 'With the wolf?' said the fox. 'Oh, never mind them. The lion roars, the wolf howls; and so you will often be able to save yourselves by timely flight. But if it had occurred to the powerful lion to unite with the sneaking lynx, then it might have been all over with us.'

NO. XXVII.—THE THORN-BUSH.

'But just tell me,' asked the willow of the thorn-bush, 'why thou art so greedy after the clothes of the passer-by? What wilt thou do

with them? What use can they be to thee?' 'None,' said the thorn-bush. 'And I do not wish to take them from him; I only want to tear them.'

NO. XXVIII.—THE FURIES.

'My Furies are getting old and stupid,' said Pluto to the messenger of the gods. 'I need fresh ones. Go then, Mercury, and seek me out in the upper world three suitable women for this purpose.' Mercury went. Shortly after this, Juno said to her attendant, 'Dost thou really believe, Iris, that thou couldst find me two or three perfectly strict, chaste maidens amongst mortals?—but perfectly immovable, mind—dost thou understand?—in order to scoff at Cythera, who boasts of having subdued the whole female race. Go everywhere, and see where thou canst discover them.' Iris went. In what corner of the earth did not the good Iris search! And yet in vain. She returned all alone; and Juno called out to her, 'Is it possible? Oh, chastity! Oh, virtue!' 'Goddess,' said Iris, 'I might, indeed, have been able to bring three maidens, who were all perfectly severe and modest; who all three have never smiled at a man; who had all three stifled the least spark of love in their hearts; but, alas! I came too late.' 'Too late?' said Juno. 'How so?' 'Mercury had just fetched them for Pluto.' 'For Pluto? And what does Pluto want these virtuous beings for?' 'For Furies.'

NO. XXIX.—TIRESIAS.

Tiresias took his staff, and went across the field. His way led him through a sacred grove, and in the midst of the wood, where three roads crossed one another, he perceived a couple of snakes in loving embrace, at which Tiresias raised his staff, and struck them asunder. But, oh, wonder! As the staff descended on the snakes, Tiresias became a woman. After nine months, the woman Tiresias went again through the sacred grove; and just at the same place, where the three roads crossed one another, she perceived a couple of snakes fighting together. Then Tiresias raised her staff again, and—oh, wonder!—as the staff separated the fighting snakes, the woman Tiresias became a man again.

NO. XXX.—MINERVA.

Leave the little mischievous enviers of thy increasing renown alone, friends; leave them alone. Why should thy wit immortalize their names, which are destined to oblivion? In the mad conflicts which the giants carried on against the gods, the giants placed a horrid dragon opposite to Minerva. But Minerva seized the dragon, and with a powerful hand flung it up to the sky. There it shines still; and what was so often the reward of great deeds, became the enviable punishment of the dragon.

Poetry.

A SONG.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

God be our song ! the God of might !
Whose works are wondrous ! and whose name
Is Lord of Hosts ! who dwells in light !
And rules this universal frame.

He wills creation, and his breath
Calls worlds to being ! round his throne
They move, till he gives back to death,
And self-sufficient reigns alone !

Enrolled in light, as God he reigns !
Nor only great, his throne made sure
By truth and righteousness, sustains
Their hopes who to the end endure.

Of riches infinite ! a sea
Of changeless blessedness ! a spring
Of life eternal ! unto thee
Who can compare, Eternal King ?

Open before thy searching eyes
Are heaven, earth, sea: the past thou know'st ;
The present seest ; and nothing flies
Thy glance, through all the starry host.

Ever about our daily walk,
Our counsellor, our friend, our guide,
He sways our plans, our deeds, our talk,
Explores the thoughts we fain would hide.

Surrounded by his watchful care,
Cross we the seas to foreign lands,
And hidden there his vengeance dare ?
We still are holden in his hands.

He clearly sees our every want,
Hears prayers breathed only in a sigh,
He knows the good for which we pant,
And hearkens to our feeblest cry.

To us 'tis given to see thy deeds
Pass by us as in shadow dims,
But who aright thy splendour reads,
Or can thy mighty wonders hymn ?

The tender grass beneath our feet
Mirrors thy wisdom, speaks thy grace ;
The dales and hills, the breezes sweet,
Should fill our thankful hearts with praise

Thou pourest water on the ground,
The fields grow green, while by thee fed,
With corn and wine that spring around
We owe to thee our daily bread.

And since no sparrow droops its wing
Without thy high permission, Lord,
So are we safe, so will we cling
With faith to thy protecting word.

Since God becomes our sure defence,
We ask for nought that earth can give;
The powers of hell are driven hence,
And happy in his smile we live.

F. STANLEY.

Record of Christian Missions.

MISSIONARIES IN INDIA.

We are enabled, this month, by a complete and careful examination of all the intelligence relating to the disastrous revolt in Bengal, to lay before our readers a summary of its effects with regard to Protestant missionary operations in our Indian empire.

It is a pleasure to be able to say at starting that the summary must necessarily be brief. One could hardly have conceived that so vast and wide-spread a conspiracy could have been carried out without the uprooting of every missionary station in India, but it is a fact that missionaries, as a class, seem to have suffered almost less than any other portion of the community; they have been the victims in no instance of a special attack; where they have been slaughtered they have simply shared the fate of scores of other Europeans by whom they were surrounded. In not a town, as far as we have been able to ascertain, have they ever been the *first* assaulted, nor have they in any case been singled out, by any private or public correspondent, as having contributed in any way, directly or indirectly, to the present mutinous spirit of the Indian army.

We beg especial attention to this fact. It has served the purpose of writers in the 'Times,' the 'Daily News,' and the journal which especially represents the views of the Court of Directors of the East India Company, viz., 'Allen's Indian Mail,' to cast all the stigma that could be thrown by the most malevolent spirit on the labours of Christian missionaries in India. The writers have taken pains to give no instances in illustration of their remarks—there being none to give—but whatever broad general assertions could do to the disparagement of Christian labour has been done. They would have their readers to believe that the preaching of Christianity has been productive of mischief, and that it is to save themselves from being preached at that the natives are now revolting. Of course, only the very greatest ignorance could be imposed upon by such a statement, it being notorious that Christian missions have been always and uniformly discouraged by the Governments of India, who have fostered, paid, and bribed Mohammedanism and Budhism until the natives expected that they were bribed for fear of their strength, and so were encouraged to measure swords with their rulers. The Christian element has, in fact, done more than any thing besides to keep the Government of India together. It has been the only corrective of the abuses of the state,

the best instrument of civilization, and has offered to the natives almost the sole example they have received of the better spirit of Englishmen. It is sad to reflect that the missionaries who have fallen have fallen victims, not to a zeal for the gospel, but to a blind, vicious, and corrupt civil and military government.

The casualties that have occurred in the missionary ranks are, we believe, as follows:—

EPISCOPAL MISSIONS.

DELHI.—Killed: Rev. Mr. Jennings and daughter; Rev. Mr. Hubbard; Mr. Sandys; and Captain Douglas.

JAUNPORE.—Premises burnt.

BAPTIST MISSIONS.

DELHI.—Killed: Rev. Mr. Mackay; Walayal Ali and two sons; Mrs. Thompson and two daughters.

METTRA.—Mission broken up but missionary escaped.

AMERICAN METHODIST.

ALMORAH.—Killed: Rev. Mr. Brown.

AMERICAN BOARD.

ALLAHABAD.—Mission-house and premises destroyed.

LOODIANA.—Ditto.

None in connexion with the London Missionary, the Wesleyan, or the Free Church Missionary Societies have at all suffered.

To account for this apparently small number, we have but to state the simple fact that the North-west provinces of India have only recently been brought under missionary influence. The greatest spheres of the three societies that have undertaken the evangelization of the Hindoo race, viz., the American, the Episcopalian, and the Baptist, are in the south. Burmah is at present safe, and the Tinnevelly missionary field could hardly ever, we suppose, witness a revolt. Indeed, the accounts from all quarters but those in the immediate neighbourhood of the seat of war, if not directly encouraging, are more so than could have been expected. Thus, at Benares the missionaries had re-opened their school. At Agra Mr. Parsons, of the Baptist mission, writes:—'Here we have been enabled to continue our English services at the cantonments chapel, though our congregation has been diminished, also our native services at the Purtapoora chapel, but our services at the civil lines chapel have been suspended for a month.' Letters from Bombay and Calcutta, though filled with apprehension, speak of no further disasters. From Lahore, Mr. Strawbridge, of the Church Missionary Society, writes in good spirits. From Peshawar Mr. M'Carthy says they had passed through the crisis, and were now teaching again. From Moultan Mr. Fitzpatrick writes that all was well; that he believed missions would receive a great impulse from the struggle. In all these places active missionary work was going on, with no opposition and no prospect of hindrance. We therefore probably know the worst with regard to the sufferings of the missionaries, but we will keep our readers informed of any new aspects with regard to Christian labour that the revolt may put on.

There is some interesting intelligence concerning Missionary work in Africa, in a

letter from the Rev. John Daniel, of the Wesleyan Mission at Plaatberg. He says :— 'On arrival at Plaatberg, a brother of Moshesh's has applied for a missionary for Umpukani, promising to defray any expense which may be incurred in repairing the mission-house, &c. Molapo is also very anxious that two missionaries should be provided for his people. The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few. Our earnest prayer is, that the Lord of the vineyard may thrust out more labourers into his harvest. I hope the time has come for reinforcing our mission. The recent discoveries of Dr. Livingston show that the Bechuana language is the prevailing one in the interior; and if anything is to be done for Central Africa, the Bechuana district is the place to prepare the men for the work of evangelizing the tribes in the interior. I hope the Committee will not be alarmed at these representations; for the time is come that we must plead the cause of the Bechuana tribes. Only last Sunday the chief Molapo told me that Basuto paganism has received a severe blow, and totters to its fall.'

The famine in Kaffraria, a fruit of Kaffre superstitions, will probably result in the ascendency of Christianity over the people. Our readers are probably aware that, impelled by a native girl, assuming the power of prophecy, to slay all their cattle, and destroy all their corn, under the promise that it should come to life again, the Kaffres are now in the most wretched condition. An awful famine has spread through the country, of which Mr. Waters, of the Propagation Society, gives the following particulars :—

'As the present state of this country is very bad, and daily growing worse, I have been casting in my mind what is best to be done. The food of this people must be very small, as large numbers of people, the whole populations of kraals, may be seen daily in the open country digging for roots, others gathering the inside bark from the minosa thorn, and all presenting an abject appearance. Their cattle are gone, excepting a few milk-cows, say one cow to five hundred souls. They have a few goats, from which they get a little milk: their horses are numerous, but they dare not sell them yet. Crowds of beggars are here every day, with most touching tales of children starving, and old men dying. One woman, with a sad expression, laid her emaciated child at my feet, and said, "O man of God! can you see my child dying, and not help me?" Mothers show me their breasts without milk, and hundreds of other sad signs of want.

'Kreli, the chief, is hungry himself, and comes to beg of me. He was here when a large family, flying from famine, came literally dying from hunger. They offered everything, even their assegais, for a little food. I had them taken in and cared for —three of them were ill next day from over-eating, but are now working cheerfully. I spoke seriously to Kreli about his people; but he was very restless, and every time I attacked him, he directed his chief councillor, Botman, to reply. He gave leave to all his people to eat *new* food, and to work as much as they liked; would consider making application to the Governor for work for his people on this side, or near, the Kei river. I strongly recommended them to apply at once.'

Mr. Waters adds,—

'Our mission work goes on as usual; the congregations have been very regular, until yesterday, when our ordinary people were few; but the chapel was full of strangers. Our schools are well attended.'

Mr. Sargeant, Wesleyan missionary at Amsham, at whose station a missionary meeting was held in June, alludes to the same event. 'Most speakers,' he says, 'took the opportunity presented by the present state of this country of contrasting the fruits of Christianity as exemplified in the happy and prosperous condition of the different mission stations amidst surrounding and appalling want, with the baneful consequences of the late superstitions, which seem to be breaking up the Amaxosa tribes, and threaten to depopulate the country. And it must be admitted that never, perhaps, were the effects of Christianity and of superstition so strikingly contrasted during any previous part of the history of missions in this colony as at the present moment. While thousands are either perishing of hunger, or obliged to vacate their country to seek for food in the colony, in consequence of their having denuded themselves of the last means of subsistence, the people residing on the different mission stations have not only enough for themselves, but also to give to those who are in need. Many of the native speakers, in referring to the recent mania, justly and repeatedly characterised it as a great lie, and pointed to the present deserted and ruined state of the country as a palpable and undeniable demonstration to the fact.'

We believe the Episcopalian is the only body sending missionaries to the Australian aborigines. A deeply interesting account of a visit to Port Lincoln by the present bishop of Adelaide, we find in a letter to the Propagation Society, printed in the 'Mission Field,' which we extract almost *in extenso*. The bishop writes :—'Mission premises much improved since I last visited them in February, 1853. The new school-house and chapel, with its bell gable, forms an interesting and conspicuous object in the centre of the little hamlet. I found assembled in it the girls and children not employed in manual labour, twenty of the former, and fifteen boys, natives, besides a few white children belonging to the mission. I examined them in the simplest words I could use in the parable of the Good Shepherd, and had reason to admire the wisdom of God in teaching the mysteries of his protecting grace and redeeming mercy through such familiar images, which the daily occupation of the Poonindie shepherds brought home to these simple children of the Australian wilderness. Of book-learning they will not attain much, but things, and facts and simple arts of civilized life, and the great primary truths of the gospel, they can and do undoubtedly learn.'

The bishop afterwards married six of the natives—the first Australians we supposed ever married by episcopal hands. The letter concludes with the following admirably-written and interesting note on the character of the native inhabitants of this district:—

'There is a simple, childlike earnestness about the natives which is very engaging, and Mr. Hammond says that it is impossible to reside among them without becoming attached to them from their childlike confiding submissiveness. There is, however, a dark cloud which hangs upon the horizon of the future. The elder of the trained natives have died off one by one; so that instead of propagating the race in an improved intellectual and physical condition, they die off, generally from pulmonary affections, just when they promise the best results from their religious training. Since Archdeacon Hale left the mission for Western Australia, seven months ago, thirteen natives have died, some of them the most advanced in

intellect and spirit. In every instance save *one* Mr. Hammond is satisfied that they died *in hope*, and many in clear faith. But we had hoped not merely to aid the "Euthanasia" of the aborigines, but rather to raise them by the gospel to rise in the scale of social existence. Only one native child has been born in the institution. It is remarkable, on the other hand, what a strong, and even handsome race half-caste children make, of which there are several in Adelaide. Much of this mortality is, no doubt, owing to the adoption of European food, clothing, and habitation, and at the same time the partial retention of native carelessness about exposure to cold and wet. The original huts, small, and ill ventilated, get very hot, and the native naturally, when thus heated, goes and sleeps upon the ground outside his hut, at the imminent risk of severe cold, and inflammation of the lungs. When illness has set in, such is the feebleness of constitution, that care and medicine are alike unavailing. They sink in two or three days, and die. The attention of Mr. Hammond is now directed towards drainage, and better cottages, as well as more of a *vegetable* and *milk* diet. Meanwhile, a new sleeping room for the single girls is being built, a garden of two acres being fenced, and the fencing of the farm of 32 acres being renewed. The sheep amount to 5,500; stock, 180; horses, 28. Enough wheat is grown for the consumption of the institution—about 30 acres are under this crop; five set apart for hay. Maize and potatoes are also raised. If the ravages of disease can be averted, there is no fear for the future sustentation of the mission. I herewith send copies of the papers printed by order of the Council, in reference to the sheep, and made over by the archdeacon. A trust-deed has been drawn up, vesting the property in three trustees, the bishop being one; and, I believe, the Government will continue to assist the institution until it can be made self-supporting. Whatever be the will of God concerning the aboriginal race, Archdeacon Hale has relieved the colony and the Church of Christ from the stigma of having made no effort to save it from physical and spiritual destruction by the advent of the white man. Be it our care, as far as we are able, to second and carry on his devoted and self-denying labours; and to administer, if it be so ordained, to this perishing race the comforts and consolations of Christian truth and charity. No one could witness the difference between the party of *wild* natives assembled to meet the governor hard by the mission chapel, and the natives of the institution clothed and in their right mind, without admiring the power of the gospel, in six short years, to make the wilderness of the native Australian blossom as the rose; or feeling the claim of the native race to receive from the colonists, who have occupied their hunting-grounds, not only *subsistence*, but Christian training; and that not merely at the cost of 1,000*l.* a-year, but such amount as may be received for the purpose.'

Monthly Retrospect.

We are afraid it is *safe* enough to write on Indian affairs even in a monthly journal. The telegraph sends us news but once a fortnight, and events move with painful slowness. The great empire is in the position of a patient suddenly struck down with disease, and out of the reach of medical aid or succour. The household is doing all that can be done before the physician can arrive, but the interval is a time of terrible suspense and anxiety to friends. They *know* that a cure cannot be effected without all the aid that surgical skill can apply, but they are fearful that their patient may not have strength of constitution sufficient to resist the present drain upon his system. It is a fearful thing to *wait* under such circumstances. It is agonizing to be told of the struggles of the patient, of the life and death warfare continually carried on in his body, and to feel that every fresh contest leaves the system less able to resist the next; that there is only a certain amount of life-power, a portion of which surely ebbs at every blow that is struck. Well, what would you think of the family of the sufferer who, under such circumstances, should send the physician to the patient in the old rumbling family coach, instead of the express train; nay more, who should deliberately refuse voluntary offers of the quickest conveyances from several friends, under the plea that they were 'not necessary'—that the emergency was not so very serious—that people need not be alarmed—and, lastly, that he did not want the physician to go more quickly? 'What should I think?' you reply. Rather, what would I do? Why, I would take the physician by the arm myself, put him into a train, and send him to my friend, whether his family should like it or not. My relationship to him, and my human sympathies, would cancel every tie by which I had been bound to those whom God had made especially responsible for his existence. And in my just indignation at such treacherous and cold-blooded conduct, I should feel bound to warn society against trusting any of its more human interests to the care of those who had forfeited their previous right and privilege to govern and control by a course of action which the very heathens would brand as inhuman.

Is it necessary to 'point a moral' to this tale? to tell the reader that the Indian is now likely to be a repetition of the Crimean story? It is a fact that while a day may be worth hundreds of human lives, Government continues to refuse every offer suggested by the enterprise or patriotism of individuals for the quick conveyance of troops to India. It is a fact that

every old army regulation regarding height and age of common soldiers passed after the conclusion of peace, and when recruiting had ceased, is kept up to this day, when soldiers in sufficient numbers cannot be procured by any amount of pressure. It is a fact—which had its exact parallel three years ago, when Palmerston was a Cabinet minister as he is now Premier—that in the very crisis of our difficulties, not a minister remains in town to take the responsibility of office, or the direction of affairs the most urgent that have engaged the attention of the nation since Napoleon threatened its very existence. Unhappily for national as well as for human interests, the sympathies of the people of this country are at present directed into another channel, or, we believe, that now, as once before, their indignation would rise and sweep the authors of its disgrace from every position of power and influence which the national favour has hitherto accorded to them. It is too early yet to see designs of Providence in the catastrophe that has fallen upon us, or we might suggest that it was fitting the ruling classes should again feel the wrath of the people—a wrath that was too soon pacified on the former occasion for it to have been productive of any permanent beneficial influence.

There is no occasion to recount the events that have occurred during the past month. They may be summed up in one sentence—increase in the strength of the mutineers—decrease in the strength of the Europeans. Bengal and its one hundred thousand trained soldiers are no nearer re-capture than they were two months ago. But what besides? From before Delhi, we hear of the loss of three generals, and nearly seven hundred of the army. From Cawnpore, of a massacre that would have made a Herod or a Nero shudder —and for which no shedding of blood can ever atone. From Dinapore, of the loss of troops literally led into slaughter—and from all the country around of fears, apprehensions, and foreboding of evil. Two figures, like Lucifer and Uriel in the garden of Eden, stand out from the midst of the confusion that reigns—Nana Sahib and General Havelock;—the one a heathen fury, the other a plain Puritan soldier. There are always 'representative men' in such struggles as this, and looked at from a large point of view it would perhaps be difficult to select two men more truly illustrative of the interests involved in this contest. A devil incarnate, reflecting every vice that has ever found a kennel in the bosom of a created being, is set face to face with a brave Christian man. There is flight, pursuit, victory. It is the old history of good and evil; a history that, like the prophecies of the Apocalypse, is repeated and repeated generation after generation on a larger and a larger scale, but ever with the same triumphant result. For it will be noticed, that just in proportion as the

life divine is developed, in the same proportion is the life satanic. The finer the exhibition of Christianity, the grosser the exhibition of devilry. The same law and growth of progression holds good in both cases. So Nana Sahib may be taken as the last and most finished earthly specimen of the power of the devil on earth. But he serves another purpose—he has illustrated the real character of a large portion of the population of Hindostan. Perhaps it was necessary that we should receive some very vivid and tangible illustrations of this before we could realize what the East Indian Government has been doing in pampering, courting, and pensioning these men. For the future, they will probably hesitate before they bribe another Rajah's Prime Minister. Lastly, Nana Sahib has his own plausible tale to tell, in which, unfortunately, there is much truth. He is the legitimate offspring of the iniquitous system of annexation pursued by the Indian Government with native kingdoms. But for such an annexation he had now been a minister of state in his own country; because he is not a minister, but only a pensioner, he is a rebel. We have 'sown the wind and reaped the whirlwind.'

One or two, more or less, obvious results are springing out of the present position of affairs. It is likely, in a military point of view, to be of some benefit to us as a nation. It is educating and bringing out a new race of generals. It is a remarkable circumstance that all our great generals, with scarcely one eminent exception, have been trained, and have gained their first laurels in India. Clive, Wolfe, Wellington, Picton, Gough, Smith, Napier, Campbell, are names that will at once occur to every newspaper reader. To this will soon now be added a Havelock, and before the war is over we shall doubtless see many others entered on the roll. And not before we needed them!

In a political point of view there is scarcely anything but advantage to be reaped from a change in India. No government connected with England could be more arbitrary, tyrannical, inefficient, cumbrous, or corrupt, than the Government of the East Indies. If it can be only swept away by the course of events, all India and England will rejoice because of the war.

And so religiously. Mohammedanism and Budhism have now probably seen their last days as state-paid religions of England, and Christianity may expect a fairer field and a richer harvest. Possibly, a revolt such as the present may have been the only means suitable for bringing the whole population of Hindostan effectively under British rule, and under the influence of a spiritual Christianity; if so, it will occur to many minds to notice how speedily the nations of the earth are having the gospel brought

to them. California, Australia, Turkey, China, Hindostan,—soon the 'whole world' will have had the glad tidings told in their ears.

It will be seen, that in common with all others, we have no doubt concerning the ultimate result of this struggle. An Englishman has but to read the history of his own country, and he will see the end of the matter. The Bengal Presidency stands in much the same relation to the rest of British Hindostan in the nineteenth century, that the North Midland Counties of England did to Roman England in the second century, B.C. It breeds a hardy, fierce, and faithless race, whom numbers may awe and possibly extirpate, but without extirpation, whom only time and a firm rule can effectually subdue. Would it be a merely graceless task to carry the analogy a little further into the centuries to come? To imagine the recall of the British legions in consequence of wars nearer home—the final desertion, except by a few settlers and rich families, of the whole of the newly conquered territory—its subsequent conversion to Christianity, and its long reign over the heart and intellect of the world?

It is a less difficult matter in the present than in the case of the Crimean war, to gather up the expressions of public opinion concerning the character of this struggle. With one or two exceptions, the press has given up the 'religious cry.' It was very well to start with, and perhaps it would have served its full purpose if the mutiny had been nipped in the bud. But, unfortunately, events have proved its hollowness, and nobody now believes that the preaching of Christianity has had anything whatever to do with either Delhi, Cawnpore, or Dinapore.—The newspapers are also gradually dropping the phrase, 'mysterious mutiny.' It is now pretty generally acknowledged by the more independent portion of the press that the causes of the mutiny are anything but 'mysterious.' Our own bad and blundering Government has furnished the fuel, to which Mohammedan ambition has applied the torch. Given, at any epoch of the world's history, the same materials, and you will infallibly have the same results.—The 'Times' excepted, there seems to be but one opinion as to the expediency, as soon as practicable, of putting an end to the ascendency of the East India Company. It is at last patent to all the world that the Leadenhall-street Corporation is, without exception, the greatest bubble that was ever blown out of the suds of politics. A fearful sacrifice has been necessary, as in the case of the Crimean war, to act as a momentum to the feelings and judgment of the nation, but if it have the desired effect, the thousand lives that have now fallen will have saved ten thousand in a few years time. This, however, is a question at present held in abeyance, and it will probably not be taken in hand until Mr.

Bright appears in Parliament as the accuser of the East India Company. Until then our province is rightly to guide and support the executive in the discharge of the most urgent duty that has ever fallen to a government; —and woe to the minister that sacrifices the blood of his countrymen to the miserable routine of office!

There are only one or two other subjects on which we wish to say a word this month. Under Court patronage the Evangelical Alliance has suddenly sprung into something like the appearance of life, but whether it be a merely temporary resuscitation of energy under the influence of an exhilarating stimulant, or the awakening of powers that have been only dormant, we cannot take upon ourselves to decide. As neither the intellect nor the heart of English religion has ever expressed a very great amount of practical sympathy with the Alliance, the British churches were but poorly represented at the Berlin meetings. Not a single scholar was present. German Christendom, on the other hand, sent some of its ablest men to the gathering, and thus afforded the few English people who attended the meeting the opportunity of meeting, face to face, the giants of Biblical literature and theology. Considering that, amongst others, Bunsen and Nitsch were of this number, it would be hardly possible for men to have given a profounder or more beautiful illustration of Christian charity than did the Germans on this occasion. With loving hearts and open hands they greeted the men who for years have been blackening their reputation with every slanderous epithet that an envenomed orthodoxy could suggest. Let us hope that the right hand of forgiveness that was then taken was taken in truth and sincerity, and that those who may return to this country may return and hereafter live in the spirit of the gospel of truth and peace. Hitherto they have discredited the hearing of the ear, but now that the eye hath seen and the heart hath felt that the religion and theology of Germany are as true, if not truer, than their own, the awful ghost of 'Neology' may perhaps venture to anticipate a wiser and more fitting treatment at their hands.

We notice the meeting of the Emperors at Switzerland only to call attention to the remarkable article in the 'Times' of Thursday, the 24th. It reads word for word like a ten years' old speech of Mr. Cobden's. Having sufficiently ridiculed the international arbitration proposal, it has now begun to study it, and forthwith proposes, almost in Mr. Cobden's words, that France and Russia should lead the way to a perpetual peace by a general disarmament.

With news of a great commercial convulsion in America, we have also intelligence of a threatened political contest. President Buchanan—unin-

tentionally hastening the settlement of the slavery question—has declared his intention of supporting the party of disorder in Kansas. In this, as in all similar questions, a bad cause is being betrayed by its best friends.

Dr. Livingston—whose book we hope to notice in our next number—has been the guest of friends who have emphatically delighted to do him honour. Whatever unenviable qualities our Scotch brethren may possess, their pecuniary liberality in public matters is getting to be almost proverbial. The Glasgow and Edinburgh testimonials to the great Christian traveller have actually exceeded those of London and Manchester—the two cities, the last especially, that will probably be most benefited by the Livingston discoveries.

We close with a word of painful regret for the decease of Daniel Manin. It is sorrowful at any time to hear of the death of an exile, but for Manin one could spare more than words of common sympathy. As President of the Venetian Republic of 1848, he was one of the purest, most moderate, most consistent, and most thoughtful, of the Italian patriots. Two years ago he dared to oppose the suicidal schemes of Mazzini, and to bear some obloquy for so doing. His hopes for his country on earth are now faded, as the thousand wreaths that garland the tombs of Montmartre.

THE MONTHLY

CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR.

NOVEMBER, 1857.

The Great Fetes of Boulogne, 1857.

THE month of August in the present year has been made memorable in the history of Boulogne, by the grand fêtes and pilgrimages accompanying the consecration of the new holy image of 'the blessed and immaculate Mary.' We will endeavour to give some account of these extraordinary proceedings for the benefit of those who may have had no personal experience of the movements of the 'religious world' across the Channel.

The little river Liane enters the sea between two lofty ranges of hills, which open into a capacious sandy bay. Boulogne is built from the river side up to the top of the heights on the right. The long ridge on the summit is crowned with two principal monuments—by the Napoleon column towards the sea, and, further inland, by the new Cathedral of Notre Dame, with its stately towering dome rising six hundred feet above the water level. The small plain beside the Liane affords room for several long and parallel streets, full of shops and houses of business; the steep hill-side is climbed by the magnificent Grande Rue, winding in a gentle curve from the old church of St. Nicholas, at the foot up to the Sous-Prefecture, the ramparts, the Mairie, and the cathedral. When the evening sunbeams fall upon the green blinds, brightly tinted façades, and antique gables of the winding steep of the Grande Rue, and cover the cathedral dome with a faint violet and crimson glory, it is impossible to conceive any thing more picturesque than the aspect of this beautiful old town. The sands towards the sea, commanded by several considerable hotels, are covered with the fishing and bathing population. To sit alone on the heights in the calm of a September afternoon, when the rigging of every vessel in the port and of every fishing boat in the offing comes

out like a diagram against the clear blue sky, and to watch the peaceful scene below, is quiet enough to rest the brain of the most toil-worn citizen of England or of France. There is a glorifying power in unclouded sunlight which invests the most common objects with interest, perhaps because it surrounds them with an air of heavenly repose. It is sad to think of how much enjoyment the smoke and mist of England deprive us in our daily life. Half of our national ill humour would, perhaps, evaporate if the island could be drifted to the latitude of the north of France.

But to our story. It appears, from the veracious traditions which the hierarchy substitute for popular instruction, that in the seventh century, 'about the year 633' (we quote from the programme of the fêtes circulated for the use of the Boulogne public), the divine Virgin herself came to choose a sanctuary on the hills on which the city is built. Many grave and weighty testimonies assure us that in that year there arrived in the port of Boulogne a vessel, without sailors, sails, or oars, which the sea, by an extraordinary calm, seemed to have guarded from harm. In it was seen an image of the Virgin wrought in wood, of admirable workmanship, about three feet and a half high, holding the child Jesus on her left arm. The news of this apparition spread rapidly through the town, the folk descending *en masse* to the shore to receive at the hand of Heaven the sacred deposit. The holy image was solemnly carried into the church, where it was honoured for more than a thousand years. Crowds from all quarters arrived from century to century to invoke the powerful and compassionate Queen of Heaven, who, by an uninterrupted series of benefits and graces, commanded the tempest and protected the mariner, restored health to the sick, gave courage to the weak, consolation to the afflicted, conversion to sinners, and perseverance to the just. From age to age the melancholy train of human infirmities wended its way towards the heights where sat enthroned in mercy our Lady of Boulogne, there to obtain their solace and their cure; and numerous miracles, wrought by the intercession of Mary, confirmed and increased the confidence and devotion of the people. To implore the protection of her, whom none ever invoked in vain, under the conditions required by Divine Providence, an immense concourse of the faithful, *magnus populi confluxus*, says a chronicler, poured into Boulogne, not only from the neighbouring parishes, but even from Flanders, Hainault, and Great Britain. The thirteenth century, in particular, witnessed the glory of this shrine. It was frequented by multitudes from both sides of the Channel. St. Louis of France, Henry III. of England, and many other illustrious personages, worshipped and offered on this holy hill. In the following centuries, all the noblesse of France, England, Burgundy, and Flanders, left in the sanctuary striking marks of their devotion and liberality. Kings, nobles, warriors, came with the humblest peasantry to lay their offerings at the feet of the miraculous Virgin. So great was the faith of the Parisians in this particular manifestation of Mary, that a fraternity in the capital, devoted to her honour, conceived the pious

project of establishing in their own neighbourhood a new place of devotion which might serve as a supplement to the first. It was speedily reared on the banks of the Seine, at the village of Menus, which, therefore, together with the wood that adjoins it, has borne the name of Boulogne to the present day. The visitor to Paris who looks from the summit of the Arc d'Etoile towards the Bois de Boulogne, will now enjoy the advantage of surveying the imperial drive with an increase of intelligence.

At length, after a long reign, amidst the splendour of the ancient cathedral, and the worship of her votaries, Mary (for we follow the priestly scribes in speaking of the image as precisely identical with the Heavenly Queen), came to grief. The mind of France found relief from the intolerable weight of mediæval superstition and imposture in a violent tempest of iconoclastic atheism. The sacred images of Boulogne were torn from their shrines in 1792, the venerable sea-born simulachrum of the Virgin was placed at the top of the pile in the Place d'Armes (a plateau in front of the cathedral), and there, amidst the shouts and blasphemies of a revolutionary mob, they were burnt to ashes;—all, except one hand of Mary, rescued from the flames by a pious bystander—which hand, blackened with age and fire, and enclosed in a heart of fine gold, was carried in procession at the recent great festival, which we shall afterwards describe. Very shortly after this destruction of the image, her shrine, the ancient and magnificent church, was sold and delivered to the hammers of ruthless demolishers, who carried away most of the materials, leaving only an unsightly heap of ruins on the scene of so much glory in the past. For ten years the worship of Mary vanished from Boulogne. But at the restoration of liberty to the Church by the Concordat, a venerable curate of St. Joseph's undertook to re-establish the adoration of the ancient patroness of the town. 'By the assistance of persons who had seen the former image he caused to be made, as nearly as possible, a fac-simile, which was placed in a niche behind the altar, and soon she was again seen in her boat, with her customary ornaments, bearing in her arms the Divine Infant, born for the salvation of the world.'

But the old cathedral, rased to its foundations, remained a heap of ruins, until there arose the Boulogne Nehemiah, M. l'Abbé Haffreingue. This gentleman, a mild-looking priest, of sixty years of age, of most amiable aspect and engaging presence, of blameless character, and considerable learning, became, in 1816, the superior of a college founded in the city at the close of the Revolution. In 1820 he bought the buildings of the ancient episcopal palace, and converted them to the purposes of his school. There he contemplated, close at hand, every day the wreck of the cathedral. At length, moved with a zeal, of which there is no reason to doubt the general sincerity, and knowing the immense power of great and magnificent edifices as promulgators of religious ideas, he resolved to devote all his earnings and his leisure to the undertaking of reconstructing the Temple of Notre Dame de Boulogne. In 1827 the foundations of the new

church were laid, and from that time till this, during a period of thirty years, has M. Haffreingue persevered in enlisting the sympathy of people and kings, of nobles and peasants, on behalf of his cherished, and now triumphant labour. By the aid of generous gifts, subscriptions, and other means suggested by religious zeal, the works have been pursued with a prodigious activity, and we see, to-day, the result of the life-labour of this one man in the magnificent dome which rises so proudly and so loftily upon the Channel heights into the sunny sky. The building is still far from finished in the interior, but it is enough advanced to allow of the celebration of worship, and during the fêtes, just ended, it was crowded every evening for a fortnight by a congregation of four thousand persons, to listen to the eloquence of the Abbé La Vigne.

To build in stone, and to provide a cathedral with its proper ornaments, is a work of vast expense. Money was still required, after all the donations of nobles, popes, and kings. How shall it be obtained from the iron grip of a trading generation? Quoth the iron-visaged Monseigneur Parisis, bishop of Arras, the superior of the persevering old abbé, 'by boldly restoring the pilgrimages to the shrine of our blessed and immaculate Lady of Boulogne.' We will have a new image in stone of our Lady, to stand on the summit of the cathedral as a land-mark to mariners; but before we raise her to her throne as 'the Star of the Sea,' we will bless her, and consecrate her in the Place d'Armes, on the very spot where the former image was burnt, and we will invite the priesthood of every town and village around us to lead a pilgrimage of their congregations, during fourteen days, to the seat of the Virgin's ancient glory, where they shall contribute their offerings to the work of finishing the cathedral. And, more than that, we will engage the special blessing of the Pope, and the sanction of the Emperor, on the last great day of the festival, and of the inauguration of the statue—for such a closing display, and for such a procession through the streets of Boulogne, as the eyes of this generation have never beheld, and which shall, by its marvellous beauty, carry by a *coup* the devotional assent of the whole province of the North, let England gnash her teeth at the "superstition" as she may!' Thus spake Parisis of Arras, and thus did he, and more.

The pilgrimages to the shrine of Notre Dame de Boulogne were duly considered during the summer by his Holiness Pope Pius IX. and his spiritual advisers. Their deliberations resulted in the publication of a decree, by virtue of which the church erected by M. Haffreingue is by some mysterious process united (*agrégée*) to that of our Lady of Loretto, and thereby placed in possession of a great number of spiritual favours under the dispensation of the apostolic see. A plenary indulgence is accorded once a year to all the faithful Christians who, accomplishing the ordinary conditions of repentance and confession, shall visit the church and the holy image of the Immaculate Virgin, and shall there pray devoutly according to the intentions of the Church. This favour, adds our authority, is very precious for the pilgrims, who are at liberty to choose throughout the

whole year the day which pleases them best to gain their annual indulgence. In addition, an indulgence of seven years is offered every day in the year, without exception, to those who, contrite for their faults, shall come to pray in the church with the same intentions. These indulgences, observes the Pope, are all applicable to the souls in purgatory.

This Papal decree, carefully circulated throughout the bishoprics of France, answered beyond expectation the desires of its promulgators. The pilgrimages commenced on the 15th of August, the fête day of the Napoleon dynasty, and the festival of the Assumption of the Virgin. Day after day the 'parishes' of the north arrived in Boulogne, some on foot, some by rail. On reaching the town, they formed in procession, the acolytes of each parish leading the way in their church dresses of scarlet and linen, bearing aloft the crucifix and a banner. Next came the priests, some of them from the rural districts as coarse and wicked-looking fellows as ever led the angelical life of celibacy and wore the tonsure; these marched forward singing litanies of the Virgin with more or less of music and monotony in the strain. After them walked in ranks the pilgrims whom they were conducting to their devotions; peasant girls, in new uniform dresses, with crimson skirts; young men and maidens, whom it was understood that in a great number of instances a holiday in Boulogne and the pleasures of the festival, much rather than any special anxiety for a plenary indulgence elsewhere, had moved to the journey; Sisters of Charity from rural establishments, in their black robes and white flowing caps; old men and grandmothers, who wished to revive in age the recollections of their childhood; a few ladies and gentlemen; and, lastly, the parochial schools. The processions which arrived from the towns and wealthier districts were marked by the greater splendour of their appointments; by the number of their clergy; by the superior quality of the singing (in some instances supported by choirs of young ladies); by the variety and magnificence of their emblazoned banners; by the richness of their dresses, whose brilliant dyes shone out well in the unclouded sunlight; and by the multitude of persons forming the company. The pilgrimage from Paris was, of course, one of the most striking. It was composed chiefly of the better classes, and comprised a large number of ladies and gentlemen. The ladies in their muslins, silks, and crinolines, with the newest Parisian bonnets, presented the aspect of very cheerful pilgrims indeed. They were led by a long train of priests and abbés, in holiday attire, from the wardrobes of the Madeleine and St. Eustache. This procession arrived at nightfall, and moved up the steep of the Grande Rue decorated with green arches and crowded with people, in the light of hundreds of torches borne at their side by the gamins of Boulogne. This was a spectacle of the most picturesque description, and rich was the effect of the fine voices from the metropolitan choirs as they sent aloft through the darkened air the praises of 'the Queen of Heaven.'

As each 'pelerinage' arrived at the cathedral on the summit of the

town, the great front gates were opened wide, and the procession passed up the church into the Lady Chapel in the rear, to the strains of the organ, and the choir in the gallery, conducted by M. Haffreingue, to the foot of the Virgin's altar, above which shone, in a blue recess, an illuminated image of Mary in her boat; the company was arranged in ranks, and then kneeling down, recited the prayers on which the concession of the indulgence depended. When these were finished, a tall priest, in a white robe, passed through the ranks, presenting a velvet-covered box to receive the offerings of the worshippers. The poor gave their silver, and the rich their gold, and during the whole period many hundreds of thousands of francs must have been thus contributed towards the treasury of the cathedral. On the completion of their devotions each company disbanded to contemplate the building, and afterwards scattered themselves through the town to enjoy the temporal blessings which Boulogne could afford. In the evening there was generally a fête in the gardens of the Tintelleries—the local Vauxhall. There, amidst ten thousand coloured lamps, and a really effective display of fireworks, and the ceaseless music of a military band, they disported themselves with chatting and dancing until night closed in. It was often, however, nearly one o'clock before these pious 'pilgrims,' without any 'progress,' betook themselves to their beds. The first of these nightly festivities, on Napoleon's day, was, however, rendered a melancholy failure by adverse weather. The brisk wind contended with the lamplighters. The festoons of coloured lamps would not kindle, or keep alight. In vain did an army of functionaries strive to illuminate the pavilion of glory in which the band sat enthroned. It was a ghastly fête. Rain deluged the dancers. The imperial crown flickered, and went out. The asparagus heads, stuck in for ornament, drooped heavily over the ground lamps, which essayed to burn in the parterres. The rockets and revolving wheels glared savagely through the gloom. The French spirits sank under the disappointment, and the Festival of the Assumption went out in mud and thick darkness.

Every evening during the fortnight of the pilgrimages a more intellectual occupation was provided in the cathedral for the citizens of Boulogne, and for those whose tastes demanded something superior to fireworks and experimental rifle-shooting. The edifice was thronged to listen to the sermons of the Abbé La Vigne. This gentleman, whose voice thundered throughout the whole building, and held enchained the attention of four thousand persons, night after night handled the chief doctrines of the Church with an iron tongue, and hurled vigorous defiances in the teeth of Protestants and heretics, in a style which seemed to meet the especial approval of the great company of the priests who crowded the space in front of the pulpit. At the close of the sermon, low mass was celebrated, the service being sung by a choir gathered for the occasion. Among these there was one voice, that of a young priest of the diocese, which those who heard will never forget. The general impression among the English was, that it was equal in quality to that of Sims Reeves (it can scarcely be

superior), and sublime in contrast with the pealing strains of organ and choir was the effect of the solos delivered by this wonderful singer, through the half-lighted gloom, in the hearing of the awed and silent multitudes of worshippers.

At length, after the last of the country parishes and of the country towns had sent in its processions during the preliminary fortnight, arrived Sunday, the 30th of August, a day which the hierarchy determined to render very famous in the annals of Boulogne, the day for the inauguration of the new statue, and for the great procession, which was to surpass all previous displays of ecclesiastical millinery and upholstery in the history of Northern France. The weather, which had become settled, was magnificent. The morning broke in crystalline clearness. The sky and air were filled with a light which adorned the whole landscape, and made beauty still more beautiful in every hue of colour or glitter of silver and gold. It was one of those days when fine linen borrows a fresh whiteness from the sun, and every purple-emblazoned banner floats in more brilliant triumph through the sparkling air—a day made for a gala and a festival. This weather, of course, was attributed to the gracious intervention of Mary. The component portions of the procession were marshalled by the priests in the various streets, courts, and walks surrounding the cathedral soon after one o'clock. To each person in each company, and to each company of the vast cavalcade, their station had been appointed weeks beforehand. Six thousand souls, forming a cortège of a mile and a-half in length, were assembled and arranged, and reviewed, in perfect order, and with perfect ease, before the word to move forward, with sacred chants, was given to the van as the clock struck two. The head of the immense column was stationed in the Place d'Armes, close to the platform on which rose the pedestal of the new image. This statue of the Virgin, ten feet in height, is certainly a triumph of art. It seems difficult to believe that so much meaning can be breathed into, and breathed forth from, stone. Mary is represented alone. She bears on her arm no representation of the infant Jesus. She stands with her hands together, and uplifted, on her breast, in prayer. The countenance is one of maidenly holiness and severe benevolence. The general effect is not that of a high goddess bestowing benedictions in her own right, but of the 'handmaid of the Lord,' most humbly beseeching Heaven's blessing upon those below. It is one of the very few representations of Mary in which the attitude and expression point directly to the Supreme. Indeed, it is a statue which, seen near at hand, is fitted to cure a thoughtful mind of idolatry, and to remind the beholder of that meek and reverential spirit who on earth so highly 'magnified the Lord,' and in heaven must resent so deeply the profanity of her own adoration.

From before this fair image of their 'immaculate' patroness, high over whose bending head was suspended, by a four-square arch-work of silver birch foliage, an immense crown of the most beautiful flowers, the head of the procession took its way down the declivity of the citadel to the streets of the lower town. At the slow and solemn

pace at which it moved it was an hour and a-quarter in passing along before any fixed point of observation. To describe its general aspect would not be easy to an eye accustomed only to the sober grey of an English atmosphere, and the still more sober blacks and greys of English dress. If the duke of Wellington's funeral was a spectacle of dismal grandeur suited to the melancholy occasion, and to the smoky, rainy atmosphere of London, this bright vision, radiant as the rainbow, was equally suited to the clear air of sunny and light-hearted France, and, but for its moral meaning, would have left an incomparably more glorious impression. For, setting apart the manifold effects of the most exquisite colouring, and the charm of the most finished elegance in the grouping of the successive companies who composed it, this great procession, winding its way, in serpentine course, through the high and low streets, and beside the long quays of Boulogne when the tide was up, was a representation of the whole of living humanity marching to 'the altar of Heaven.' There were the magistracy and the lieutenants of the Imperial Government, the municipal authorities, the army, with its red-legged soldiery and plumed commanders, the navy, and the tars of France, and the sailors of her mercantile marine; there were deputies from all the professions on land and sea; from all trades and all handicrafts; the fishermen who spend their nights upon the deep, and the gardeners who wreathe their garlands around the homes of industry; merchants, doctors, architects, lawyers, shopkeepers; there were old men and grey beards in their coats of frieze; young men and maidens, the one in holiday attire, the other in the bloom of youth and beauty; and children of seven years old in many a band; there were 'the religious' of every name and of every antique garb and canon; the *Sœurs Gris* in their coarse flannels, the Sisters of Charity in their black robes and white floating caps, the Redemptorist fathers, the hierarchy of every grade, from the youthful acolyte with the parish crucifix, up to the gorgeously emblazoned cardinal and vicar apostolic.

The procession was divided into two principal parts. The first consisted of the seven parishes of Boulogne, each represented by a distinct organized company, and the second of what was called a *cortège d'honneur*, composed of pilgrims from Paris, from England, and other parts — of different religious congregations — of the clergy of the diocese, and of the great episcopal lords, whose presence gave lustre to the day. First marched a detachment of gendarmerie, horse and foot, to clear the way; next to them the parish of Portel, followed in succession by those of St. Martin, St. Francis, St. Pierre, St. Vincent, St. Joseph, and St. Nicholas. Each parish was represented by its acolytes or cross-bearers in scarlet and lawn; its gorgeously attired suisse or beadle, *en grande tenue;* its clergy, in their brightest robes; by bands of young ladies in uniform dresses, carrying banners and emblems; by groups of men bearing aloft, on platforms, enormous gilded representations of some scene in the Virgin's history; by the schools, higher and lower, belonging to the district; by choirs of singers, male and female; by companies of young children, clothed in

white, carrying baskets of fresh flowers; by *confréries*, or religious associations, having local and parochial ties, and objects esteemed religious. The description of one parish may serve as an example of the rest. Let it be that of St. François de Sales. The suisse in scarlet and gold, the acolytes in lace over crimson, and the crucifix. Choirs of young ladies in fifties, all clothed in white, with veils of transparent gauze covering them before and behind to the knee, on their heads coronals of bright gold, and a gold sash or scarf worn transversely, and falling in rich tassels on the side. These advanced singing cantiques in honour of the Holy Virgin. Next, a group of young persons similarly clad, and bearing aloft the white banner of the Immaculate Conception, the banner itself borne by the strongest and finest young women of the company, the others holding silk streamers or ribbons of white and blue all around her, each one carrying a lily wrought in gold. Next, a large band of young girls, carrying baskets of flowers. Next, the scholars of the Augustine Sisters of the parish, in white dresses, white gauze veils, green coronals and green scarfs, and carrying in their hands oriflammes, golden horns of flowers, gonfalons, or small square flags in blue, scarlet, and gold. Next, ranks of men carrying banners bearing the titles of Mary, and some on elevated velvet platforms, richly gilded reliquaries containing the relics of St. Francis. Next, companies of little girls in white dresses, crowns of flowers, with sashes and trimmings of blue, carrying baskets of fruit and roses. Next, the great gilded representation of the Virgin's appearance in the Temple after the birth of Jesus, carried on a platform by eight gardeners in costume; and, lastly, the musical band of performers sent by the town of Guines. Each parish offered some variety. The groups of young ladies, in some cases, bore chaplets and scarfs of green, in others of silver, in others of blue, in others of crimson, in others of rose colour. In some parishes they carried large crosses, in others tapers, in others thin sheaves of newly-gathered corn, in others bouquets of brilliant flowers, in others splendidly gilt and crimsoned oriflammes, in others gonfalons of every hue. There were not less than fifteen hundred young women, many of them ladies, each one of whom had borne the expense of her ornaments, and it is easy to imagine that, under the corruscating sunlight, they formed not the least beautiful and interesting portion of this show. It was wonderfully fine to hear their successive choirs, at fixed distances, raising their anthems in measured contrast with the deep bass of the priests, and, between each parish, the modulated burst of a municipal or military band. Infinite must have been the toil expended on those graceful habiliments and ornaments; and it is easy to see that a certain outward consent to the superstition was reckoned on from every family who would take pleasure in observing that *their* daughter or sister looked her very best amidst the throng.

The second portion of the procession was either foreign, or monastic, or conventual, or ecclesiastical. First came a crowd of English ladies, in silks of every hue, a gloomy, frowzy, bitter-looking set of perverts,

badly dressed, and heavily walking in the rear of French elegance and vivacity. Next, a still larger crowd of Parisian ladies and gentlemen, better dressed, and bearing brighter countenances! Next, a succession of nuns and friars, in white flannel or black serge, or some other humiliating material, and a large body of useful Sisters of Charity, followed by a wicked-looking cohort of Redemptorist fathers. Then came the clergy of the diocese, an endless stream of priests, in black and white, with shaven crowns; the canons of the cathedral; then another bright band of young ladies, in white robes, with violet trimmings, bearing on red velvet cushions votive presents to the Virgin, the golden heart containing the old burnt hand of the ancient image, crowns of gold, crowns of thorns, crosses on their shoulders, censers in their hands with smoking incense, palm-branches in green and gold and flags of white and blue, in numbers beyond computation. The air appeared, as far as the eye could reach, to be full of banners. Lastly came the bishops. Nine of these venerable fathers beautified the ceremonial with their presence. First marched Monseigneur Parisis, of Arras, mitred, and crosier in hand, with uplifted finger, blessing the multitudes, his emblazoned robes held apart by two attendant priests. After him the bishop of Nevers, and other lordships of the Church, each at a noble distance behind his brother, allowing space for mothers with young children to rush forward and obtain the episcopal benediction. Lastly, Archbishop Cullen, with jewelled head-piece—(the Irishman who doubts the truth of the Newtonian doctrine on the Solar system)—and Cardinal Villeneuve, with red hat and stockings, bringing up the rear. On went these 'powers of darkness,' as coarse and vulgar a looking string of descendants from the apostles as could be found in Christendom. The visages of some of the bishops were indeed most repulsive, requiring the counter influence of the fifteen hundred pretty faces who preceded them to brighten away the shadow which they seemed to cast around. A strange and laughable incident befel these right reverend lords at the close of the pilgrimage. It had been arranged that from an estrade at the summit of the Grande Rue they should, on returning from their tour through the town, bless all together the vast throngs of the assembled populace, who would then fill the surrounding plateau and the broad deep street below. In due course each bishop arrived at the end of his fatiguing peregrination; the gloriously apparelled lords ascended the platform and stood in grand array, cardinals, archbishops, and bishops, before the people, ready to lift up their hands, shining with sacred rings, while with one voice they should bless, in Heaven's name, and in Mary's name, the hosts beneath. Suddenly the low platform on which they stood gave way, and, caught in the superjacent carpet held up by its four corner posts, fell that imposing assemblage of prelates, their mitres knocked off their heads against each other, their huge bodies, their crosiers, their shining robes, piled in one vast heap of undistinguishable ruin and confusion. It was a cruel spectacle. No one was hurt in body, but every one was wounded in spirit, for the wicked French gamins who filled half the square found the scene wholly subversive of their

devotion, and broke out into a profane and merry cheer. *On claquait!* Uprose, however, the prostrate eminences, finished on a lower level their benediction, and then marched forward to the Place d'Armes, where they blessed the image, and the members of the procession now mingled together in the most picturesque disorder. Here too the bishop of Nevers delivered a discourse, in which, among other references to England, he said, that when lifted to her high throne above the cupola, Mary would ever look towards the shores of Albion, and always be seen praying for our conversion. In the evening the mayor of Boulogne entertained the higher clergy at a grand banquet, where they soothed their spirits after the hideous discomfiture of the afternoon in champagne, which made them very eloquent, if not very wise.

Thus ended the glorification of Mary and the fêtes of Boulogne. But although the spectacle was contrived perhaps beyond all former precedents to dazzle the senses, and every assistance that serenest and most joyful sunlight could render was accorded to the show, there is no doubt that the priests have gained thereby little for their cause, but have lost much. The charm of the spectacle was evanescent; the audacious deification of a mortal made a permanent impression upon the community. Their reflections were greatly facilitated by a well-timed flash of scriptural light, darted into every house by an unseen power. A four-paged tract, consisting exclusively of *passages of Scripture*, exposing the sin and folly of image-worship, and detailing the human relationships of Mary, from the four Gospels, was circulated with astonishing industry on the day of the fête throughout the city. Into every Romanist family came by post, or by some occult messenger, a copy of these four pages of the 'Word of God.' The thousand copies were dispersed, each one stamped at Paris with the imprimatur of the police. All read it, all talked of it, all wondered whence it came. The priests were furious. And well they might be, since we heard man after man exclaim that they never saw so clearly the folly and wickedness of the whole system, as on this day, when it blazed forth in all its glory. And thus it turned out that the millinery and the haberdashery, and the flush of youthful beauty that shone along the line, and the pomp of theatrical sculpture borne aloft in golden magnificence upon men's shoulders, and the gleam of purple banners, and the picturesque simplicity of fisherwomen in their white caps and skirts of crimson, and an infinity of decorated laymen, and a haughty crowd of bedizened priests and prelates, and a cavalcade of authorities representing the might of the Imperial administration, and all the amazing concourse of the people, were no match for a few sentences from those Scriptures which denounce idolatry in every form, and teach us that 'every plant which our heavenly Father hath not planted shall be rooted up!'

E. W.

Richard Baxter; 'His Poetry.'

BAXTER'S 'Saint's Rest' is in every one's library; but very few have seen or read his 'Poetical Fragments.' Indeed, the idea of Baxter being a poet, or ever having wasted his time in stringing verses together, will seem to many rather inconsistent with the staid gravity and seraphic piety of one of the greatest of the great men of Nonconforming celebrity. But these men of the past, concerning whom we sometimes say,

> 'Of the three hundred grant but three
> To make a new Thermopylæ,'

were not merely saints or preachers, they were also men, and the truly human phase of their nature is a most refreshing study. Amidst all their troubles they enjoyed themselves; condescended to make merry with misfortunes, that thus became lighter; had their quirks and quips and puns, witness Dr. Wilde's poem on 'Calamy's Imprisonment in Newgate;' had not a touch of ascetism or vain bodily mortification about them; and were altogether men whom for their learning, their piety, their catholicity, and their manliness, we should greatly joy to meet again. 'I am assured,' says Baxter, 'that God made passion not in vain; and that reason is a sleepy, half useless thing, till some passion excite it; and learning to a man asleep is no better for that time than ignorance. I confess when God awakeneth in me those passions which I count rational and holy, I am so far from condemning them, that I think I was half a fool before, and have small comfort in sleepy reason. Lay by all the passionate part of love and joy, and it will be hard to have any pleasant thoughts of heaven.' Such indeed was Baxter's entire removal from the modern ideal of a rigid technical theologian, and an ascetic Puritan, that Palmer, in his edition of the 'Nonconformists' Memorial,' tells us that 'the *more knowing* Dissenters in the present day' (1775) 'cannot mention the name of Baxter without a sneer, nor hear him quoted without the suspicion of heresy.'

In 'Calamy's Life and Times,' among the long list of more than one hundred and fifty volumes which Baxter wrote and published in that hard-working and misapprehended life of his, there is mention made of certain 'Poetical Fragments, 12vo.,' published in 1681; and in 1683 there is a second notice of 'Additions to the Poetical Fragments,' 8vo. But the copy lying before us can be neither of these, for it is a small duodecimo, and was published in 1689, and of it Calamy makes no mention. We give its full title as illustrative of the fondness of the age for word-wit, if we may coin a phrase that expresses our idea better than any other that occurs to us at the moment. 'Poetical Fragments; Heart-Imployment with God and It Self. The Concordant Discord of a Broken-healed Heart, Sorrowing-rejoycing, Fearing-hoping, Dying-living. Written partly for Himself, and partly for near Friends in Sickness, and other deep Affliction. By

Richard Baxter, Eph. v. 19, 2 Cor. v. 4. *Læta fere lætus cecini: Cano tristia tristibus.* Published for the use of the Afflicted. The Second Edition. London: Printed for J. Dunton, at the sign of the *Raven* in the *Poultry*. 1689.'

Throughout 'Calamy's Life of Baxter,' there is no allusion that we remember to Baxter's wife, nor to his domestic life at all; this makes us again repeat the wish that those who write biographies would tell us what kind of people their heroes and saints are at *home;* they would find out then, to use Baxter's phrase about these 'fragments,' that their books 'were well fitted to women and vulgar wits, which are the far greatest number;'—but Richard Baxter had a wife, and an honourable woman too. Hear how tenderly he speaks of her in the Preface, dated 'London, Aug. 7, 1681, at the door of Eternity;'—he says, 'God having taken away the dear companion of the last nineteen years of my life, as her sorrows and sufferings long ago gave being to some of these poems, for reasons which the world is not concerned to know, so my grief for her removal, and the revived sense of former things, have prevailed with me to be passionate in the open sight of all.' And once again; after speaking about hymns and music, and telling us, 'I know some learned discreet men, that know not what a tune is, nor can difference one from another. I wonder at them, and oft doubt whether it be an accident, or an integral of humanity which they want;' he adds thus lovingly, 'It was not the least comfort that I had in the converse of my late dear wife, that our first in the morning, and last in bed at night, was a psalm of praise, till the hearing of others interrupted it.' And again, the heart of the good man turns to the 'dear companion' of so many years—aye, and think what years they were—during those years he has been silenced, and 'ousted of Kidderminster,' 'seized for a Conventicler,' 'hurried violently out of his house when sick;' 'all his books and goods seized and sold;' in the midst of all which troubles he wrote most of his famous treatises. No wonder that a wife who held him up and cheered him on to do, and to dare anything rather than sacrifice conscience, was 'a dear companion.' Blessed be the memories of loving wives, and may all good husbands have such; at the close of one of his finest hymns, and one we often sing or say, which is familiar doubtless to all our readers, he adds, 'This covenant my dear wife in her former sickness subscribed with a chearful will. Job xii. 26.' This must be a printer's error (what a lot they make too even after our most careful revises), for the 12th chapter of Job has only twenty-five verses; and we suppose Baxter not only *meant*, but *wrote*, perhaps he did not write legibly, Job xix. 26.

But what hymn was it that Baxter's wife looked on as her covenant, and which she 'subscribed with a chearful will?' It is very well known, but we will give a verse or two, not as 'a vain repetition,' but because no repetition can ever dull their power or destroy their beauty:—

'Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than he went through before;
He that into God's kingdom comes
Must enter by this door.

Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet
  Thy blessed face to see;
For if thy work on earth be sweet,
  What will thy glory be?

Then shall I end my sad complaints,
  And weary sinful daies;
And joyn with the triumphant saints,
  That sing Jehovah's praise.

My knowledge of that life is small;
  The eye of faith is dim;
But it's enough that Christ knows all;
  And I shall be with him.'

Before making other quotations from these 'Poetical Fragments,' Baxter himself shall introduce them in his own words:—'All that I have to say for these Fragments is, 1. That being suited to women and vulgar wits, which are far the greatest number, they may be useful to such, though contemptible to those of higher elevation and expectation. 2. And being suited to afflicted, sick, dying, troubled, sad, and doubting persons, the number of such is so great in these calamitous times, as may render them useful to more than I desire. The Lord, by his merciful providence and his grace, tune up our dull and drooping souls to such joyful praises as may prepare us for everlasting praise in heaven. Amen.'

The first poem is entitled, 'Love breathing Thanks and Praise,' which, says Baxter, is 'intended as a thankful, historical, commemoration of all the notable passages of my life,' and which, 'if he had had time *and heart* to finish it,' would have been, he says, 'the most self-pleasing part of my writings.' This long piece occupies thirty-seven closely-printed pages; and, though occasionally dull and tedious, and sometimes spoilt by the conceits which were among the curiosities of the literature of that day, it nevertheless often possesses the real poetic fervour and beauty. We do not, of course, claim for Richard Baxter a place among the poets of Great Britain; we only claim for him a worthy niche amongst those whose lives in stormy times were a grand poem, and whose fervid utterances were sometimes presided over by the highest inspiration of which prose or poem-writer is susceptible. But our readers shall judge for themselves. The poem to which we have thus alluded has many great beauties in it; not the least is the refrain, *in italics*, with which the survey of each historic period concludes, the first line of which is always the same, the second varied by the character of the strain; thus—

'Oh! my dear God, how precious is thy love,
  Thus thou prepar'st us for the life above;'

or, if he speaks of affliction—

'Oh! my dear God, how precious is thy love,
  Thy griefs prepare us for the joys above;'

or if he speaks of his doubts and mental struggles—and it should be remembered that Baxter battled his way to 'rest in the cross,' as

many a good man does, through weary, dark, mazy paths of scepticism—he says,

'Oh! my dear God, how precious is thy love,
Thy troubling motions tend to rest above;'

or when he refers to the preachers he heard, and the books he read in an after-stage of his experience, he says, with innocently beautiful simplicity—

'Though preachers were too often dry and dull,
Thy holy Word was quick and powerful;
The many precious books of holy men,
Thy Spirit used on me as his pen;
Perkins, Sibbs, Bolton, Whately, holy Dod,
Hildersham, Preston, other men of God;—
* * * *
These happy counsellors were still at hand,
The maps and landskips of the Holy Land:—
* * * *
Oh! my dear God, how precious is thy love;
Are these thy candles? What's the sun above?'

And once more we quote, hoping our readers will not weary of a few more strains:—

'That's good which doth good, or doth good portend;
'Tis end and objects which ennoble acts;
Those that do *glorious things are glorious facts*;
* * * *
Wisdom itself will make the mind most wise;
He that ascends to God doth highest rise.
Sure Pisgah was Parnassus, or the Mount
Where three apostles did their glories count;
Christ's living streams are the true Helicon;
None make true poets but heaven's springs alone:
What poor, low, toyish work make frothy wits,
Like Bacchus scholars in their pot-wise fits:'—

and then, contrasting these with others, in the same tender refrain, he adds:—

'Oh! my dear God, how precious is thy love;
These are the drops, what are the streams above?'

There is in this long poem the most 'self-pleasing' of Baxter's 'writings,' a description of the true preacher, which, without remark, much less apology, we extract at some length. It is worthy of a place side by side with Cowper's lines, 'Would I describe a preacher such as Paul,' &c., that are familiar to all. Baxter had been referring to his sickness, which was nigh unto death, and how

'This called me out to work while it was day,
And warn poor souls to turn without delay;'

and then in true poetry, and most pious earnestness, he says,

'Oh, how should preachers men's repentance crave,
Who see how near the church is to the grave;
I preach'd as never sure to preach again,
And as a dying man to dying men.

What statues or what hypocrites are they,
Who between sleep and wake do preach and pray;
As if they feared wakening the dead,
Or were but lighting sinners to their bed;
Who speak of heaven and hell as on a stage,
And make the pulpit but a parrot's cage;
Who *teach* as men that care not much who learns,
And *preach* in jest to men who sin in earns.
Surely God's messenger, if any man,
Should speak with all the seriousness he can;
Who must prevail with sinners, *now or never*,
As those that must be saved *now, if ever.*

* * * *

A proud, unhumbled preacher is unmeet
To lay proud sinners humbled at Christ's feet;
So are the blind to tell men what God saith,
And faithless men to propagate the faith.
The dead are unfit means to raise the dead,
And enemies to give the children bread;
And utter strangers to the life to come
Are not the best conductors to our home;

* * * *

How oft did I come down with shame and grief,
Not that I was so homely, or so brief;
But that my own soul was no more awake,
And felt no more the things of which I spake!

* * * *

Oh! my dear God, how precious is thy love;
How should we prize and seek the joys above.'

He then passes in review that period in his history on which he looked back with sadness, and of which he thus speaks;—

'Thy methods crossed my ways; my young desire
To academic glory did aspire;—
Fain I'd have sat in such a nurse's lap,
Where I might long have had a sluggard's nap;
Or have been dandled on her reverend knees,
And known by honoured titles and degrees;
And so have spent the flower of my days,
In soaring in the air of human praise;
Yea, and I thought it needful to *thy* ends
To make the prejudiced world my friends;
So that *my praise* might go before *thy grace*,
Preparing men the message to embrace;

* * * *

But these were not thy thoughts; thou didst foresee
That such a course would not be best for me;
Thou mad'st me know that men's contempt and scorn
Is such a cross as must be daily borne;
Thy mercy would not have me splendid dross,
A minister of *pomp*, but of the *Cross*;
That cross which hypocrites may *preach* and *hear*,
But all that follow Christ must also bear.'

* * * *

Yet presently he again confesses—

'Nor to thy methods was I reconciled,
Because I was not Rabbi, Doctor, styled.

Forgive this pride, and break the serpent's brain,
Pluck up the poisonous root, till none remain.
Give me the wisdom; I'll not beg the fame;
Grant me the thing; let others take the name.
* * * *
Oh! my dear God, how precious is thy love,
Thy ways, not ours, lead to the joys above.'

At the close of this long poem, Baxter adds rather sharply, his soul was vexed within him,

'Cetera desunt, præsunt, adsunt.'

'I purposed to have recited the most notable mercies of my life, in continuing this hymn of thanksgiving to my gracious God; but the qualities of the subject, and the age's impatience, stopped me here, and I could go no further, and my painful and spiritless age is now unfit for poetry; and the matter is so large as would have made the volume big.'

Rather querulous, good, dear Baxter; your little book of poems had gone through two editions, which ought to have been proof of high appreciation by a fit audience in a 'painful and spiritless age;' but as old Dr. Calamy says, 'Living or dying, Baxter was as much respected by some, and as much slighted by others, as any man of the age.' For the present we halt.

W. G. B.

The Civilization of Africa.

[We have pleasure in transferring to our pages the following able and deeply interesting summary of the progress of Civilization in Africa, from the pen of Professor Shedd, of Andover, Massachusetts. It appeared originally in the form of an address, delivered before the Massachusetts Colonization Society, in the summer of the present year.—It may be as well to state that President Roberts, of Liberia, is now in England, endeavouring to influence the Government in favour of improved commercial regulations.—Ed. Christian Spectator.]

On the 22nd of March, 1775, Edmund Burke, pleading for the liberties of the American Colonies, in the British House of Commons, had occasion to allude to their marvellous growth, as outrunning everything of the kind in the then past history of England, or the world. In less than seventy years, he said, the trade with America had increased twelvefold. It had grown from a half-million of pounds per annum to six millions—a sum nearly equal to the whole export trade of England at the commencement of the eighteenth century. This rapid growth, he continued, might all be spanned by the life of a single man, 'whose memory might touch the two extremities.' Lord Bathurst was old enough, in 1704, to understand the figures and the facts, as they then stood. The same Lord Bathurst, in 1775, was a member of that Parliament before whom the great orator was reciting

the new facts that were stranger than fiction, in order to waken England to a consciousness that the colonies beyond the sea were bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh, and must be treated accordingly. Warming from the gravity of his theme, and rising in soul as the vision slowly evolved before him, he represents the guardian angel of the youthful Bathurst as drawing aside the curtain of the future and unfolding the rising glories of his country; and particularly as pointing him, while absorbed in the commercial grandeur of England, to 'a little speck scarce visible in the mass of the national interest, a small seminal principle, rather than a formed body,' and as saying to him, 'Young man, there is *America;* which, at this day, serves for little more than to amuse you with stories of savage men and uncouth manners; yet shall, before you taste of death, show itself equal to the whole of that commerce which now attracts the envy of the world.'

We have alluded to this well-known but ever fresh and fine prosopopœia of the great Englishman, because it spontaneously comes into memory when one commences to read, to think, or to speak upon Africa. That tropical continent lies nearly as dim and vague before the mind of this generation, as the cold and cheerless America did before the mind of England when Johnson and Burke were boys. With the exception of a small strip of the Atlantic coast, the wilds of this Western world were as unknown to the Englishman of 1700, as the jungles of Soudan or the highlands of Central Africa are to us. And yet it may be that there are youth of this generation who will live to see those dim beginnings of Christianity, of civilization, and of empire, which are now scarcely visible on the African Atlantic coast, expanded and still expanding into vigorous and vital churches, into strong and mighty States. The guardian genius, in this instance too, might, with perhaps as much probability of verification, say to the youth whom he leads by the hand, 'Young man, there is *Africa;* which, at this day, serves for little more than to amuse you with stories of savage men and uncouth manners; yet it shall, before you taste of death, take its place among the continents, and be no longer an unknown world.'

For nothing is more wonderful than the changes and transformations of history. But involved, as every present generation is, in the great stream, and whirled along by it, it is not strange that no generation of men are ever fully aware of the strength and rapidity of their own movement. He who belongs to another generation, and looks back, can see that in such a century, and in such a quarter of the globe, a mighty current was running. The spectator always sees more than the actor. The rare prophetic mind, also, that beholds the future in the instant, may foresee and predict a history too great and grand for contemporaneous belief. The philosophic statesman is aware of what is going on in the struggling masses around him, and auspicates accordingly. But the common man, of the busy present time, never knows the rate he is moving; because he is, himself, absorbed and carried headlong in the movement. It is not strange,

therefore, that all hopeful, glowing vaticination, in respect to changes upon this sin-smitten planet, is regarded with distrust. Such anticipations are supposed to belong to the poet and the orator. They have no support in the data and calculations of the statician or the statesman.

Called upon then, as we are at this time, to consider the present and prospective condition of the most wretched and unpromising quarter of the globe, by the voice of that Colonizing Society which has already done more than any other single association for the welfare of Africa, and which is destined, we believe, under that benign Providence which has protected and blessed it thus far, to see its own great ideas and plans realized; called upon to speak and to think for a hundred millions of our fellow-creatures, by a small corporate body, not yet a half-century old, and annually disbursing only a few thousands of dollars; we desire to assign some reasons for believing that a career similar to that of the British colonies in America, and similar to that of all the great colonizing movements of the past, awaits the Republic of Liberia.

What, then, are the grounds for expecting that the plans and purposes of the American Colonization Society will be ultimately realized in the Christianization of the African continent?

1. The first reason for this expectation is of a general nature. Africa has no past history. It is the continent of the future; for it is the only one now left to feel, for the *first* time, the recuperating influences of a Christian civilization. Religion, law, and letters began their march in Asia, and a large part of that continent once felt their influence. From thence they passed into Europe; and Europe is still the stronghold of religion, law, and letters. Westward they then took their way; and the vast spaces of the American continent are still waiting for the Christianity and Republicanism that have so rapidly and firmly taken possession of that comparatively small belt called the United States. It is true that these influences were, for a time, felt along the northern border of Africa. Egypt and Carthage were once civilized; and a very vigorous Christianity, for three centuries, erected its altar, and kept its fires bright, along the southern shore of the Mediterranean. But Egypt, though African in nature and blood, derived its ideas from Asiatic sources; and its place in history is Asiatic rather than African. That ancient and wonderful pantheistic civilization which built Thebes and the Pyramids, was but the corrupted remains of a yet more ancient Asiatic monotheism; as South tells us that 'an Aristotle was but the rubbish of an Adam, and Athens but the rudiments of Paradise.' Carthage was Phœnician; and when both Egypt and Carthage were absorbed into Rome, North-Africa belonged much more to the European than to the properly African quarter of the globe. The great continent, then, notwithstanding all these attempts at approach for thousands of years, lies lone and solitary. It is out of all historical connexions; so much so, that the generalizing Hegel, after a very brief characterization of it, in his 'Philosophy of History,' dismisses it with the remark, 'We now leave Africa, and shall make no further mention of it. That which we

understand by Africa proper is totally destitute of a history, is totally unopened and undeveloped; and can, therefore, be merely hinted at, on the threshold of Universal History.'

Now there is something in this fact that inspires expectation. It may be vague, but it is large and full. The mode and manner may be left to conjecture or imagination; but the fact that one whole quarter of the globe has *never* yet been visited by the great influences of religion, law, and letters, taken in connexion with the fact that these influences are a part of the plan and destination of God in reference to the *whole* world and the *whole* human family, lead to the confident faith that this will not always be so. Nature, it was said, abhors a vacuum. Empty spaces will be filled and peopled. History treads no step backward. Her voice cries, 'Ever onward!'—as the guiding Genius, according to Schiller, continually sounded in the ear of Columbus on the grey waste of waters: 'Ever Westward! Ever to the West!' Who expects that population, law, and manners, will ever flow eastward again, from the Alleghanies or the Rocky Mountains? Who expects that the great changes and alterations of the future are to take place on the old theatres of Assyria, Macedonia, Greece, and Rome; or on the more recent, yet already antiquated arenas of modern Europe? The winds rush where there is vacancy. The great historic currents of the next half millennium must disembogue where they find room.

The fact, then, that there is no pre-occupancy, and no effete civilization, in the African world, is a ground of expectancy and of courage in regard to it. It is a negative preparation for great results when the time arrives.

2. A second ground of confident hope in reference to the future of Africa is found in the qualities of the African nature.

The characteristics of the African man are still almost as unknown as those of the Africa soil or the African flora. There are two reasons for this. In the first place, the African has never been in a situation where the depth and reserve of his nature has been drawn upon. Only the superfices of his being has been called into exercise; so that his real and true manhood lies as hidden as the sources of the Nile. In the second place, and as a consequence of this, only his surface-traits and characteristics have appeared in his portraiture. These, moreover, having been as exorbitantly unfolded, because there has been none of the balance and moderation of a deeper education and culture, have been as extravagantly depicted. The black man in literature is, therefore, either a weakling or a caricature. The comic side of him alone comes into view. The single sonnet of Wordsworth upon the chieftain Toussaint, and the 'sparkles dire of fierce, vindictive song,' from the American Whittier, are almost the only literary allusions to the sublime and tragic elements in the Negro's nature and condition; certainly the only allusions that, without any abatement, and introduction of ludicrous traits, ally him *solely* with human

> '. . . . exultations, agonies,
> And love, and man's unconquerable mind.'

The African nature is the *tropical* nature. All the races that have hitherto struggled upon the arena of history have belonged to the temperate zone. The Egyptian, the Assyrian, the Babylonian, the Persian, the Greek, the Macedonian, the Roman, the Goth, the Frank, the Englishman, the Anglo-American—all lived north of Cancer. And the fact that thus far the inter-tropical portion of the globe has furnished few or none of the elements of human history, is very often cited to prove that it can furnish none. It has almost come to be an axiom that the hot zone cannot ripen man. Brazil may crystallize diamonds of the purest water, and Africa may distil the most elaborate juices and gums; but high intelligence and free will must grow up beneath northern skies.

Now, it is undoubtedly true that the *fallen* human being needs stimulation, and that *sinful* man has done best when he has been crowded from the outside. Easy and pleasant circumstances have always proved too much for his feeble virtue. Hence, though he was created in Paradise, and lapped in Elysium so long as he could bear it, yet, the very moment he unfitted himself for such perpetual peace and joy, he was driven out among the thorns and thistles, and compelled to eat his bread in the sweat of his brow. In consequence of human apostasy, then, and for no other reason, the general movement of human history has been in climes and under skies that have tasked man, and have fretted him to action. While, therefore, it is conceded that the colder zones and the harder soils have been favourable, like the primitive curse of labour itself, to the best unfolding of an *imperfect* and a *corrupt* humanity, it still remains true that man was originally made for an outward world of genial warmth, of luxuriant growth, and of beauty. The primitive man was nude; his light labour was merely to prune away luxuriance; and his spiritual mind, sanctified by direct intercourse with angel, seraph, and the Eternal Mind, could both endure and profit by the otherwise enervating bliss and beauty of Eden.

This original intent and adaptation of the Creator warrants the belief, that as there are some circumstances and influences under a temperate sky that are favourable to human development, so there are some, also, beneath a torrid one. Wherever man can go and live, there he can grow and thrive. Wisdom rejoiceth in all the *habitable* parts of the earth; and her delights are with all the sons of men.

What, then, are the fundamental peculiarities of the African, or of *man within the tropics*, that afford ground for faith and confidence that human nature will here also, in due season, exhibit a culture and character unique and fine?

Before proceeding to give only the very brief answer which the time allows to this question, it is necessary to direct attention to the comprehensiveness of the word 'African.' We mean by it, and it properly denotes, a physical and mental structure that belongs to the African continent as a whole, in the same sense that the 'Asiatic' belongs to Asia, and the 'European' belongs to Europe. The term, therefore, includes a variety of races; all, however, characterised by

certain common traits. From the mouths of the Nile to the Cape of Good Hope, the observing traveller will find a primary type of mankind different from the Shemitic, and different from the Japhetic; a style of man which is original and *sui-generis;* and the minor varieties of which can easily be accounted for by the physical changes that are made by varieties in the modes of living, and particularly in the degrees of proximity to the burning equatorial line.

It is the misfortune of Africa that only the most degraded portion of its population have been its representatives before the world. The enslaved, and thereby imbruted, Negro is the only specimen from which the civilized world obtains its ideas, and draws its conclusions, as to the dignity and capabilities of the tropical man. But the coast Negro, as we shall soon have occasion to see, is, in his best estate, merely the *extreme* of the African type; and even he has not yet been seen in his best estate. What would be thought of a generalization in respect to the native traits and capacities of the whole Celtic stock,—of the entire blood of polished France, and eloquent Ireland, and the gallant Scotch Highlands,—that should be deduced from the brutish descendants of those Irish who were driven out of Ulster and South Down in the time of Cromwell; men now of the most repulsive characteristics, 'with open, projecting mouths, prominent and exposed gums, advancing cheek-bones, depressed noses; height, five feet two inches, on an average; bow-legged, abortively featured; their clothing, a wisp of rags; spectres of a people that were once well-grown, able-bodied, and comely.' But such a judgment would be of equal value with that narrow estimate of the natural traits and characteristics of the inhabitants of one entire quarter of the globe, which rests upon an acquaintance with a small portion of them, a mere infinitesimal of them, carried into a foreign land and reduced to slavery.

The African seems to differ from the European and the Asiatic by a fuller, more profuse, and more sensuous organization. He is emphatically the child of the Earth and the Sun. His tissues are not compact, tough, and fibrous, like those of the more northern races. On the contrary, they are tumid, and betoken a luxurious soul. The organs of the senses—the eyes, nose, mouth, and ears—are called 'rich,' in the phrase of the physiognomist; and, in the extreme types, are animal and coarse. Man is like the earth he lives upon; and the African man corresponds to that tropical soil and climate, in which every seed swells and sprouts with the rank luxuriance of a jungle. The great generical feature in the African, then, is *richness and fulness in the physical organization;* and, in proof that it is so, we shall cite the testimony of travellers and physiologists.

The French Denon tells us that 'instead of the sharp features, the keen, animated, and restless visages, the lean and active figures of the Arabian,' he finds 'in the land of the Pharaohs, full but delicate and voluptuous forms; countenances sedate and placid; round and soft features; with eyes long, almond-shaped, half-shut and languishing, and turned up at the outer angles, as if habitually fatigued by the

light and heat of the sun; thick lips, full and prominent; mouths large, but cheerful and smiling; complexions dark, ruddy, and coppery; and the whole aspect displaying, as one of the most graphic delineators among modern travellers has observed, the *genuine African character*, of which the Negro is the exaggerated and extreme representation.' Blumenbach's examinations of the Egyptian mummies led him to the belief that there are three varieties in the physiognomy expressed in Egyptian paintings and sculptures. But one of these was the Ethiopian, which, he says, 'coincides with the descriptions given of the Egyptians by the ancients, and is chiefly distinguished by prominent jaws, turgid lips, a broad flat nose, and protruding eyeballs.' 'Among the modern Copts,' says Prichard, 'many travellers have remarked a certain approximation to the Negro. Volney says that they have a yellowish, dusky complexion, resembling neither the Grecian nor Arabian; and adds, that they have a puffed visage, swollen eyes, flat nose, and thick lips, and bear much resemblance to mulattoes.' Ledyard, whose testimony Prichard remarks is of the more value as he had no theory to support, says, 'I suspect the Copts to have been the origin of the Negro race: the nose and lips correspond with those of the Negro. The hair, wherever I can see it among the people here (the Copts), is curled, not like that of the Negroes, but like that of the mulattoes.'

But if the Egyptians and Copts exhibit the full, sensuous, and luxurious organization of the African, and properly belong to the African race, it certainly will not be difficult to establish the same claim for all the remaining dwellers on the continent. These were nearest to Asia and Europe, and felt most of foreign influences; and yet the type could not be changed; the round cheek, the full, protuberant eye, the dark hue, could not be converted into their contraries.

Passing southward, into the burning heart of Africa, we find the tropical man in yet greater intensity and power. The races of Soudan display the fervid type of humanity fully formed, and in the highest degree. There are varieties in this great central region; the lowest being found on the Guinea coast, and the higher ones meeting the traveller as he rises those great terraces by which the continent lifts itself up from the sea. The Negroes of the Gold Coast, though dwelling amidst miasm and fever, and feeling only the very worst influences of European intercourse, are nevertheless characterised by Barbot as 'generally well-limbed and well-proportioned; having good oval faces, sparkling eyes, eyebrows lofty and thick; mouths not too large; clean, white, and well-arranged teeth; fresh red lips, not so thick and pendent as those of Angola, nor their noses so broad.' 'Among the Ashantee tribe of this same Guinea race,' says Bowditch, 'are to be seen, especially among the higher orders, not only the finest figures, but, in many instances, regular Grecian features, with brilliant eyes, set rather obliquely in the head.'

Of the Senegambian nations, the Mandingoes are remarkable for their industry; and of all the inter-tropical races have shown the greatest energy of character. Their features are regular, their

character generous and open, and their manners gentle. Their hair is of the kind termed completely woolly. The Fulahs, another Senegambian people, forge iron and silver, and work skilfully in leather and wood, and fabricate cloth. An intelligent French traveller describes them as fine men, robust and courageous, understanding commerce, and travelling as far as to the Gulf of Guinea. The colour of their skin is a kind of reddish-black, their countenances are regular, and their hair longer and not so woolly as those of the common Negroes.

These statements may be overdrawn in some particulars, and further exploration is undoubtedly required in order to form a sure and completely satisfactory judgment respecting the tribes of Soudan. But, certainly, all the information thus far obtained goes to evince that this Negro-land is filled up with no puny populations, but with barbaric races of a powerful structure,—the bone and muscle out of which a Christian civilization shall hereafter form a powerful style of man.

Finally, threading our way downward, from the terraces to the southern-ward slope of the African continent, we find the Hottentot and Kafir, the most degraded of the African races, yet owing the excess of their degradation, by which they fall below the other African races, to the contact and influence of a corrupt European civilization. Unless a genuine Christian influence shall eventually be thrown in upon them by missions, by education, and by commerce, it was indeed, as one remarks, an ill-omened hour when a Christian navigator descried the Cape of Storms. The Hottentot, by war and vices, has, to a great extent, degenerated into the Bushman; but the Kafir still retains his aboriginal traits. Professor Lichtenstein describes them as follows: 'They are tall, strong, and their limbs well proportioned; their colour is brown; their hair, black and woolly; they have the high forehead and prominent nose of the Europeans, the thick lips of the Negroes, and the high cheek bones of the Hottentots.'

This rapid survey of the inhabitants of the continent, from north to south, justifies us, then, in attributing a *common continental character* to them all,—and a continental character that is neither feeble nor emasculated; but, on the contrary, one that is muscular, arterial, and prodigal. There is a generical type of the African nature, constituted by the assemblage of certain physical and mental characteristics, which may be found all over the African continent, whereby this portion of the globe becomes as distinct and peculiar as Asia, or Europe, or America. And it is from this inter-tropical humanity that we are to deduce a ground of belief and confidence that Ethiopia will yet stretch out her hands to God, and that Africa is finally to acquire a place in the universal history of man on the globe.

The chief characteristic of the African nature is the union, in it, of recipiency with passion. The African is docile. He has nothing of the hard and self-asserting nature of the Goth. He is indisposed (like the dweller of the cold and stimulating zones) to stamp his own individuality upon others. On the contrary, his plastic, ductile, docile

nature receives influence from every side, gladly and genially. It is not probable that great empires will be built up on the African continent, that will extend their sway over other parts of the globe,—as the Persian sought to obtain rule in Europe, but was thwarted by Greece; or as the Roman extended his dominion over both Asia and Africa. The lust of empire will probably never run in African blood; for, foreign conquest requires a stern, self-reliant, indocile, ambitious nature, which would force itself upon other races and regions; and of this, the tropical man has little or nothing. It is rather to be expected that the African will confine himself to his own home, within the tropics, and will there take up, into his own rich and receptive nature, the great variety of elements and influences that will be furnished by other races and portions of the globe.

Under such circumstances, a unique and remarkable development of human nature must occur. A new form of national life will take rise. For this plastic character, this deep and absorbing receptivity, will be an alluvium, in which all seeds that are planted will strike a long root, and shoot up a luxuriant growth. National history, thus far, exhibits *stimulant* natures, and *stimulant* characteristics. The types of nationality that figure in the past have generally been moulded from this sort of material,—a species which has reached its height in the Anglo-Saxon. This quality is, indeed, a strong, intense, and grand one; and we are the last to disparage its worth. The triumphs of modern Christianity, and modern Civilization, are intimately connected with its powerful and persistent action in individuals and nations. But this tense and stimulant nature, characteristic of man in the Northern zone, has its deficiencies, also, like everything human. In isolation, and after long strain, it becomes wiry, hard, brittle, broken. It would not be well that it should be the sole type of humanity; or that no other elements than it can furnish should enter into the texture and fabric of national or individual life, from generation to generation. The Saxon himself, in order to his own preservation even, as well as his own best development, needs some infusion of equatorial elements. It would be well if his already over-wrought stimulancy could be somewhat tranquillized and enriched by the languor and sluggishness of the tropics. It would be well if the hollow features of the Anglo-American could assume somewhat of the rounded fulness of the Sphinx's or the Memnon's face; if his eager and too shallow eye could be made bulbous and deep, like that of Soudan.

This, then, is the groundwork of the coming nationalities in Africa. It is a mild, docile, musing, and recipient nature, which is to drink in all the influences that shall pour forth from the old, and perhaps then declining civilizations of the other zones. It is the artist's nature, open at every pore, sensitive in every globule and cell of tissue, pulsing with a warm and somewhat slumbrous life,—a deep base for a high structure.

But this lethargic quality in the tropical man is allied with an opposite one. He is also a creature of passion. In the phrase of Mark Antony, there is a 'fire that quickens Nilus' slime.' Like his own

clime, the inhabitant of the tropics combines great antagonisms in his constitution. This slumber of his nature is readily stirred into wildest rage,—as the heavy and curtained air of the equator, which has hung dense and still for days and weeks, is suddenly disparted by electric currents, and, in an instant, is one wide, livid blaze of lightning. This quality, like all counterbalancing ones, is not strictly *contrary* to the one that has just been described. Were it so, the one would neutralize and kill the other. There would be no interpenetration of the two, if nothing but the relation of sheer and mere contrariety, like that between fire and water, obtained between these two qualities in the African nature. It is antithesis, not contrariety. For this very passion itself originates in, and springs right out of, the lethargy. The nature has been slumbrous and dormant, only that it may, at the proper time, be fiery and active. The one balances, not neutralizes, the other. Were there an unintermittent draught and strain upon the entire man, there could never be this tropical vehemence. But the slumber is recuperative of the constitutional force; and, in and by the oscillations of passion and lethargy, the wondrous life goes on.

That the African is a passionate being, is attested by all history. No one can look at the features of the Memnon, without perceiving that beneath that placid contour there sleeps a world of passion. Shakespere has given Cleopatra to us in her own proud words—

> 'I am fire and air; my other elements
> I give to baser life.'

The influences of Christianity do not destroy, but refine and sanctify, this quality. The North-African church of the first centuries was full of divine fire. It flashes in the labouring, but powerful rhetoric of Tertullian. It glows like anthracite in the thoughts of Augustine, whose symbol in the church is a flaming heart; and over whose mighty and passionate sensualism the serene, spiritualizing, and Divine power of Christianity ultimately, and only after an elemental war within, like that of chaos, wrought an ethereal and saintly transformation that has not yet been paralleled in the history of the Church.

But we need not go into the distant past, or into the distant African continent, for evidence upon this point. We cannot look into the eye of the degraded black man who meets us in our daily walks, without perceiving that he belongs to the torrid zone. The eye, more than any other feature, is the index of the soul, and of the soul's life. That full, liquid, opaline orb, that looks out upon us from face and features that are stolid, or perhaps repulsive, testifies to the union of passion and lethargy in this fellow-creature. That large and throbbing ball, that sad and burning glance, though in a degraded and downtrodden man, betoken that he belongs to a passionate, a lyrical, and an eloquent race.

This tropical eye, when found in conjunction with Caucasian features, is indicative of a very remarkable organization. It shows that tremulous sensibilities are reposing upon a base of logic. No one

could fix his gaze, for a moment, upon that great Northern statesman who has so recently gone down to his grave, without perceiving that this rare combination was the physical substrate of what he was, and what he did. That deep-black iris, cinctured in a pearl-white sclerotic, and, more than all, that fervid *torrid* glance and gleam, were the exponents and expression of a tropical nature; while the thoroughbred Saxonism of all the rest of the physical structure indicated the calm and massive strength that underlay and supported all the passion and all the fire. It was the union of two great human types in a single personality. It was the whole torrid zone enclosed and upheld in the temperate.

It will be apparent from this analysis, if it be a correct one, that the African nature possesses a latent capacity fully equal, originally, to that of the Asiatic or the European. Shem and Japheth sprang from the very same loins with Ham. God made of one blood those three great races by which he re-populated the globe after the deluge. This blending of two such striking antitheses as energy and lethargy, the soul and the sense; this inlaying of a fine and fiery organization into drowsy flesh and blood; this supporting of a keen and irritable nerve by a tumid and strong muscular cord,—what finer combination than this is there among the varied types of mankind? The objection urged against the possibility of a historical progress in Africa, similar to that in the other continents, upon the ground that the original germ and basis was an inferior one,—an objection that shows itself, if not theoretically, yet practically, in the form of inaction, and an absence of enthusiasm and enterprising feeling when the claims of Africa are spoken of,—this objection is invalid. The philosophic and the philanthropic mind must, both alike, rise above the prejudices of an age, and look beyond a present and transient degradation, that has been the result of centuries of ignorance and slavery. If this be done, the philosopher sees no reason for refusing to apply the same law of progress and development (provided the external circumstances be favourable, and the necessary conditions exist) to the tropical man, that he does to the man of the temperate or the arctic zones; and no reason for doubting that, in the course of time, and under the genial influences of the Christian religion—the mother of us all—human nature will exhibit all its high traits and qualities in the black races, as well as in the white. And certainly the philanthropist, after a wide survey of history; after tracing back the modern Englishman to the naked Pict and bloody Saxon; after comparing the filthy savage of Wapping and St. Giles with the very same being and the very same blood in the drawing-rooms of Belgrave Square—has every reason for keeping up his courage and going forward with his work. There have been much stranger transformations in history than the rise of African republics, and African civilizations, and African literatures will be.

But how is the way to be prepared for this? From what point or points, and through what instrumentalities, is the alteration to commence? It is this second branch of the subject which we now proceed to briefly examine.

1. It is natural to expect that the movements of God's providence in the future, will be very much like those of the past; and that civilization and culture will, hereafter, pass into the unenlightened parts of the globe in very much the same way they have heretofore. But history shows that this has uniformly taken place by the exodus of colonies. Religion, law, and letters are not indigenous, but exotic, in all the past career of man on the globe. One race hands the torch of science to another. One quarter of the globe is both the parent and teacher of another. There are autochthones nowhere. There are no strictly self-taught men anywhere. And in the last examination, and at the primary origin and source, we are compelled to rise above earth and man altogether, and find the first beginnings of knowledge and religion in the skies. From first to last, there is an *imparting* act from the higher to the lower. The more intelligent makes revelations to the less intelligent. The genealogy cannot stop short of the Creator himself. Cainan was the son of Enos, 'which was the son of Seth, which was the son of Adam, which was the son of God.'

These changes and movements in human civilization are particularly visible at those points where civilization passes from one continent to another continent. The *knots* in the grape-vine reveal where the life gathers and concentrates in order to a new expansion. Europe received letters and civilization from Asia. The little district of Greece was the radiating point; for Rome received them from Greece, and gave them to all her empire. But the original sources of Greek culture were colonists, few and feeble, from Egypt, Phœnicia, and Asia Minor. The Egyptian Cecrops and Danaus brought over the seeds of civility to Attica and Argos, fifteen centuries before our era. The Phœnician Cadmus carried over an Asiatic alphabet soon after. And the Lydian Pelops soon followed with his wealth and knowledge of the mechanic arts. But the consequences of this immigration from another continent were not felt, to any great extent, upon Europe at large, until a thousand years had rolled by. The Greek, with all his treasures of wisdom and of beauty, was shut up from the 'barbarian' world, until the Roman broke down the barrier, and Grecian culture then had free course. And if we should allow a millennium for a colony upon the African coast to diffuse law, manners, letters, and religion over the African continent, it would be as rapid a movement as that to which ancient Rome, and the whole modern world, owe their secular civilization.

The radiating points for the Western continent were the Spanish, and more especially the British, colonies. The movement here has been much more rapid than anything in the history of the Old World. And yet, after more than two centuries, not one quarter of this Western hemisphere is fully under the influence of Christian civilization.

The history of the past, then, indicates that Africa must receive religion, law, and letters in the same way that the other continents have received them. They must be *given* to her. The *colonist* must carry the seeds of civilization and of empire into the tropical world.

Christendom owes colonies to the only portion of the globe that has never yet been a part of Christendom. Europe and America ought to adopt the utterance of the great apostle to Europe—an utterance to which both of them, under God, owe their religion and their culture more than to any other single human cause—and say, 'We are debtors, as much as in us lies, to Africa.' Each of them ought to prove its sincerity, by entering with energy upon a great colonizing movement, and planting Christian colonies all along the coast.

2. In the second place, it is the colonist of *African blood* upon whom the chief reliance must be placed, so long as the colonizing period continues; for the tropical climate necessitates the sluggish blood of the tropical man. It is certain death to expose the nervous, high-strung, and never-relaxed nature of the Caucasian, to the fervours of the burning zone, and the damps of an equatorial nightfall. The dweller in this portion of the globe must be able to rise and fall like a barometer, with the climate; to act and toil vehemently for a time, and then to pass into a recuperative inaction. All the colonists of history have gone from temperate to temperate regions. The true colonist for the tropics, then, is the man of the tropics. It may be that the white man can live upon the high grounds of the interior, when the heart of Africa shall have been opened to commerce, and made yet more salubrious by agriculture and civilization; but, for a long time to come, the black man must lay the foundations of empire and civilization, and build up the superstructure.

3. And thirdly, without intending to disparage, in the least, the other agencies that have been and will be employed, all present indications go to show that it is the *Liberian colonist* who must take the lead in this great movement; for the Liberian is the tropical man more or less penetrated by the cold and calm ideas of the North. He carries with him some American discipline and education. He has not lost his ancestral traits; for, while in bondage, he has still lived upon the borders of that great zone from which his forefathers were stolen. He can not only endure, but he loves, a hot and languid clime. And yet he has felt the stimulation of that active race among whom he has lived. The wrath of man has praised God. The American Negro has been made aggressive and enterprising by his enslavement. He has been fitted to be a colonist, and to impress himself upon the passive and plastic millions of Africa, by a process that involves awful guilt in the human authors of it. The Liberian colonist has, thus far, obtained a firmer foothold than any other, upon the African continent. He has established a republic, whose independence is acknowledged by the leading powers of the world; and whose nationality has now entered into the history of nations. There is a definite point of departure, and a living germ of expansion in Liberia.

Furthermore, this Liberian republic is a really *Christian state.* There is not now, probably, an organized commonwealth upon the globe, in which the principles of Christianity are applied with such a childlike directness and simplicity to the management of public

affairs, as in Liberia. New England, in the days of her childhood, and before the conflicting interests of ecclesiastical denominations introduced jealousies,—Geneva, in the time of John Calvin, when the Church and the State were practically one and the same body, now acting through the Consistory, and now through the Council,—in fine, all religious commonwealths in their infancy, and before increasing wealth and luxury have stupified conscience and dimmed the moral perception, furnish examples of the existing state of things in the African republic. Even the common school education, which the Liberian constitution provides for the whole population, has been given by the missionary, and in connexion with the most direct religious instructions and influences. The state papers of the Liberian executive and legislature breathe a grave and serious spirit, like that which inspires the documents of our own colonial and revolutionary periods.

It is not necessary to enlarge upon the significance of the fact, that the most influential radiating point for civilization throughout Africa is a *religious republic*. No reflecting man can ponder the fact, and think of all it involves, without ejaculating, from the depths of his soul, 'God save the Commonwealth.'

The time has now arrived for enlarged operations. Africa is evidently upon the eve of great events. The explorations of Barth, and Vogel, and Anderson, and Moffat, and Livingston; the English Niger expeditions; the curiosity and courage of individual explorers, in search of the head waters of the Nile; the discovery of fine stalwart races all through the interior; the very rapid growth of African commerce, at points upon both the Eastern and Western coasts; the very mystery itself which overhangs this part of the globe, the more stimulating because all the rest of the world lies in comparative sunlight; all these things combined tend to the belief that, comparatively, more will be discovered, and more will be done, in and about Africa, within the coming century, than in and about any other quarter of the globe. The other continents have had their hour of deliverance. The hour for Africa has now, for the first time, come. Her scores of races prove to have capacities for Christianity and self-government. The American emancipationist is ready and waiting to send out, among them, hundreds and thousands of Americanized colonists. Shall not the philanthropists of this land now make full proof of the colonizing method?—that method which was employed with such vigour by Rome in Romanizing the barbarians whom she conquered—that method by which Britain, the modern Rome, has made her drumbeat to be heard round the globe? And, especially, shall not the Church of Christ secure a foothold and a protection for its missionaries in Africa, by helping to extend the influence of those Christian colonies which have hitherto been their best earthly protection, and, in connexion with which alone (so the history of past missions in Africa, for four hundred years, plainly shows), can missionary operations be carried on with permanent success?

The Wisdom of the Poets.

Q. (Looking over Z.'s shoulder at a sheet of MS. so headed.) The wisdom of the poets! Are poets ever wise then? *very* wise? wise enough for their wisdom to be worth writing about?

Z. If you consider the time and labour that are spent in reading, writing, and expounding poetry, you must surely think it a great pity if there should be no wisdom in it.

Q. Well, some wisdom, just salt to savour it.

Z. But think of the hold which poetry maintains upon human affections; a little wisdom would hardly suffice for that.

Q. Why not? people in general are silly enough to take a good deal of mere prettiness on the strength of a little dilution with sense.

Z. I guess you are wrong. Individual men, and classes of men, are open enough to charges of that sort; but take the race all down the ages, and what is admired is worthy. You fancy I keep poetry on my shelves because it is pretty?

Q. Well, in fact, you like it.

Z. Well, in fact, I do. But I prize it also, and go to it for wisdom as well as prettiness.

Q. I often hear from the pulpit things introduced with, 'as the poet says,' or, 'in the words of the poet;' but I seldom find them particularly wise things, or things which could not have been better said in prose, if the preacher had chosen.

Z. You are right there. But preachers who habitually resort to that feeble device do not know poetry from prose.

Q. Not know poetry from prose! What can be easier than that?—

> 'The Law commands and makes us know
> The duties which we ought to do.'

That is poetry!

> 'All we do we sin in,
> Chosen Jews
> Must not use
> Woollen mixed with linen.'

That is poetry! It rhymes and it runs off easily. You do not mean to tell me anybody could take that for prose?

Z. The first passage you quote is rhymed prose — it is merely propositional — unless, indeed, there be a sort of personification in saying, 'The Law commands.' Rather oddly, your second example *has* the element of poetry in it. It comes, does it not, from Hart's Hymns? and it means that human works of merit and the righteousness of Christ must not be intermingled. The author, instead of putting forward a bare proposition, has cast the idea in the concrete form which is characteristic of poetry; but his manner is so trivial that he has, after all, only produced doggrel. If the music had suited the theme, the passage would have been poetic. Our pulpit friends who are in the habit of rounding off periods with 'as the poet says,' apply the sacred name without much discrimination.

Q. I never before thought so of the difference between rhyme and poetry. I think I see now where it chiefly lies.

Z. If a man writes, 'Truth, received into the human soul, produces moral freedom, and nothing else produces that result,' he writes prose. But—

> 'He is the freeman whom the truth makes free,
> And all are slaves besides,'

is poetry. The case would be just the same if the first example stood thus—

> 'Truth, truth alone, while circling ages roll,
> Produces freedom in the human soul,'

which will serve for an instance of the rhymed rhetoric so constantly taken for poetry. If one were to write—

> 'My resolution fails, though now 'tis time
> That I had carried out my plan sublime,'

he would produce flat prose, in spite of his rhyme. But when Mr. Alexander Smith (I am quoting him from memory, and I know, not quite verbatim) writes—

> '——— My drooping sails
> Flap idly 'gainst the mast of my intent;
> My bark's becalmed, when even now my prow
> Should grate the golden isles,'

he writes poetry. It is generally the case that where the poetic tendency, the tendency to 'body forth' thought and feeling, to give it shape, life, and movement, exists in great strength, there is also a natural tendency to throw the words employed into musical forms. Then we get *song*. We feel that the man sings his meaning better than he could say it, and we call him a poet. What the quality of his meaning may be is another question. But it does so happen, besides, that the power to use, as is the poet's wont, all nature and all life, as a pictured language, depends upon a fineness of spirit which is rarely found out of the company of great capacities of feeling and thinking.

Q. You will never persuade me that poets are wise.

Z. Not wise for themselves; but that is another thing. Wise for others they are, and often wiser than they think. It is impossible for them to know the whole value of their own special language to other minds, or what lights the sudden bringing together of thoughts and representative facts, never 'approximated' before, may strike out for the beholder. So, as I said before, I go to the poets for wise things.

Q. If you find them, it is because the poets have turned philosophers for the occasion.

Z. Very often it is so. On the grounds I have myself laid down, I could not always call the wise things found in poems poetry. But I find there more wise things than I find in books of prose, whether rhymed or unrhymed.

Q. What do you mean by 'wise things?'

Z. I mean things which so powerfully light up the subject to which they relate, as to serve for guidance,—things to remember, to lean

upon, to turn back to, when the mind is relaxed or uncertain. Rhymesters do not say such things; poets do.

Q. The best plan is, to produce some of your wise things.

Z. Good! Longfellow's 'Golden Legend' is not a pretentious poem; I have even seen it called 'childish' by a very respectable critic; but Longfellow is wiser than he seems. There is no animal vigour, no sledge-hammerism, in his writing, and the good folk think it is superficial. But here, in a speech of Prince Henry, who is engaged in a discussion with Lucifer, is a nugget of wisdom, which, I am well sure, was dug from the depths of sorrowful experience:—

'No action, whether foul or fair,
Is ever done, but it leaves somewhere
A record, written by fingers ghostly,
As a blessing or a curse; and *mostly*
In the greater weakness or greater strength
Of the acts which follow it.'

My dear friend, you look as if you were going to say you had heard that before, or something like it. But I hope you do not find it common-place, that Sin is the great weakener of the human soul? If the history of some of our failures in common life were written from within, as well as from without, I think that we should often see that the prophecy of the failures was there, in our own hearts, from the beginning. The truth is, that after unconfessed, unforsaken Sin, the soul cannot be strong, because it cannot rest. It is in the condition of the body, when weakened and fevered by broken sleep; and all it does is feeble and ill-directed.

Q. Do you mean to tell me, you believe Longfellow meant all that?

Z. I have not a doubt of it—not the shadow of a doubt. He looked in his own heart first, then watched the lives of others, and registered the result. That he was really thinking of what he wrote is plain from that word 'mostly'—it is not always the case, that the acts which follow a wrong act are weaker, but it is 'mostly' so, and especially where self-consciousness is quick.

Q. You are cutting it too fine. 'Mostly' was put in because it rhymed with 'ghostly,' and there's an end of your 'wisdom of the poet!'

Z. I would stake my head that the whole passage was composed in less than a flash of lightning, and that the two rhymed adjectives took their places in subservience to the sense, and not as leading it. If there was a traceable process in the composition, I should say that the 'mostly' preceded the 'ghostly;' and that, in its first rough form, the lines stood in the poet's mind thus:—

'No action . . . . . .
Is ever done, but it leaves somewhere
Its trace . . . . . and mostly
In the greater weakness or strength
Of the acts which follow it'—

then, in an instant, 'somewhere' suggested as a rhyme, 'foul or fair;' and 'mostly' suggested 'ghostly,' which was not a long way from

'ghostly fingers;' and, last of all, trace, impression, mark, or whatever was the first crude word, got turned into 'record'—suggested by 'fingers.' All this, as we said just now, done in a flash of lightning.

Q. It seems to me very easy to be a poet.

Z. Columbus and the egg, you know. Try it. Talking of Lucifer reminds me of another touch of poet's wisdom, which has been of use to me. Charles Lamb calls Satan—

Q. I fancy your poets seem very partial to Satan!

Z. Not partial—but think of his use as a symbol. He stands for the height of foolishness, and the height of cunning, and the height of badness, and the height of misery. That brings us back to what Lamb says. You know Hawthorne insists that 'the great want of mankind at present is—Sleep—that the world should recline its vast head on the first convenient pillow, and take an age-long nap . . . as the only method of restoring to us the simple perception of what is right, and the single-hearted desire to achieve it.' I have always felt rest to be my own greatest difficulty, and have long been convinced that restlessness is another name for silliness, and *implicite*, wickedness. But it was reserved for two words of Charles Lamb, two golden words, to thrust home in my mind the utter unloveliness, *unheavenliness* of morbid activity. If any man be restless, let him know henceforth that he is *pro tanto* a child of

> '——— the Being unblest, alien from good,
> *Sabbathless Satan!* ———'

'Sabbathless Satan!'—What a magical phrase! It stuck to me like a burr. Who would be like the unsabbatic Devil, if he could help it? Henceforward, said I, I will know 'how good rest is,' like the Scandinavian dwarf.

Q. Scandinavian dwarf?

Z. A Swedish peasant (there were fairies in those days) engaged a lubber troll to help him carry away some corn from a barn. 'Take some more on your back,' said the peasant, when the dwarf was well loaded—'take some more—by-and-by we'll have a rest.' 'Rest?' said the unsabbatic dwarf; 'what is rest?'—Soon after, they sat down on the step of a church-door, and the peasant said, 'There, this is rest.' 'Oh!' cried the dwarf, 'if I had only known how good rest is, I'd have brought away the whole barn!'

Q. I own I like the two bits of poets' wisdom we have got at present. Repose is heavenly, and a life without it is neither human nor divine, but diabolic. That is good. And so it is that Sin is the great weakener. Two excellent sermons in little.

Z. And more likely to be remembered in this poetic form than some sermons. Now, we will have a passage from Tennyson,—not very unlike the one from Longfellow in its ultimate drift. His last volume, 'Maud and other Poems,' contains two verses on 'Will,' not much noticed by the 'press,' but I will be bound to say plentifully noticed in the closet. Listen. The first verse is about the glory of a healthy will in a man; the second proceeds,—

'But ill for him who, bettering not with time,
Corrupts the strength of heaven-descended Will,
And ever weaker grows through acted crime,
Or seeming-genial, venial fault,
Recurring and suggesting still!
He seems as one whose footsteps halt,
Toiling in immeasurable sand,
And o'er a weary sultry land,
Far beneath a blazing vault,
Sown in a wrinkle of the monstrous hill,
The City sparkles like a grain of salt.'

Here, again, we have the poet drawing on his own experience, applied to his observation of life, for a lesson of peculiar timeliness. Only a man of poetic mould, liable to a hundred solicitations in an hour from everything in nature and life with a touch of beauty in it, could so feelingly write of the dangers of

'——— seeming-genial, venial faults,
Recurring and suggesting still.'

Q. He means a glass too much, now and then, without getting right down tipsy.

Z. I should think not. I doubt if he thought of wine at all. Men like him are subject to more debilitating temptations still.

Q. What can be worse than drunkenness?

Z. To some people, nothing perhaps. To others it would not be a cardinal sin. It would almost come under the definition of 'acted crime' (rather an improper expression, as 'crime' means *illegal* wrong-doing); but there are 'seeming-genial, venial faults' of a much subtler character than indulgence in wine. Excusing himself to his conscience on pleas of 'necessary development,' 'all one-sidedness bad,' and so forth, a man may allow his moods to master him, and his sense of external beauty to puzzle his moral sense by intimations 'recurring and suggesting still,' till his feet, which once 'ran well,' halt in the sand, and the Celestial City appears actually farther off than it might do after some open, soul-shattering sin.

Q. I am not sure I take you.

Z. Perhaps not, but there are those who would—entangled souls, who could once count the towers of the City, and now only discern it 'like a grain of salt, sown in a wrinkle of the monstrous hill.' Entangled souls! and for some of their entanglement, I blame your Christian criers up of 'the manly virtues.' For them, too, Tennyson has a word of the right sort—

'Hold thou the good—define it well;
For fear divine Philosophy
Should push beyond her mark, and be
Procuress to the Lords of Hell.'

Q. Why, poetry seems to be very serious now-o'-days. It hits hard.

Z. And is not always obscure, as you seem to think the passage in 'Will.' This, from 'Maud,' is very plain:—

'For a raven ever croaks at my side,
Keep watch and ward, keep watch and ward,

Or thou wilt prove their tool.
Yea, too, *myself from myself I guard,*
For often a man's own angry pride
Is cap and bells for a fool.'

Q. That's good. As plain as Poor Richard—

'Often a man's own angry pride
Is cap and bells for a fool.'

Yes. *Multum in parvo.* When you find yourself suspecting anybody else of designs upon your dignity, mind you suspect yourself as well —that is the poet's advice, and it is poet's wisdom, I confess. Let's have some more.

Z. We will call upon a lady next time. Mrs. Browning will oblige us with some fine things, if we ask her. Aurora Leigh's cousin has been disappointed of marrying, as he intended to do, a girl whom, as Aurora discerned, he did not love, though he thought he did. He is now believed to be on the point of marrying an unworthy woman, whom, notwithstanding, it is possible he may love. Aurora, reflecting upon it, says :—

'Albeit she prove as slippery as spilt oil
On marble floors, I will not augur him
Ill luck for that. *Good love, howe'er ill-placed,*
Is better for a man's soul in the end,
Than if he loved ill what deserves love well.'

Is not that beautifully said, my friend?

Q. It means that a man had better be the injured by defect of worth, than the injurer by defect of love.

Z. That; and also, more widely, that a mistake of the intellect is comparatively little if the heart be right. See how the idea takes this turn directly :—

'. . . . Good love, howe'er ill-placed,
Is better for a man's soul in the end
Than if he loved ill what deserves love well.
A Pagan, kissing, for a step of Pan,
The wild goat's hoof-print on the loamy down,
Exceeds our modern thinker, who turns back
The strata, granite, limestone, coal, and clay,
Concluding coldly with, "Here's law! Where's God?"'

Q. Certainly, my friend, that is very fine. It makes a mark on one's brain.

Z. That is what the wisdom of a poet does. The rhythmic form and the imagery stamp the idea, and there it stays. Try again :—

'How sure it is,
That if we say a true word, instantly
We feel 'tis God's, not ours, and pass it on;
As bread at sacrament, we taste and pass,
Nor handle for a moment, as indeed
We dared to set up any claim to such.'

Again :—

'There's too much abstract willing, purposing,
In this poor world. We talk by aggregates,

And think by systems ; and, being used to face
Our evils in statistics, are inclined
To cap them with unreal remedies
Drawn out in haste on the other side the slate.
Fewer programmes ; we who have no prescience.
Fewer systems; we who are held and do not hold.
Less mapping out of masses to be saved,
By nations or by sexes ! Fourier's void,
And Comte is dwarfed, and Cabet puerile !
Subsists no law of life outside of life ;
No perfect manners without Christian souls :
The Christ himself had been no Lawgiver,
Unless He had given the life, too, with the law.'

Q. Halte-là ! Is it a woman says that ?

Z. Certainly. A married woman with one child, a little girl.

Q. Then that woman must be the coming man, for she knows how to box the social compass better than any member of the 'Social Science Association,' which has just met at Birmingham.

Z. I believe you are wrong. Depend upon it, 'the coming man' will not know what he is doing when he does his best thing. Too much intelligence is fatal to action.

Q. Then is too much action fatal to intelligence?

Z. Fatal to the intelligence which communicates itself by art.

Q. Things are all in a tangle !

Z. Most true. They

'Walk and work, above, beneath,
Work and weave in endless motion,
Birth and death, an infinite ocean—'

and the result is—what you see ; and, also, what no one sees.

Q. I see things working in and out, and can trace nothing to its end. The wisdom and the action appear to be working contrariwise, and neither knows the other for what it is.

Z. 'Nevertheless we, according to His promise '—

Q. 'Look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.'

Z. When the tree of knowledge and the tree of life shall be one.

Q. Does the wisdom of your poetess recognise that also ?

Z. Hear how she concludes 'Aurora Leigh : '—

'The world's old,
But the old world waits the hour to be renewed ;
Toward which new hearts, in individual growth,
Must quicken and increase to multitude.
. . . . He shall make all things new.
. . . Faint and fair,
Along the tingling desert of the sky,
Beyond the circle of the conscious hills,
Were laid in jasper-stone, as clear as glass,
The first foundations of that new, near Day,
Which should be builded out of heaven, to God.
. . . Jasper, first,
And second sapphire ; third, chalcedony;
The rest in order, . . . last, an amethyst.'

An Hour at Bouchurch.

It wanted an hour of noon on a hot cloudless day in August, and Monkwood felt the cool shade of the encircling elms doubly grateful as not only refreshing after his walk, but serving the higher ends of that sequestered spot. He enjoyed the sense of solitude in that quiet nook, which, though intending to visit, he had come upon unawares: thoroughly sheltered on all sides, high irregular hills rose above it on one hand, covered with trees, with here and there a rill of water, tumbling, or trickling, or dashing down; while below, the sea murmured and beat at the foot of the rocks. Monkwood had been sketching and musing, sometimes thinking, and sometimes dreaming, mayhap, for the better part of an hour, and there is no knowing how long he might have indulged his mood, had he not been aroused from without. He had heard an advancing step, which, coming nearer and nearer, was presently beside him; still, although little expecting to be disturbed in so lonely a spot, he did not look round to see who the stranger was, and started when an old familiar voice said gently:—

'So! sketching John Sterling's grave, I declare.'

'Grosvenor! Can it be indeed you? or do I see a phantom?'

But the warm hand, and the hearty English grasp, were a sufficient token that his friend was still in the flesh, and soon he gave fresh vent to his feelings of surprise.

'Well, of all places in the world, who would have ever dreamed that we two should meet just here?'

Grosvenor and he had been playfellows in their boyhood, and afterwards college chums. But while the former had passed pleasantly along the smooth academic ways, as if they had been fresh rolled, and swept, and watered for his especial comfort, stumbling at no stone, and never bruising himself against any rock of offence, but quietly taking his degree, and then obtaining a fellowship, which he soon relinquished, however, on finding what Solomon not very gallantly designates 'a good thing,' and with a wife, a snug cosy living, his less fortunate friend, as the world reckons fortune, had early begun to be perplexed with one thing after another, till, before he was entitled to go up for his 'great go,' he had found himself compelled to abandon all thoughts of serving God in the ministry of the Church of England, although, from his very boyhood, this had been the fondest day-dream of his life. He had quitted Oxford, therefore, but with deep sadness; and had pursued his studies on the continent, taking his degree at either Bonn or Halle, I forget which, and then eventually settling as a Dissenting minister at Croakinton, where his acquaintance with the German language and literature exposed him to not a few annoying suspicions and animadversions from the self-constituted guardians of 'orthodoxy,' both bedoctored and unbedoctored.

Despite, however, the divergence of their ecclesiastical paths, the two friends had kept alive the old attachment, and more than twice or thrice, the Dissenting minister had enjoyed the hospitality of the

'Parsonage,' while the clergyman had occasionally been, for a few days, an honoured guest in the humbler home of the 'schismatic teacher'—to use a phrase not yet extinct—who, as compared with his friend, was only 'in pretended holy orders,' as British law courteously speaks of some thousands of Christian ministers to this day. But although the friends corresponded freely, neither knew that the other was now in 'the Island,' and hence the utterness of their mutual surprise at meeting in so out-of-the-world a spot as the graveyard referred to, viz., Bonchurch, in the Isle of Wight.

It was natural, that as soon as the first greetings were over, and the expressions of surprise had been sufficiently repeated, the humble grave-stone should suggest the topic.

'So this is poor Sterling's grave!' said Grosvenor.

'Yes,' replied his friend; 'after life's fitful fever he sleeps well. This is as calm a resting-place as one could desire; quite shut out from the noisy world, while these tall elms that guard the precious dust murmur musically to the waves beneath. Hearken!'

''Tis very beautiful, and, indeed, romantic,' rejoined the other; adding presently, 'Poor Sterling! So he sleeps here!' The friends were silent for awhile, till Monkwood said, 'Do you know, Grosvenor, were it not for the sacred hush that seems due to the spot, I could enter into a caveat against the notion of "*sleeping here;*" and could also find it in my heart to propose a question as to the epithet you employ.'

'The epithet—what, then?' asked Grosvenor. 'And what objection have you to the idea of the dead "sleeping here?" Surely, that is correct enough.'

'True, that to us our departed ones appear to sleep, and, alas! how profoundly, for they give no sign.' Monkwood sighed deeply as he spoke, and Grosvenor glanced with a look of sympathy at the deep crape band which his friend wore. 'But I imagine that the term as generally used is meant to designate, not so much their attitude or relation to us, as their condition absolutely, when compared with either their former life in the flesh, or, the life they are to lead after an indefinitely distant epoch—the resurrection. And then I confess I dislike the term. It is we who sleep and dream, my friend. They have awoke. They have risen.'

'Ah, but poor Sterling——'

'There, again! Why "poor," then?'

'Well, now, do we not all speak so of all the departed? especially if there be some touch of affection in the remembrance, or some dash of the pensive? The bereaved husband, you know, says, "My poor wife!" and the widow, "My poor husband!" and if the individual was personally a stranger to us, we indicate by the epithet the human interest we take in him. It is a mode by which we recognise the under current of relationship that subsists among us all. Besides, I cannot recall John Sterling's course, especially the latter part, without a feeling of sadness. In more respects than one, his sun went down while it was yet day:—perhaps, I should say, went out.'

'God knew best on what path to lead him,' said Monkwood, softly, and more as if speaking to himself than replying to his friend.

'God! But was it God, then, that led him along that strange path of doubt and darkness? I, rather, think of God as "Light."'

'Of course. True. Yet sometimes the Light mercifully, or wisely—and the wise is ever the merciful—covers itself with the dark. We both remember who it is says, "Dark with excess of light;" and I verily believe some men have seemed to others to walk in darkness, merely because they had more light, and saw more than they. But God only knows whether it would indeed be best for every human spirit alike to pass through life without the shadow of a doubt ever falling on the face of the soul. Possibly, some are ultimately and eternally the better for having been left to walk in darkness awhile.'

'Ah, but the darkness hung over his soul, you know, to the last.'

'No, I do not know. I remember that the old Bible he was wont to use at Hurstmonceaux was his one book in his decline.'

'It may be. But how did he regard it? That is the question. Was it to him the very word of God?'

'The "very Word of God," Grosvenor, I should take to be that divine Revealer who, in the fulness of the time, was made flesh; and I confess to a jealousy, which *ought* to be considered orthodox, at the title being conferred on a book, though the book of books.'

'I almost suspect a heresy, Monkwood, though I confess I do not quite see it. But to return; you know what I mean well enough when I demand whether the Bible was to him the word of God, infallible and authoritative.'

'I doubt not much of it was to him divine truth; or, at least, some.'

'Ah, there you are, "some of it." And why not all? Indeed, I do not see how we can discriminate. It must be all or none. The book, the whole book, and nothing but the book, I say.'

'I know,' was all that Monkwood replied, and that in a quiet tone, after his friend had paused and waited for his rejoinder. Grosvenor still waited for some moments, as if expecting some more definite reply, and then, finding his friend still silent, said, 'You "know?" But what do you say to my principle—my axiom, indeed?'

'Which is ——?' inquired the other.

'"Which is ——?" Why, Monkwood, you are ever so far away, I see. I wonder where. Will you suffer an old friend, however, to call you back to the present, although, as I look on you, you seem delivered from all bonds of time and space. I ask you what you would say to my dictum—"The book, the whole book, and nothing but the book;" and you replied, "I know;" and when I repeated the question, you asked abstractedly what the principle was! I should like to know where you were, old friend.'

'Nothing but the book? Hm!'

'Yes, nothing but the book.'

'You have never felt any difficulty yourself in regard to the dictum, I suppose, Grosvenor?'

'Thank God—never!'

'Ah, you were well named Felix,' returned the other; 'there was a prophecy in the very word uttered over you at the font. You are happy in all things. *O terque quaterque beate!*'

'And you, my friend?' gently asked Grosvenor.

'I? Oh, it is better for me to have had to struggle and fight for all the faith I have, as, doubtless, it is better for you to have been always able to "sleep well o' nights." I am glad to see how well you look the country rector, still.'

'Monkwood!' ejaculated the former, somewhat deprecatingly, as though he fancied there was a slight dash of the ironical to be detected in his friend's words and manner.

'And Grosvenor!' said the other, perceiving his meaning, and conscious of having been, though only infinitesimally, misapprehended. Though he said no more, there was that however in his tone which was not to be mistaken, and which led his companion to say tenderly,

'You are sad, my friend. And indeed the place is depressing; too depressing for you, just now.'

'On the contrary, I find it soothing.' And then, after a pause, 'Yes, only soothing. I am glad, quietly glad, I came on this little pilgrimage to the grave of a noble man.' Both were silent awhile, then Grosvenor reading aloud from the grave-stone,

JOHN STERLING,
died at Ventnor,
18th September,
1844,
aged 38,

remarked, 'He died young.'

'As men count,' said his friend.

'Why, his course was but a fragment.'

'The fragment of a curve, however, which may be continued for ever,— and —;' after a pause, '— which his God knows how to continue, too.'

'He was a doubter,' said the Churchman.

'He was honest,' said the Dissenter.

'It is a mercy, however, not to doubt,' said the former.

'Perhaps,' replied his friend. 'That is, if the non-doubting be honest. But I place the honest doubter far, far before the dishonest believer, or acquiescer, rather, I should say.'

'I think more Dissenting ministers than clergymen would sympathize with John Sterling,' said Grosvenor.

'Possibly. Yet there are more than a few of the Nonconforming clergy who would anathematize him as heartily as any of your brethren could wish, although it may be, as you suppose, that a larger number, in proportion, would feel their hearts yearn towards him.'

'And how do you account for it, if it be so?'

'Why, many of us, you see, begin our Nonconformist course with thinking independently of the humanly prescribed, and venturing individually to dissent from humanly established creeds, and so are

prepared to sympathize with those whom the same mental and moral constitution has impelled still farther than we go ourselves.'

'I see. Truly, you Noncons ought to be invariably candid. Indeed, I do not see that candour should be considered a virtue in Dissenters. An uncandid Dissenter is, *ipso facto*, self-condemned. But what a warning poor Sterling is to men, how they venture to begin calling in question any of "the things most surely believed among us."'

Monkwood was silent. He had his own thoughts. His friend put his arm within his, and quietly turned with him into the little church, now disused, which the attendant had opened, expecting them before leaving to enter.

'What a nutshell of a church,' said the clergyman. 'Only seven pews in it! Built in the seventh century, they say.'

Monkwood looked at the venerable old walls, and was silent. The thoughts of centuries gathered around him. And when his clerical friend presently went out, to make some inquiries of the attendant, who had retired, the Nonconformist quietly shut the church door, and then, returning to the raised dais at the east end, ... [Reader! he has struck out the words.]

In a few minutes Grosvenor re-entered:

'Here, Monkwood, I have found another grave for you to notice. Do come, and look at it.'

And he led him back into the churchyard, and to a flat tombstone, on which a low raised iron frame supported a couple of bars of the same metal, so placed as to resemble a cross, laid horizontally, a few inches above the slab. The attendant explained that the arrangement was adopted in order that the shadow of the cross might rest on the sleeping-place of him who was there interred. Further inquiry elicited that the grave was that of the Rev. Mr. Adams, the author of several popular religious works; and, among them, one with the title, 'The Shadow of the Cross,' which had suggested the peculiarity of this memorial.

'What a pleasing contrast, dear friend,' said Grosvenor, 'to yonder grave that you were sketching, is suggested to us by this happy device, evidently adopted as peculiarly indicative of the Evangelical belief of the excellent Christian to whom the Cross was the Alpha and the Omega of his hope. Who would not rather be the humble believer, than the brilliant, or elegant, thinker that went so grievously astray?'

'Whose understanding only, I suppose, you mean, "went astray;" for I have never heard that, morally or spiritually, John Sterling ever swerved from the most devoted loyalty to the truth, as truth appeared to him. And I trust that many a man has been found by the righteous Judge, heart-sound, whose mere understanding had got sadly and sorely perplexed, but whose very perplexities served the more decidedly to test the conscience and the heart.'

'"Being justified by faith,"' was Grosvenor's reply.

'"By their fruits ye shall know them,"' said Monkwood.

'"If ye believe not that I am He, ye shall die in your sins,"' answered Grosvenor.

'"Whosoever doeth the will of my Father, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother,"' was Monkwood's rejoinder.

'"He that believeth not is condemned already,"' returned Grosvenor.

'"He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him,"' was Monkwood's answer.

'"Except a man eat my flesh, and drink my blood, he hath no life in him,"' was Grosvenor's prompt quotation.

'"The letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth life,"' replied Monkwood; and then presently added, 'We may go on quoting texts, my friend, for an hour, with ease, and make no way. I am sure you recognise that the grand thing is for the heart and life to be made true and right God-ward; and that the end of all the teaching and the work of our blessed Lord is—to bring men to God, to turn them from darkness to light, from the gloomy reign of moral evil into the realms ruled by the beautiful law of Him whose latest name is Love. I think, as to John Sterling, we must leave him with his God; quite sure that all who can be saved, will be saved; and, in regard to many whose creeds were either defective or unsound, remembering, that the salvation of the Scriptures is chiefly a moral salvation, a salvation from sin and evil. And as to this other excellent Christian, whose tombstone has even now the shadow of the Cross, I see, strongly marked upon it (the device being to my mind, however, curious rather than impressive, or symbolically valuable—for the ugly frame, of the same material, which supports it, makes the whole look very clumsily artificial) I declare that I cannot venture a single thought as to whether he is now nearer to the throne of God and the Lamb than his brother, whose remains are a few feet off. To his own Master each must stand or fall. *Requiescant in pace!*'

They now left the churchyard, and Grosvenor asked Monkwood whither he was bound.

'Oh,' replied he, 'I am free to follow the mood of the hour. I am alone—' he sighed, but presently continued, 'I came to Ventnor last evening, slept at the Marine Hotel, and strolled on here this morning.

'Why I, too, came to Ventnor only yesterday, but joined Osborne, whose family is there. He is gone geologizing towards Blackgang Chine. You remember Osborne?'

'That was at Oriel?'

'Yes. He never took orders, however, and is as genial a fellow as ever. We were talking of you only at breakfast-time, and of some of our college exploits together; the upsetting of your wherry near Sandford Mill, and that grand skating affair, when the Isis was so well frozen, that we flew along it to Wolvercott, Witham, and old Ensham. By the bye, among the records of one of the old churches of this island, mention is made of a collection made on behalf of the parish church of Ensham. But what do you say—will you stroll on to Shanklin, and Brading, where Legh Richmond first preached, and

where his Young Cottager lies buried? or, shall we return, and find out Osborne, and join him for the rest of the day? I am sure he will rejoice at the sight of you, more even than if he had discovered the rarest of fossil specimens.'

The friends agreed to return to Ventnor, and proceed on the track of the hammer-in-hand explorer, whom Monkwood had not seen since the dear old Oxford days. But missing the note-book in which he had been sketching a memorial of the visit, the two returned to Sterling's grave to find it; and then they sat down again, and fell into chat of this kind:—

'I wish Sterling had never left Hare, and Hurstmonceaux,' said Grosvenor.

'What could he do? He felt insurmountable difficulties, as an honest man, in the way of continuing to do as he had done, and knew that above all things he was bound to be true; and that not even for the sake of usefulness (a very sadly misunderstood and abused phrase, by the way), might he seem to approve where he did not, with all his being.'

'Carlyle would make him out an altogether sceptic,' said Grosvenor.

'And Hare, I suppose, diminishes the sense of difficulty he laboured under,' said Monkwood.

'Hare would not intentionally misrepresent.'

'Do you suppose Carlyle would?'

'But how is it that such minds as Sterling's seem certain to fall into scepticism, if once they begin to investigate?'

'Perhaps, for one thing; they, at first, too easily believed too much. More is frequently affirmed about the Bible, as one book, than it anywhere claims for itself; and, what is sadder, more possibly than can be well substantiated; and as soon as ever this is once seen, or suspected even, the mind that discovers it had been somewhat beguiled, though ever so little, and though, so far as intention was concerned, for its own good, by a kind of almost pious fraud—for pious frauds are not limited to the Church of Rome, nor are they altogether things of the past only—I say the mind that awakes to this discovery, often has a dreary time of it before it can once more find solid resting-ground; which, however, it may do, give it time enough. It would be wise, perhaps, to trust truth very much more implicitly than most of us venture to do, and also not to occupy more, or other, ground than we can thoroughly maintain.'

'I find a wonderful unity in the book,' said Grosvenor.

'So do I,' replied the other. 'And so I do in providence, and history, and the world.'

'What do you mean by that, Monkwood?'

'Let it pass I wish, however, all good Christian people knew as well how to use the book as they do to praise it. I sometimes almost doubt whether it is not fiercely praised by some who compound, by this touchy zeal of theirs for the book, for a good deal of quiet neglect of it in private; at all events, neglect of its precepts and its spirit.'

'I, too,' said Grosvenor, 'fear it is more lauded and circulated than studied.'

'Then, too,' added his friend, 'it needs to be read broadly, and for practical purposes, and the spirit of it must be taken rather than the dry letter. But it is so much easier to run off with a few pet sentences, or phrases, culled here and there.'

'So you think such men as Sterling believe too much at first?' inquired Grosvenor, reverting to a former remark.

'Well, I scarcely mean "too much" really, for I believe that often less would be more.'

'I am not sure I take you, though I remember Hesiod has something to the same effect, viz., that sometimes a part is more than the whole.'

'Never mind; if it does not commend itself, let it pass. But Sterling found eventually that the Church, and his *alma mater*, too, had entrapped him, by requiring his subscription to so many articles and formulas before he was competent to give in an intelligent and honest adhesion. I do wish you could dispense with some so much of the logical in religion. A scriptural affirmation would often be gladly acquiesced in when your scholastic deductions and inferences, the work of the fallible human understanding only, do but scare a conscientious thinker.'

'But the melancholy thing is, that Sterling stumbled at many of the truths of the book itself, and not merely at our Articles.'

'Unfortunately, the dogmas your Church, and not yours only, I am sorry to say, sets forth as very truths of inspiration, once rejected, exert the sad power of awakening suspicion and distrust towards the truths that have been thus intimately blended with them. A man whose understanding has been hurt by the false logic of the human, for long not seen to be false, does not in a moment discriminate between one thing and another. But give him time, and, if honest and earnest, the mists will disperse, and he will find solid standing-ground. Often a man seems to be breaking away from the divine, when he is only breaking away from the human, that has too closely identified itself with, and given itself the airs of, the celestially descended. Atonement—'

'Pardon me a moment. I should above all things like to hear your views of the Atonement, but just now I would rather keep to the book, if you please. And, besides, Osborne would be sorry to learn that we had been conversing on that subject in his absence; for, just now, he is a good deal exercised in mind about Atonement, and painfully, too, so that I should like to enter on that when we have found him. But the book—the book itself—my friend. If a man is not satisfied with the evidence for this, nor the evidence for that, and the other portion—what then?'

'Well, suppose the case of one who, unhappily for himself, cannot make out anything satisfactory about the canon of the Old Testament; cannot, *e. g.*, anyhow reconcile the alleged finding of the law in the days of Hezekiah, and its being, when found, an evidently new thing to all that existing generation, with the claims we make, and I think rightly, for the Pentateuch. And suppose he is not certain about some chapters in Isaiah, or Ezekiel, or Daniel; or, to come to the New Testament, is not sure who wrote the Gospel of Matthew, or whether it

was originally written in Greek or Aramaic; or cannot satisfy himself that the Gospel of John and the Apocalypse have the same author; and deems that this verse in one Gospel, and that verse in another, and this paragraph even, are an interpolation, and that the angel stepping down into the pool is a spurious addition, and the account of the woman taken in adultery, &c., &c.; or, even suppose much more than this—what then? Is there an end to Christianity, forsooth, if all this, and much more than this, instead of being open to question, could be proved no longer maintainable? or, what are we the worse? I confess the mental timidity of the modern Church is not a pleasant symptom. In the interests of truth, we are often afraid of truth.'

'But if ever we let go a single particle, who knows how long we shall have any truth left us?'

'But how can it be taken away? or, what is that which can be taken? Not the grandest and best promise of the Saviour, the more than compensation for the loss of his own bodily presence, viz., "The Spirit of Truth, which the world cannot take, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him."'

'Stop a moment. "Whom the world cannot *take?*" Why do you render "take" instead of our common translation "receive?"'

'Is it not an exacter rendering of the *οὐ δύναται λαβεῖν?* Both "take away," which I avoid using, and "receive," which our translators adopt, are somewhat too definite, in opposite directions—are they not? I will cheerfully defer to you, however. But to proceed. Even suppose this *questio vexata* of "inspiration" were to be settled as most of us would deprecate, even still I ask, what then? All truth would be as believable as ever, and just because it is truth. Could any mode whatever of settling all the *questiones vexatas* in the world ever now rob us of the truth that God is love, for example? Or, tell me, why you believe that foundation truth? Surely not because it is found in so many words in John's epistle?'

'I might never have known it, if it had not been so unmistakably affirmed there.'

'True, but the idea, the truth rather, having once been uttered, once placed before men, it stands on its own feet, independently of the mere individual who first pointed it out, or affirmed it. The gentleman usher may open the door that lets the king into the hall, where assembled thousands hail his presence; but the usher has performed his office, and consistently enough falls back.'

'I do not proceed quite so rapidly as you, my friend, and confess to some misgivings,' said Grosvenor.

'Tell me then, old friend,' replied Monkwood, 'does not truth evidence itself, shine by her own light? No system of astronomy, and no speculation, or decision of the Vatican, can make the sun less glorious, or the moon less fair.'

'True; but how could we know that Christ was crucified for the sins of the world, if doubt were once allowed to be thrown on the original document?'

'In the first place, I answer, that there is no fear that any really

destructive doubt can be so cast. We know all the very worst, or, I should, perhaps, say, the most, that can be truly urged. In the second place, I reply, that we should only be where those were to whom the Christian brethren who were scattered abroad first proclaimed the truth as it is in Jesus, and proclaimed it, too, on their own authority alone, not being apostolic, or even official men, and not able to back their simple affirmation by any attesting signs, either; only —and let us mark well this "only"—"the hand of the Lord was with them, and a great number believed, and turned to the Lord."* And "where are" the heathen, the better and more intelligent of them I mean, when our missionaries go among them—not with any of the "Evidences," to understand which, so as to be able honestly and sufficiently to weigh them, would require on their part an acquaintance with history, &c, pretty extensive — but simply and confidently declaring the gospel, and trusting for success to its adaptation to their need, and to "the hand of the Lord with them." They trust all to the power of divine truth itself,—not to what is said *about* it, nor to outward logical or historical proof that *it is* divine truth;—like Paul, when he says, "My preaching was not in persuasive words of human wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and power.† They'—

'Excuse my interrupting you, but how do you understand that passage? How do you take the genitives?'

'I think the apostle intends that his simple declaratory preaching was the means by which the spiritual power of the truth to convert and bless was demonstrated; his truth was from the Spirit of Truth, and that same Spirit demonstrated his presence and power in'—

'Ah, the examination will lead us into too long a digression, I fear; we will look at the passage together when we get to Ventnor. Just now, please to proceed with your former course of remark.'

'Well, whether consciously or not, our missionaries must put their trust in the truth itself, and in the God of truth, who is the same in the nineteenth century as the first. The other day I tore out of an old Report of the Tract Society a leaf, which I think I have in my pocket book, and which is worth a most careful pondering. Ah, here it is, I declare. Shall I read it?'

'By all means.'

'It is in the Report of the year 1838, under the head of "Java."

"The tract distributor at this station, Lukas Monton, accompanied by a friend, has visited Borneo, where he distributed many tracts. He began with the Chinese, a number of whom came to his lodgings for books, and among them was Bola, a rich and influential man, who was anxious to acquaint himself with the Christian religion, saying, that *if he could be convinced of the truth of Christianity*, he would himself become a Christian. He invited the distributor to his house, where he had convened a number of Chinese, Malays, and Arabs, with their priests, *that*, by *listening to their statements, he might judge where the truth lay.*

"The tract distributor began to discourse to them from a tract which he held in his hand, and continued till the house became full to suffocation, when they

* Acts xi. 19—21. † 1 Cor. ii. 4.

adjourned to the open air, and he continued his address with them from three till six o'clock in the evening.

"All the Chinese declared that this *appeared to them the right way*, BECAUSE IT REVEALED TO THEM THE LOVE AND MERCY OF GOD."'

'Singularly interesting,' said Grosvenor.

'Yes, indeed, very instructive. And how hopeless a task would be the conversion of the hundreds of millions, if it must be achieved through first of all laying the outward evidences before them! You were asking, "Where we should be if some of these same external evidences came to be regarded as less perfect than we might desire?" of which we have a fear, however, and I had only begun to reply. But I might add, to what I have said, that we should only be where the Christian churches were at first, and before any New Testament (needing these evidences) was compiled; where they were, in fact, in the age when a Paul found some members of Christian churches refusing to recognise his apostolic claims; and, still more wonderful, a John also found even his authority rudely set at nought. And then—'

'But—'

'Pardon me one moment. And then I suggest, thirdly, that the idea, or, rather, I would say the truth, being in the world, and having, thank God! taken pretty firm hold of the mind and heart of Christendom, can never perish. If God be love—which the moment it is propounded I see to be true, and if love is self-sacrifice—as I know it is, and every true man knows it is, and every woman knows more profoundly than any man, the story of the Cross can never really or extensively be brought into question. I believe, not merely because I find no flaw in the whole of certain outward evidence, which it takes a long time fairly to examine and weigh, seeing so many centuries separate us from the formative epoch, but from my own personal seeing of the truth.'

Grosvenor was silent; and, after a time, in which they walked on without speaking, for they had long since left the churchyard, Monkwood resumed:—

'Is the "Pilgrim's Progress" one whit the less valuable because the story is not real, but only true?'

'I admit the distinction between the two.'

'I sometimes think the best service the "Evidences" can ever be of is just that which the woman of Samaria rendered to the people of the city. They were induced to come to see and hear Christ for themselves, and stated the result in words worth a great deal more of pondering than they generally receive: "Now we believe, not because of thy saying, for we have heard him ourselves, and know," &c.'

'Well, why here we are, I declare,' exclaimed Grosvenor; 'I had no idea we were so soon at the end of our walk. This is Osborne's place, and there is his wife at the gate. Come.'

And so the conversation, for that time, ended abruptly. Perhaps the reader will deem, however, that enough had been suggested by Sterling's grave to awaken thought for days to come.

Theocles.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.

THEOCLES, a young Greek, in his twenty-third year, stood in the court of the Temple at Jerusalem. He came thither by appointment, for there he had agreed to meet his friend and host, Ezira, a young Pharisee, the only son of an influential man in the city. The two had become acquainted in Rome, whither both had resorted, the one from Athens, and the other from the capital of Judea, for the purpose of visiting the seat of universal empire in the plenitude of her glory and majesty. Theocles had arrived in the Holy City but the evening before, and had risen early that morning, and hastened abroad to satisfy his curiosity and love of novelty by gazing upon the noble architecture of the place, and the bold and picturesque scenery by which it was surrounded. He had crossed the valley of Jehoshaphat, and ascended the Mount of Olives, from whence he had surveyed the region around as far as the eye could pierce, from the capital lying at his feet to the far South, where a grey mist rose from the surface of the Dead Sea. Returning thence, he had wandered in solitary reverie upon the banks of the 'soft-flowing Kedron,' where he would willingly have remained longer, but for the remembrance of his appointment with his friend Ezira. The shadow of the dial, however, yet wanted a hand's breadth of the hour of meeting, when he arrived, escorted by his Ethiop guide, at the appointed spot.

He was excited to admiration and awe by the near view of the magnificent structure before him. In perfect contrast with all that was so truly admirable in Western architecture, yet it seemed to his critical eye rather to suggest new principles of art than to challenge comparison with any with which he was familiar. Of the real glory of the building he knew nothing—and cared nothing—not that Theocles was a stranger to religious impressions; he was, on the contrary, a true and sincere worshipper at many shrines. Thoroughly imbued with the spirit of grace, beauty, harmony, and virtue, of which the whole phalanx of gods and goddesses of the Grecian mythology were but the vehicles and the types, he was an enthusiastic devotee at every altar erected to these impersonated attributes. In the Aphrodite of his country's creed, he beheld not merely the exquisite form of maiden grace or severe and matronly beauty, but the deified presence of the all-inspiring feminine influences which exercise so mighty a sway upon the character and destinies of the world. In the Apollo, the Hermes, the Poseidon, and (greatest of gods) Zeus, the mighty son of Chronos and Rhea, he saw, not the wondrous forms alone that Phidias carved or Apelles painted, or even the hero-gods who quelled the Titans and conquered heaven, but the faintly indicated idea of a sublimer than mortal standard of wisdom, fortitude, and virtue, which it was to be the endeavour of his life more

worthily to conceive, and, as far as possible, to emulate. Call him an idolator if you will; but his worship was that of virtue in the sublimest form, and it was, further, sincere, constant, and enthusiastic. His soul revolted from the infidel professions of the Anaxagoreans, a sect of so-called philosophers, who, like many of the present day in Christian lands, sought for countenance in the pursuit of vicious practices by mocking at all religious belief. Theocles felt the throbs of something deeper than life in his inmost heart, and was seeking, though perhaps unconsciously, for a revelation of the mysteries of his spiritual being.

While this young man was gazing around him with delight at the contemplation of a structure so new to him as the Jewish Temple, he became aware that great numbers of the people were congregating on the spot, as if in expectation of some unusual event. He observed that the different parties as they arrived did not mix in an indiscriminate crowd, but formed separate groups, and talked earnestly with each other. The feelings, moreover, by which they were animated seemed by no means unanimous; some, especially the groups of the poor and meanly clad, appeared almost beside themselves with joy; others, and among them he discerned a few whom he judged to be the chief men of the city, were plainly under the influence of anger and hatred. Curious to know what powerful cause could give rise to such varied emotions, he threaded his way slowly among the different groups, and endeavoured to catch such stray words of their conversation as might yield him the information he sought. But he profited very little. The Syro-Chaldaic dialect of Judea was almost barbarous to his ears; and though he heard much, he could make out nothing intelligibly beyond the words 'Nazarene,' 'Messiah,' 'Jesus,' 'healer of the sick,' 'the Christ'—pronounced now in rapture, now in rage and scorn.

'Surely,' said he to himself, 'this must be the commencement of some popular commotion;' and he began to doubt the propriety of remaining longer on the spot, being an utter stranger to all present, when he was joined by his friend, the young Pharisee. Theocles immediately assailed him with questions as to the cause and object of the present concourse. 'It is this very cause,' said Ezira, 'which has prevented my accompanying you on your morning's ramble. I have been with my father to the council assembled on this very matter. There have been strange events going on in Judea while you and I have been idling at Rome. The whole country is gone mad after a low fellow who calls himself a prophet—who pretends to work miracles, to heal the sick, and even (for so I have heard) to raise the dead. It is said he will be here to-day; and doubtless it is this expectation that has brought such a concourse of ragamuffins together. But let him beware; his doom is settled, I assure you, unless he speedily moderate his pretensions. But come, let us enter the Temple; I will show you wonders.'

The two friends directed their course to the Beautiful Gate, and entered the sacred precincts. As a Pharisee, and the son of a Pharisee,

Ezira could introduce his friend to every part of the building where it might not be accounted defilement for a Gentile to tread. They spent some hours between the sacred walls; and the eager inquiries of the Greek elicited from the Pharisee much of the nature and purport of the ceremonial worship of the Jews. Strange and portentous thoughts rose in the mind of Theocles, and he resolved to search further and more at leisure into the mysteries of the Israelitish theology.

But, one thing had scandalized him—and, though not altogether without fear of giving offence, he requested an explanation of his friend. 'How comes it,' said he, 'that in a temple devoted to the worship of one invisible, but ever-present, God, your tremendous Adonai, you carry on a traffic, or allow it to be carried on? There is much of the precious metals adorning your noble shrine, but there is still more visible in the shape of money, which is constantly changing owners. Can this be for the honour of your God?'

Ezira blushed. 'You are too hard upon us,' he said; 'it is not to dishonour God or his temple that this is permitted. We receive a tithe of the gains of these merchants, and thus maintain a fund for the repair of the building. It is true there is no authority for this in our law—but we have traditions of equal force, and it is probable they allow it.'

'Were I a priest of Adonai,' said the Greek, 'I should hardly defile my fingers with such gains. I saw a gowned grey-beard just now, cheating a countryman in changing a gold Alexander, and I would have plucked his beard for him had I not more reverence for the temple of a stranger than he for his own.'

Ezira was beginning to stammer forth some reply, when their attention was diverted by loud and continued sounds of welcome and acclamation, which every moment drew nearer and nearer. The friends hastened to the entrance of the Temple, from whence they could have a view of the proceedings. They had, however, hardly reached the portal, when they were forced back again into the ample court by the pressure of the entering crowd, consisting of persons of both sexes and all ages, evidently in the excitement of joyous exultation. They ceased their loud shouts as they entered the sacred precincts, and ranged themselves in orderly ranks, leaving commodious space for those who were to follow. A deep and expectant silence reigned for a brief moment. Then a measured, slow, but firm and stately, step was heard, and, as all eyes were turned to the portal, the Nazarene—the despised and the adored—entered the Temple of the Most High. Tall, dark, and comely, in a pale, grey, seamless robe, girt around the middle, stood the Son of the Carpenter—the mystery of his hour. Upon a countenance of ineffable grandeur and grace sorrow and suffering had already done the work of age. Hunger and houselessness, and long acquaintance with grief, had channelled in deep furrows his weatherworn aspect.

This sublime figure was followed, at the distance of a few paces, by a group of Galileans, whose costume showed them to be, for the most

part, fishermen or dwellers on the coast. As he advanced towards the centre of the area, where stood the tables of the money-changers, and the seats of them that sold doves for sacrifice, a sudden change came over that mild countenance, and a glance of withering scorn shot from his eye. Addressing himself to a band of the traffickers in coin, who had clustered round their leader, 'Is it not written,' said he, 'that my house shall be called, of all nations, a house of prayer? But ye here made it a den of thieves.' And seizing a scourge from one of his followers, with lusty strokes, he dealt them the thief's guerdon—blows, heavy blows; and as they, conscience-smitten, quailed beneath his vigorous arm, he caught and swung aloft in air their stalls of traffic, and dashed their sordid metal to the ground. On all that bought and sold within that hallowed shrine, he laid untiring lashes—nor ceased until the Temple of the Lord was purged of their defiling presence. Then, and not till then, all traces of anger and scorn left his countenance, where the expressions of sorrow, benignity, and love alone were wont to dwell.

Theocles had gazed upon this scene with an emotion entirely new to him. The godlike form of the desert-wanderer; the severe but winning majesty of that countenance and demeanour; the lightning flash of scorn and wrath from those orbs of seeming fire; the irresistible authority before which the daring spirit of Mammon quailed and fled; all were present in full force to the mind of the astonished Greek. With eyes riveted upon that divine shape, he greedily devoured every movement and gesture. 'Again to hear that voice—but once again!'

Very different were the feelings of Ezira. This open outrage and assault upon the merchants, some of whom were friends and intimates of his family, stirred him to such a pitch of rage and hatred that he actually trembled with passion. Excusing himself hastily to Theocles, and saying that he must hurry to the council, he rushed from the temple to carry to his party the news of what he had witnessed.

He had hardly quitted the scene, when the voice of the Nazarene was heard in clear and sonorous, but meek and passionless tones, teaching and explaining to the listening throng the songs and prophecies of their poet-king. In language plain and simple, but with eloquence that stirred the heart-strings of his hearers, he spake as yet never man spake, in the hearing of Theocles, who, in this weather-beaten and woe-worn son of the wilderness, beheld a form infinitely surpassing all his pre-imagined incarnations of majesty, virtue, and truth. But his awe and admiration had yet more wonders to feed on. Scarcely was the brief lesson ended, when, through the open gates, a melancholy procession of the lame and blind, and palsy-stricken—of shrunken and fever-wasted forms, borne in the arms of their mourning yet trusting friends, came slowly into the centre of the area, and besought, some with earnest cries, others with but imploring glances, the compassion of Him, the houseless physician, who, they nothing doubted, could restore them to the embrace of healthful life; nor was the appeal in vain. With eyes beaming benevolence, the Prophet of the people walked slowly round that circle of mortal misery—on every suffering

heart he laid the healing hand, at whose touch disease, and pain, and languor abandoned their victims. As one after another rose up from the couch of agony, where many had lain for weary months or years, as they leaped and ran, and tossed their recovered limbs wildly in the air, in the resistless delirium of new-born health and joy, the assembled concourse of spectators could no longer restrain their pent-up feelings of grateful applause, but with unanimous shout burst into the national song, 'Hosanna to the Son of David! Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!' Nor did the Son of the Carpenter rebuke them. Continuing his marvellous work, he moved on from one anxious suppliant to another, till all were healed, and pain and anguish were banished from that happy throng.

In the midst of this glorious excitement, long shadows, cast by the now nearly level sun, darkened the floor of the Temple; and a band of the principal men of the city, accompanied by many of the chief priests and leading Pharisees, entered the edifice. But though wrath was on their brows there was evident hesitation in their demeanour. Not one of them seemed inclined willingly to confront the offender; and it was not without much whispering and consultation that, at length, a chief priest stepped forward and demanded of the Nazarene the meaning of these riotous and unseemly acclamations. 'Hearest thou what these thy followers say?' said he. 'Yea,' said the Nazarene, 'have ye not read, Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise? I tell you if these should hold their peace the very stones would cry out.' The man of ceremonial importance stood cowed and craven in the presence of the Healer; and, daring not to question him further, retired, crest-fallen, with his angry crew. The short twilight of Judea was now rapidly fading into darkness; and the people, renewing their acclamations, escorted their Godlike Saviour from the Temple, and, ascending Moriah's mount, took the road to Bethany.

Theocles departed with the rest. He had seen Ezira among the band of accusing authorities; but, from an irresistible feeling of repugnance, had shrunk from rejoining him. He had also seen, among the followers of the Nazarene, a company of his countrymen, some of whom he recognised as fellow-citizens. Them he followed, and with them, during the remainder of his stay at Jerusalem, he sojourned. In company with these proselytes, who had come up to the Holy City to worship, he read and studied the writings of the Hebrew prophets. Day and night he devoted the best energies of his mind to the sacred books. With the assistance of his new friends, and by the aid of an elevated and devotional spirit, he happily formed a more just and rational idea of the promised Messiah than that which then prevailed among the rabbis and learned men of Jerusalem. In comparison with what his eyes had beheld in the Temple, the pomp and splendour of an earthly potentate, such as they looked for, would have appeared to him but a contemptible and paltry show. In the Prophet of the people, the Healer of the sick, the Punisher of profanation and fraud, in the palpable divinity of the Godlike Nazarene, he saw, or believed he saw,

the promised Deliverer. Eager for the satisfaction of his desires, he urged his friends to seek with him the disciples of the Prophet, that their doubts might be dissipated, their joy confirmed. His friends were nothing loth; and, together, the party sought the dwelling of Philip, a disciple known to one of them, and a Galilean. To him they communicated their wishes, and the new thoughts that were burning in their bosoms. Philip conferred with Andrew, another of the disciples, and both together communicated the request of the proselytes to their Divine Master. What reply the inquirers received from the two disciples—for it does not appear that they were honoured with an interview with Jesus—is not known.

Soon after these events, Theocles was compelled to return to his own country; but he never returned to the worship of his country's gods. The once glorious and engrossing, but now vain and vapid, idolatry of Greece, had lost the thousand charms it formerly possessed. The hero-gods no longer retained their hold upon his heart and imagination. One altar there was in his native city, by the side of which he might sometimes be found meditating: it bore on its front the inscription,

'To the Unknown God.'

PART II.

Theocles had lost his parents in early life. They had left the charge of his boyhood and his education to a dear friend, who had faithfully fulfilled the trust reposed in him; and, on his arriving at man's estate, had resigned the disposition of his affairs into his own hands, advising him to travel for his further improvement. This advice, as we have seen, the young man followed; journeying first to Egypt, then to Rome, and finally, in company with the young Pharisee, to Judea. Educated a Stoic, but impulsive and enthusiastic by nature, he was at once eager for knowledge, and disciplined to the exercise of calm and deliberate reflection. The memorable display of divine power of which he had been, as it seemed, an accidental witness in the Temple at Jerusalem, was not likely soon to be effaced from such a mind. The researches which, under the guidance of his friends at the Holy City, he had made in the Jewish Scriptures, had effectually weaned him from the fanciful theology of Greece, and had landed him at that stage, in the history of all inquirers after truth, in which the great object of search is beheld in dim, yet dazzling, splendour in the remote distance, while the route that leads to it is lost in perplexity and doubt.

Having wealth at his command, and youth and talents on his side, his society was much sought in Athens, especially by those of his own standing, and of the philosophical sect in which he had been educated. But Theocles responded little to these advances, and when he did respond was often so absent in mind and abstracted in manner as to draw upon himself the banter of his friends. Upon these occasions he would watch the first opportunity to escape from their raillery, and, withdrawing himself to the solitude of his chamber, meditate there upon the words and acts of the Nazarene.

Though but little familiar with the Hebrew tongue, he had been able, with the help of his companions, while at Jerusalem, to peruse a considerable portion of the sacred writings. Ere returning to his native land, he had purchased of a scribe a copy of the law, the prophets, and the Psalms of David; and he found no difficulty in procuring at Athens the assistance of an educated Jew to perfect his knowledge of the language, and to explain, by his comments, such passages as baffled his comprehension. The old man, Ben Ezra, who, for a consideration, undertook this office, was a zealous member of the money-making tribe. Like most of his race at that period, he waited for the coming of the Messiah; but there was more of national vanity than of religious fervour in the old Jew's expectation; for he looked for a temporal deliverer, who should free Israel from the Roman domination, and restore the triumphant prosperity which marked the sway of Solomon and David. In his readings with Theocles he pointed out, with evident satisfaction, the prophecies which foretold the coming of the Shiloh who should redeem the lost glory of his race. He forbore, however, on all these occasions, to exhibit any personal feeling on the subject, or to hint at what was his own private conviction, namely, that the hour of the promised deliverance was near at hand; for experience had taught him that the dissemination of such a doctrine would be but too readily construed into covert treason against the universal dominion of Rome, and would, if brought home to him, lead to his summary punishment. For this reason, he adhered rigidly to the letter of the word, leaving his pupil to arrive at his own conclusions. On the other hand, when, upon one occasion, Theocles mentioned his having witnessed the miracles of Jesus of Nazareth, and was about to claim for the Carpenter's Son the title of Messiah, Ben Ezra, his face livid with passion, started to his feet, and, as soon as he could find words, demanded to know by what act he had purchased so foul an insult from his guest. The old man was only appeased with difficulty, and, by a common understanding, the subject was, for some time, not renewed between them.

On other matters Ben Ezra could be more communicative. When the popular theology of Greece came in question, his face would light up with a scornful kind of ridicule; and knowing that Theocles had lost all faith in them, he would sarcastically weigh the gods of Olympus in the moral scale, which they were supposed themselves to have established, and exhibit them in the preposterous light of feeble and frivolous violators of the code they had themselves enacted for the guidance of mortals. Then he would assert that of whatever was noble and elevating in the whole system, all was to be found in the ancient writings of the Jews, whence it had probably been derived—and only for what was morally mean, or at best but poetically fanciful, was the religion of Hellas indebted to the inspiration of her priests and oracles. 'After all,' he would sometimes say, 'your faith carries its own absurdity on the face of it; for notwithstanding that you pay honours to a vast rabble of gods and goddesses of whom your common people cannot even recount the whole list, you are driven, in the end, to erect an altar to

the "Unknown God," because all your crowded Olympus is not enough to satisfy the religious sentiment of one reflecting mind.'

Theocles knew the truth of this too well. It was the Unknown God whom he burned to know. At that unfrequented and unpopular altar he had spent sad hours in darkness and solitude. There, in the still night, he had called upon the Lord God of Abraham to reveal himself, and to guide him in the way of truth and righteousness. There he had recalled every look and gesture of the Nazarene when he purged the Temple, and taught the people, and healed the sick, and rebuked the elders; and revolving these things in his mind, had sought for illuminating influence from that unknown Spirit, to determine if this were indeed the Christ, the Son of God. No voice had answered him out of the cloud and the darkness; but in his own heart the conviction deepened and strengthened that his eyes had beheld the promised Messiah.

One evening, when Theocles, according to custom, entered the habitation of the Jew to resume his lecture, he saw, by the expression of the old man's face, that intelligence of an unusual kind, upon which he was brooding with secret satisfaction, would probably lead him to communicate it ere long. Ben Ezra drew a heavy scroll from a chest, laid it upon a table, and pointing with his finger, read into Greek that well-known prophecy in Isaiah, commencing with the words, 'Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is arisen upon thee.' When he paused at the conclusion of the sublime strain, his countenance appeared animated with a feeling which struck Theocles as being by no means in harmony with its theme.

'You seem excited to-day, my father,' said the youth; 'should I ask the cause?'

'What thinkest thou, my son,' he returned, 'of the Redeemer who shall do this for Israel? Shall he be the mock of her sons, hated of her ministers of religion, and cut off in his youth for his heinous crimes?'

'Why so absurd a question? Assuredly not, my father!'

'Thy folly is condemned out of thine own mouth,' said the old man, angrily. 'Read these letters, and affront me no more with thy detestable Nazarene.'

He threw the letters on the table. Theocles took them up and read, with indescribable emotion, a detailed narrative of the apprehension of Jesus of Nazareth upon a double charge of blasphemy and sedition, the dispersion of his disciples, his trial before the Roman governor, and his crucifixion on Mount Calvary, in company with two 'other malefactors.' The writer congratulated his friend that this obnoxious superstition, which had led the common people astray, and alienated them from their religious instructors, had come at length to its natural and inevitable termination, and would trouble them no longer. He went on to state, however, that the fanatic disciples, unwilling to surrender at once to public contempt, had contrived to steal the body of the vile malefactor during the night, and had already circulated a report that he had risen from the dead of his own miraculous power!

Theocles felt that the piercing glance of Ben Ezra was upon him

while he perused these harrowing details; but yet, with all his efforts at restraint, he could not prevent the tears from blinding his eyes, and trickling down upon the parchment. The Jew turned away, affecting not to mark his evident distress. At another time the old man's respect for his guest would have drawn forth, at least, some demonstration of sympathy at such a show of grief; but now, his indignation mastered his better nature, and he could not refrain from pursuing his triumph.

'I marvel,' he said, sneeringly, 'that thou shouldest weep at the downfall of a blasphemous pretender. What claim should such a one have to thy compassion?'

'What if I tell thee, old man,' retorted Theocles, stung to the reply by his outraged heart, 'that thy people have slain with wicked hands the Godlike Redeemer of their race—the Messiah that was to come?'

'Boy! thou talkest like a madman. Art thou blind enough to see in an outcast and a vagabond the Deliverer who shall restore the sceptre of Judah, and subdue all nations to his sway? Hear what Esaias saith: "For the nation and kingdom that will not serve thee shall perish; yea, those nations shall be utterly wasted." Shall the nations serve one that hath been hanged on a tree?' And the old man laughed scornfully.

'Thou knowest not but that may come to pass,' said the youth. 'Hear thou, in thy turn, what also thine own Esaias saith'—and Theocles rolled back the scroll and read, 'He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief; and we hid our faces from him; he was despised, and we esteemed him not. Surely he hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows; yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God and afflicted. But he was wounded for our transgressions; bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed. All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all. He was oppressed and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth; he was brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth. He was taken from prison and from judgment; and who shall declare his generation? for he was cut off from the land of the living; for the transgression of my people was he stricken. And he made his grave with the wicked, and with the rich in his death; because he had done no violence, neither was any deceit in his mouth. Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise him; he hath put him to grief; when thou shalt make his soul an offering for sin, he shall see his seed, he shall prolong his days, and the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in his hand. He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied; by his knowledge shall my righteous servant justify many; for he shall bear their iniquities. Therefore will I divide him a portion with the great, and he shall divide the spoil with the strong; *because he hath poured out his soul unto death; and he was numbered with the transgressors;* and he bare the sin of many, and made intercession for the transgressors."'

Had a third person been present, he might have observed as Theocles

read, that the sneering look of exultation gradually faded from the countenance of the Jew, and was succeeded by an air of doubt, then of incredulous attention, then of confusion, which as rapidly gave place to a frown of indignant pride. When Theocles ceased, the old man drew himself up with a show of dignity, and folding his arms, coolly congratulated his pupil upon the perfection of his knowledge of the Hebrew tongue. 'It seems to me, young man,' he said, 'that as an instructor I can be of no further use to thee. Excuse me for saying so, but I do not wish the relationship between us reversed—when I require instruction at thy hands I will seek it.' He turned haughtily upon his heel, and withdrew to an inner apartment.

His connexion with Ben Ezra thus at an end, Theocles was left to pursue his studies and his researches alone. He continued diligently to peruse the written word, and preferred the prayer of David to David's God for spiritual enlightenment and peace.

Time passed on. Rumours of the new doctrines of the rising sect of Christians found their way into Greece, and began to be talked of at Athens. The statements were at first confused and conflicting. They were different from day to day; and as no one was found who pretended to any authority worthy of reliance, they formed nothing better than a subject for curious gossip. Christianity, it was said, insisted upon a community of property—taught that the whole of man's duty was comprised in love to God and love to God's creatures; and that the dead would rise to life again. These things Theocles heard with a beating heart, and waited with impatience for further tidings. He learned by restless inquiry that the Founder of the new religion was one Jesus of Nazareth, who, though innocent of all crime, had been put to death by the Jews, and was reported by his disciples to have risen again from the dead, and after appearing to them and many others, to have ascended to heaven in their presence. It was added that many miracles were wrought in attestation of the truth of their evidence, and that thousands of the common people, as well of Judea as of other nations, had embraced the new faith.

In Athens these reports died away after their novelty was over; but Theocles, unable longer to endure the suspense of his mind, resolved to journey once more to Jerusalem to satisfy his longings. He had already been some days preparing for his journey, when suddenly news was brought him that one Saul of Tarsus, now called Paul, who had been driven by the Jews from Thessalonica for preaching the new religion, had taken refuge in Athens, and was then on the point of addressing the citizens, who were assembling in numbers on Mars' Hill for the purpose of giving him a hearing.

Theocles lost not a moment, but ran with the crowd to the appointed spot. The apostle of the new faith was already at his post, standing at the adytum of a temple midway on the eminence, with the faces of the multitude turned towards him. There he addressed the men of Athens in that memorable discourse which is so familiar to all of us, which treats of the attributes of Jehovah, and the conditions of salvation to his offending creatures. The doctrine of the Resurrec-

tion was a stumbling-block to the philosophy of the wise men of Athens; and while some openly mocked, others deferred its consideration to another season. But a simple-minded few received the glad tidings with earnest faith, and with these Theocles joined himself at the house of Dionysius the Areopagite, and there, from the lips of Paul himself, received the solution of his doubts, the confirmation of his brightest hopes. From him he learned the sacred story of Gethsemane's agony; of the humiliation of the mock trial; of Calvary's sacrifice; of the triumph over the grave; of the ascension into heaven, where he ever liveth to make intercession. Repentance, and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, the conditions of reconciliation with God, seemed to Theocles a covenant *all* mercy, and to it he subscribed his hand, his heart, his whole soul, in a transport of gratitude and praise.

When, some time later, Paul left Athens for Corinth, he assembled the little Christian band, and exhorted them, and prayed with them at the parting. It was evening when he stepped on board the vessel; and when Theocles, having watched the bark out of sight, turned towards his own home, he was surprised by a trembling hand laid upon his shoulder.

'Ben Ezra!' he exclaimed, as the old man stood before him.

'Even so, my son, my dear son. When thou didst read the words of Esaias on that day my soul was staggered within me, but my heart was hard with pride. Forgive me, forgive me, my son. Henceforth we must love one another; for lo! *I also am a Christian.*"

The Case against the East India Company.

As a substitute both for our usual 'Missionary Record' and our 'Retrospect,' we give our readers this month a detailed statement of the facts connected with some of the proceeedings of the East Indian Company against the Christian conversion of India. We are indebted for the papers establishing the case to the editor of the 'Church Missionary Intelligencer.'

There was a time when those in authority excluded the missionary from India; and when he came thither, as a portion of 'all the world,' to which, by Divine injunction, the gospel was to be preached, they ejected him, and the command of God was contravened by the command of man. But the national reverence for Christianity was too powerful to permit the maintenance of so wide a circle of exclusion, and it was gradually contracted, until the native soldiery alone remained within its limits. But from these the *tapu* has never been entirely removed. The missionary was permitted to move in other directions, but with the Sepoys it was not always that he found himself free to interfere; and when an opportunity was conceded, it was precarious, and liable to be interrupted at any moment. The introduction of the leaven of Christianity amongst the native soldiery was by many earnestly deprecated. Whether it was for the advantage of the Sepoy that he should become a Christian or remain a heathen, that was not the question; it was the fidelity of the army that was exclusively considered; and when, to secure

this, it was thought necessary there should be no missionary interference, the claims of Christianity, and the right of the native to hear and judge for himself, were alike unhesitatingly sacrificed. It was not merely that individuals in authority, professing Christianity as their own religion, and the religion of the country to which they belonged, were indifferent as to its progress among the natives, but so far as the Sepoys were concerned, they were often decidedly opposed to it. To the native soldier they desired to make it a prohibited element. If, by one means or another, he attained to the knowledge of it, and came under conscientious convictions, his renunciation of Hinduism or Mahommedanism was at the peril of being dismissed from the ranks. We are making no vague assertion, which we cannot authenticate. We state a fact, and are prepared to prove it.

The introduction of missionary effort into North India, and the attempt to communicate to the natives the light and blessing of Christianity, are of recent date. Even so late as 1814, when ascending the Ganges in Lord Moire's suite, was Thomason constrained to write,—'We have annihilated the political importance of the natives, stripped them of their power, and laid them prostrate, without giving them anything in return. They possess neither learning, nor emulation, nor power. Every spring of action seems deadened. They wallow in the filth of a senseless and impure religion, without any prospect of deliverance.' It was not until 1818 that our first missionaries reached Calcutta. Gradually, as stations were formed here and there, and good men, whether chaplains or missionaries, laboured, as they had opportunity, in communicating to the poor, dark heathen around them the knowledge of God's mercy in Christ, their hearts were cheered by instances of conversion from amongst various classes of the natives. Amongst others was a Sepoy—a Naick, or corporal. He was lying with his regiment at Meerut, and there, through the instrumentality of the chaplain, the Rev. H. Fisher, was brought to the faith of the gospel. How was this man dealt with by the authorities? It was the first case of the kind, and, therefore, of great importance. It was now to be decided whether the Sepoys should have the same advantages with other sections of the population, or be placed under peculiar restrictions; whether a native, under conscientious convictions, might become a Christian, and yet remain a soldier, or whether his conversion to Christianity was to be regarded as a disqualification from further service. It was a moment of serious responsibility, so far as the authorities were concerned. The prevailing idea then was, that the introduction of Christianity among the natives of India was a dangerous experiment, and more particularly among the Sepoys. We wish we could conclude that misconception exploded, but it is beyond dispute that many minds are, even at this advanced period, possessed with it. How, then, did the Government act? Did they not nobly affirm, we cannot interfere with freedom of conscience in those under employ, nor can we place a stigma on a religion which we ourselves profess, and believe to be true? If any man, whether soldier or civilian, profess it before his countrymen, he shall be protected. Truly, it was an anxious moment, and our readers will be curious to be made acquainted with the course that was pursued—whether the authorities sacrificed their religion to their interests, or their interests to their religion. We regret to say that to subserve their interests they were prepared to sacrifice their religion. In the course which they pursued, they sacrificed as well their interests as their religion. We place before them Mr. Fisher's narrative of the whole transaction: it is dated 1837.

'There is nothing, in my humble opinion, more remarkable than the present tone of public opinion in India upon the subject of evangelizing the natives of the land, when compared with what I well remember it to have been two or three and twenty years ago. On my first arrival in this country, I was astonished, as I believe all strangers usually are under similar circumstances, to behold the reality, the living demonstration before my eyes, of the degraded state to which ignorance and superstition can and do reduce the human mind and morals. Most of us, indeed, have read awful, heart-rending accounts of the state of the unevangelized portions of the world, and perhaps we have with some difficulty persuaded ourselves to believe them, imagining that such accounts must be partial and exag-

gerated. But when such men as Dr. Claudius Buchanan and Henry Martyn published their testimony to what their eyes had seen and their ears had heard—(most minutely and eloquently described by the former of these two distinguished characters in his "Christian Researches")—it was impossible to withhold our implicit credence. I did myself believe! I read and inquired into many interesting particulars, and "The Groans of India" induced in my heart corresponding feelings of pity! I was deeply impressed. The melancholy records came over my soul with affecting power. It was as if I had "lifted up mine eyes to behold" the dark visions of Ezekiel unfolding the abominations which were so provoking to the Lord, or (as the angel said unto the prophet) "*greater* abominations than these" in the chambers of imagery, and which brought down at last the execution of the curse of God on apostate Jerusalem. People at home would hardly believe what we may see, almost every day, at our very doors, "every form of creeping things and of abominable beasts and all the idols (of the house of Israel) portrayed upon the walls round about"—"the places wherein the nations which we possess serve their gods under every green tree." It so happened in the providence of God that Buchanan himself was frequently one of my home congregation, and I was, therefore, privileged to see much of him, and hear affecting confirmation of the authenticity of the accounts published by him, from his own lips. I readily believed in such authority, and yielded to the anxiety, which our frequent conversations induced, to visit this land of darkness, and to lend a helping hand (God enabling me so to do) to rescue from spiritual bondage and death these unhappy people. And now, after visiting and settling in the land, I am able to speak that I have known, and testify that which I have seen.

'Amongst the wonderful things which, on my arrival, first challenged my observation and amazement, I cannot forbear to mention *one* which I certainly was quite unprepared to behold. Of course I saw quite enough of the cruelty and the blood. "The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty," and I heard more than enough of the abominations, and the filth, and the disgusting habits of the people; but I was not prepared to hear of educated and polished Christian gentlemen manifesting the most perfect indifference to the scenes around them, nay, even adverse to all attempts to bring about a change; and, apparently intimidated themselves, actually striving to intimidate others from all interference with the degrading system which prevailed. And yet so it was. There was either this unaccountable indifference and apathy in beholding the whole scene, or there was the ominous warning, "You had better not *meddle with the prejudices of the natives*; and if you cannot join in the cry, 'Great is Diana of the Ephesians!' at least be silent, or you 'will be called in question for the uproar' that your interference will excite." There was evidently a feeling prevailing, even on the minds of some of the enlightened rulers in the land, that a more dangerous means for alienating the affections of the people could scarcely be imagined, or one more likely to shake the stability of our rule, than to attempt to interfere with their religion, however wisely it might be done. A man, therefore, will be considered an enemy to Cæsar who shall dare to think or act for himself in this matter. So beware! I thank God heartily that those days are gone by, and, we trust, never to retnrn. The childish and unreasonable apprehensions, which were once allowed to enfeeble and nearly paralyze every effort to do good, are now at rest. It is no longer considered perilous, and the dark forebodings are scarcely of any weight. We now may go fearlessly forward and proclaim our Eternal King, and yet not implicate our characters as enemies to the powers that be. We no longer apprehend, to use the strong language of Buchanan, "that the poor infatuated wretches, who come to lay their bones within the precincts of Juggernaut, will mutiny, and take away our dominion. The consequence is far more likely to be, that the blessing of him that was ready to perish will rest upon us." I believe that nearly all candid and liberal men are now convinced that they might as successfully attempt to restrain the flow of some mighty river to the ocean, or to arrest the spreading beams of the rising sun in the diffusion of daylight, as to stop the progress of evangelical truth through the world. The leaven has begun to work. The healing waters have begun to flow; already "are the waters risen, waters to

swim in, a river that cannot be passed over." (Ezek. xlvii.) Who shall say to the sun, "Stand thou still;" who shall say to the sea, "Hitherto only shalt thou come, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed?"

'I offer these few remarks in order to introduce to your notice, and that of your readers, a narrative of some interest, from the peculiar circumstances attending it, and which is not, I believe, very generally known, as I think it *ought* to be. At the time of its occurrence (now above seventeen years ago) there were *still* found some few alarmists who anticipated that rebellion, and civil war, and misery, were likely to follow forthwith all efforts to convert the people; and when a *high-caste* Sepahee had embraced the Christian faith, the consequent discomfiture of our armies, and the overthrow of the British power in India, were prophetically foretold, as the sure consequences of so "singular and unprecedented a circumstance." The following narrative will illustrate the nature of these apprehensions, and, I should hope, will also tend to show how visionary and unfounded they are.

'In the month of December, 1819, I was much surprised by the receipt of a letter, of which the following is an extract, from the bishop of Calcutta, Dr. Middleton:—

'"Rev. and Dear Sir—You are, by this time, probably aware that some measure of public attention has been drawn to the subject of the conversion of a Brahmin, belonging to one of the regiments quartered at your station. It may be of importance that I should be fully acquainted with the particulars, and I cannot so properly apply to any one in such a case as to yourself. I shall therefore be glad to receive your statement as early as you can conveniently send it to me, &c.

'"I am, Rev. and dear Sir, yours very faithfully,

'"29*th Nov.* 1819." '"T. F. Calcutta."

'A few days after the receipt of this letter, which I acknowledge surprised me not a little, as I had never (previous to the bishop's letter) heard a syllable upon the subject, I received through the brigade major (1st) a copy of a letter which had been written to Colonel Nicol (then the adjutant-general), in order that the same should be reported to the marquis of Hastings, as Commander-in-Chief, and also (2d) copy of the orders which were issued in consequence of the major's report, to the following effect:—

No. I.

'"*To the Adjutant-General of the Army.*

"May I request you will do me the honour to report to his Excellency the Commander-in-Chief a most singular and unprecedented circumstance that has lately occurred in the corps under my command, viz., the conversion of a Naick, named Prabhu Din Pundah, from the Hindoo to the Christian religion. He was baptized by the Rev. Mr. F——, on the evening of the 20th, and that without my privity or consent. As the 1st battalion of the 25th regiment N. I. is composed chiefly of the highest caste of Brahmins, this event has filled them with the greatest consternation; and in its consequences may prove injurious to the corps, particularly in its recruiting department, the prejudices of the natives being such, that men of high caste will be averse to enter it, under a supposition that means were to be employed to convert them. The Naick Prabhu Din Pundah was a high-caste Brahmin, and much esteemed in the corps until the late event.

'"I have the honour, &c.

'"M. B. *Comg.* 1*st Bat.* 25*th N. I.*"

'With the above was received No. 2.

'"*To the Adjutant-General of the Army.*

'"Sir—I am directed by the most noble the Governor-General in Council to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 12th instant, transmitting a copy of a letter from, &c., respecting the conversion of Prabhu Din, a high-caste Brahmin and Naick in that corps, to the Christian religion, and his baptism by the Rev.

Mr. F——, a regular military chaplain on this establishment, without any previous information having been afforded to the battalion.

'"2. With reference to the feeling of consternation which Major B—— describes to have been created by this occurrence among the men under his command, and to the very dangerous consequences which might be experienced, were this procedure of Mr. F——'s supposed to be coupled with the official duties of the situation to which he has been appointed by Government, his Lordship in Council is disposed to view the matter in the most serious light, and feels extremely anxious to be satisfied in regard to the means which have been used to induce the individual in question to embrace the Christian faith.

'"3. In order that all the circumstances of the case may be brought fully to the knowledge of the Government, the Governor-General in Council has desired me to request that his Excellency the Commander-in-Chief will cause a special committee to be convened at Meerut, to investigate and report most fully upon all the circumstances referred to in Major B——'s letter, which may tend to throw light either upon the origin or progress of the conversion of Prabhu Din Pundah to Christianity.

'"4. His Lordship in Council considers it also necessary that the committee should be particularly instructed to inquire and report, whether any and what measures have been adopted in that cantonment, which may in any way be considered to interfere with the religious prejudices of the native soldiery, in view to their conversion, by the employment of native or other emissaries, in frequenting the lines of corps, or residing for such purposes within the limits of the military cantonments.

'"5. In conclusion, I am instructed to request that his Excellency the Commander-in-Chief will direct the removal of Naick Prabhu Din Pundah from the 1st battalion of the 25th N. I., causing a promotion to be made in his room, his pay and allowances to be drawn for by the brigade-major at M——, where he is to remain until the pleasure of Government, after the proceedings of the committee, now ordered, shall be made known on this singular and unprecedented case.

"I am, &c., W. C.,

'(True copy.)' '"*Sec. to Gov. Mil. Dept.*"

'The following is my reply to the bishop :—

'"My Lord—Having had the honour to receive your Lordship's communication respecting the conversion and subsequent baptism of Matthew Prabhu Din, Naick, in the 25th regiment N. I., I beg leave, in cheerful compliance with your Lordship's request for full information upon the subject, to state the following particulars. Could I, however, have imagined it possible that Major B—— had written so intemperate a record of this open transaction, I must have felt it an incumbent duty to address your Lordship long ago; but as that gentleman assured me, in reply to a note of mine, written in consequence of your Lordship's letter, that "he had merely 'related the fact' in compliance with what he felt to be his duty," and gave me no intimation of his having proffered any alarming prophetic conjectures of his own, I could not anticipate consequences of an unpleasant nature, and therefore did not think it necessary to trouble you upon the subject.

'"I believe your Lordship is already fully aware, that since my residence at M——, I have had abundant occasion to observe a strong spirit of inquiry prevalent amongst many of the natives as to the nature of the Christian religion, Unsolicited, and, I may say, wholly unsought on my part (as my time was fully occupied by my large European flock), numbers, both of Mahommedans and Hindoos, frequently visit my house for the purpose of begging, if they cannot afford to purchase, our Scriptures in the native languages; or to inquire into the meaning of the different passages which awaken their curiosity or excite their feelings. The interesting result has been a certain degree of intimacy between us, and, in some instances, the ultimate conversion, baptism, and consistent Christian deportment of those who have joined themselves to our church. One of these men, whose uprightness and abilities qualify him for the office, is employed by me

to conduct this little church under my own eye and direction, which he does with zeal and considerable talent. During his absence on occasional missionary labour amongst the Saads (to whom he is particularly acceptable), my Moonshee Mooneef, who is also one of our Christian congregation, takes his place.

'"Part of the daily occupations of this little party of native converts is to read the Scriptures in their own apartments, which is an old convenient upper room over one of the gateways of the city of M——. Of course this room is free of access to every voluntary visitor. Their congregation of hearers varies much in numerical strength, sometimes six or seven, old and young men, at other times twice the number. Among the occasional visitors at this place, the soldier in question frequently made his appearance, and ultimately requested to be introduced to me. His visits to me, in consequence, were very frequent, and the decided change of his opinions, and, I trust, of his heart, marked and satisfactory. I found he had been long labouring under deep conviction of the worthlessness and wickedness of his heathen ignorance and idolatry, even for nine years. He kept these thoughts much to himself, preferring to wait 'the convenient opportunity,' but the convictions of his heart became stronger and stronger until he went with his regiment to the Isle of France. There he used to watch for opportunities to steal into the Christian church, and comfort himself by thinking to worship the Christian's God in spirit, though ignorant of the meaning of the language, or of the terms of devotion which were in use, and could only comfort his sorrowful heart with the conscious reflection that '*the Christian's God* knew his heart.' He earnestly longed to meet with some one who should be competent to instruct him what he must do to be saved. Yet many depressing fears of consequences, both of a temporal and spiritual nature, frequently discouraged him. At last, he made up his mind, that if ever opportunity should offer itself to speak to a Christian clergyman, he would unfold the state of his soul, let the consequences be what they might. He gave a very affecting account of his state of mind during the remainder of his stay at the Mauritius, and in his voyage back to Calcutta. A furlough being granted to the soldiers who had distinguished themselves, *Prabu Dia* went to his native village; and after spending a little time with his relations there, he was not content merely to display the medal upon his breast, but unfolded his whole mind, and his fixed resolution to embrace Christianity. At first they endeavoured to dissuade him, but, finding him immovable, desisted, and parted from him with *many* tears, his mother exclaiming, as he left her, 'You have changed your faith and lost your caste, and say you have found the true God. Beware, you *never change again!*' He rejoined his regiment at Cawnpore, which happened almost immediately to be moved to the station of M——. His first inquiry was, 'Who is the chaplain, and does he teach my brethren?' He was told of the little upper chamber where the native Christians met together, and went to see them. 'I felt at once,' said he, 'when I saw the nature of their employment, and heard their words, I said, *Jesus Christ has heard my prayer! God's mercy has brought me here.*' His frequent visits were soon observed by the Brahmins of his corps, and, when they became apprised of his intention to become a Christian, they manifested extreme sorrow to him, and strove to convince him of what they thought his folly, and by kind remonstrances to shake his purpose. They enlarged on the perilous consequences which would surely follow—the irremediable loss of his high and honourable caste, the rejection of all intercourse, in future, with his numerous and dear friends, *the certain displeasure of the Government*, who would assuredly disgrace and dismiss him for becoming a Christian; thus that he would lose everything dear to him in life, and finally life itself, for who would give him *khana peena* (maintenance)? His reply was uniformly the same: 'Jesus Christ will be my friend: he is the friend of all who trust him: and, as to caste, there is none so high as the Christian caste. It is more honourable than all, for Christians are the people of the true God; he is their *Father*. My becoming a Christian cannot make me a bad soldier, and I see no reason to believe that Government will cast me off any more than any other of the non-commissioned officers—for instance, the sergeant-major, or the quarter-master sergeant, or the drummers, all of whom are Christians; and why should they punish me unless I commit some fault?'

'"The Brahmins, now finding him so resolved, tried to shake his steadfastness by the offer of money, and proposed to subscribe and settle upon him a monthly sum of twenty rupees for his life. This he instantly rejected, saying, that he believed Jesus Christ would provide for him much better than they could, and with this advantage, that it would be *for ever*. Finding him resolute, they endeavoured to vilify his character, represented him to be a drunkard and a glutton, nay, at last, insisted upon it that he was insane. Some of these scandals appear to have been believed by some of his superiors, for a regimental court of inquiry was instituted into his conduct; the result of which, however, was that the most satisfactory evidence was brought forward, not only that he had always conducted himself remarkably well, but that he was a particularly smart, intelligent, and active soldier.

'"He was baptized by me at his own request (which I beg your Lordship will have the goodness particularly to observe) on the 10th of October, just before his departure on some regimental duty, and there was an end of the matter. The Brahmin soldiers ceased to trouble him, and the only symptom of 'consternation,' which the major, in the plenitude of his zeal, so pathetically laments, is that the Naick cooks and eats his meals by himself, barred from admission within the magic circle by which the Brahmin surrounds his choola. In every other immaterial respect he remains just as he was before, to use the military phrase, 'a steady soldier and a good man.' The only mark upon him is that he reads his Bible, and prays to the one eternal God, through Jesus Christ his Saviour.

'"I trust this plain unvarnished statement to your Lordship will place the matter in its proper light, and be a sufficient proof that the intemperate and irritating representation which it has been thought proper to transmit for the information of Government was not warranted by the circumstances of the case, if only it had been properly understood.

'"I have the honour to be, &c."

'To this letter I received a brief reply from the bishop, thanking me for my prompt compliance with his wish. "I have read your narrative," said he, "with intense interest, and think it exceedingly affecting. You must, however, prepare yourself for the official inquiry which will be instituted, but I cannot see that you can have anything to apprehend from this faithful and prudent discharge of your duty as an ordained minister of God, or as a chaplain upon the establishment," &c.

'A Court of Inquiry was called at Meerut on the 6th of January, 1820, in obedience to the orders of Government, and the following contains the copy of the proceedings, as recorded by the president:—

'"Proceedings of a special Court of Inquiry, held by order of Sir G. Martindell, commanding the 2nd division of the field army, to inquire into all the circumstances attending the conversion of Prabhu Din, Naick, of the first battalion 25th regiment, to the Christian faith.

'"*President*—Captain S. Arden, 1st battalion 27th regiment.

'"*Members*—Captain H. D. Showers, major of the brigade; Captain W. Reding, 1st battalion 27th regiment.

'"Prabhu Din, being called into court, is desired to state what were his motives for embracing the Christian faith, to which he replies:—

'"I frequently observed the conduct of Christians. In various particulars their superiority and strictness of behaviour and love of truth were visible, and it induced me to inquire into their religion, and, believing it to be true, I embraced it.

'"*Q.* How long is it since you made your first inquiries into the Christian faith?

'"*A.* About nine years since, when I went as a volunteer to the Isle of France. My attention was particularly attracted by the regular observance of the Sabbath, and by seeing the Europeans going to church to worship. I from thence determined to make diligent inquiry when I could. But neither on my return to Calcutta, nor afterwards at Cawnpore, did I find what I thought a convenient opportunity, or leisure, for I had heavy duty to do; so it is only since I came to Meerut that I have had leisure or means of information.

'"*Q.* When you arrived at Meerut did you yourself first make inquiries, or did any body come to you in the lines?

'"*A.* I made my own inquiries myself from these two men now standing here, and who live near the Sudder Bazaar. (Mooneef, Mr. F.'s moonshee, and Bahadur Musseeh, a native convert, baptized by Mr. F.)

'"*Q.* Did you go to Mr. F. of your own accord, or did Mr. F. send for you?

'"*A.* I went of my own accord to Mr. F.'s house. Indeed, I went to everybody of whom I thought it wise to inquire.

'"*Q.* Did you know, or did you ever hear, of any person visiting your lines to instruct any of the Sepahees in the Christian faith?

'"*A.* Never! I neither knew nor ever heard of such a thing.

'"*Q.* How were you received after your baptism by your corps and company?

'"*A.* They said nothing to me upon the subject. I did not receive any unkind treatment from any of them except one Sepahee of the left Grenadiers, who was always an enemy of mine. He reviled me, and frequently said I was become a sweeper. I quietly remonstrated with him. I felt angry, and so I left him.

'"*Q.* Did ever any of the Sepahees offer you any money not to become a Christian?

'"*A.* Yes. Two of the men called after me, and said, We suppose it is money that you want, and if so, we will give it you, provided you will not become a Christian. I replied, My mind is resolute: I shall not change. I am determined to seek God, the only true God, in whose sight rupees are nothing.

'"*Q.* How much did they offer you?

'"*A.* Twenty rupees a month for my life.

'"*Q.* Indeed! how could you refuse that offer?

'"*A.* (Accompanying his reply with a very expressive look and action indicative of contempt). *Rupeia mutee hain* (gold is sordid dust). *I wanted the salvation of my soul, which money will not buy.*

'"*Q.* In your daily intercourse with the men, after baptism, did they ever show you any ill-will?

'"*A.* No! none at all.

'"*Q.* By the Court to Major B——.—Did you ever know of any emissaries coming into the lines of your regiment with the design or attempt to convert any of the men to the Christian faith?

'"*A.* No, never. If there had been any I certainly should have been informed of it.

'"To Prabhu Din.—Did you ever hear any soldier in your corps, commissioned officer, non-commissioned officer, or private, assert, that now you were become a Christian Brahmin recruits would not come to enlist?

'"*A.* No, I never heard any such words.

'"*Q.* Proposed to Major B—— by Mr. F——.—Will Major B—— have the goodness to inform the Court in what way the 'consternation' which he described having been evinced (in his letter to the adjutant-general) betrayed itself after the baptism of Prabhu Din?

'"*A.* By Major B——.—The men seemed to be dissatisfied with the Naick's conversion. They exceedingly *wished that it had not taken place,* for he was a man of very high caste, and much respected in the corps. Major B—— does not know of any improprieties in the man's conduct since his baptism, but the major would rather offer to the Court this summary statement (presenting it) of his information first received of the proceedings in the affair in consequence. This statement was accordingly received, entered in the proceedings of the Court, and the original, according to standing orders, forwarded with them to head-quarters.

'"STATEMENT.—On the 21st of October I received a note from Lieut. S——, the adjutant of the corps, intimating that there were rumours in the lines of a Naick in the 2nd Grenadiers, named Prabhu Din, having been baptized; but as the Naick was on the Judge of Circuit's guard, he could not ascertain the fact, and requesting to know if the circumstance had been reported to me. I replied, that his note was the first intimation which I had received upon the subject, and re-

quested that he would be particular in his inquiries, and let me know the result. He called on me in the evening, and said that he had not a doubt but that the Naick had been converted. Upon this I wrote to Captain Showers, the brigade major, on the subject, who called on me the following morning, and said that the Naick had been baptized on the 20th by the Rev. Mr. F——.

'"Shortly after this the adjutant called for orders, and then stated to me that the men of the corps appeared very much dissatisfied at the Naick's conduct. I therefore thought it advisable to order such of the native officers as were Hindoos, as also Lieut. Smith, the interpreter, to attend me at the adjutant's quarters at ten o'clock the following morning, when their apparent consternation at the conversion of the Naick induced me to add the second paragraph in my letter to the adjutant-general of the army, respecting this singular occurrence.

(Signed), '"M. B.
'" *Comg. 1st Bat. 27th Reg.*

'" The proceedings of the Court here closed.

(Signed), '" S. ARDEN, Capt.
President."

'For the result of this inquiry I somewhat anxiously waited, expecting that Prabhu Din would be, of course, restored to his forfeited rank and situation in his corps, but it was deemed advisable to abide by the directions already given respecting him, and he has remained at Meerut ever since, living on his pay. Better than all, he continues to live consistently with his profession, a sincere and faithful Christian believer.

'When Sir Edward Paget was Commander-in-Chief, and was passing on his tour of inspection through Meerut, I stated, in conversation, all the above particulars to him. He expressed a most lively interest in the situation and circumstances of such a man, and authorized Colonel Nicol to propose to Matthew Prabhu Din to appoint him to a higher rank in some one or other of the local corps. Matthew expressed himself very grateful for such condescension, but said, with great emotion, although respectfully, "I cannot accept this; I have done nothing that should involve dismissal from my own corps, in which I am now a degraded man. Send me back to my regiment, and I shall have the disgrace washed out, and I will thankfully go back." As this request, however, could not be complied with (though I know not why) Matthew remained on his pension pay. I ought not to withhold one circumstance, which I think highly creditable to his character. At the commencement of the Burmese war, Matthew Prabhu Din requested me to communicate to Major-General Sir Thomas Reynell his wish to be allowed to volunteer and join any of the native corps that were going on the service. "I have long eaten their salt," said he, "and men are wanted: I am ready!" Sir Thomas highly appreciated his military feeling, and admired the man. He is a fine, tall, athletic soldier, and his spirit is of a noble order, but it seems there were some insurmountable difficulties in the way, and he was courteously told it could not be. I am not acquainted with the reasons.

'Some few years, too, after these events, his old corps marched through Meerut. The non-commissioned officers and men of his company came to visit Matthew, and greeted him with *much cordiality* and kindness. Many of them exclaimed, "Why don't you came back to us? what harm have we done? Our officers, the Saheb log, are Christians. Our sergeant-major and quarter-master sergeant are Christians. The drummers also are Christians: why cannot you remain?" What could he reply? "It is the Company's will and pleasure."

'I believe this feeling now widely prevails, for I have learned, from authority which I cannot doubt, that many Sepahees have expressed their conviction that however our British law of toleration warrants the free exercise of his own faith to the Mahommedan or to the Hindoo, yet that, in embracing Christianity, the doom of Matthew Prabhu Din most inevitably awaits them. They would be dismissed from their regiment as unfit to be employed, and disqualified for any association with their equals, and for the confidence of their superiors. The Rev. Anund

Musseeh assured me that several Sepahees had expressly told him, "We are heartily disposed to embrace the truth, but these *consequences* are too painful for us to endure."

'Surely, however, we may venture to indulge the hope that such consequences will *not* follow, but that we may yet live to see the day, when a similar reply may be made respecting the *Christian* Sepahees, as once was given to the late General H—— respecting the pious soldiers of H. M.'s 14th Foot. "What sort of fellows are these," said the general to the officer who then commanded them, "for whom the chaplain is pleading to build them a private reading-room? He calls them '*his men.*'" "The best men," said the major, "in the whole regiment. I only wish they were all 'his men.'" "Then," exclaimed the general, "they shall have their room."

'H. F.'

Such, then, was the issue of this important case. Against the individual in question no charge could be made, except that he had become a Christian, but that sufficed, and he was dismissed from the ranks. Did this special case rule a general principle or not? Assuredly, with reference to those who were disposed to inquire, it must have done so, at least for a considerable time. By them it must have been regarded as an understood principle, that for a Sepoy to become a Christian was to incur the certain displeasure of the Government, and that long continued to be a stumbling-block and hindrance.

THE MONTHLY

CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR.

DECEMBER, 1857.

"The Pulse of the Church:" A Query.

By V. M.

(WHICH THE READER WILL FIND IS NOT TO BE READ 'VERBI MINISTER.')

Mr. Trench and others who have written on The Study of Words have shown how the ancient mythologies have influenced even the every-day language of modern common life. I wonder whether the present writer may suggest that the 'Metamorphoses' in particular would seem to have exercised some measure of unsuspected influence over the formation of thought and expression still in common use. How else, pray, are we to account for the idea that lies at the basis of a wish, by no means unseldom heard, to be, for an hour or so, 'a little mouse,' in some particular and designated place? said mouse evidently to retain human intelligence, and understand human speech, and also to be able, on once more resuming the human form divine, to preserve the remembrance of things heard in the mural state. '"Mural?"' quoth Uncle Walker; 'why mural is pertaining to a wall!' 'All right, Gov'nor,' replies little Jacky; 'from *mus—muris*, a mouse, you know;' and resumes his 'Punch.' At which piece of prodigious etymological erudition uncle looks admiringly over his spectacles at the miraculous boy, and augurs he will be an archbishop at the very least. The reader may put this little bit of Pre-Raphaelite home-life painting in a parenthesis if he likes, or cut it out altogether; for my own part I go with Pilate, ὃ γέγραφα γέγραφα.

Well, everybody knows, whether Ovid *et hoc omne genus* have anything to do with it or not, that such phenomenal mouses (your pardon, fastidious reader! *mice* would not answer my purpose, as being somewhat too redolent of disagreeable associations) are still possible, and actually extant; and, indeed, that society, sometimes on the large

scale, but more commonly on the smaller, has been not a little indebted to such unsuspected presence.

Æsop, it seems, was acquainted with a conversible 'country mouse,' and eke a 'city one.' But both these were mere pagan creatures, and of the olden time. The present paper owes its origin to a quite modern mouse, and aye a Christian one. 'A church-mouse, then,' says one. Wrong; a *chapel*-mouse, which I trow is nowise related. And thus it happened:—

In one of our English counties, either north of the Thames or else south, there is a venerable old Nonconformist church, the vestry connected wherewith is the scene of the following murally reported conversation. Let the reader picture to himself a heavy, dingy building, in a back street of the busy, bustling, commercial town; a building which, if it speaks to the passer-by at all, says quite plainly, 'Don't come in here! Don't come! Don't!' If it happen to be Sunday, and a stranger does venture in, the manners of the people and the prevailing air of the place still say to him, 'Don't come here again! Don't come again! Don't!' And nineteen out of twenty that had so ventured are certain to reply, 'No, we won't come here again; won't come again; that's what we won't.' For a stranger was sure to be treated as an intruder. He would have to stand some time in the aisle, unnoticed; and, when put into a high-backed, uncomfortable pew, would receive no courtesy; and after the 'Benediction,' which he would think had no business to be pronounced in such a place, he might depart without a kind greeting word from any one. And so everything concurred to say to him, 'Don't come here again,' except, indeed, the minister, Mr. Fiennes, who was wearing out brain and heart in a thankless, though earnestly conscientious service, with everything to tell against him and counteract his almost single-handed labour, which you may well say was one 'of love.'

He was absent from home on our present occasion, summoned to the sudden death-bed of an eldest daughter; so that the conducting of the Monday evening service had devolved on one of the deacons. He was a short, thick-set man, with a round bullet-head; strong, wiry, black hair, cut close; he thought his voice was admirably adapted for 'base,' but being naturally very harsh, and now what they call 'cracked' by age, even flattery itself was usually silent when he gave utterance to this pleasant conviction. He had a sufficient sense of the 'opportunity' that had occurred, and read the hymns in a style that admirably corresponded with his voice; but, whether David or Doctor Watts would have been the more disconcerted, there is no knowing. After giving out and singing six verses of a long metre hymn, he stumbled and blundered through the divinest chapter in all the Testament, the seventeenth of John, so murdering its heavenly majesty and pathos as to convince you he never read much in private, even of the Scriptures, and to draw from our mural listener the indignant assertion that he 'could have *squeaked* it more reverently and impressively than the other read it.' After which, there

being no other 'praying member' present at the beginning of the service, he prayed himself; and the vestry mouse adds that he seemed to be 'praying against time, for he looked at his watch twice, and to the door several times; indeed, as often as it opened.' He rejoiced in the name of Scruff—Mr. Solomon Scruff.

Eventually, three or four of the brethren dropped in, one after another, and were all called on to 'engage,' for, as Mr. Scruff afterwards acknowledged in the hearing of our mural reporter, he asked two 'because they could pray pretty well, and the others lest they should be offended at being passed over!'

Mr. Gollop was a large, heavy-faced, small-eyed man, and seemed to think that neither praise nor petition constituted any part of prayer, but communication; and our vestry mouse avers that, if he were not withheld by a native sense of propriety, he should be in danger of suggesting that 'the information conveyed was superfluous on the face of it, seeing that every sentence was prefaced by the assurance, "Thou knowest."'

Then a poor, pale, sickly man was called on, who was almost too weak for the effort, but who seemed to have a deep sense of both the majesty and goodness of God, to whom he appeared to have real access. It was touching to see and hear him. He had a white apron twisted round his middle, as though he had just come in from some mechanical employment, perhaps weaving; his countenance wore a very subdued expression, some would have termed it meekness, others sadness. The Saviour and the gospel were evidently blessed realities to him; and, in spite of an uncultivated pronunciation, and now and then a phrase which fastidiousness might have objected to, there was that tone of earnest faith in his prayer which made the few minutes he occupied very devotionally acceptable, although it was painful to detect the presence of symptoms which probably would not suffer him to repeat the exercise many more times. I was grieved to learn afterwards, from our confidential reporter, that 'Mr. Scruff was very impatient during this prayer, and exchanged with another individual several significant glances of non-sympathy with the utterances of this humble brother.'

The person who followed deemed 'that the meeting had been let down a peg too low, by that well-meaning, but utterly incompetent, good man, Brother Meek,' and undertook to bring it back. He was fluent, but bombastic and loud; had an unusual *copia verborum;* and there might, perhaps, have been fitness in some portions of his prayer, had there been anything at all of devotion in it. He was fidgety during the rest of the service, and, some time before the last singing was finished, shut his hymn-book, and put it away, buttoned up his coat, drew his hat nearer to him, put on his gloves, and looked every half minute or oftener impatiently at Brother Scruff, who, being in the chair, did not find the time so long as Brother Frothwell.

However, when all was over, he was not suffered to escape in a hurry, for a confab took place 'on the state of things in general, and more particularly about our prayer-meetings.' Some six or seven persons staid, detained chiefly by Mr. Daddle, a somewhat portly

Christian, with a smoothly-shaven face, and shining bald head, who, with a blue coat, light kerseymere waistcoat, and drab breeches and gaiters, bore at a distance a faint resemblance to the gentleman of a by-gone generation. He thought an important manner, with a good deal of ah-ha-ing between his words, became him, and impressed his associates with a sense of his position; for he was a retired slop-seller, and treasurer to the church meeting in Dark-lane chapel.

'I should like—a—gentlemen—ah—to see our—a—prayer-meetings—a—a—better attended. And—a—now that our pastor—ah—ha—is—a—out of the way—ah—I think—ah—we could not do better—ah—ha—than—a—just take the matter into our—a—sensible consideration.'

'Hear! hear!' said Mr. Scruff; 'that's my unanimous opinion. So, Mr. Daddle in the chair, brethren.' Mr. Daddle modestly hesitated a moment, then drew from his pocket a newspaper, a pamphlet (which afterwards turned out to be an old catalogue of a sale), some papers tied up with red tape, and two or three letters. Holding all these in his right hand, and looking the dignified chairman to perfection, he assumed the large old-fashioned, low-backed, semi-circular chair, which the successive pastors of Dark-lane chapel had occupied for nearly a century.

'Well, then—a—gentlemen—ah—since it is our—a—reciprocal desire—ah—let it be so—ha. And now that the question—a—a—has been so—a—felicitously opened—ha—the chair will be happy—a—to hear—a—what you have to say—ah.'

The notes of our reporter are too voluminous to be printed. We shall merely state in brief that these excellent men sat in council for more than two hours on the reasons why their 'prayer-meetings were so miserably attended.' But though the several speakers went 'about the bush, and about the bush,' or, to speak in more approved style, went from Dan to Beersheba, they all came to what Mr. Scruff called the 'pint' at last; and the chapel-mouse heard that the reason of it all lay 'with the minister.' 'We want rousing you see; and, unfortunately, our good man is not much of a rouser.' And it was agreed, that all that was wanted was for the minister to 'urge the people to come.' Prayer-meetings were affirmed to be 'the pulse of the church;' and it was declared that 'prosperity was out of the question, until the prayer-meetings were held in far higher estimation than at present.'

So Messrs. Scruff, Daddle, Frothwell, and others, had it all their own way, paying no attention to the poor, pale, consumptive brother, who was well named Meek, and who had not spoken, and not noticing that a Mr. Seeclear was present, who had seated himself in a retired position; else, it is probable, they would not have been so fluent. But when, eventually, the excellent brethren proceeded to deplore their minister's evident 'indifference to prayer-meetings:' and then, of course unconsciously, to confound indifference to such prayer-meetings as were held in Dark-lane chapel with insensibility to the 'importance of prayer;' and then, further, to pour out no end of predictions that 'there could be no revival for this "hill of Zion," while such ministerial apathy existed,' Mr. Seeclear threw in a

sentence. If he had thrown in a bomb they would not have been more startled; nor if they had been conspirators, talking treason, could they have been more confounded by the sudden appearance of a policeman, than now by the recognition of Mr. Seeclear.

He had come a stranger to their town, a year ago, or more, and had preferred the ministry of Mr. Fiennes to any other in the town. Some said he was a physician, retired in early life from the profession; others, that he had been a clergyman, who, dissatisfied with the Church, had resigned his living, and preferred to pass his days in retirement and quiet usefulness. He was a 'gentleman,' however, by universal consent, and general report said 'a scholar;' while everybody said, 'If ever there was a Christian in this born world, Mr. Seeclear was.'

'If you will listen to me a minute, my friends,' said he, 'I should like to offer an observation before you separate, lest your remarks, though ever so well meant, should have a less happy effect than you intend. I have, indeed, no doubt that you mean well, and that you really desire the prosperity of this church. But, if you will excuse the freedom of a sincere friend, and one who deeply longs to see the true spirit of Christ in the ascendency everywhere, I would suggest that you have altogether gone astray when you lay the blame of a state of things you are dissatisfied with where you do. The entire question, of which yours this evening is but a part, is by far too large to allow of my even glancing at it; but as regards this, viz., the state of the prayer-meetings held *in this particular place*, I think the truth should be spoken, if you can bear it; and, indeed, even if it should be somewhat unwelcome.' He paused, as if waiting to learn whether or not they would wish him to proceed.

Mr. Daddle, who sometimes confessed to his wife in private that he 'never felt thoroughly at home in the presence of a *real* gentleman,' fidgetted in his ample chair, slipped his imposing handful of papers back into his pocket, and looked nervously to his friends. Mr. Frothwell coloured, cleared his throat, and made such abundant use of that article, the nearest approach to which among the Romans was called a *sudorium*, that one might have feared he was suddenly seized with a mighty cold in the head. At last, the poor pale brother, who had not yet spoken, said:—

'I am sure I, for one, should be grateful for any hints that Mr. Seeclear would be so kind as to give us. I feel that *my* time here is not long; and I should die more cheerfully if I could see a better state of things in the dear old place where I have attended now, man and boy, for more than five and thirty years.' Another pause. Mr. Daddle looked at Mr. Frothwell, and Mr. Frothwell looked at his hat. At last, Mr. Scruff said, rather shortly, however, 'Oh, in co'se; in co'se;' whereupon Mr. F. said, 'Oh, certainly, certainly; by all means; very much obliged, very much.' And so Mr. Daddle, looking at his watch, said, in a more natural and less dignified manner than was his wont—

'Mr. Seeclear.'

Thus invited, though not exactly with July warmth, Mr. S. began:—

'To confound things that differ is always undesirable, often pernicious, and sometimes even fatal. Now, it appears to me, my friends, that you have most unhappily confounded two things, that *may be* closely connected, or may be very little related, as it happens; I mean prayer, and, what are technically called among Dissenters, 'prayer-meetings.' The more we become matured in the Christian life, the more stress we shall lay on prayer. And oh! it is, indeed, a grand and glorious thing to pray; to really address Our Father who is in heaven, with anything like a becoming consciousness of the nature of the act. But, except in the case of the habitually devout, what a melancholy necessity there often is, even in private, to school the mind and heart, so that we may make the hour in the closet a real approach to the throne of grace, and a season of actual communion with God. To pray is both the easiest and the most difficult of services. But the form without the reality, which, alas! is so infinitely easy—I dare not say common, not being the judge of my fellows, although I must confess that sometimes the signs are distressingly suggestive—the form, I say, without the reality, is most sad, and I may add, most injurious to all. Every time a man professes to pray to God, and does not realize the solemn nature of the act, he probably inflicts more injury on his soul than if he had violated some of the conventional morals of the day. Every time he does so, and every time he utters a petition, or offers a praise, not truly dictated by his heart — or, let me rather put it interrogatively — is he not taking a step towards becoming a — a—very self-deceived man, at the least? How, think you, would our Lord, in these days, apply, say to us Dissenting Christians, his never-to-be-retracted caution, given originally even to his own apostles, to 'beware of the leaven of the Pharisees?' I confess that, to me, prayer does seem an inexpressibly serious thing; a characteristic which tends greatly, for one thing, to render the exercise so spiritually beneficial. But the conviction I have of the imperative necessity for absolute and transparent sincerity above all things, and a shrinking, which, so far from disapproving, I wish never to find lessening, a shrinking from uttering a word to God in public devotion which he does not at the moment recognise to be sincere and true, with a growing and deepening sense of the graciously awful majesty and goodness of God, combined with the feeling that I am not competent to occupy so important a position as a leader of a congregation's devotions, have constrained me to decline every wish of your honoured minister to take part in these somewhat peculiar services (by "peculiar" I mean that they are in vogue only among some classes of Christians, and very far from being universally adopted). Whatever others may be, I do not feel myself, at all events, called on to take any other than a silent part in them.

'Now, perhaps, there would be no breach of charity in stating it to be my most reluctant conviction, that many of those who do thus engage often give palpable tokens of utter unpreparedness, at least, not to say general unfitness, for leading the devotions of an assembly. I am sure, since I have thus ventured on the liberty of speaking to

you as a Christian man to his brethren, you will not misconstrue my remarks into the intentionally offensive if I add some of a more personal nature. They will not be heard by others than yourselves, and will go no further.

'Mr. Scruff, now, for example, has been honourably engaged in his business all day, and it is pleasing that he should feel himself drawn to a religious meeting when the labours of the day are ended; but I put it to him whether, in any serious view of things, he was at all prepared to plunge, as it were, into an act of public devotion this evening, when, if he will kindly pardon me, the repetitions, the incongruities, the use over and over again of certain stereotyped phrases, questionable at the best, but worse than irksome to listen to often, and many other things, combined to render the quarter of an hour, or more, that he occupied, I had almost said a period of anti-devoutness. I state the effect on my own mind. I came hither thoughtful, and prepared to pray; but I found it to be much harder to be really devout during this good man's prayer, than if I had been in my own closet; yes, harder by far.

'Let Mr. Frothwell be assured that I would not needlessly hurt his mind for any consideration; but while he, too, was engaged, I positively could not join in mentally; I had to maintain a continual struggle against thoughts and feelings, the sad reverse of devotional, called up by his whole manner. The question occurred at almost every sentence, "Is *this* PRAYER?" and it was a relief to both conscience and heart when he concluded. But, not to particularize further, I may be permitted to say that, having worshipped with you now for more than twelve months, and for sufficient reasons attended even your prayer-meetings regularly, my slowly-formed and deliberate judgment is, that you err very grievously, very grievously, indeed, in considering such meetings so pre-eminently important as to be "the pulse of the church." I think that very common and popular phrase is very misleading. And I could find it in my heart to say, "Alas, for the people that shall be content to substitute so humanly-invented and quite artificial a test or standard in the place of the divine ones laid down by our Lord and his apostles in almost every page!" Why, my dear friends, how do you think it would read if, instead of all those practical excellences of character and conduct which Christ and the first preachers insisted on as proofs, you were some day to find in your New Testament "prayer-meeting" substituted? Don't you think you are erecting, on the one hand, a very easy, and yet, on the other, a very irritating test, instead of the true one, when you say that a church is to be judged of by the attendance at such meetings as these? Why should any come to them who do not find them to be personally edifying? And how can they be really edifying and helpful, unless there were found far more fitness, and of more kinds than one, on the part of those who lead the devotions? I speak the truth when I say that, nine times out of ten, it would be unutterably more congenial to me, aye, and more profitable too, to pass the hour in that secret "closet" to which the Saviour points. And when I have, now and then, asked one and another the

real reasons of their punctual attendance, this has been the kind of answer:—

'"Oh, I feel it a duty as a member to go whenever the doors are opened." Or,

'"Why, it would be so discouraging to our minister to keep away." Or,

'"Oh, I hope the minister will give an address, perhaps." Or,

'"I go for the sake of example to others." One says:—

'"To tell the truth, it is more habit than anything else; while only the fewest profess to find them really pleasant or profitable, except very occasionally. And then the reasons assigned for not coming, by those Christians who are reflected on and talked at for non-attendance, are not, as often is uncharitably charged, disbelief in the efficacy of prayer, nor indifference to the object of prayer, nor, altogether, pre-engagement and inconvenience. I have made it my business, as opportunity fairly served, to ask some scores of Christians why they are habitually absent, and I find that the chief reasons are such as these:—a common-sense feeling of the general want of fitness and adaptation about these meetings to promote the alleged end; a growing distaste for mere repetitions which have not the merit of being even well-chosen; an increasing repugnance to hear perhaps fervent spiritual petitions presented in public by some whose peculiar mode of conducting business, or whose prevalent tone or temper away from just the vestry, is anything but correspondent with the intensely religious tone adopted—I had almost said assumed—for the ten minutes in which they are praying in public.'

How much longer the speaker would have continued is not known, but Mr. Frothwell, who had reddened considerably during the whole address, but especially at the above remarks, and who had fidgetted in his seat, and at last cleared his throat, begged—

'Very respectfully to ask, whether Mr. Seeclear meant anything personal?' whereupon Mr. Scruff

'Ventured to suggest that this was coming to rather close quarters, and very much like treading on people's toes, it was.'

Mr. Meek said, he 'was almost afraid Mr. Seeclear spoke but too truly; at all events, they ought to be glad and thankful to a Christian gentleman, who was not too closely connected with them to be disabled from judging impartially, for telling them how things appeared to his mind. For his own part, though he had often enjoyed very precious seasons in that very place, yet oftener than not he came only out of a sense of duty, not so much as a Christian, as just a member of that little society. And he hoped the dear brethren whom Mr. Seeclear had happened to name in his faithfulness, which, however, was very kind all the while, would not be hurt, but would just remember that "open rebuke was better than secret love." And he trusted, now the thing was broached, it would be gone into. He only wished their dear minister was there, and that they would in sincerity ask him to say out what he thought in his own mind and heart.' All this was not said without several interruptions from the state of the good man's health; but it was said so very lovingly and humbly, that Mr. Scruff

and the others were somewhat placated by his deferential and respectful manner.

After a pause, Mr. Seeclear suggested that it was better their minister was *not* present, for there were many things that ought to be spoken which were perhaps too delicate, and even personal, for one in his relation to say. 'None are, in general,' he added, 'so thin-skinned as to the remarks made on them as the good brethren who take part in these exercises. People seem to think ministers must not be at all sensitive as to the comments made on all they say or do; that a minister's sermons and prayers are open to universal criticism (and so, indeed, they are, if only intelligence sit in the judgment-seat, and truth and candour govern the opinion formed; but, while all car carp, the fewest only can criticise). And yet, speak a word, ever so wisely and tenderly, about the faults of the lay-brethren who pray in public, and forthwith, speaking still generally, they resent it painfully, and at once think 'prayer too sacred a thing to be criticised,' and they cannot open their mouths again 'if what they say is to be commented on.' And so these meetings remain in the unsatisfactory state they are in, with even a still downward tendency, throughout the country generally, so far as my observation goes. I confess, I feel a great interest in the labours of your minister, and, as a Christian, should rejoice to further his success and promote your prosperity; but my deep belief is, that the application of the probe is, just now, the one thing you most need, the probe to the consciences and hearts, and understandings too, of most of the men among you. And I think a sound investigation as to the Christian and common-sense ideas and principles and modes of action to be adopted, must precede any very marked improvement. My growing conviction is, that you must find a far more searching and healthful test of a church's state, than attendance at meetings where a very small per centage of the professed prayer is adapted to bear up the listener into a higher region of devotional thought and feeling. For my own part, I believe that, personally, I should lose nothing if I never attended another. And further, I believe that methods more in harmony with the middle of the nineteenth century, and, what is more, more consonant with the spirit of the New Testament, and more adapted to increase the amount of real prayer for all those blessings you are agreed to seek, might be easily devised. In fact, they are obvious as soon as ever Christian men unbind old traditional fillets from their eyes, and, as our Lord counselled the church at Laodicea, 'anoint their eyes with eye-salve, that they may see.' Again he paused. And now, much to their credit, the brethren who had sat so uneasily actually thanked him, and invited him to speak all that was in his mind. But, as the hour was advanced, he proposed to them to spend an evening with him at his own house, when he would say some things that he thought every minister would like to have said, though he might not think it a duty to say them himself. So, shaking hands, they parted; all but the poor consumptive brother, who lingered behind, and contrived to detain Mr. Seeclear.

'Oh, sir!' said he, 'I am sure you do not think prayer-meetings can be dispensed with?'

'My friend,' replied the other, 'prayer-meetings, *in idea*, are, to my mind, most delightful; but what they are *in fact* is something very different. The idea is that of Christians mutually drawn together to pour out, with one mind and one heart, their devout feelings and desires; and to a genuine meeting of this kind, too great value could not be attached. But, in point of fact, I fear that, for the most part, they are continued, not so much because people delight in them, and cannot but delight in them, but because it is one of our Dissenting forms, which we will not allow ourselves to think can possibly become less suited to the manners, and habits, and tastes of the day. In most places the people require to be urged, and teased, and goaded, to attend them. 'Wanted, a whipper-in for such and such a chapel,' is a sort of advertisement which would only convey a just impression of the state of things. Now, I cannot think there is less piety, less devoutness, in the Christian Church, than heretofore. I think there are pleasant signs of religious progress and improvement all around us; and yet, side by side with this, a general confession that this one particular form is falling into the shade. Now, where they cannot be improved—I mean, where the good brethren who pray cannot, from circumstances, be expected to become much more apt in public prayer—why not try an experiment or two?'

'Well, sir?'

'For example; suppose a few Christians of your own sort, naturally drawn to associate together, were to meet in private in one of your homes, for social prayer, where, upon bended knee—without the restraint, I dare say, you feel in public—there might be more of real prayer offered than in the vestry.'

'Ah, sir, I think very likely there would be more of genuine devotion, for 'tisn't everybody as can rise superior to the outward circumstances.'

'Then, for *social* prayer, see how very restricted these meetings are. First of all, it is confined to men. Now, I believe, as a general rule, Christian women, when they have accustomed themselves to social prayer, pray very much more aptly and devotionally than men do. Yet these are necessarily excluded from taking part in your present prayer-meetings. But of men, you are shut up, in most places, to four or five, who are engaged over and over again—not because of the desirableness, but the necessity. I think, if this kind of meeting be valuable at all, you miss the largest half of the value by excluding the women; and as they cannot with propriety take part, except in meetings among themselves, I would promote such, together with those I have intimated, in lieu of what you have at present. At least, I would in many places; in all like this, certainly.'

'We have always said that prayer-meetings were the pulse of the church. You don't think so, sir?'

'Assuredly, I do not. I want to know whether a man exhibits the spirit of Christ at home, in society, in his business, every day, and

everywhere; whether he is a lover of righteousness and truth, a noble, disinterested, amiable, and generous-spirited man; a man becoming more and more worthy of everybody's esteem and confidence; a man in whom selfishness in all its forms is dying out; one whose removal hence would make earth the poorer. But there—my catalogue might be much longer; but, alas! my friend, how one condemns one's self in laying down these requirements, perhaps.'

'But, sir, such men would make prayer-meetings more valuable than they are?'

'Just as they would make all societies they came into more fraught with good influence. But I have known even such men who, from various causes, could not, with comfort to themselves, pour out their hearts to God in public. It was a trial to them to attempt it; nay, some of them have found it to be a season of sore temptation. Possibly, the old folks were right in drawing a distinction between the spirit of prayer and "a gift in prayer." At all events, when prayer-meetings are perfectly natural things, when men are naturally drawn to pray together, then they will be good; but where, if the very truth were told, nobody really cares much about them, but only tries to care, the experiment of discontinuing them, or trying the same thing in another form, might be ventured on with advantage. But just as where you have nobody fit to preach, you had better dispense with preaching, and read a good sermon; so where there is a dearth of men able to lead the devotions of an assembly, I would discontinue the force-work that it evidently is—at all events, for a time. And especially where there obtains this pernicious notion about such meetings being 'the pulse of the church,' I would knock them on the head at once, and most unhesitatingly, if only in order that, such an artificial test ceasing, there might be a chance of a truer one being adopted; and quite sure that whenever it became desirable to renew them, they would spring up, as it were, of themselves, and quite naturally. The remark of a shrewd and vigorous writer of our own day is not inapplicable. He says:—

'"It is meritorious to insist on forms; religion, and all else, naturally clothes itself in forms. . . . . But there are suitable, true forms; and then there are untrue, unsuitable. As the briefest definition, one might say: Forms which *grow* round a substance, if we rightly understand that, will correspond to the real nature and purport of it, will be true and good; forms which are consciously *put* round a substance —bad. I invite you to reflect on this. It distinguishes true from false in ceremonial form; earnest solemnity from empty pageant in all human things.'"

The clock struck eleven! Mr. Seeclear, and the good brother Meek parted with mutual esteem; and the vestry-mouse was left alone in undisputed possession of the place.

Christian Doctrine and Controversy.

'There is no learned man but will confess he hath much profited by reading controversy, his senses awakened, his judgment sharpened and the truth more firmly established. Being permitted, falsehood will appear more false, and truth the more true.'—MILTON: *On True Religion.*

'Nor is it at all incredible, that a book which has been so long in the possession of mankind, should contain many truths as yet undiscovered. For all the same phenomena, and the same faculty of investigation, from which such great discoveries in natural knowledge have been made in the present and last age, were equally in the possession of mankind several thousand years before.'—BISHOP BUTLER: *Analogy of Religion.*

MR. RIGG ON THE COLERIDGEAN THEOLOGY.

IT is from Samuel Taylor Coleridge that has originated one of the most popular and influential, and, as some would add, one of the most pernicious schools of modern Anglican theology; not the Tractarian, of course, but that of which the best known representatives are Messrs. Maurice and Kingsley. Their theology is properly to be studied in that of their master, and it will be our endeavour, in the present paper, to trace it to its source in such a manner that its true character and import may be clearly understood. We cannot be deemed in this respect to have undertaken a work of supererogation; for, while it is characteristic of a certain other gospel that 'a wayfaring man, though a fool, shall not err therein,' it is certainly true of the Coleridgean gospel that it is very 'hard to be understood.' The obscurity of Coleridge's own writings has been a standing subject of complaint, and the mass of perplexity which the writings of Maurice and Kingsley generally, if not universally, leave on the minds of their readers, is matter of common experience. It is time that it should be otherwise, and that people should at least *know what*, whether for good or for evil, they believe. In endeavouring to make a small contribution towards this result, we shall avail ourselves of the guidance of a writer in whose ability and learning we think we have good reason to confide.*

We begin with the observation, that the real reason why the theological writings of Maurice and Kingsley are to general readers obscure is, that they are underlaid by, and founded upon, a system of philosophy which, being remote from ordinary apprehension, is assumed without explanation. How many persons, for example, have pondered such expressions as these—Christ is 'the root of humanity,' all men are 'created in Christ,' and others of similar import, until they were weary of pondering, in order to get an answer to the question, what do they mean? Undoubtedly, an answer to the question can be obtained, but not out of the same book; it is neces-

* 'Modern Anglican Theology: Chapters on Coleridge, Hare, Maurice, Kingsley, and Jowett; and on the Doctrine of Sacrifice and Atonement.' By the Rev. H. Rigg. London: 1857.

sary to go back to the 'root idea' in the philosophy, in order to find an explanation to the theology. To the philosophy, therefore, we must go.

Before we do so, however, we may make this additional remark, that the philosophy is, in this case, the influential and determining element. It is not as though this group of divines had allowed their speculations to be controlled by the Bible, and had adopted a scheme in harmony with its general teachings; they have, on the contrary, adopted independently and in the first place a system of philosophy of which they infuse the leading principles into their theology, and to which they subordinate the statements of revealed truth. This philosophy is the unknown quantity—to use a mathematical phrase—of which we are in search.

We shall commence by giving from the volume before us the following brief sketch of Coleridge's intellectual history:—

'Coleridge was born in 1772. He was a dreamy, precocious child, with "all the simplicity, all the docility, of the little child, but none of the child's habits." He became a strangely speculative youth, already, when at "Christ's Hospital," enamoured of pantheistic mysticism, as taught by the Alexandrian Neo-Platonists, of both the heathen and the Christian schools. Before he was fully fourteen years old he had translated the hymns of Synesius into English Anacreontics. Before he left Cambridge, whither he went up from Christ's Hospital in the year 1791, we find that he had become familiar with the metaphysicians of the eighteenth century, from Leibnitz to Hartley. For some years he greatly admired not only Berkeley, but also Hartley. At this time he was in morals a philosophical necessitarian, with Hartley; in regard to nature, his philosophy seems, from his "Religious Musings" (1794), to have been a sort of fusion of Hartleyism and Berkeleyism, taking the form of semi-pantheistic idealism; in theology he was a Unitarian. But while a Unitarian in theology, it is a thing to be noted, that he was a Neo-Platonist philosophical Trinitarian.'—Pp. 5, 6.

'From such Unitarianism as has been described—*i. e.*, from a system of semi-pantheistic and idealist fatalistic opticism—Coleridge seems to have passed, by a sort of logical necessity, into utter scepticism, scepticism more sheer and thoroughgoing than even that which Hume argued for. But it was not possible that this should hold him or any man long. He found he *must* postulate some truths, and began to perceive that certain facts and principles of religious faith had as good a claim to take rank as necessary postulates as any regarding the existence and mutual relations of man and outward phenomena. He is said to have become acquainted with the works of Spinoza about the year 1797, and for many years he retained a strong admiration for his writings. These did not, however, secure his adhesion, though no doubt they prepared the way for his acceptance of those transcendental speculations of German philosophy of which Spinozism forms the common substratum, and of which, notwithstanding important minor distinctions and characteristics, certain fundamental principles of Kantism define the general mould and shaping. Coleridge visited Germany in 1798, and from this time, for a number of years, he must be considered as a student of that German philosophy, of which he was to be the first to impart the rudiments to his countrymen. Lessing was his master in general criticism; Eichhorn in biblical criticism; and first Kant; then Schelling, in philosophy. The most fundamental parts of the system of the latter he rendered into English in his "Biographia Literaria," originally published in 1817. But he never completed his exposition of this philosophy, which passed not for Schelling's, but for his own, as he made slight acknowledgment of his heavy obligations to the German. Many hints and notes, indeed, are scattered through his various writings, which throw light upon a point here and there of his system. All together, however, are insufficient to give any conception whatever of such a school of philosophy, in its relation to metaphysics, morals, and religion,

as he was ever promising for many years before his death (1833). Nay, the effect of many of his latest and most valuable notes, appended to the "Biographia Literaria," is to undermine the foundations of that very philosophy on which he had professed to ground all his speculations, and in conformity with which he had fashioned all his phraseology. His work of construction, so far as any system of philosophy was concerned, ended in demolition. He became convinced at length that the fundamental philosophy of Schelling was essentially pantheistic, and incapable of being reconciled with the Christian Revelation, in which, for many years before his death, he professed to be an orthodox believer.'—Pp. 7—9.

Of the leading elements of this belief, we gather from Mr. Rigg the following summary :—

'Reason and Religion, according to Coleridge, are not so properly in agreement, as identical, unless we may so far distinguish as to say that Religion is right Reason applied to morals and worship. Philosophy is inclusive of Theology, as its highest and noblest department. These positions are postulated or implied throughout every part of his system. And the cherished desire of the last twenty or thirty years of his life was, to show the coincidence of the transcendentalism which he had adopted with the Christian Revelation—in a word, to harmonize Schelling with St. John and St. Paul.'—P. 9.

As one means of doing this, he availed himself of the Neo-Platonic divine Triad, in which he thought he found the connecting link between Schellingism and Christianity.

'According to the "subjective idealism" of Schelling, Knowledge and Being, "the Idea and the Mind" (to quote from the Trinitarian formula, given some pages back), are ultimately and essentially one. All creaturely and finite Being is but a manifestation of the Infinite, or, as Schelling would say, the Absolute Being; all Ideas and all Knowledge are but emanations from the Infinite Mind, or Absolute Knowledge or Reason. This Being and this Knowledge or Reason both inhere in, or rather both are, One, viz., the Absolute. But, besides Being and Knowledge, there is in Nature and Man an active Energy, resulting from and ultimately one with this Being and Knowledge. This may be considered, and Coleridge chose to consider it, as a third principle, distinct from and yet one with the two former; and to this he gives the name Love. These three principles precisely accord with the Neo-Platonic Triad, the Being or the Good, the Nous or Logos or the Reason, and the Psyche or Soul of the World. And Coleridge attempts to identify them with the Christian Trinity, by baptizing these abstractions with the names, and investing them with the personal attributes, of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. He did not see, so had his over-subtleties blinded him in this case as in many more, the essential and infinite distinction between the metaphysical abstractions and the Living Persons.

'From all this it comes out, that the relations of the Father to the Son is as that of Being to Knowledge, or of the Mind to the Idea. In this sense, or nonsense, "the Father beholdeth himself in the Only-Begotten Son, and the Son acknowledgeth the Father in Himself" (*ub. supr. cit.*)! So, in "The Friend" (vol. ii. p. 172, edition of 1844), "Christ, the Logos," is called "objective Deity." Similarly, the relation of the Spirit to the Father and the Son is as that of Action to Being and Knowledge, or to the Mind and its Ideas. In *this* sense, the Spirit proceedeth from the Father and the Son!

'Here is the core of Coleridge's philosophical Pantheism, from which, with all his efforts, he could never extricate his understanding, whatever we may hope from his heart; and here too is the root of all that Coleridgean mysticism which pervades the writings of the Maurice-Kingsley school.'—Pp. 11, 12.

But let us now be permitted to venture on a large quotation,

without which we feel we cannot do justice to our readers in relation to the important subject of which we are treating. Coleridge's general metaphysics are thus developed by Mr. Rigg :—

'After characterising as "false" the "notion of reason as a quality, property, or faculty of the real," he adds, in the "Dialogue between Demosius and Mystes :"

'"Whereas Reason is the supreme reality, the only true Being in all things visible and invisible; the *pleroma, in whom alone God loveth the world.*"—*Church and State*, edition of 1839, pp. 195, 196.

'Again, elsewhere we read in the same volume :

'"In its highest sense, and which is the ground and source of all the rest, Reason is Being, the Supreme Being contemplated objectively, and in abstraction from the personality. The Word, or Logos, is life and communicates life; is light and communicates light. Now this light, contemplated *in abstracto*, is reason. Again, as constituents of reason, we necessarily contemplate union and distinctity. . . . . The distinctities considered apart from the unity are the *ideas*, and Reason is the ground and source of *ideas*. This is the first and absolute sense.

'"The second sense comes when we speak of ourselves as possessing reason; and this we can no otherwise define than as the capability with which God has endowed man of beholding, or of being conscious of, the divine light. But this very capability is itself that light, not as the divine light, but as the life or indwelling of the living Word [Logos], which is our light; that is a life whereby we are capable of the light, and by which the light is present to us, a being which we may call *ours*, but which I cannot call *mine;* for it is the life that we individualize, while the light, as its correlative opposite, remains universal." [Dated 1827.]—*Church and State*, p. 265.

'"When education has disciplined the minds of our gentry for severer study; when educated men shall be ashamed to look abroad for truths that can only be found within; within themselves will they discover, intuitively will they discover, the distinction between *the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world* [the intuitive Reason], and the understanding which forms the *peculium* of each man, as different in extent and value from another man's understanding as his estate may be from his neighbour's estate. The words of St. John (i. 7—12) are in their whole extent interpretable of the understanding. . . . This" (universal) "light comes as to its own. Being rejected, it leaves the understanding to a world of dreams and darkness," &c.—*Ibid.* p. 286.

'These extracts need little comment. Those who have intelligently followed the line of this examination hitherto, and are able to gather the general purport of the quotations we have made, will easily connect the general view and outline given in the text of our remarks with the illustrations which have now been cited. They will not fail also to perceive how the intuition of ideal truth is made to be identical with the spiritual communion of God with man in love and holiness. This is not an accidental, but an essential, characteristic of Coleridge's theology. It runs through all his interpretations of Scripture. In that profound and spiritual passage of St. Paul (1 Cor. ii. 11—16) he perverts and profanes its whole course of thought, by interpreting the "natural man" as meaning one who merely judges by the logical understanding, which is the "spirit of the world;" and "the spiritual man," who has the "mind of Christ," and "receives" and "discerns" "the things of the Spirit of God," as signifying one who beholds truth by the light of the "intuitive Reason." So also regeneration is but "the self-subjection to this universal light of the will of the individual," who thus "becomes capable of a quickening intercommunion with the Divine Spirit." Correspondently, his transcendental doctrines of the Logos or Reason are made to be, in the highest and most sacred sense, the discoveries of the Holy Spirit to man's soul. He quotes, in this connexion, such precious passages as Rom. viii. 15, 16; 2 Cor. iii. 18; Rom. viii. 20—23. Nothing is said or intimated of the knowledge of forgiveness, as following true repentance and evangelical faith; but the spiritual or intuitive faculty is represented as introducing its possessor and user to God in the Word.

'Faith is often described by Coleridge as the union or synthesis of the individual

will and the reason, which is only a transcendental way of saying that it is the act by which the individual recognises as true and right, embraces and appropriates, the revelations of the Reason, whether in philosophy, science, or religion. The Imagination he describes in a characteristic passage as—

'"That reconciling and mediatory power, which, incorporating the reason in images of sense, and organizing (as it were) the flux of the senses by the permanent and self-circling energies of the reason, gives birth to a system of symbols, harmonious in themselves, and consubstantial with the truths of which they are the conductors. These are the *wheels* which Ezekiel beheld," &c.—*Statesman's Manual*, in "Church and State," &c., p. 229.

'And again he says :—

'"The completing power which unites clearness with depth, the plenitude of the sense with the comprehensibility of the understanding, is the imagination, impregnated with which the understanding itself becomes intuitive and a living power." —*Ibid.* p. 266.

'Imagination, that is to say, is the synthesis of the intuitive reason and the bodily sense. Both its constituent factors, therefore, being, though in different spheres, intuitive, it is itself an intuitive and inspired faculty.

'In one of the passages recently quoted Coleridge draws his well-known distinction between the intuitive Reason, "the light which lighteth every man," and the logical understanding, "the *peculium*" of each particular man. Correspondent with this is his distinction between "ideas" and "conceptions," without apprehending which it is impossible to understand many pages together of his writings. According to him, ideas and conceptions are things utterly alien in their nature, but differing from each other *toto cœlo*. "Ideas" are flashes from the universal light or laws and impulses flowing from the Divine Spirit; "conceptions" are the abstract images and definitions of things drawn by each man's particular understanding. The former are strong in the infant, before he has become capable of forming abstractions and conceptions. We may be, and may ever remain, unconscious of their existence and operation, and yet they inspire and regulate our judgments, feelings, and conscience. And even if we become conscious of them, we still find it impossible to conceive or define them. Such an idea or law is that which gives us the sense of moral freedom, upon which we act from the beginning, long before we are, properly speaking, conscious of our freedom, and on which we cannot but act, though we should even deny our freedom. Such instinctive or intuitive ideas, giving the sense of truth, goodness, and beauty, are, moreover, the laws and impulses which inspire and guide the true poet and the true inductive philosopher. These remarks may help the uninitiated to enter into the meaning of Coleridge when he says, "That which contemplated objectively we call a law, the same contemplated subjectively is an idea. "*Quod in naturâ naturatâ lex, id in naturâ naturante idea, dicitur;*" and again, when he calls "an idea—a truth-power of the Reason," adding that "as expressed in words it is always and necessarily a contradiction in terms." In his "Notes on English Divines" he somewhere speaks of "ideas" as "truth-powers," operative or productive laws, "manifesting themselves and their reality in their products."

'Such is an outline of Coleridge's transcendental metaphysics, so far, perhaps, as common people may hope to be able to systematize them, who have not attained to "that higher state," of which he speaks in his "Table-Talk," "to which Aristotle could never raise himself, but which was natural to Plato, and has been to others," [Coleridge himself, to wit,] "in which the understanding is distinctly contemplated, and, as it were, looked down upon from the throne of actual ideas, or living, inborn, essential truths." Some may, perhaps, be disposed to imagine that, even as here exhibited, it is sufficiently obscure and abstruse. What, then, will they think when they are told, that at the close of a note in the volume which contains the "Church and State" and "Lay Sermons"—which note, for mathematical abstruseness of form, and jargonish obscurity of matter, out-Coleridges even Coleridge himself—he says, referring to that note and to some of the disquisitions from which we have previously quoted, "These disquisitions form the drawbridge, the connecting link, between the disciplinary and preparatory rules

and exercises of reflection [the 'Aids, &c.,'], and the system of faith and philosophy of S. T. C. !" The date of this note is 1827.

'The fundamental Pantheism of this philosophy has been sufficiently indicated. The next point to be noted is its bearing upon the authority of Revelation. Hard names and bigoted denunciations we are innocent of using. But it is too plain to be doubted that such a philosophy could not but be the parent of rationalism in religion. Even if Coleridge's actual personal faith in God and Christ, and his acceptance of the doctrines of theology, had been as orthodoxly sound as he wished them to be considered—although, in fact, he knew perfectly well that the esoteric doctrine which he shrank from revealing, and of which his writings contain hints and glimpses which sometimes almost appal the Christian reader, was such as no Church-court, in any age, could have heard without condemning—even had his personal faith been orthodox, his view of the nature of Inspiration and the authority of the Scriptures could not but be considered as essentially rationalistic. Coleridge was fundamentally a mystic; the philosophy to which he was addicted was, it may now be said, by his own confession, a pantheistic mysticism: and it has been well and strikingly remarked by Dr. Hampden, that "mysticism is but an insane Rationalism." Coleridge's views of inspiration, as implied throughout his writings, and explicitly stated in his posthumous work, "The Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit," is, that the Bible is only so far inspired to any man as it brings the voice of God home to his heart, and "finds him at his lowest depths." In this sense he denies, in his "Notes on English Divines," that there can be any "revelation *ab extra*." Throughout it is implied that only so far as the Reason in us answers to and authenticates the contents of the Bible, can they be considered as entitled to the authority of the word of God. Now, even though Coleridge's reason had authenticated to him every jot and tittle of the Bible, this would not have absolved him, in holding such doctrine, from the charge of Rationalism. The effect of it is, that no man need acknowledge any external standard of truth whatever. Each man's Reason becomes to him the measure and standard of all truth. "Wesley's Hymns" are as truly and fully the Word of God to him who hears the voice of God in them, as is the Bible itself. Nay, each and every book is inspired in precisely the same sense, and with as full authority, as God's Holy Book, just in so far as its statements commend themselves by their own evidence to the intuitive Reason of the reader.

'Philosophy and Theology, Reason and Religion, the Imagination and the Conscience—the latter being the light and voice of Reason in regard to duty and morals—are, according to Coleridge's "system," all homogeneous and co-ordinate, all in fact one. Hence poets and philosophers become prophets and apostles, and Plato and Plotinus are co-sphered with Paul and John. The "Spirit of God" is the spirit of Plato; "the wisdom of God in a mystery," even "the hidden wisdom," is the transcendental theosophy of the Platonist Paul and the semi-pantheistic idealist Coleridge; on the other hand, "the spirit of the world" is the spirit of the Greek sophists, with their logical quibbles, and of the Scotch and Benthamite philosophers, whose century has passed away. This is not caricature, but strict Coleridgism. This was his philosophical theology, and is now the doctrine of his followers.'—Pp. 12—19.

We now turn to Mr. Maurice, to an acquaintance with whose philosophical views we are introduced by our author in the following manner:—

'We believe that, if the genius of any man is able to invest an obscure subject with light, to make shadow look like substance, or a thing unintelligible seem to be intelligible, Mr. Maurice can do this. We shall, therefore, give to him and to our readers the benefit of his own description of the creation of abstract ideas, as anterior to the creation of individual things. He would have us believe, that it is of the creation of such pre-existent ideas that Moses speaks in the first two chapters of Genesis. The work from which we quote is entitled, "On the Old Testament," and consists of a course of sermons on the Pentateuch and the Book of Judges.

'"First of all 'God made man in His own image, male and female created He

them;' *afterwards*, it is said, He made 'a man out of the dust of the ground, and breathed into *his* nostrils the breath of life.' If we follow the letter of these passages, and do not endeavour to put any notions of our own into them, we shall be led, I think, naturally to the conclusion, that the former words have to do with the *species*, as we should say, if we must have logical phrases (which I would rather avoid, if it were possible), and that the other has to do with an *individual*, with the first man of the race. This, I think, is the inference that we should all draw, if the mere words were set before us without any context: it gains strength the more we study the context. . . . . What I wish you particularly to notice is, that the part of the record which speaks of man ideally, according to his place with reference to the rest of the universe, according to his position with reference to God, is the part which expressly belongs to the history of CREATION; that the bringing forth of man in *this* sense is the work of the sixth day."—*On the Old Testament*, pp. 3, 4.

'Then follows a passage in which he disavows the phraseology both of the Realists and the Nomalists. He adds, however—

'"Extend this thought, which seems to arise inevitably out of the story of the creation of *man*, as Moses delivers it, to the rest of that universe of which he regards man as the climax, and we are forced to the conclusion that in the one case, as in the other, it is not the visible material thing of which the historian is speaking, but that which lies below the visible material thing, and constitutes the substance which it shows forth."—*Ibid.* pp. 5, 6.

'Comparing with the history of the Creation in Gen. i. what is said in Gen. ii. 5, 6, he concludes:—

'"We are compelled, then, to consider the creation of herbs and flowers, as well as the creation of beasts and birds and fishes, which is recorded in the previous chapter, as the bringing forth of kinds and orders, such as they were according to the mind of God, not of actual separate phenomenal existences, such as they present themselves to the senses of man."—*Ibid.* p. 6.

'Subsequently he teaches, as might have been expected, that the days and the weeks spoken of in Gen. i. and ii. refer not to real, but to ideal, time; that is, as he himself explains it, to no time at all. This whole ideal creation is lifted out of the sphere of actual events into that region which is above time, or change, or succession; in other words, this ideal creation (?) took place in eternity.

'Some of our readers may think this to be utterly incomprehensible; so, we confess, do we. But it is undoubtedly neither better nor worse than the Platonic doctrine of ideas—"that doctrine of ideas," as Mr. Maurice himself says, in his "Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy" (Part I. p. 147), "which constitutes the most native and peculiar portion of Plato's philosophy, that which may not wrongly be called its purely Platonic portion." These are "the forms, permanent and unchangeable, in which that which *is*" (not what which *seems to sense*) "manifests itself as it *is*" (not as it *seems*). They are "eternal as well as substantial," and dwell "in the region of pure Being, in which the inner mind dwells," even in "the absolute and perfect Being, in whose mind they all dwelt, and in whose eternity alone they can be thought or dreamed of as eternal."—*Ibid.* p. 149.'—Pp. 130—132.

Having arrived at this fundamental conception of Mr. Maurice's philosophy, it requires but one step more to bring us into view of his theology:—

'The later or New Platonists, who flourished after Christianity had begun to prevail over heathen philosophy, believed in a sort of Triad or Trinity of Divine hypostases. [In this Trinity] the eternal forms or ideas of which we have spoken, were placed by Plato and his followers in "that one perfect intellect," the Divine "Reason or Word" (the *Nous*, or λογισμός), which has been considered as "the second hypostasis" of the Platonic Trinity, and "which they supposed to have contained the 'intelligible' world from all eternity." This, also, is Mr. Maurice's view, though nowhere explicitly stated by him; and here we find the key to his whole theology. The Son of God, in his nomenclature, corresponds to the per-

sonal *Nous* of the Neo-Platonists. Taking this idea with them as a clue, our readers will see a peculiar meaning in the following passage, which we cite from the same volume from which we quoted the passages referring to the ideal Creation:—

'"I ask you not to believe that a man was able to frustrate the purposes of God, not to think that the world was created in Adam, or stood in his obedience, when the Scriptures of the New Testament, illustrating those of the Old, teach us that it stood and stands in the obedience of God's well-beloved Son, the real image of the Father, *the real bond of human society, and of the whole universe*, who was to be manifested in the fulness of time, *as that which He had always been*, namely, the original and archetype of human nature," &c.—*On the Testament*, pp. 40, 41.' Pp. 133, 134.

Such of our readers as are familiar with the writings of Mr. Maurice, will at once recollect how often phraseology of this sort occurs in them, and how intensely, but vainly, they have longed for an explanation of it. From the numerous extracts given by Mr. Rigg in illustration, we shall merely select one, in which, certainly, the leaven of his Platonism is manifest enough:—

'Mr. Maurice's exposition of the general purport of the Epistle to the Ephesians is full of the same principle. We quote from it the following passages:—

'"What St. Paul asserts on behalf of himself and the little band of those who had turned to God, and believed in Christ, was a share in the *privileges of humanity, as that is created, elected, known by God in Christ*."—*Unity of the New Testament*, p. 525.

'"*Beginning from that highest ground before the Fall, before the Creation, he had seen God creating all things in Christ*, God purposing to gather up all things in Christ, *men standing only in virtue of God's election of them in Christ*. . . . *In Him, whether circumcised or uncircumcised, they are one*, BY THE LAW OF THEIR CREATION."—Pp. 536, 537.

'The word *creation* is in the Bible, and therefore Mr. Maurice must force it into his service, if he is to pass for a Christian. But, in fact, the true idea of creation can have no place in his system; and the expressions which he makes use of in attempting to accommodate Scripture language to his views, are most incongruous. To speak of "God's creating all things in Christ," must imply, according to the only true and proper sense of the words, that God created Christ. This, however, is not Mr. Maurice's meaning. Men and all things "have stood in Christ from the first," that is, from eternity. "From the first God has looked upon His creature man in Christ." Here there can be no idea of creation, properly so called. The system is rather one of emanation. By an eternal act, the Son has proceeded from the Father, and simultaneously all things, that is, the eternal forms and archetypes of all things, have been made by the Father to dwell in the Son. Again, by a process of emanation from the Son, not of creation, these eternal forms and archetypes have from the first, or, at least, since time began, been coming forth into phenomenal existence. This is uncouth language, we know. But it is only by such language that it is possible to express at all the uncouth and impossible conceptions of this semi-Platonic theosophy. In some such sense as we have thus expressed, Mr. Maurice would have us to understand that all men are "created," "elected," and "known" by the Father, in Christ. Similarly he speaks, in the "Essays" (p. 204) of all men as "created, redeemed, justified," by God in Christ. They were *created* in Christ from eternity (!); their creation *was* their election; as created in Christ, they were known in Him; being known in Him, they are in Him justified and redeemed. As their creation does not refer to the beginning of the race on earth, and implies no period in the antecedent eternity when the creatures began to be; so their election is one which implies no rejection of any, their justification implies no condemnation for any, and their redemption implies neither ruin nor risk for any.'—Pp. 137—139.

Our readers may now come to some understanding of the real

import of Mr. Maurice's theology, as to the principle which unequivocally and individually pervades it. The practical operation of this principle is thus justly (we think) opened out:—

'It will at once be seen that the principle which we have been endeavouring to exhibit, overturns the whole of Christian theology from its foundations. God the Father is no longer regarded, in any proper sense, as the Creator of man, and the Moral Governor of a world of subject and guilty creatures. He is *merely* the Father of all men in Christ the Son. Mankind are His sons, not by adoption or by grace, but by nature. Their sonship, too, can never be disannulled or done away. They can never be, for a moment, separated from the Son. Their being is *of* Him and *in* Him, and, in Mr. Maurice's scheme, can neither be, nor be conceived of, apart from Him. Being thus necessarily and essentially one with the Son, and in Him united to the Father, no atonement, in the proper sense of that word, can be needed to bring nigh those who never can be far off; and no judicial condemnation can be pronounced on those who must ever be identified with the Son.

'The Son of God, on this scheme, is the Mediator between God and man, not in virtue of the covenant of grace, but because man's fall had rendered a Redeemer necessary, but from eternity, and in virtue of what may be called his natural relationship to both God and man. The Incarnation is not the ground of Christ's mediatorial exaltation, but merely a consequence and particular manifestation of that natural and aboriginal relationship. By His Incarnation the Son of God did but manifest that identity which had ever subsisted between Himself and man, exhibit the ideal perfection of man's nature in His own person, and, by His example, show to all men how they should triumph over selfishness and evil. As the mediatorial reign of the Son does not, on Mr. Maurice's scheme, look back to Bethlehem and Calvary, so neither does it look forward to its consummation at the "Great Assize"—the Judgment Day. For the Son to doom and dismiss to punishment any sinners of mankind, would be for Him to doom and put away Himself. The Son is, indeed, the Judge, now and always; He will be such for ever. But He will never pronounce a final sentence on either the righteous or the wicked. And if there be no day of general judgment, neither of course will there be a Resurrection Day. This, we need scarcely inform our readers, is the plain teaching of the "Essays."

'There is, indeed, sin, that is, selfishness; and there is a spirit of evil, Mr. Maurice teaches, which tempts to sin. But there is no "disease of nature," or "corruption of the blood," to remove or remedy. There is no judicial sentence of God to annul or avert. God, indeed, disapproves of all that is selfish and unlovely in man, and wishes its removal. But he retains no indignation for a broken *law*: His *only* law—not legislative, but impulsive; not an objective rule, but a subjective principle—is the law of love, seeking to do away with evil in us and in all. All pains and sorrows and sufferings, of whatever kind, here and hereafter, are not punishments, but fatherly chastisements, flowing from this law, and intended merely to amend and reclaim. No sooner, therefore, does the sinner relinquish his selfishness, than God's purpose is entirely accomplished. The pristine dignity of man is restored. Not at any time can man be so far from God as to be nearer to Satan. The Son of God is ever more intimately near to man than the spirit of evil. And when man sees how near the Son of God is to him, when he perceives how He is one with Himself, and lies at the root of His humanity, and how in Him he cannot but be one with the Father also, and embraced in the Father's love, then man gains his right place, and all is well.

'What relation is to be assigned to the Holy Spirit in this theology, it is not easy to discover from what Mr. Maurice says on the subject. To us He appears to be put in the place of the Platonic or Neo-Platonic soul of all things. All distinctions are done away between the justified and the unjustified, the regenerate and the unregenerate. All men are equally justified in Christ, and all partake of the same regeneration which has come upon the world because of the appearance of the Son of God in human nature. The Church is but the world opening its eyes to the light which shines impartially around all, and to the privileges which are equally the right and possession of all. All men are alike, though not all equally

"inspired." There are none to whom the Spirit is given, as He is not given to the world. Pagan prophets and philosophers were moved by the same *afflatus* that stirred the souls of Hebrew Seers and Christian Apostles. What relic, then, is left of the Christian doctrine of the influences of the Holy Spirit? The only fit description of His power and working, on this scheme, is that of the Roman poet:

> '"Spiritus intus alit, totamque infusa per artus.
> Mens agitat molem, et magno se corpore miscet.
> Inde hominum pecudumque genus, vitæque volantum,
> Et quæ marmoreo fert monstra sub æquore pontus."
> *Æneid*, vi. 726—729.'—Pp. 139—142.

Having associated Mr. Kingsley with Mr. Maurice as one of the principal representatives of the Coleridgean theology, we shall say a few words as to the fact of his Neo-Platonism. From his Lectures on Alexandria and her Schools, is cited by Mr. Rigg (p. 240) the following passage, in which he defines the 'Christian' Neo-Platonist principle, which he adopts as the basis of his theology:—

> 'The Logos, the Divine Teacher in whom both Christians and heathens believed, was the very archetype of men, and he had proved that fact by being made flesh, and dwelling bodily among them, that they might behold His glory, full of grace and truth, and see that it was at once the perfection of man and the perfection of God; that which was most Divine was most human, and that which was most human, most Divine. That was the outcome of *their* metaphysic, that they had found the Absolute One; because One existed in whom the apparent antagonism between that which is eternally, and that which becomes in time, between the ideal and the actual, between the spiritual and the material, in a word, between God and man, was explained and reconciled for ever.'—*Alexandria and her Schools*, p. 123.

The radical idea of Neo-Platonism is evidently here, and the readers of Mr Kingsley will readily call to mind how thoroughly it permeates both his sermons and his novels, in both of which he speaks with less caution and obscurity than Mr. Maurice, although he is sometimes borne by the fervour of his better feelings to use language scarcely consistent with it.

The purpose of our paper is now answered, and we shall bring it to a conclusion. It is not necessary for us here to state how much we admire, on the one hand, the gigantic intellect of Coleridge, or, on the other, the blended genius and benevolence of Kingsley and Maurice; nor is it needful for us now to characterise at length the valuable work of which we have made such free use; on the latter point let it suffice to say that, in our judgment, Mr. Rigg's book, which contains, besides his chapters on Coleridge, Maurice, and Kingsley, a most genial and discriminating critique on the late Archdeacon Hare, and a very vigorous repulse of Mr. Jowett, is highly valuable, and has rendered to the ordinary reading public a most important service. Our object, however, has been not critical, but explanatory. We know that many persons are fascinated with the theological writings of Mr. Maurice, and we do not wonder at it. The causes of this fascination lie on the surface. But, as they themselves are conscious, they do not understand him. We only want them to know *what it is* that the glittering lan-

guage of Mr. Maurice means, and what, if they really take him for their instructor, they are to believe. Our space has not permitted us to deal with the subject at a length at all commensurate to its importance, and we can only hope that those who feel an earnest interest in it will avail themselves of the more extended and most able, yet candid, discussion of it which the volume we have drawn from contains.

Tom Brown's School-days.*

We have to congratulate our readers on the growing seriousness, and not less on the growing frankness, of our literature. And, with regard especially to the frankness, let it not be forgotten how much we all owe to those who have led the van in the new warfare of outspeaking, whatever may have been their errors! But, not to step aside, it is a great mark of our progress in this particular that the tide of openness has come to Children's Land, or at least to the enchanted shores of Youthtime. When it has reached the pulpit, and the 'religious' literature addressed to the poor (tracts, and such like) we shall say it is at high-water mark. Meantime, rising it is, and we may 'see as from a tower the end of all,' if we only choose to look.

The six months now closing have witnessed the publication of two of the very best books ever written for the young; both of them having this infallible mark of goodness in *class* books—that they may be read with enjoyment and profit by other readers than those to whom they directly appeal. The first, 'Morning Clouds' (Longman), is avowedly didactic, and might be called a confessional for young ladies in their early embarrassments of mind and heart; while it is admirably adapted to console, counsel, and cheer the hesitating and doubting, of both sexes and all ages. It is, however, we regret to add, written with such delicacy of tone, and such a presupposition of culture and aspiration on the reader's part, as must greatly interfere with its general usefulness. It is by a Churchwoman, and a 'real lady,' as the companion volume which forms the subject of this paper is by a Churchman, and a 'real gentleman.'

For some time past, our literature has shown strong signs of a revolt against the priggish intellectualism and vapoury optimism which soon after 1830 swept all before it. The popular topic now-o'-days is the cultivation of 'the manly virtues'—physical pluck, hearty (not to say jolly) social feeling, personal honour, tenderness to the weak in general, and women in particular; and the Manichæists (Mr. Kingsley will please to pardon us) are getting the better of the Optimists. True, their

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* 'Tom Brown's School-days.' By an Old Boy. (Dedicated to Mrs. Arnold, of Fox How.) Macmillan and Co.

doctrine is a little vague, and their wild and unsyllogistic manner a little suggestive of Tennyson's

> 'Hold thou the Right—*define it well*,
> For fear divine Philosophy
> Should push beyond her mark, and be
> Procuress to the lords of hell'—

but it tends to the introduction of genial, sterling, flesh-and-blood human sympathies, in lieu of the same poet's 'mealy-mouthed philanthropies,' which

> 'Divorce the feeling from her mate, the deed'*—

'philanthropies' which begin to stink in the nostrils of all sincere men and women. This is a great benefit, and we would wish most cordially to acknowledge it, here and everywhere. The modern philanthropic cant, that in our age a man goes for what he is worth, and is measured by a true standard, &c., &c., &c, covers a most loathsome social lie. Alas! in our priggish pride of taking a man for what he is *worth*, we have forgotten to love him for what he *is*. Every day's newspaper contains some striking illustration of this. It sickened some of us, not long ago, in the heart-breaking story of John Markham, wrongly convicted of stealing a carpet-bag. If the railway functionaries had regarded John Markham as a man and a brother, instead of as a respectable-looking passenger, they would have taken more pains, and he would have been cleared of suspicion. And is there not a God who will punish for these things? Dear friends, he *is* punishing. What means his scourge of war, again and again uplifted over us, but to wake us up from our hide-bound pedantries, by flaunting the great facts of our common nature in our faces, and making a million hearts beat as one, in view of the intrinsic 'worth' which, in sight of sorrow, and suffering, and death, is seen to belong to every human creature? It is this same intrinsic worth which men like Carlyle and Kingsley have been trying to bring home to our minds, each in his own way, Carlyle with his pantheism, and Kingsley with his personal God and personal devil, in all they have written; and many of us have doubtless read them, within these three or four years, with anointed eyes. It is this intrinsic worth (as distinguished from the *relative* worth which is the real inspiration of your 'mealy-mouthed philanthropist') that constitutes the *afflatus* which breathes through the greater part of 'Tom Brown's School-days.'

'Tom Brown's School-days,' while it consists of memoirs of a Rugby boy, will disappoint those who open it expecting to find a portrait, or even a sketch, of Arnold, from the schoolboy point of view. Something of him of course there is; and grateful admiration expressed without stint. Such admiration, doubtless, we ourselves should have expressed had we been an old Rugbæan, and written a similar book. As it is, however, we are profoundly convinced that

* Readers who may turn to 'Morning Clouds' on our recommendation will find some pellucid writing on the dangers of sentimental optimism.

there was a 'crick' in—we will not say the conscience, no, nor the intellect of Arnold, but in the *join* of his intellect and his conscience, and that his astounding scheme of submitting abstract questions to practical tests has bewildered, and in the end perverted, ten doubters for one whom it has led aright. This we cannot dwell upon: our business is to give old and young boys an idea of the contents of 'Tom Brown's School-days,' occupied, as the volume almost wholly is, with Tom Brown, and not Arnold.

Tom Brown opens with an exceedingly happy discourse on the great BROWN family, in which resides the strength of the country we love and are ready to fight for in case of need, which God forbid. Here you have, in fine force, the sociality, and combativeness, and crotchetiness, and help-lame-dog-over-stylativeness of the typical BROWN of Britain:—

'Much has yet to be written and said before the British nation will be properly sensible of how much of its greatness it owes to the BROWNS. For centuries, in their quiet, dogged, homespun way, they have been subduing the earth in most English counties, and leaving their mark in American forests and Australian uplands. . . . . The BROWNS are a fighting family. One may question their wisdom, or wit, or beauty, but about their fight there can be no question. Wherever hard knocks of any kind, visible or invisible, are going on, there the Brown who is nearest must shove in his carcase. And these carcases for the most part answer very well to the characteristic propensity; they are a square-headed and snake-necked generation, broad in the shoulder, deep in the chest, and thin in the flank, carrying no lumber. Then, for clanship, they are as bad as Highlanders; it is amazing the belief they have in one another. With them, there is nothing like the BROWNS, to the third or fourth generation. "Blood is thicker than water," is one of their pet sayings. They can't be happy unless they are always meeting one another. Never were such people for family gatherings, which, were you a stranger or sensitive, you might think had better not have been gathered together. For, during the whole time of their being together, they luxuriate in telling one another their minds on whatever subject turns up, and their minds are wonderfully antagonist, and all their opinions are downright beliefs. Till you've been among them some time and understand them, you can't think but that they are quarrelling. Not a bit of it. They love and respect one another ten times the more after a good set family arguing bout, and go back, one to his curacy, another to his chambers, and another to his regiment, freshened for work, and more than ever convinced that the BROWNS are the height of company. This family training, too, combined with their combativeness, makes them eminently Quixotic. They can't let anything alone which they think going wrong. They must speak their minds about it, annoying all easy-going folk, and spend their time and money in having a tinker at it, however hopeless the job. It is an impossibility to a BROWN to leave the most disreputable lame dog on the other side of a style. Most other folk get tired of such work. The old BROWNS, with red faces, white whiskers, and bald heads, go on believing and fighting to a green old age. They have always a crotchet going, till the old man with the scythe reaps and garners them away for troublesome old boys as they are. Failures slide off them like July rain off a duck's back's feathers. Jem and his whole family turn out bad and cheat them one week, and the next week they are doing the same thing for Jack; and when he goes to the treadmill, and his wife and children to the workhouse, they will be on the look-out for Bill to take his place.'

After which, you accompany Tom Brown to White Horse Vale, Berkshire, where he was born. He shows you over the neighbourhood, reminds you of the Alfred and Charles legends, and finally taking

what he (with decided bad taste) calls a 'modest quencher' at a 'public' (*his* word, not ours), tells you all about Blowing-stone Hill.

'"What is the name of your hill, landlord?"

'"Blawing STWUN Hill, sir, to be sure."

'[READER. "*Sturm?*"

'AUTHOR. "*Stone*, stupid, the Blowing *Stone*."]

'"And of your house? I can't make out the sign."

'"Blawing Stwun, sir," says the landlord, pouring out his old ale from a Toby Philpot jug, with a melodious crash, into the long-necked glass.

'"What queer names," say we, sighing at the end of our draught, and holding out our glass to be replenished.

'"Be 'ant queer at all, as I can see, sir," says mine host, handing back our glass, "seeing as this here is the Blawing Stwun his self," putting his hand on a square lump of stone, some three feet and a half high, perforated with two or three queer holes, like petrified antediluvian rat-holes, which lies there close under the oak, under our very nose. We are more than ever puzzled, and drink our second glass of ale, wondering what will come next. "Like to hear un, sir?" says mine host, setting down Toby Philpot on the tray, and resting both hands on the "Stwun." We are ready for anything; and he, without waiting for a reply, applies his mouth to one of the rat-holes. Something must come of it, if he doesn't burst. Good heavens! I hope he has no apoplectic tendencies. Yes, here it comes, sure enough, a grewsome sound between a moan and a roar, and spreads itself away over the valley, and up the hill-side, and into the woods at the back of the house, a ghost-like, awful voice. "Um do say, sir," says mine host, rising purple-faced, while the moan is still coming out of the Stwun, "as they used in old times to warn the country-side, by blawing the Stwun when the enemy was a comin'—and as how folks could make un heered then for seven miles round, leastways so I've heered lawyer Smith say, and he knows a smart sight about them old times." We can scarcely swallow lawyer Smith's seven miles, but could the blowing of the stone have been a summons, a sort of sending the fiery cross round the neighbourhood in the old times? What old times? Who knows? We pay for our beer, and are thankful.'

You have, in the next place, the somewhat saucy childhood of Tom; life in his village; his angling excursions with an old soldier; his defiance of his nurse; his unrestricted romps with the juvenile tag-rag and bob-tail of the place, under the sanction of a Tory-Radical father; the village 'veasts' and single-stick fights (which *we* think rather brutal business) till blood was drawn; Tom's brief career at a private school; general obstropolousness; and final removal to Rugby. The journey by coach is most vividly described. The cold ride in the dark; the halt at the Peacock at Islington, with the hot, hearty breakfast; the parting with dear father; the gossip about Rugby matters with the guard; and the reception by other 'fellows' at Rugby; are among the liveliest bits of description we ever read. Then come Tom's introduction to his little room; his pride in it; his first games at cricket, and hare-and-hounds; his first Saturday night at the Singing-meeting (where we regret to say beer and tobacco seem to have been in fashion); and his first Sunday. At his first game at hare-and-hounds, he is belated, on account of the length of the 'run;' and, in accordance with strict rule, coming home after the gates are closed, is carpeted before the Doctor, with his chum East, and another boy:—

'"That's the library door," said East in a whisper, pushing Tom forwards. The sound of merry voices and laughter came from within, and his first hesitating

knock was unanswered. But at the second, the Doctor's voice said, "Come in," and Tom turned the handle, and he, with the others behind him, sidled into the room.

'The Doctor looked up from his task; he was working away with a great chisel at the bottom of a boy's sailing boat, the lines of which he was do doubt fashioning on the model of one of Nicias' galleys. Round him stood three or four children; the candles burnt brightly on a large table at the further end, covered with books and papers, and a great fire threw a ruddy glow over the rest of the room. All looked so kindly and homely and comfortable, that the boys took heart in a moment, and Tom advanced from behind the shelter of the great sofa. The Doctor nodded to the children, who went out, casting curious and amused glances at the three young scarecrows.

'"Well, my little fellows," began the Doctor, drawing himself up, with his back to the fire, the chisel in one hand and his coat-tails in the other, and his eye twinkling as he looked them over, "what makes you so late?"

'"Please, sir, we've been out Big-side Hare-and-hounds, and lost our way."

'"Hah! you couldn't keep up, I suppose?"

'"Well, sir," said East, stepping out, and not liking that the Doctor should think lightly of his running powers, "we got round Barby all right, but then—"

'"Why what a state you're in, my boy," interrupted the Doctor, as the pitiful condition of East's garments was fully revealed to him.

'"That's the fall I got, sir, in the road," said East, looking down at himself; "the Old Pig came by—"

'"The what?" said the Doctor.

'"The Oxford coach, sir," explained Hall.

'"Hah! yes, the Regulator," said the Doctor.

'"And I tumbled on my face, trying to get up behind," went on East.

'"You're not hurt, I hope," said the Doctor.

'"Oh no, sir."

'"Well now, run up stairs, all three of you, and get clean things on, and then tell the housekeeper to give you some tea. You're too young to try such long runs. Let Warner know I've seen you. Good night."

'"Good night, sir." And away scuttled the three boys in high glee.

'"What a brick, not to give us even twenty lines to learn," said the Tadpole, as they reached their bedroom, and in half-an-hour afterwards they were sitting by the fire in the housekeeper's room at a sumptuous tea, with cold meat, "twice as good a grub as we should have got in the hall," as the Tadpole remarked with a grin, his mouth full of buttered toast. All their grievances were forgotten, and they were resolving to go out the first big-side next half, and thinking Hare-and-hounds the most delightful of games.'

This is the pleasantest glimpse of the good Doctor we get in the book. We are sorry to inform the author that we belong to the class of 'wise-acres' whom he 'don't want to read this book' (we *have* read it half-a-dozen times), and whom he expects to 'prick up their long ears and howl, or rather bray,' at the story he gives on pages 232 and 233. We do not object to the 'thrashing' of a 'gross bully'—nay, we would gladly assist at such an operation; but we do dispute the manliness of the sequel to the bully's behaviour. If we, being only a boy at school, thrashed another boy under superior orders, and that boy so thrashed by us were afterwards to 'seek us out,' and 'thank us, saying it was the kindest act,' &c., &c., &c., we should think him a nauseous poltroon, and pray that we might 'be better strangers.' We have also to 'howl, or rather bray,' at the cold blood of the Doctor on another occasion—we should have had nothing to complain of, if he had flogged Tom on the spot for his misdeeds in the sporting way; but there was something revolting in his spending

the evening amid the affectionate caresses of his wife and children, and sleeping peacefully upon the intention to get up and (at, say 10.35½, a.m.) deliberately flog ever so saucy a little boy. Not being able to bottle our indignation, like the Doctor, we will have our 'howling or braying' over at once, and say here that we find Tom occasionally guilty of gross sophistry. In particular, we refer to his defence of juvenile pugilism. For, first, his question, what other way boys can have of settling their disputes, is ridiculous; since a fight, however won, settles nothing but the comparative strength and skill of the parties, and boys, like men, might, if not blinded by devil's passions, settle their disputes by appeals to referees; and, secondly, it is barefaced word-jugglery to say that our 'real, highest, honestest business, rightly understood,' is fighting. There is no strict analogy —and Tom Brown must know it—between conquering a bad impulse of the heart, and the 'fighting' in question, which means hurting and inflaming another sentient being. In plain truth, 'fighting' is abnormal—it is abstractly *bad;* and we, who like a false peace as little as Tom Brown, beg to insist that this be recognised, without any such bemuddling of thought and speech as occurs in Chapter V. of his book—a chapter which, taken in connexion with some minute military allusions (*e. g.*, when Arnold's voice is compared to a '*light infantry* bugle'), made us at first suspect the author was a soldier. To our thinking, 'the picture' of the fight 'would have been better painted, if the painter had taken *less* pains.' But, truthful writing for the young is such a pressing want, that we do not like to be captious, and are willing to leave the black-eye and sponge question as a matter of taste.

The career of Tom at school is most pleasantly followed up. The fagging, the bullying, the boy Martin who turned his study into a menagerie and laboratory, and blew up himself, his magpie, and the Doctor, the bird's-nesting, the cricket-matches, and the ins and outs of boy-friendships, you have them all made tangible and alive for you, with the most unreserved and genial art. In company with his chum East, however, Tom becomes a plague to the Doctor, and the ringleader of much small mischief, inasmuch that it is a question what on earth *can* be done with the boy? Then comes to Rugby one George Arthur, the son of a deceased clergyman, and him the watchful Doctor bestoweth upon Thomas, *vice* East the cantankerous, to have and to hold as a (protected) chum from that day forward. Young Arthur, delicate, slender, fresh from the loss of a father, pious, affectionate, and thoughtful; what would become of him at Rugby, without a 'guide, philosopher, and friend?' He would either be killed or spoiled for life by the crude blackguardism of the juvenile 'public.' So he is given to Tom, and God gives Tom to him. It is the old, beautiful story, so dear to true hearts, of mutual '*looking* up and *lifting* up.' Arthur gains in physical strength, and in manly freedom of character; and Tom learns that he and his like have by no means all the courage:—

'Within a few minutes therefore of their entry, all the other boys who slept in

number 4 had come up. The little fellows went quietly to their own beds, and began undressing and talking to one another in whispers; while the elder, amongst whom was Tom, sat chatting about on one another's beds, with their jackets and waistcoats off. Poor little Arthur was overwhelmed with the novelty of his position. The idea of sleeping in the room with strange boys had clearly never crossed his mind before, and was as painful as it was strange to him. He could hardly bear to take his jacket off; however, presently, with an effort, off it came, and then he paused and looked at Tom, who was sitting at the bottom of his bed talking and laughing.

'"Please, Brown," he whispered, "may I wash my face and hands?"

'"Of course, if you like," said Tom, staring; "that's your wash-handstand under the window, second from your bed. You'll have to go down for more water in the morning, if you use it all." And on he went with his talk, while Arthur stole timidly from between the beds out to his wash-hand stand, and began his ablutions, thereby drawing for a moment on himself the attention of the room.

'On went the talk and laughter. Arthur finished his washing and undressing, and put on his night-gown. He then looked round more nervously than ever. Two or three of the little boys were already in bed, sitting up with their chins on their knees. The light burned clear, the noise went on. It was a trying moment for the poor little lonely boy; however, this time he didn't ask Tom what he might not do, but dropped on his knees by his bedside, as he had done every day from his childhood, to open his heart to Him, who heareth the cry and heareth the sorrows of the tender child, and the strong man in agony.

'Tom was sitting at the bottom of his bed unlacing his boots, so that his back was towards Arthur, and he didn't see what had happened, and looked up in wonder at the sudden silence. Then two or three boys laughed and sneered, and a big, brutal fellow, who was standing in the middle of the room, picked up a slipper, and shied it at the kneeling boy, calling him a snivelling young shaver. Then Tom saw the whole, and the next moment the boot he had just pulled off flew straight at the head of the bully, who had just time to throw up his arm and catch it on his elbow.

'"Confound you, Brown, what's that for?" roared he, stamping with pain.

'"Never mind what I mean," said Tom, stepping on to the floor, every drop of blood in his body tingling; "if any fellow wants the other boot, he knows how to get it."

'What would have been the result is doubtful; for at this moment the sixth form boy came in, and not another word could be said. Tom and the rest rushed into bed and finished their unrobing there, and the old verger, as punctual as the clock, had put out the candle in another minute, and toddled on to the next room, shutting their door with his usual "Good night, genl'm'n."'

By and bye Tom receives 'lesson 2.' Arthur not only says his prayers, he reads his Bible of his own accord! Then a fever comes to the school, and Arthur is struck down by it, to the grief of them all, and not least of the Doctor. But he recovers, and his mother comes to fetch him away for a holiday. Before he goes, he uses, with characteristic gentleness, but with the firmness of a boy who keeps a conscience, the influence he has acquired over Brown to induce him to give up 'cribs' in preparing his lessons. When Brown attempts to indoctrinate East with this new bit of school morality, there ensues some more (of what we call) sophistication—rather too wiry in its character, we fancy, to have been really spun by schoolboys' brains—and this sort of thing is the only kind of untruthfulness in the book; it is the retrospective theorizing of a mature mind about a remembered situation in the boy's experience, and was, perhaps, unavoidable, or, at least, quite to be expected. Eventually a good deal of solemn, conscientious feeling is diffused throughout the school, in consequence

of the indirect influence of Arthur. You have Tom's and Arthur's last match, and their leaving school, and, in 1842, Tom, 'in the wildest parts of Skye,' sees Arnold's death in a newspaper, and makes a pilgrimage to Rugby, with which the book closes. And a most admirable book it is. Our readers will gather from what we have already said what deductions we ourselves should make from the words in which *The Times* summed up its notice of Tom Brown, when it said:—

'It is difficult to estimate the amount of good which may be done by "Tom Brown's School-days." It gives in the main a most faithful and interesting picture of our public schools. . . . But it is more than this; it is an attempt—a very noble and successful attempt—to Christianize the society of our youth through the only practicable channel—a hearty and brotherly sympathy with their feelings: a book, in short, which an English father might well wish to see in the hands of his son.'

There is something characteristic of 'the leading journal,' in the cool assertion that Tom Brown is a '*successful* attempt' to 'Christianize' schoolboy society in England—the 'success' we must leave to time and the Lord of time—for the rest, we cordially join in the chorus of appreciation which has helped to carry 'Tom Brown' into his fourth edition, and very heartily thank him for his memorials of his juvenile works and ways; hoping he will excuse our 'howling, or rather braying,' which we cannot help. We quite agree that 'this explaining is a bother,' but also that 'we can't do without it.' We, too, are a BROWN, and our 'lightest opinions are beliefs.'

But we have not completed our representative extracts, though our account of the volume is ended. A successful stand against bullying gives rise to the following reflections, among the noblest and most outspoken we ever read. The italics are ours:—

'So it is, and must be always, my dear boys. If the Angel Gabriel were to come down from heaven, and head a successful rise against the most abominable and unrighteous vested interest which this poor old world groans under, he would most certainly lose his character for many years, probably for centuries, not only with upholders of said vested interest, but *with the respectable mass of the people whom he had delivered. They wouldn't ask him to dinner, or let their names appear with his in the papers; they would be very careful how they spoke of him in the Palaver, or at their clubs.* What can we expect then, when we have only poor gallant blundering men like Kossuth, Garibaldi, Mazzini, and righteous causes which do not triumph in their hands; *men who have holes enough in their armour, God knows, easy to be hit by respectabilities sitting in their lounging chairs, and having large balances at their bankers?* But you are brave gallant boys, who hate easy chairs, and have no balances or bankers. You only want to have your heads set straight to take the right side; so bear in mind that *majorities, especially respectable ones, are nine times out of ten in the wrong; and that if you see man or boy striving earnestly on the weak side, however wrong-headed or blunderiny he may be, you are not to go and join the cry against him.* If you can't join him, and help him, and make him wiser, at any rate remember that he has found something in the world which he will fight and suffer for, which is just what you have got to do for yourselves, and so think and speak of him tenderly.'

We fear but few of the BROWN family live up to this mark; if they did, the rest of the poor strugglers, who do, would have easier work of it. Despicable and cruel is the cowardly policy of acquiescent

silence which 'respectability' adopts in doubtful cases, and stern will be the countenance with which eternal Right will some day put to laggard slaves the question, 'Is this your fidelity?' For respectable, safe politicians, who patronize progress in general, and take good care to keep out of work's way, when work wants doing in particular, and whose real knowledge of the people=0, we are glad to be able to quote a few spiteful sentences:—

'I don't think much of you yet—I wish I could; though you do go talking and lecturing up and down the country to crowded audiences, and are busy with all sorts of philanthropic intellectualism, and circulating libraries and museums, and Heaven only knows what besides; and try to make us think, through newspaper reports, that you are even as we of the working classes. But, bless your hearts, we "ain't so green," though lots of all sorts toady you enough certainly, and try to make you think so.

'I'll tell you what to do now; instead of all this trumpeting and fuss, which is only the old Parliamentary-majority dodge over again—just you go each of you (you've plenty of time for it, if you'll only give up t'other line), and quietly make three or four friends, real friends, among us. You'll find a little trouble in getting at the right sort, because such birds don't come lightly to your lure, but found they may be. Take, say, two out of the professions, lawyer, parson, doctor, which you will; one out of trade, and three or four out of the working classes, tailors, engineers, carpenters, engravers—there's plenty of choice. Let them be men of your own ages, mind, and ask them to your homes; introduce them to your wives and sisters, and get introduced to theirs: give them good dinners, and talk to them about what is really at the bottom of your hearts, and box, and run, and row with them, when you have a chance. Do all this honestly as man to man, and by the time you come to ride old John, you'll be able to do something more than sit on his back, and may feel his mouth with some stronger bridle than a red-tape one.

'Ah, if you only would! But you have got too far out of the right rut, I fear. Too much over-civilisation, and the deceitfulness of riches. It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle. More's the pity. I never came across but two of you, who could value a man wholly and solely for what was in him, who thought themselves verily and indeed of the same flesh and blood as John Jones, the attorney's clerk, and Bill Smith, the costermonger, and could act as if they thought so.'

As specimens of the author's insight, and appreciation of character, we quote first this brief sketch of a not very uncommon, though much-by-man-milliner-Christians-despised individual, who—

'Had no want of reverence for anything he felt to be real; but his was one of those natures that burst into what is generally called recklessness and impiety, the moment they feel that anything is being poured upon them for their good, which does not come home to their inborn sense of right, or which appeals to anything like self-interest in them. Daring and honest by nature, and outspoken to an extent which alarmed all respectabilities, ... he had largely developed in him the capacity for taking the weakest side, and was sure to make friends with anybody who was unpopular, or down on his luck.'

And, secondly, for our last excerpt, this beautiful passage on the spiritual crisis of every true friendship:—

'What a bother all this explaining is! I wish we could get on without it. But we can't. However you'll all find, if you haven't found it out already, that a time comes in every human friendship when you must go down into the depths of yourself, and lay bare what is there to your friend, and wait his answer. A few

moments may do it, and it may be that you never do it but once. But done it must be, if the friendship is to be worth the name. You must find what is there, at the very root and bottom of one another's hearts; and if you are at one there, nothing can, or, at least, ought to sunder you.'

With which, we quit Tom Brown, keeping his School-days warmly in our thoughts for Christmas meditation; hoping he is not without such friends as have passed that crisis of the heart with him; and,—Gentle Reader, the same to you, and many of 'em!

Livingstone's African Explorations.*

Not many years since, in our own boyhood, the firm of Monteith and Co., of Blantyre Works, near Glasgow, had in their employ a remarkable man, of pure Highland blood, and an equally remarkable son. The stern old Northern Covenanter had great faith in physical force accomplishing spiritual results. He anticipates what his son tells us of the Bakwain chief, Sechele. 'Do you think,' said he, to Livingstone, 'that people will ever be made Christians by your merely talking to them? I can do nothing with them, except by thrashing them; and if you like, I will call my head men, and with our litupa (whips of rhinoceros hide), we will soon make them all believe together.' So Livingstone's good father thought, and this was the kind of *argumentum ad puerum* that was believed in many places south of the Tweed. Our future African traveller, when a boy, was a little cranky, and had to taste, 'it was the last application,' of the paternal rod, because he refused to read 'Wilberforce's Practical Christianity,' finding more appreciable pabulum in 'reading everything he could lay his hands on, except novels.'

This lad was only ten years old, and a piecer in a mill; but after the long day's toil, he might be seen hard at work at his Latin, sitting up till so late at night that his 'mother often snatched the book out of his hands.' At sixteen, he knows Horace and Virgil, and other classics. Under the guidance of Culpepper's 'Herbal,' he explores the country for simples, and also becomes a youthful devotee of the occult science. In his 'nineteenth year, a slim, loose-jointed lad,' supporting himself by factory work, he 'attended in winter medical and Greek classes in Glasgow, and the divinity lectures of Dr. Wardlaw, without receiving a farthing of aid from any one.' On taking his degree as an M.D., he resolved to become a medical missionary in China,

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* 'Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa; including a Sketch of Sixteen Years' Residence in the interior of Africa, and a Journey from the Cape of Good Hope to Loando, on the Western Coast; thence across the Continent, down the River Zambesi, to the Eastern Ocean.' By David Livingstone, LL.D., D.C.L., &c., &c. London: John Murray.

but the opium war and Mr. Moffatt, his future father-in-law, diverted this purpose, and in 1840 Livingstone reached Kuruman or Lattakoo, the then northernmost African station occupied by the London Missionary Society. This is the briefest outline of the early history of the greatest African explorer the world has ever known, whose name will hereafter be associated with the renowned and honoured memories of those who have devoted themselves, to use his own modest words, 'to practical benevolence, and who, with unwearied energy, pursue from age to age their endeavours to lessen human woe.' The great fact accomplished by Livingstone he himself has recorded in the title-page of his book, while the heroic and perilous enterprises involved in that fact are only to be explained by the principle implied in his own explanation, that 'the end of the geographical feat is but the beginning of the missionary enterprise.' Turning to a map of Africa, we find all the south central part of that continent a perfect blank; no rivers, no towns, no states, no anything that would indicate an inhabited or a habitable country. Old geographers quietly placed 'elephants for towns' in these undiscovered bournes and hypothetic waterless Zaharas; poetry invested them with the fearful charms of

> 'Antres vast, and deserts idle,
> Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,
> And of the cannibals that each other eat;
> The anthropophagi, and men whose heads
> Do grow beneath their shoulders;'

and history could tell us nothing of the interior of this vast country, whose unfrithed, unbayed, unindented physical contour seemed to present an insurmountable barrier to the adventurous traveller, who should seek to explore its territory or develop its researches. But the Isis-like veil has at length been lifted by a single-handed man, the Columbus of this hitherto almost untravelled continent, and to the extraordinary discoveries he has made in his bisection of the south central part, and through the whole continent from Loando in the west to Quillimane in the east, an overland route of eleven thousand miles, we now solicit attention. We do not forget, much less undervalue, the labours of Park, and Bruce, and Clapperton, and Denham, and the Landers of the *past*, and of Oswell, and Murray, and Anderson, and Cumming, and Barth, and Vogels, and a host more of the ***present;*** but, without invidious comparison, we must confess that in Livingstone we are fascinated by the sublime persistency of a high purpose never forgotten; the heroic, yet cheerful, endurance of unparalleled annoyances and sufferings; the calm, quiet way in which Christian manliness always asserts its presence and displays its power; the singular tact by which, with or without revolver, assistance is obtained or opposition withdrawn, from ignorant or hostile tribes; and the implicit confidence he inspires in those who know him to be one of the 'race that loves the black man.'

Livingstone's career in Africa began at Kuruman; there, and at Litubaruba, he mastered the language of the Bechuana, called the

Sechuana, accomplishing this by a stern discipline of voluntary separation from all European society for six months, 'gaining by this ordeal an insight into the habits, ways of thinking, laws, and language of the Bakwains, that afterwards proved of incalculable advantage.' From Kuruman he removed to Kolobeng, where that fine specimen of an African, Sechele, who welcomed him, became a Christian, and afterwards an expositor of Christian truths. Thence, in 1849, he started, determined 'to plant the seed of the gospel, where others had not been,' in the direction of the river Zouga and the Lake Ngami, both of which he successfully explored. Returning to Kolobeng he made a second journey to the same part, hoping also to reach, in the far north, Linyanti, the chief town of the Makololo, where a friendly chief, Sebituane, was known to reside. Frustrated in his purpose by sickness and the Hetze fly, that pest of African travellers, he returned home a second time; started afresh, nothing daunted, accompanied by wife and children, in the spring of 1851; and at length reached the far distant Linyanti (latitude eighteen degrees, longitude twenty-three degrees), and found Sebituane all that had been reported of him, 'a man of most remarkable career, and unquestionably the greatest man in all that country.' There he remained some months, during which period he discovered that noble river Zambesi, whose ample bosom will bear in our children's days the English steamer, with the missionary and the merchant on board. Returning home again, he went down to the Cape, embarked his wife and family for England, and once more, after unparalleled difficulties, reached Linyanti; he then started for Loando on the Western Coast, which he reached in the autumn of 1854; returned, convoying safely back his African guides, to Linyanti, and pursuing a course, mostly on the northern bank of the Zambesi, reached Quillimane (latitude seventeen degrees, longitude thirty-six degrees), over the delta of the river, where fever so seized him, 'that his pulse felt as if thumping against the crown of his head,' and the 'musquitoes were something frightful,' on the 20th May, 1856, where her Majesty's brig the *Frolic* was on the look out for him, on board which he gladly went, 'and once more felt himself at home in everything except his mother tongue.' Of the remainder we need not speak. The large and well-deserved honours, civic, senatorial, and academical, that have been his; the modest unostentatiousness with which they have been received; and the impulse he has given to African enterprise, we need not here record, as the facts are fresh and patent to all our readers. We shall give some of the most noticeable parts of this book, which is undoubtedly the book of the season, though we fear Mr. Murray will never make it the book of the million. A guinea book is necessarily aristocratic; and though no man could invest more profitably to that extent, yet in the supposition that many will not, and that more will stoically wait till it comes to '*their turn in the Book Society*,' we proceed to make copious extracts, by way of a whet to the appetite, that will grow by what it feeds upon.

Cowper says, that if he wished to describe a preacher such as Paul,

Paul should himself direct him; and on the same principle we must allow Livingstone to describe a good missionary. It is a great comfort he does not believe in transcendental sanctimonious model men, who make a show openly of their inward parts. At the beginning of his work, in brief phrase, he calmly says:—'The perfect freeness with which the pardon of all our guilt is offered in God's book drew forth feelings of affectionate love to Him who bought us with his blood, and a sense of deep obligation to him for his mercy has influenced, in some small measure, my conduct ever since. But I shall not again refer to the inner spiritual life, which I believe then began; nor do I intend to specify, with any prominence, the evangelistic labours to which the love of Christ has impelled me; this book will speak not so much of what has been done as of what still remains to be performed before the gospel can be said to have been preached to all nations.' Elsewhere he says, with the same quiet energy:—'Sending the gospel to the heathen must include much more than is implied in the usual picture of a missionary—namely, a man going about with a Bible under his arm. The promotion of commerce ought to be specially attended to, as this, more speedily than anything else, demolishes that sense of isolation which heathenism engenders, and makes the tribes feel themselves mutually dependent on, and mutually beneficial to, each other. With a view to this, the missionaries at Kuruman got permission from the Government for a trader to reside at the station, and a considerable trade has been the result. The trader himself has become rich enough to return with a competence. Those laws which still prevent free commercial intercourse among the civilized nations seem to be nothing else than the remains of our old heathenism.' And when speaking of missionary operations, you instinctively feel that there is no 'rebate or discount' to be made from his statements; there are no model Christians in Africa; 'the idea of making model Christians need not be entertained by any one who is secretly convinced that he is not a model Christian himself.' You feel as safe in listening to the modest details of missionary enterprise from Livingstone's lips as you would if he undertook to guide you from Linyanti to Loando. 'Our own elevation has been the work of centuries, and remembering this, we should not indulge in over-wrought expectations as to this elevation, which those who have inherited the degradation of ages may attain in our day.' He himself, however, was not always free from this delusion; he went to Africa with it rather strong upon him, and he is man enough to confess it. 'My first impressions were, that the accounts of the effects of the gospel among them had been too highly coloured. I expected a higher degree of Christian simplicity and purity than existed either among them or among ourselves. I was not anxious for a deeper insight in detecting shams than others, but I expected character, such as we imagine the primitive disciples had, and was disappointed. When, however, I passed on to the true heathen, in the country, beyond the sphere of missionary influence, and could compare the people there

with the Christian natives, I came to the conclusion that, if the question were examined in the most rigidly severe or scientific way, the change effected by the missionary movement would be considered unquestionably great.'

And once more we ask attention to a passage of exquisite tenderness and true piety, but which we fear will be fastened on by many as indicative of very lax and latitudinarian views. It is a long extract, but will amply repay perusal:—'If asked, then, what effect the preaching of the gospel has at the commencement on such individuals, I am unable to tell, except that some have confessed long afterwards that they then first began to pray in secret. Of the effects of a long-continued course of instruction there can be no reasonable doubt, as mere nominal belief has never been considered sufficient proof of conversion by any body of missionaries; and, after the change which has been brought about by this agency, we have good reason to hope well for the future: those I have myself witnessed behaving in the manner described, when kindly treated in sickness, often utter imploring words to Jesus, and I believe sometimes really do pray to him in their afflictions. As that great Redeemer of the guilty seeks to save all he can, we may hope that they find mercy through his blood, though little able to appreciate the sacrifice he made. The indirect and scarcely appreciable blessings of Christian missionaries going about doing good, are probably not so despicable as some might imagine; there is no necessity for beginning to tell even the most degraded of these people of the existence of a God, or of a future state, the facts being universally admitted. Everything that cannot be accounted for by common causes is ascribed to the Deity, as creation, sudden death, &c. 'How curiously God made these things,' is a common expression; as is also, 'He was not killed by disease; he was killed by God.' And when speaking of the departed, though there is nought in the physical appearance of the dead to justify the expression, they say, 'He has gone to the gods,' the phrase being identical with '*abiit ad plures.*' (P. 158.)

We fear, however, these people are rather irreverent, notwithstanding Livingstone's benevolent defence in their behalf. One day they shot a 'beautiful cow-eland,' when 'a Makololo gentleman, who accompanied me, speaking in reference to its size and beauty, said, 'Jesus ought to have given us these instead of cattle.' Which reminds us of another rich anecdote. "At Lokakani we met an old Bushman, who at first seemed to have no conception of morality whatever. When his heart was warmed by our presents of meat, he sat by the fire relating his early adventures; among these, was his killing five other Bushmen. 'Two,' said he, counting on his fingers, 'were females, one a male, the other two calves.' 'What a villain you are to boast of killing women and children of your own nation! What will God say when you appear before him?' 'He will say,' replied he, 'that I was a very clever fellow.' Good raw material this, nevertheless, for the development of manly virtues.

But we will not dwell longer on missionary operations further than to add—and in doing so we pay a cheerful tribute of homage to Moffatt and others, that seven hundred miles from the Cape the complete translation of the Bible has been effected by the missionaries at Kuruman: this version was intended for the tribes in the immediate vicinity; but Livingstone has revealed the astonishing fact, that the 'Sechuana language has been introduced into the new country beyond Lake Ngami. There it is the court language, and will take a stranger anywhere through a district larger than France.' This is deeply interesting; the whole Bible translated, while simultaneously it is discovered that this Sechuana translation can be used amongst peoples hitherto unvisited and perfectly unknown, as far as, and all around, Linyanti. In a pamphlet lying before us, and recently published at Cape Town, the bishop of that colony heartily recognises this element of moral value in Livingstone's explorations, and adds, with catholic appreciation:—'The London Missionary Society has been the pioneer of Christianity in many a district of this country, which but for it would never have heard the sound of the gospel. Its missionaries have discovered new regions, and I trust that they will follow up these discoveries by new missions.' We are happy to add that this will be done by its directors.

But we must turn to other than missionary details. The pictures of notable Africans are remarkable. There is, for instance, Sebituane, chief of the Makololo, living in his marshy home at Linyanti, amidst a perfect labyrinth of rivers, 'one of the greatest men unquestionably in all that country;' about forty-five years of age, of 'a coffee and milk colour;' a brave warrior, always leading his troops into battle himself, and fleet of foot as an antelope; being beaten, he was driven nine hundred miles from his birth-place; thence fled to the north, crossed the terrible Kalahari desert, reached the Leambye or Zambesi, conquered the whole surrounding country, made himself a terror to the fierce Moselakatso of the Matabele in the remote east, and, after having the desire of his eyes satisfied by seeing Livingstone along with Mr. Oswell, fell under an attack of inflammation of the lungs. To Sebituane's power and kindness, his wise desire to cultivate intercourse with white men, and his generosity to our traveller, we must do this act of brief but tardy justice.

And Sekelutu, his son and successor, is another fine specimen of manhood; not so good-looking, nor of so much ability, as his father was, but equally friendly to the English; a man of great persistency of purpose, who told Livingstone plainly he 'must have five wives at least;' and, adds our traveller, 'I liked the frankness of Sekelutu, for nothing is so wearying to the spirit as talking to those who agree with everything advanced.' It was this young chief who furnished men, provisions, and canoes for Livingstone's marvellous journey to Loando, accompanying him on the way 'after a godly sort,' and made him a present besides of 'ten elephants' tusks.' All honour to the youthful chief, only eighteen years of age, when he succeeded to

his father's power, and resolved to follow in his father's footsteps. And there he is now, in the very heart of Africa, waiting the white man's return, and longing again to give the white man his generous and powerful aid.

Then, there is that 'brave Christian man, Waterboer,' of whom all have heard, the elected chief of a large population of Griquas* and Bechuanas, who, for many years, 'was a most efficient guard of our north-west boundary,' made cattle-stealing an unknown thing, drove back, single-handed, a tribe of Mantatees that threatened to invade the colony, and interdicted amongst his people by stern authority all *marauding*. And our sketch would be incomplete, if we omitted 'that noble of colonial birth, Sir Andries Stockenstrom;' and there are others whose position and influence, and power of promoting colonial interests, have yet to be more prominently recognised by our Government if the union of the colony to the Crown can be made permanently secure.

There came a long draught at Kolobeng, soon after Livingstone settled among the friendly Bakwains located there, and this occasions the following *morceau* of good description and of natural history:—

'In our second year no rain fell. In the third, the same extraordinary drought followed. Indeed, not ten inches of water fell during these two years, and the Kolobeng ran dry; so many fish were killed that the hyænas from the whole country round collected to the feast, and were unable to finish the putrid masses. A large old alligator, which had never been known to commit any depredations, was found left high and dry in the mud among the victims. The fourth year was equally unpropitious, the fall of rain being insufficient to bring the grain to maturity. Nothing could be more trying. We dug down in the bed of the river deeper and deeper as the water receded, striving to get a little to keep the fruit-trees alive for better times, but in vain. Needles lying out of doors for months, did not rust; and a mixture of sulphuric acid and water, used in a galvanic battery, parted with all its water to the air, instead of imbibing more from it, as it would have done in England. The leaves of indigenous trees were all drooping, soft, and shrivelled, though not dead; and those of the mimosæ were closed at midday, the same as they are at night. In the midst of this dreary drought, it was wonderful to see those tiny creatures, the ants, running about with their accustomed vivacity. I put the bulb of a thermometer three inches under the soil in the sun at midday, and found the mercury to stand at 132 to 134 degrees; and, if certain kind of beetles were placed on the surface, they ran about a few seconds, and expired. But this broiling heat only augmented the activity of the long-legged black ants; they never tire; their organs of motion seem endowed with the same power as is ascribed by physiologists to the muscles of the human heart, by which that part of the frame never becomes fatigued, and which may be imparted to all our bodily organs in that higher sphere to which we fondly hope to rise. Where do these ants get their moisture? Our house was built on a hard ferruginous conglomerate, in order to be out of the way of the white ant, but they came in despite the precaution; and not only were they in this sultry weather able individually to moisten soil to the consistency of mortar for the formation of galleries, which, in their way of working, is done by night (so that they are screened from the observation of birds by day, in passing and repassing towards any vegetable matter they may wish to devour), but, when their inner chambers

* Griquas are a mixed race, sprung from natives and Europeans. (P. 104.)

were laid open, these were also surprisingly humid; yet, there was no dew, and, the house being placed on a rock, they could have no subterranean passage to the bed of the river, which ran about 300 yards below the hill. Can it be that they have the power of combining the oxygen and hydrogen of their vegetable food by vital force so as to form water?'—P. 21.

Nor is the ant the only African living thing that, carrying its own reservoir, defies drought to do its worst. The noble eland is also independent of the clouds of heaven. In the Kalakari desert, 'though the water was perfectly inaccessible to the elands, large numbers of these fine animals fed around us; and when killed, they were not only in good condition, but their stomachs actually contained considerable quantities of water. I examined carefully the whole alimentary canal of this animal in order to see if there were any peculiarity which might account for the fact, that this animal can subsist for months together without drinking, but found nothing.' In the same desert are small plants, creepers, and cucumbers, and water-melons, that also contrive to secrete water, and thus preserve the life of the thirsty traveller. One odd species has a stem no bigger than a crow's quill, but eighteen inches below the dry, arid soil is its root, appended to which is a large tuber as big as a *child's* head and juicy as a turnip; whilst another is wondrously prolific; we can't make out how it is done; this plant deposits, like eggs, a large number of tubers underground, many of them as big as a *man's* head full of water. Besides which, in crossing the desert, there is variety for the table: locusts are 'palatable, and when roasted, I prefer them to shrimps.' There is a large caterpillar, 'eaten raw—legs, and all, which my children seemed to relish,' and 'enormous frogs, which, when cooked, *look* like chickens.' How do they taste?

But this desert crossed, there came the 'magnificently wooded Zouza,' on the banks of which the Bayeiye (i. e. *men*) live; they never fight, and are 'the Quakers of the body politic in Africa.' By the aid of these inland sailors, they reached the long looked-for Lake Ngami,' and, on the 1st August, 1849, this fine-looking sheet of water was beheld by Europeans;' the river may, but the lake being very shallow 'can never be of much value as a commercial highway.'

With Mrs. Livingstone and three children this river and lake were again visited and explored; and, in their company, he afterwards visited Sebituane, at Linyanti, of which we shall speak presently; but sickness overtook them; fever fell upon the children; no wonder after locust, caterpillar, frog, for diet; so, reluctantly, the 'pure air of the desert was again tasted,' and the tubers, too, we suppose, and Kolobeng was reached in safety. We pass over the journey southward to Kuruman, and to the Cape, where the doctor got his arm mended that had been broken in an ugly scuffle with a lion, had the uvula of his throat excised, and embarked his wife and family for England. While at the Cape, the Astronomer Royal, Mr. Maclear, 'enabled him to recover the little astronomical knowledge which constant

manual and missionary labour had effaced from his memory.' We will now briefly accompany the doctor in his 'last and longest journey of all, performed in 1852-6.'

After tedious delays and incredible hardships, Linyanti, chief town of the Makololo, governed by Sekeletu, son of Sebituane, was again reached. The following extract gives an idea of the peril and endurance of our traveller. He is describing their bewilderment in a deep morass, and amongst flooded prairies, the timid Bushmen running away, and he wading among the reeds in water breast deep, 'amongst lichens floating on the surface, that smell like sulphuretted hydrogen,' and great huge hippopotami, like leviathans, playing therein; but there's an end even to African troubles, and—

'Next morning, by climbing the highest trees, we could see a fine large sheet of water, but surrounded on all sides by the same impenetrable belt of reeds. This is the broad part of the river Chobe, and is called Zabesa. Two tree-covered islands seemed to be much nearer to the water than the shore on which we were, so we made an attempt to get to them first. It was not the reeds alone we had to pass through; a peculiar serrated grass, which at certain angles cut the hands like a razor, was mingled with the reed, and the climbing convolvus, with stalks which felt as strong as whipcord, bound the mass together. We felt like pigmies in it, and often the only way we could get on was by both of us leaning against a part and bending it down till we could stand upon it. The perspiration streamed off our bodies, and as the sun rose high, there being no ventilation among the reeds, the heat was stifling, and the water, which was up to the knees, felt agreeably refreshing. After some hours' toil, we reached one of the islands. Here we met an old friend, the bramble-bush. My strong moleskins were quite worn through at the knees, and the leather trousers of my companion were torn, and his legs bleeding. Tearing my handkerchief in two, I tied the pieces round my knees, and then encountered another difficulty. We were still forty or fifty yards from the clear water, but now we were opposed by great masses of papyrus, which are like palms in miniature, eight or ten feet high, and an inch and a half in diameter. These were laced together, by twining convolvus, so strongly that the weight of both of us could not make way into the clear water. At last, we fortunately found a passage prepared by a hippopotamus. Eager as soon as we reached the island to look along the vista to clear water, I stepped in, and found it took me at once up to the neck.'—P. 175.

And so May 23, 1853, Livingstone got to Linyanti safe, but rather damaged. Out came the people, 'the whole population, some six or seven thousand souls;' 'large pots of beer' were brought out for the weary, not dusty travellers; the 'court herald' did his best in the way of adulation. 'Don't I see the white man? Don't I see the comrade of Sebituane? Don't I see the father of Sekeletu? We want sleep. Give your son sleep, my lord,' &c. &c.; and with such like Ethiopian Ossianic Livingstone enters into his furnished apartments at Linyanti. Here is a little glimpse at the interior of Makololo life:—

'All are remarkably fond of their cattle, and spend much time in ornamenting and adorning them. Some are branded all over with a hot knife, so as to cause a permanent discolouration of the hair, in lines like the bands on the hide of a zebra. Pieces of skin, two or three inches long and broad, are detached, and allowed to heal in a dependent position around the head—a strange style of ornament; indeed, it is difficult to conceive in what their notion of beauty consists. The women have somewhat the same ideas with ourselves of what constitutes come-

liness. They came frequently, and asked for the looking-glass; and the remarks they made—while I was engaged in reading, and apparently not attending to them—on first seeing themselves therein, were amusiugly ridiculous. "Is that me!" "What a big mouth I have!" "My ears are as big as pumpkin-leaves." "I have no chin at all." Or, "I would have been pretty, but am spoiled by these high cheek-bones" "See how my head shoots up in the middle!" laughing vociferously all the time at their own jokes. They readily perceive any defect in each other, and give nicknames accordingly. One man came alone to have a quiet gaze at his own features once, when he thought I was asleep. After twisting his mouth about in various directions, he remarked to himself, "People say I am ugly, and how very ugly I am indeed!"'—P. 192.

This was the starting point of all his future movements; including explorations of the great rivers Loangwa, and the Zambesi; sailing up the latter in the chief's canoe to Naliele, and thence on ox-back or on foot, an overland route of fearful difficulty, to Loando, on the western coast, which place, in May, 1854, he reached in safety. Here he was cordially welcomed by Mr. Gabriel, our commissioner for the suppression of the slave-trade, resident there; and, adds Livingstone, 'never shall I forget the luxuriant pleasure I enjoyed in feeling myself once more on a good English couch. After six months sleeping on the ground I was soon asleep, and Mr. Gabriel coming almost immediately rejoiced at the soundness of my repose.' Here the great Atlantic overwhelmed the simple Makololo with astonishment: 'we marched with our father, believing that what the ancients had told us was true, that the world had no end, but all at once the world said to us, "I am finished; there's no more of me."' The large stone houses they could not comprehend: to their countrymen, on their return home, they said, 'They were not huts, but a mountain with several caves in it.' The whole account of Loando is deeply interesting, as is also the life of our party while staying there, but we must hasten onwards in our review. On the 20th of September, 1854, the whole party left Loando, after receiving the most unbounded hospitality from English and Portuguese authorities, 'and a good new tent from friends on board the *Philomel*,' until they reached Linyanti again, where 'the kind expressions used' by Livingstone's braves 'were most flattering,' and 'offers from volunteers to accompany him to the east coast' followed quickly.

It was on his way to the east coast he visited the famous cataracts of the Mosioatunya, which he named Victoria. The following is his graphic account of this new African wonder, 'a picture in the Livingstoniad,' as a contemporary terms it. These falls are in the Leeambye, or Zambesi, both words simply meaning, 'The River:'—

'After twenty minutes' sail from Kalai, we came in sight, for the first time, of the columns of vapour, appropriately called "smoke," rising at a distance of five or six miles, exactly as when large tracts of grass are burned in Africa. Five columns now arose, and bending in the direction of the wind, they seemed placed against a low ridge covered with trees; the tops of the columns at this distance appeared to mingle with the clouds. They were white below, and higher up became dark, so as to simulate smoke very closely. The whole scene was extremely beautiful; the banks and islands dotted over the river are adorned

with sylvan vegetation of great variety of colour and form. At the period of our visit several trees were spangled over with blossoms. . . . . The falls are bounded on three sides by ridges 300 or 400 feet in height, which are covered with forest, with the red soil appearing among the trees. When about half a mile from the falls, I left the canoe by which we had come down thus far, and embarked in a lighter one, with men well acquainted with the rapids, who, by passing down the centre of the stream in the eddies and still places caused by many jutting rocks, brought me to an island situated in the middle of the river, and on the edge of the lip over which the water rolls. In coming hither, there was danger of being swept down by the streams which rushed along on each side of the island; but the river was now low, and we sailed where it is totally impossible to go when the water is high. But though we had reached the island, and were within a few yards of the spot, a view from which would solve the whole problem, I believe that no one could perceive where the vast body of water went; it seemed to lose itself in the earth, the opposite lip of the fissure into which it disappeared being only eighty feet distant. At least I did not comprehend it, until, creeping with awe to the verge, I peered down into a large rent which had been made from bank to bank of the broad Zambesi, and saw that a stream of a thousand yards broad, leaped down a hundred feet, and then became suddenly compressed into a space of fifteen or twenty yards. The entire falls are simply a crack made in a hard basaltic rock from the right to the left bank of the Zambesi, and then prolonged from the left bank away through thirty or forty miles of hills. . . . . The edge of that side over which the water falls is worn off two or three feet, and pieces have fallen away, so as to give it somewhat of a serrated appearance. That over which the water does not fall is quite straight, except at the left corner, where a rent appears, and a piece seems inclined to fall off. Upon the whole, it is nearly in the state in which it was left at the period of its formation. The rock is dark brown in colour, except about ten feet from the bottom, which is discoloured by the annual rise of the water to that or a greater height. On the left side of the island we have a good view of the mass of water which causes one of the columns of vapour to ascend, as it leaps quite clear of the rock, and forms a thick, unbroken fleece all the way to the bottom. . . . . The snow-white sheet seemed like myriads of small comets rushing on in one direction, each of which left behind its nucleus rays of foam. I never saw the appearance referred to noticed elsewhere. It seemed to be the effect of the mass of water leaping at once clear of the rock, and but slowly breaking up into spray. . . . . At three spots near these falls, one of them the island in the middle on which we were, three Batoka chiefs offered up prayers and sacrifices to the Barimo. They chose their places of prayer within the sound of the roar of the cataract, and in sight of the bright bows in the cloud. They must have looked upon the scene with awe. Fear may have induced the selection. The river itself is, to them, mysterious. The words of the canoe-song are—

"The Leeambye! Nobody knows
Whence it comes and whither it goes."

The route eastward is of surpassing interest; it is *the country between Linyanti and Quillimane*, which must, and will, we trust, shortly be made the *base of future evangelistic operations*, and both the tribes visited and the natural history of all that vast interior, untrodden previously by any but wild savages, demand separate treatment. At length our exhausted but undaunted traveller reached Killimane (Quillimane) lat. 17° long. 36°, on the 20th of May, 1856, as before stated, 'wanting only a few days of being four years since I started from Cape Town. I had been three years without hearing from my family; letters having frequently

been sent,' but never reaching him. Here the *Frolic* received him with all honour on board, and after narrowly escaping shipwreck in the Mediterranean, he arrived 'once more in dear Old England,' on the 12th of December, 1856.

Two brief extracts shall close our extended notice:—

'As far as I myself am concerned, the opening of the new central country is a matter for congratulation only in so far as it opens up a prospect for the elevation of the inhabitants. As I have elsewhere remarked, I view the end of the geographical feat as the beginning of the missionary enterprise. I take the latter term in its most extended signification, and include in it every effort made for the amelioration of our race, the promotion of all those means by which God in his providence is working, and bringing all his dealings with man to a glorious consummation. Each man in his sphere, either knowingly or unwittingly, is performing the will of our Father who is in heaven. Men of science, searching after hidden truths, which, when discovered, will, like the electric telegraph, bind men more closely together—soldiers battling for the right against tyranny—sailors rescuing the victims of oppression from the grasp of heartless men-stealers—merchants teaching the nations lessons of mutual dependence—and many others, as well as missionaries, all work in the same direction, and all efforts are overruled for one glorious end.' Brave and true words these: and equally beautiful and pious the last sentence in the book:—'I have not mentioned half the favours bestowed, but I may just add, that no one has cause for more abundant gratitude to his fellow-men and to his Maker than I have; and may God grant that the effect on my mind may be such, that I may be more humbly devoted to the service of the Author of all my mercies.'

So ends this noble book. We have not given anything like an approximate idea of its worth. It is a mine of wealth that cannot be touched anywhere without marvellous results. It may be, as a contemporary suggests, 'irregular and formless,' but we cannot think that 'the author would have acted wisely had he entrusted his journal to an efficient hand,' for polishing up. We would rather have Livingstone as he is, the genuine African traveller, the simple but broad-thoughted Christian, the effective scene-painter by a few strokes, the unconscious humourist, and the devoted Christian missionary, without any 'tidying' or 'gentlemanizing' from men who have braved no dangers, and made no sacrifices, such as those detailed in this altogether marvellously instructive and religious book.

W. G. B.

The Arts of Caterpillars.

'The same wisdom which has constructed, and arranged with so much art, the various organs of animals, and has made them concur towards one determined end, has also provided that the different operations, which are the natural results of the economy of the animal, should concur towards the same end. The creature is directed towards his object by an invisible hand; he executes with precision and by one effort those works which we so much admire; he appears to act as if he reasoned, to return to his labours at the proper time, to change his scheme in case of need. But in all this, he only obeys the secret influence that drives him on. He is but an instrument which cannot judge of each action, but is trained up by that adorable Intelligence which has traced out for every insect his proper labours, as he has traced the orbit of every planet. When, therefore, I see an insect working at the construction of a nest, or a cocoon, I am impressed with reverence, because it seems to me that I am looking at a spectacle where the supreme artist is hid behind the curtain.'—BONNET.

THE insect tribes greatly differ in their history from all vertebrate animals. The latter, with some variations in size and colour, retain, during life, the figure they had at first, whilst the powers of the former are progressively developed. They emerge from the egg in the state in which they are often, though not with strict accuracy, called *worms*, and are commonly known as *grubs* or *caterpillars*, the naturalists considering the terms *larva* and *larvæ* as the most appropriate. A complete description of this one stage of insect-life would teem with interest.

In general, the eggs of all insects are hatched by atmospheric heat alone, when every part of their little tenants has become consolidated and prepared for motion. Sometimes they make their exit by gnawing an opening in the portions nearest their heads, but, at others, *mirabile dictu*, there is a lid, or trap-door, which the caterpillar has only to raise up, to emerge at pleasure; and there are even instances in which a simple and curious mechanism is provided for pushing or throwing it off. Almost all larvæ are, for a few minutes, or hours, in a languid state, but, ere long, they revive, and become exceedingly voracious.

Familiar as is their form, every part of their structure will repay minute examination, bearing upon it, as it does, the impress of Infinite wisdom and benevolence. 'Life and flame,' says Cuvier, 'have this in common, that neither the one nor the other can exist without air;' and, accordingly, we may take, as an example but little known, the *spiracles*, or breathing pores, those small orifices in the trunk or abdomen of insects, by which the air enters the body, or is expelled from it. One of these, in numerous cases, is a *mouth* closed by *lips*, their substance and form varying according to the circumstances of the particular insects. Other diversities appear in the shape, the size, the situation, the colour, and the number of the spiracles. When the insect is intended to feed on unclean food, the orifices for breathing are arranged in plates at each end of the body, two being usually at the head and two at the tail. In some cases the plates can be withdrawn within the body, so as to prevent any stoppage of the spiracle. Other variations are equally wonderful, among which is

the specific apparatus by which the insect has immediate communication with the atmosphere, or extracts air from water.

Many caterpillars appear unclothed, but a considerable number are arrayed with hairs and bristles of different kinds. Lyonnet observed that the hairs of the caterpillars of the great goat-moth were set in a corneous ring, or very short cylinders, elevated a little above the skin. The hair passes through this ring, and appears to be rooted in a soft integument, which clothes the skin within, and upon which the nerves form a reticular tissue, some of which, he thinks, he has even seen enter the roots of the hairs, 'which, perhaps,' says Kirby, who quotes this eminent naturalist, 'are organs of touch.' Some caterpillars are armed with spines; one species having the body so thickly planted with them that it wears the appearance of a thicket, or a forest in minature, while from each spine issues another extremely slender, yet capable of raising a blister on the skin; and another is furnished with eight bunches of little strings, with which it can inflict a very painful and venomous wound. A volume might be written on that portion only of the economy of caterpillars which relates to their covering. How curious, for example, is the provision of a glutinous secretion as a clothing for one of these little creatures, and of a waxy, or powdery substance for that of others! A minute insect transpires through the pores of its body a long cotton-like wool, and is thus prepared to occupy the chinks and rugosities of the bark of a tree, and, consequently, to feed there in safety, as the crevices appear to be filled not with insects, but with cotton. This substance, too, seems to be drawn through numerous pores, in certain oval plates in the skin, arranged regularly on the segments of the back, which exhibit minute protuberances—a process which Kirby compares, naturally enough, to that of wire-drawing.

'The very colours of caterpillars,' says Isaac Walton, 'are elegant and beautiful.' I shall, for a taste of the rest, describe one of them, which I will some time show you feeding on a willow-tree, and you will find him punctually to answer this very description. His lips and mouth are somewhat yellow, his eyes black as jet, his forehead purple, his feet and hinder parts green, his tail two-forked and black; the whole body stained with a kind of red spots, which run along the neck and shoulder-blade, not unlike the form of St. Andrew's cross, or the letter X, made thus cross-wise, and a white line drawn down his back to his tail, all which add much beauty to his own body.' Many caterpillars are of one colour when they issue first from the egg, and assume others quite different in subsequent stages of their progress. It does not follow, however, that a correct judgment can be formed of the hues of the perfect insect from those of the larva, for one of a plain, and even sombre appearance may become a splendid moth or butterfly; while another, whose beautiful or gorgeous array has excited not only high admiration, but animated hope of a full correspondence in its ultimate development, may present merely an ordinary aspect. But it seems to be a general rule, that the caterpillars which live in wood, in fruits, or in other shades beneath the

earth, should be of an uniform whitish colour, and that those which exist in the light should be arrayed in a great variety of tints, and sometimes the most brilliant on which the eye can dwell.

The attentive observer of insects is frequently struck by special arrangements in structure, for the comfort and advantage of particular creatures; we may now instance two in that of the larvæ of the dragon-fly. If one be taken and placed in a large saucer of water, with some of the dead leaves or sticks it had for a covering, these will soon float towards its tail, and afterwards be driven back. How, then, do these results arise? It is from the caterpillar being gifted with a kind of pumping apparatus, by which it throws out a little stream; and this being resisted by the still water behind, the caterpillar is urged onwards. Nor is there merely the power of motion; the insect seems also partly to breathe by the same means, and to have small aquatic insects brought within its reach to serve for food.

The other peculiarity in its structure is, if possible, still more remarkable. The under-lip of those caterpillars is usually small; but in that of the dragon-fly, as Kirby observes, 'It is by far the largest organ of the mouth, which, when closed, it entirely conceals, and it not only retains, but actually seizes the animal's prey, by means of a very singular pair of jaws, with which it is furnished. Conceive your under-lip to be horny instead of fleshy, and to be elongated perpendicularly downwards, so as to wrap over your chin and extend to its bottom; that this elongation is there expanded into a triangularly-curved plate attached to it by a joint, so as to bend upwards again, and fold over the face as high as the nose, concealing not only the chin and the first-mentioned elongation, but the mouth and part of the cheeks; conceive, moreover, that to the end of this last-mentioned plate are fixed two other convex ones, so broad as to cover the whole nose and temples; that these can open, at pleasure, transversely, like a pair of jaws, so as to expose the nose and mouth; and that their inner edges, where they meet, are cut into numerous sharp teeth or spines, or armed with one or more sharp claws; you will then have as accurate an idea as my powers of description can give, of the strange conformation of the under-lip in the larvæ of the tribes of *Libellulina*, which conceals the mouth and face precisely as I have supposed a similar construction of your lip would do yours. You will probably admit that your own visage would present an appearance not very engaging while concealed by such a mask; but it would strike still more awe into the spectators were they to see you first open the two upper jaw-like plates, which would project from each temple like the blinders of a horse; and next, having by means of the joint at your chin let down the above apparatus and uncovered your face, employ them in seizing any food that presented itself, and conveying it to your mouth. Yet this procedure is that adopted by the larvæ provided with this strange organ. While it is at rest, it applies close to, and covers the face. When the insects would make use of it, they unfold it like an arm, catch the prey at which they aim, by means of the mandibuliform plates, and then partly refold it, so as to hold the prey to the mouth in a convenient position

for the operation of the two pair of jaws with which they are provided.' Reaumur once found a larva of a dragon-fly thus holding and devouring a large tadpole. This extraordinary under-lip varies considerably in the different genera of dragon-flies.

Caterpillars are to be classed with those creatures who 'live to eat,' rather than with the temperate and rational who 'eat to live.'

Shakespere drew, most appropriately, many of his metaphors from their voracity. Thus Bolingbroke styles the creatures of Richard 'the caterpillars of the commonwealth;'* and the Duke of York, musing on his prostrate hopes, exclaims:—

> 'Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud,
> And *caterpillars* eat my leaves away.'†

Nor should the pathetic inquiry of the servant, addressed to the gardener, be omitted:—

> 'Why should we, in the compass of a pate,
> Keep law, and form, and due proportion,
> Stewing, as in a model, our firm state?
> When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,
> Is full of weeds; her fairest flowers choked up,
> Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruined,
> Her knots disordered, and her wholesome herbs
> Swarming with *caterpillars?*'‡

But with these remarks on their condition generally, let us take a scene from the graphic pen of 'Acheta Domestica:'§—

'We have ascended to a lofty eminence, whence, as a spectator of London looking from the summit of St. Paul's, we are taking a bird's-eye view over a populous city. In the highways swarm a motley multitude, passing and repassing, some on business, others on pleasure. Some are employed in the erection of solid habitations; others are raising shady tents upon the spots of verdure with which, above all other capitals, this city abounds. Others, again, are weaving for their occupation large silken hammocks, or are rocked within them by the breeze, while they take refreshment or repose. Of these, some are now issuing from their luxurious abode; and as if the footways (although of wood) were too rugged for their tender feet, are laying down silken carpets on the ways they are about to tread. Yonder, on one of the smooth green areas, slowly advances a compact military-looking body, marshalled in files, dressed in uniform, and headed by a leader.'

A friend of ours observed, some years ago, in the neighbourhood of Adelaide, South Australia, an extraordinary procession of this kind. The caterpillars noticed by this naturalist resembled those of the great tiger-moth; the body being about two inches and a quarter long, of a dark brown colour, with paler lines, and having a profusion of white hairs. They were seen crossing a road in single file, each so close to its predecessor as to convey the idea that they were united together, moving like a living cord, in a continuous undulating line.

At about fifty from the end of the line, one having been ejected, for the sake of experiment, from its station, the caterpillar immediately before

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* Richard II., Act ii. scene 4.
† Second Part of Henry VI., Act iii. scene 1.
‡ Richard II., Act ii. scene 4.
§ 'Episodes of Insect Life:' Second Series.

it suddenly stood still, then the next, and so on to the leader; the same result took place to the other extremity. After a pause of a few moments, the first after the break in the line attempted to recover the communication; this was a work of time and difficulty, but the moment it was accomplished by its touching the one before it, this one communicated the fact to the next in advance, and so on till the information reached the leader, when the whole line was again put in motion. On counting the number of caterpillars, he found it to be 154, and the length of the line twenty-seven feet.

He next took the one which he had abstracted from the line, and which remained coiled up, across the line; it immediately unrolled itself, and made every attempt to get into the procession; after many endeavours it succeeded. and crawled in, the one behind falling into the rear of the interloper. He subsequently took out two caterpillars, about the fiftieth from the head of the procession; and found, by his watch, that the intelligence was conveyed to the leader in thirty seconds, each caterpillar stopping at the signal of the one in the rear. The same effect was observable behind the break, each stopping at a signal from the one in advance; the leader of the second division then attempted to recover the lost connexion. That they were unprovided with the senses of sight and smell appeared evident, since the leader turned right and left, and often in a wrong direction, when within half an inch of the one immediately before it; when, at last, it touched the object of its search, the fact was communicated again by signal, and in thirty seconds the whole line was in quick march, leaving the two unfortunates behind, who remained perfectly quiet, without making any attempt to unroll themselves. It is said that these caterpillars feed on the *Eucalyptus*, and that when they have completely stripped a tree of its leaves, they congregate on the trunk, and repair in procession to another tree.

'And now,' (says 'Acheta Domestica,') 'what have we here? A group, as it would seem, of pantomimic players, belonging to some strolling company. Truly, they are clever fellows in the art of posture-making. Ye Grimaldis of Greenwich, and balancers of St. Bartholomew's! hide your diminished heads behind your baize drop-curtains! Ye are but bunglers in your trade!

'Look at one of the performers. He grasps with his feet an upright pole, with which his body, extended horizontally, stiff and motionless, forms a right angle, of which both sides, instead of only one, look as if formed of wood. What prodigious strength of muscle! He looks like a cataleptic patient under the hands of a mesmerist. See now one of his companions—head and feet nearly met upon the ground—back raised into an arch, or Greek Ω. This strange position would seem but a part of his walking movement; for now, stretching forwards, he plants, as it were, with his hands, another step; then drawing up his rear, brings feet and head again almost together, and so progresses, looking as he goes, and measuring the ground he treads on. A third of his comrades, dressed in like manner, is sitting idle on a horizontal pole, raised a tremendous height above the ground. But now—powers of earth and air!—he throws himself off his station, and must be dashed to atoms! Not he! the rogue! for there he hangs suspended by a slender rope, mid-air, like "one that gathers samphire!" Will he let himself drop, now, from that still fearful height, or has he yet more length of rope (hid nobody knows where), to let him down easy? No! neither. He's climbing up again by the line to which he dangles: and now he's reached the top—the place

from whence he fell. Bravo! master tumbler! Bravo! most excellent posture-master! You shall have my interest for a season at Vauxhall.'

The structure of the legs of caterpillars is, indeed, well adapted for climbling up their rope; the six fore-legs being furnished with a curved claw, while those termed the pro-legs are equally well adapted for holding the insect family to the branch when they have regained it, as each one has an apparatus for forming a vacuum, like the school-boy's leather suckers, thus securing a stable adhesion. Nor is the rope itself less deserving attention. The spinning apparatus is situated near the mouth; it is connected with long, slender, floating vessels, containing a liquid gum, and these being closed at their lower extremity, become wider towards the middle, and more slender towards the head, where they unite to form the spinneret, the two tubes uniting in one. The larva fixes the first drop of gum that issues where she pleases, and drawing back its head, or letting itself fall, the gum continues to flow, and in its exposure to the air, it immediately becomes dry, and acquires consistence and strength.

If the caterpillar of the common cabbage butterfly be observed climbing on a window, and the glass be minutely inspected, it will be found to have left behind it a visible track; and if this be examined by a suitable magnifying power, a silken ladder will be apparent, by which alone the ascent could be gained. If, on the other hand, the branches of a tree be suddenly shaken in summer, caterpillars may be seen descending by their silken cords. Nor is there any danger of their fall to the earth; for the larva descends gradually, dropping but little at a time, and pausing whenever it is desirable. If, moreover, one be placed in the hand, it will be seen to draw a thread as it advances; for the head is extended as far as the insect can stretch it; then fastening the thread there, it takes another step, but never moves onwards without its clue.

Such, however, are only some of the occasions in which its spinning power is of service; it is especially so in numerous instances when a dwelling has to be fabricated by insect sagacity. Look at one, for example, that to defend itself from the attacks of birds, or predatory insects, has rolled up a lilac leaf; and it will be seen that the leaf is held fast in its circular form by means of silken threads. Take another instance: the long and narrow leaves of willows and osiers are naturally adapted to be placed parallel to one another, and, as if a little caterpillar were aware of this, it makes a dwelling by winding a thread around those leaves of which it is formed, from a little above their termination, to a very short distance from their extreme point. A third instance is thus given by 'Acheta Domestica:'—

'The stone-mason is the caterpillar of a little moth, with wings of gilded bronze, smaller, but much resembling the clothes-moth, whose family name (*Tinea*) he also bears, athough in habits and locality, as well as the material of his workmanship, he stands widely contrasted with the destruction of the wardrobe. Instead of reposing, like the latter, in "Ladye's Bowre," encased in garment of wool, or silk, or down, and regaling on the same soft and delicate substances of animal derivation, our hardy little operative finds himself, on emerging from the egg,

exposed, without protection, on the surface of some lichen-covered wall. Instructed however, by that kind Power which in this very lichen provides him with an ample store of provender, he knows perfectly well how to meet the other exigences of his exposed situation. Of what avail to him would be a silken or a leafen tent, liable to be overset and borne away by the summer breeze? A stone-built tower suits his purpose better; and such is the structure he proceeds forthwith to erect. By help of "tooth and nail," he detaches small particles of the stone or brick with which the wall supplies him,—binds them together with silk and a sort of natural cement, possessed in common with his kind,—and thus, after twenty-four hours of incessant labour, completes for himself a habitation of sugar-loaf form, just large enough for his comfortable accommodation, and under cover of which he proceeds to perambulate his world of wall, and regale on the vegetable viands with which, for him, it is bespread.'

The inspired prophet suggests an impossibility by the charge, 'Let the Ethiopian change his skin,' but every keeper of silkworms is aware that four such changes occur in their history; while the entomologist regards the moulting of insects as one of the most astonishing circumstances in their truly marvellous economy. Most larvæ pass through this process only three or four times, but somewhat oftener; and one, according to Cuvier, casts its exuviæ ten times; the periods intervening between each change depending on the length or brevity of the insect's existence in the caterpillar state.

When about to change its skin the larva ceases to eat, its colours fade, it becomes feeble, and it seeks some place of security. Spinning a slight web, it fixes its legs or pro-legs to the surface of its retreat, it turns and twists its body in various directions for some hours, with intervals of rest; the skin splits in the back, from the more violent swelling of the second or third segment; the opening is increased by successive swellings and contractions of the remaining segments; even the head itself is often divided into three triangular pieces, and the enclosed caterpillar gradually draws itself out of its old skin. Often is this skin cast off so entire, that it might be mistaken for the larva itself; comprising not only the covering of the main trunk with the hairs which clothed it, but of the very skull, eyes, antennæ, palpi, jaws, and legs; which, if examined from within, are now found to be hollow, and to have encased, like so many sheaths, similar parts in the new skin.

Swammerdam says, speaking of the moult of the caterpillar of a beetle common in Holland:—

'Nothing in all nature is, in my opinion, a more wonderful sight than the change of skin in these and other the like worms. This matter, therefore, deserves the greatest consideration, and is worthy to be called a specimen of Nature's miracles; for it is not the external skin only that these worms cast like serpents, but the throat and a part of the stomach, and even the inward surface of the great gut, change their skins at the same time. But this is not the whole of these wonders, for at the same time, some hundreds of pulmonary pipes within the body of the worm casts also each its delicate and tender skin. These several skins are afterwards collected into eighteen thicker, and, as it were, compounded ropes, nine on each side of the body, which, when the skin is cast, slip gently and by degrees from within the body through the eighteen apertures or orifices of the pulmonary tubes before described, having their tops or ends directed upwards towards the head. Two other branches of the pulmonary tubes that are smaller,

and have no points of respiration, cast a skin likewise. . . . . If any one separates the cast little ropes or congeries of the pulmonary pipes with a fine needle, he will very distinctly see the branches and ramifications of these several pipes, and also their annular composition.'

But we must hasten to the last act in the drama of caterpillar existence. Cowper describes the sustenance of the silk-worm as

> 'The mulberry-leaf, a simple store,
> That serves him till he needs no more.'

To this the poet adds,

> 'For, his dominions once complete,
> Thenceforth none ever sees him eat;
> Though, till his growing time be past,
> Scarce ever is he seen to fast.
> That hour arrived, his work begins:
> He spins and weaves, he weaves and spins;
> Till circle upon circle wound
> Careless around him and around,
> Conceal him with a veil, though slight,
> Impervious to the keenest sight.'

Such is the fabric which has been rendered so eminently serviceable to the purposes of man. Similar manœuvres to those of this insect are followed by most of those larvæ which enclose themselves in silken cocoons; but which we have no space to particularize. We can only conclude with the just observation:—'There is scarcely anything among the various wonders which the animal creation affords more admirable than the variety of changes which the silkworm undergoes; but the curious texture of that silken covering with which it surrounds itself, when it arrives at the perfection of its animal life, vastly surpasses what is made by other animals of this class. All the caterpillar kind do, indeed, undergo changes like those of the silkworm, and the beauty of them in their butterfly state greatly exceeds it; but the covering which they put on before this change into a fly is poor and mean, when compared to that golden tissue in which the silkworm wraps itself. They, indeed, come forth in a variety of colours; their wings bedecked with gold and scarlet; yet are they but the beings of a summer's day; both their life and beauty quickly vanish, and they leave no remembrance after them; but the silkworm leaves behind it such beautiful, such beneficial monuments, as at once record both the wisdom of the Creator and his bounty to man.'

Saul of Tarsus.: A History and a Homily.

We invite the attention of our readers to the biography of Paul, as illustrating the amazing difference effected in a powerful and an educated intellect, by the moral change which, in theologic language, we call conversion.

This remarkable change is neither mentioned by any of the writers of Greece or of Rome; we never meet with the subject, in the Christian sense of the term, among the writings of the Indian Pundits, or among the poets of Persia; and, in short, we rarely find the subject mentioned in the literature of the Jews. The latter were accustomed to call the baptism by which females were admitted to the Church from the Gentile world, and the males by circumcision, a new birth, or a regeneration; but a slight acquaintance with the New Testament phraseology will soon convince us that conversion, in such cases, was less the change of heart than of the outward life, and seems never to have recognised that divine influence which, in the evangelists and the epistolary writings of the apostles, is always mentioned as the prime agency from whose exercise conversion had ensued. Judaism, as an external ecclesiasticism, was strikingly illustrated in the outward additions to the Church by mere proselytism; while the more internal and vital bearings of Christianity on the inward character was emphatically shown in its conversions.

We are indebted for all we know of Paul's early history, almost exclusively, to that important coadjutor of the early historian, philosopher, and poet, the imagination. Some thirty years before the events described in Acts ix. 1—8, Paul was probably a little boy, perhaps then crooked and diminutive, playing with his juvenile contemporaries in the streets of Tarsus. His mother, no doubt, intended, by the excess of love which she felt to her deformed and physically deficient son, to make up to him compensation for what nature had denied; and her love had probably thus early intended him for the service of the Church; while Providence itself was mysteriously seconding the mother's predestination in a higher sense than she intended. The boy was sent to the school to be instructed in grammar, in history, and, probably, in the knowledge of the Jewish law. Here he learnt all that his master could teach him, and followed out the course usually pursued by other boys, of dividing his time between the imitations of the man-world, and the joyous recreations of his schoolfellows. Little conscious was he then for whom he was storing all that Jewish and Gentile learning! If any one could then have told either the father, the mother, or the schoolmaster, that this young, precocious, and afflicted creature, was destined to be one of the real immortals on earth, and that he was designed by Providence to work a vaster change on this globe than all the fabulous divinities or scholars of mythology; yea, than even Moses, Elijah, David, or any of the venerable prophets; than all the generals, orators, and poets;

than all the sculptors, painters, navigators, or scholastics of Greece; what would they have said? or what could they even have thought? A mother's vanity is easily ignited, a father's hope is soon kindled, but a city's belief is not easily built up that one of its beggarly and deformed children is intended to eclipse the older magnates of the world. But so it was with Paul.

The more developed character of Paul must be sought among those autobiographic sketches which are so freely distributed through his speeches, defences, and letters, which we find in the New Testament, for it is in vain to rely on any of the early Rabbinic or historical notices that are said still to be extant, under assumed names. He thus describes himself in some of these passages:—'Circumcised the eighth day, of the stock of Israel, of the tribe of Benjamin, a Hebrew of the Hebrews, as touching the law a Pharisee.' . . . . 'I profited in the Jews' religion above many my equals in mine own nation, being more exceedingly zealous of the traditions of my fathers.' . . . . 'My manner of life from my youth, which was at the first among mine own nation, know all the Jews.' . . . . 'Men and brethren, I am a Pharisee, the son of a Pharisee.' . . . 'I am verily a man which am a Jew, born in Tarsus, in Cilicia, yet brought up in this city (Jerusalem), at the feet of Gamaliel, and taught according to the perfect manner of the law of the fathers.' In these graphic phrases we have the self-described Pharisee, accomplished with the best instruction of his time; his blood had never been tainted either with the infusion of the children of Ham, or with the sons of Japheth; in short, Paul was a specimen of that most specific type of the Asiatic character, a pure-blooded Jew. Or, if the reader would add the Rabbinic stores to the delineation of the Pharisaic qualities by the Saviour himself, he will soon find to what a heartless, ornate, perfumed, embroidered, and phylacterial clique Paul had conjoined himself in early life. We must not, however, describe Paul as an ignoramus, for he was too well indoctrinated in the school of Gemaliel to be treated as a flippant disciple of so distinguished a master. There is some reason to believe that among his many eminent fellow-students, he was even then so prominent, that Gemaliel had some hopes that Paul would succeed him in that notable college of Jewish learning. He could, therefore, be no novice who rushed headlong into the battle with the inspired and much-endowed disciples of Christ; for all that old learning, modern acuteness, range of criticism, familiarity with the best minds of the country, his being on the spot, able to examine witnesses, with the ear of the authorities ever open to receive his communications, could do to mature his mind, the young Tarsan Jew at that time possessed. Had he been considered incompetent for the work, the authorities would not have entrusted to his hands so important a mission as that of eliciting the leading men of the Christian Church at Damascus, and of taking them prisoners to the capital city.

In addition, Paul was singularly unlikely himself to become the disciple of Jesus Christ. As a Jew he must have detested the

adherents to the new faith. As a young man who had his fortune to make, and was then on the road towards its completion, he would be little disposed to abandon all its favourable openings to join a party then only distinguished for its reputed miracles, its alleged sanctity, and its obvious sufferings. For, however these things might be explained, no one could doubt that Moses and the prophets were both inspired, and amply endowed with the Spirit of God. As a scholar, too, Paul would feel all the scholastic prejudices, and would be unlikely to join a party which ignored scholarship, and which made no account either of genius or learning. A scholar may be free from some prejudices, yet all history proves that a scholar's prejudices are more really virulent, because men look to him to be free from their power. But it was in Paul's intellectual character the strongest aversion to the Christian cause would lie. If he became one of the new party his intellect must wear the yoke of Christ, believe all that he taught, and push no inquiries beyond his tuitions, but must rather apply his powers to understand the old and the revealed, than to hope that he should amplify the new domain of truth. This aspect of Christianity would offend the intellectual pride which we see everywhere that we find intellectual men. On the whole, these men are the proudest of all the proud sons of Adam; they may amuse themselves with the coarse garment and the lowly shoe, but you scarce meet one of the intellectual cohort who does not wear the towering helmet of pride. It is against this very pride of intellect that Christianity fulminates some of its fiercest bolts; this pride, that has ruined more great men and nations than it has ever saved, and that has always been the egg from which heresies and errors have been hatched; and Paul, no doubt, hated the Christian system for its dictating laws to that very intellectual life itself. But there was in this apostle, before his conversion, another element that made its probability the more remote, we refer to his pride of character, or of his morality. We can learn what his pride is, by looking about one's own or any other civilized country, on the crowds of fortunate and prudent people, who imagine themselves to possess a purer character than many of their struggling brethren whom they despise. This pride of imaginary virtue was one of the inherent vices of the Jewish Pharisee, and we can easily see how extensively it had entered into the soul of Paul. To adopt, therefore, the new faith, that abnegated all reliance on such virtue, was the last thing that our apostle would be likely to receive; for the religion of Christ by one sentence destroyed the genealogical, the educational, and the ritualistic virtues in which the Jew absolutely reposed.

Now, we would ask the advocate of any theory, or any opponent of the evangelical system of Christianity, whether the conversion to this new religion of a man like Paul, in whom the pride of lineage and of race, of scholarship and of sect, of intellect and philosophy, of church and of morality combined, were not one of the most improbable events even in that stirring age? There was still another and a strong motive against Paul's conversion, which arose from the

fact, that he had studied Christianity enough to hate it, and that he was one of its well-known persecutors, and recantation from such a position made his conversion the more improbable. What he, the alleged co-student with Onkelos, the legal witness at the lapidation of Stephen, the trusted emissary of the high-priesthood to Damascus, become a renegade to the religion of his fathers, and an apostate from the Church, that had numbered among its members many of the most gifted and eminent men of the earth! On human principles merely, we should regard Paul's conversion as a moral impossibility, because his mind was previously preoccupied with the faith and love of Judaism, and in so far his judgment was all but absolutely incapable of viewing the Christian verities from the right point of view. Paul's conversion, therefore, can only have occurred from the operation of some supernatural powers, and, on that account it has always been justly regarded as one of the most convincing evidences of the divine origin of Christianity.

Here, then, is the man whom Jesus Christ chose to be one of the earliest recipients of his grace. Look at this man, wisely elected as he was by Providence from the seven or eight hundred millions that were then living on the earth, to be the great expositor of the Christian facts and principles to the Gentile nations, and the great writer on its doctrines and duties for all ages. This Cilician Jew was thus destined by Heaven for that extraordinary mission to mankind, the consequences of which we shall feel through all eternity, and which, even in the present life, gives a more decided colour and shape to human thinking than all the combined literature of every previous or succeeding age. Where is the doctrine of merit as illustrated in the conversion of Paul? Was there less even in the case of Mary Magdalene, or in that of the three thousand who were added to the Christians on the day of Pentecost, or in the cases of the Philippian jailor and the Pythoness, than we find in the character of Paul? Like all the early converts of the gospel, there was a remarkable absence of any form of prior merit to entitle them to conversion, and we must admit that this change in Paul, so sudden, so entire, and so permanent, rather illustrates the wealth of that gracious law of goodness that distributes the favour of God to men, without fee, reward, or pre-existent merit.

Before we offer the observations which it is the design of the author to introduce, we would tarry for a few moments to contemplate the means by which this conversion was produced in the life of Paul. The record is thus preserved:—'As he journeyed, he came near Damascus, and suddenly there shined round about him a light from heaven; and he fell to the earth, and heard a voice saying unto him, Saul, Saul! why persecutest thou me? And he said, Who art thou, Lord? And the Lord said, I am Jesus whom thou persecutest; it is hard for thee to kick against the goads. And he trembling and astonished, said, Lord, what wilt thou have me to do? And the Lord said unto him, Arise, and go into the city, and it shall be told thee what thou must do.' In giving an account of this conversion

twenty-eight years afterwards, when Paul stood before Agrippa, he thus amplified the record; the passage about to be quoted follows the phrase, 'I am Jesus whom thou persecutest:' 'But rise, and stand upon thy feet, for I have appeared to thee for this purpose, to make thee a minister and a witness both of these things which thou hast seen, and of those things in which I will appear unto thee. Delivering thee from the people and from the Gentiles, unto whom now I send thee, to open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness unto light, and from the power of Satan to God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among those which are sanctified by faith, that is in me.' From Luke's mere abridgment of the record, in the ninth chapter of the Acts, we are astonished at the apparently rapid manner of Paul's conversion; but if we read the twenty-sixth chapter, where there is a more ample recital of what took place, our surprise is at once removed. We are aware how many writers have attempted to show that the apostle's exclamation, 'Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?' was merely the natural expression of his surprise, rather than a confession of his discipleship. We grant to these objectors that Paul did feel surprise at the burst of light, and at the address made to him by a voice; but this surprise could not be of permanent continuance, and still less could it explain the instantaneous change in the spirit of that proud, malignant, and learned Pharisee, who, though for the moment only was but a man of impulse, soon displayed that his affections, his understanding, his will, and his conscience, were actuated by a thorough participation of the spirit of Christianity. The light, the voice, and the tumult of the scenes near Damascus, could not have produced this change of nature, or the companions of Paul would have become as soundly converted as the apostle himself. Such symbolic portents rarely occur in any conversion, but when they do, they are the Divine signatures to the human intellect, and point to things more interior and noble than themselves. When Paul was interrupted in his journey, the persecutor's music, the manacles intended for his victims, gladdened his ear; he had sharpened the jibes with which he would salute them. He had plumed his cap with the zealot's feather, with which he would ride in triumph to the city of the Nazarenes. The boasted return to Jerusalem was already arranged; the partisans had chosen the place of meeting; he had issued his mandates to his companions, and his pockets were well stuffed with the letters from the high-priesthood! But in an instant, he is another man—for the spell was broken. He can journey with these men no more; nor can he make use of the authoritative letters that were in his pocket! He will want to see those Christians indeed at Damascus, but not to lead them to Jerusalem; rather would he now entreat to be admitted himself as the lowest member of their reviled society! What would his co-persecutors now say of Paul? What, indeed, did his companions think, or speak, on that memorable occasion? Some might have pooh-poohed his new feelings as the result of a highly imaginative temperament; others would deny the miracle; and some might meanly advise Paul to conceal his convictions for the time.

The work was, however, completely done—Paul was a new creature, and no one could gainsay the fact.

Paul, by this act of regeneration from heaven, was altogether a new creature in everything but his bodily life; for if, as we have reason to believe, he was malformed and diminutive before, such his body remained after the change. And in nothing does his altered mind more display his true character than in his self-appreciation, which was now totally revenged. Instead of priding himself henceforth on having been born of pure Hebrew blood, of having been Gamaliel's pupil, or of having exceeded many of his countrymen in the study of the law, now he everywhere exclaims, 'God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified to me, and I unto the world.' Years after this period, when, in those brightly triumphant hours, the thanks of Antioch and Galatia, when the testimonies of Ephesus, of Corinth, of Philippi, of Athens, of Rome, and Judea, bore witness to the extent of his labours and his usefulness, and the evidence from grateful and renewed hearts was reaching him from Egypt, from Arabia, and Asia Minor, that he had not laboured in vain, his genuine and unsophisticated expressions were, 'of sinners I am chief.' Marvellous as was the new light that followed in the wake of Paul, on every topic of moral belief, and every question of social and individual duty, and extraordiuary as was the flow of miraculous energy in most of the places where Paul had preached, we never see in him the least disposition to value himself above his Christian brethren, or to arrogate to himself over the churches the least undue claim to authority. It is very probable that this sainted man travelled over more numerous countries than any other minister of Christ at that time, founded a greater number of churches, and endured more afflictions than any of the other apostles; and yet, so entirely was the selfish element humbled in his soul, and his love of even reputation was extinguished by the love of Christ, that he himself left no other record of his strange life than the few elucidations we meet with in his epistles; and if it had not been for the more historic tendencies of Luke's mind, we should now have lacked a biography of the man who first colonized Europe with the pure samples of the Christian church and life. This subjugation of the love of self is now only gradually conquered by the Spirit of God; but Paul's self-apprizement was humbled in the beginning of his Christian career, and never seems to have risen again in his soul. Does he compare himself with his apostolic brethren? He only claims to be considered as an abortion, 'one born out of due time,' and this only to magnify the extent of the grace of God. He never forgot that he had been a persecutor; and when the thought of his Christian brethren recurred to him, he only remembered himself as 'the least of all saints!' Alas! how much we Christians are now wanting in this noble spirit of self-oblivion for Christ's sake.

As Paul had adopted a much more humble estimation of himself through his conversion, from the same cause he had adopted a new standard of all things external to himself. A Jew, in our judgment,

without the love of wealth, may appear to us inconceivable; yet Paul was such a man. Standing, in his relation as minister and apostle, so near to the most grateful and generous feelings of the heart, he had the amplest opportunities of acquiring wealth from his opulent converts; but his reply was to all such seductive offers, '*I seek not yours, but you.*' It was only when his claims, as an apostolic teacher, were called into question, that he maintained his right to be supported by those who had been benefited by his instructions; and yet even when the right was conceded, which he had claimed more for his less powerful successors than for himself, he often waived its exercise, and preferred 'to labour with these hands' rather than to be burdensome to any of the churches. According to our modern notions of wealth, it would have been, in his hands, a powerful coadjutor in the maintenance of his colleagues, in the succour of poor and afflicted Christians, and in aid to feeble churches. Valuable, however, as these uses might have made wealth in the hands of Paul, he took no means to amass it; and this, no doubt, lest the churches should have 'received the grace of God in vain.' In him, the sordid passion which makes such wreck of private character and of public institutions in every land, seemed to have been lost out of the attributes of his humanity, did we not certainly know that it was merely subdued by the stronger love of durable riches and righteousness. 'Having food and raiment,' he exclaimed, 'let us be therewith content;' thus exhibiting himself as a pattern to the Christians of all ages how much the men of that school should really live above the world. It was, at least, necessary that the world should witness, in the first disciples of Christ, a specimen of the real mastery that Christian influence alone acquires over the love of mammon; hence its appearance among the earliest churches of that total indifference to wealth which led them at once to part with all their property, and devote it to the service of the ministry and the poor. As nothing but conversion could have given rise to such character, so nothing less can explain the sudden disappearance from the soul of Paul of those ruling passions, whose development and collision make up the bulk of civil history.

Another not less remarkable quality in the new character of the apostle was the absence of the love of power. This is the passion frequently of minds of the highest order, as the love of wealth as frequently distinguishes men of the lowest character. The difference between the two objects is great and significant; the one is the love of acquiring an article on which others have stamped a value, but the true bearings of which are frequently misunderstood; the other is the desire to control our fellow-creatures, which can seldom be indulged without either violating our own sense of right, or invading that of our neighbour. The love of wealth is always subordinate to the real lover of power, which may be either acquired by civil rights, by physical force, by bestowing property on public uses, by oratory or literature, or, more truly, by dictating the opinions, and enslaving the feelings, through the impulses of conscience. Of course, it was only the last kind of power mentioned that Paul might, as a religious

man, have attained; and yet, how nobly free was he even from that vice. 'Not that we would have dominion over your faith,' is one of his self-denouncing phrases; and he could scarcely have used more appropriate language if his sole object had been to stir up in the human heart the old wasted fires of liberty, than when he stimulated the Christians to 'stand fast in the liberty with which Christ has made you free.' What an opportunity had Paul of acquiring power as he passed through the Roman empire, and subdued, by the doctrine of Christ, the spirits of the rich and the poor, the bond and the free, the intellectual, the agile, and the adventurous, who all looked up to him for their future modes of action, and guided themselves by his example. Ignatius Loyola might have envied Paul's opportunity of acquiring power, and had he himself possessed it, would, probably, have shaken the thrones of the Cæsars before the end of his own life. It is our opinion that it was from fear of the power of the Christian teachers that the Romans first persecuted, and subsequently patronized, the Christian teachers. But while Paul and his colleagues were living there was no danger to the civil power, for Christianity itself had taken it into the circle of things which it spared, while one of its old canons was, 'Let the potsherds of the earth strive with the potsherds.'

In addition, the new-born soul of the apostle had no appetency for the things to which the world applies the title of *honour*. One feels the difference when one looks at the intensity with which this passion glowed in the breast of Columbus, of Lord Bacon, of Napoleon, and of the marquis of Worcester, and who, when they were reduced to poverty, clung to their respective honour with the utmost tenacity of life. With them and others their ideas of honour were their all; but with Paul, whose labours lay in a less showy form, but were more progressive, radical, and comprehensive, the worldly honour of his labours never seems to have troubled the apostle's spirit. He must have known that his name would outlive the ages of quackery and of science, of arms, of arts, and of scholarship, and yet we never find him providing for the accurate record of his fame, or betraying, in his confidential letters to his colleagues or friends, the least care about his honour. While all the eminent men then alive were burning with ardent desire for posthumous renown, Paul was indeed securing it by devoting himself heartily to the service of his Heavenly Master, and to that of his obscure disciples in the world. What a kind does true conversion insert within the bosom of a man who can not only live in the highest happiness on earth in the absence of the love of wealth, of power, and of living or posthumous honour!

All this arose neither from the genius of Paul the Jew, nor from the peculiarity of the Asiatic temper, but from the thorough conformation of the soul of the apostle to the laws of Jesus Christ. His conversion was neither superficial nor half-effected, but took in all his soul, and, by restoring the whole of its faculties to the service of God, gave the world another example how alone man come to the full force of his intellect by complete dedication to Christ. Prior to his conversion the standard of Paul's mind was either that of Gamaliel, of

Hillel, or of some other distinguished countryman of that age, or it might have been the character of Moses, of David, or of Judas Maccabeus. But, after this new birth, he said, 'Henceforth I know no man after the flesh,' for 'if any man be in Christ Jesus, he is a new creature.' And now we find all the apostle's previous learning put to its right use: his knowledge of Latin and of Greek, or perhaps of Syriac, or of the Arabic languages, became the vehicles of a nobly useful life, instead of being merely the means of ostentation, or of acquiring a fortune among his countrymen. His deep lore in the Rabbinic scholarship of that age, or his dialectical skill, which had been so extensively cultivated by the sect of the Pharisees; his extensive reading among the Gentile authors, or his mathematical studies; now all subserved the great business of life, which with him was the dissemination of the facts and the doctrines of the gospel. Hitherto he had been merely a scholastic citizen, or a secular student, on a par with Cicero among the Romans, or with Plato among the Greeks; but since his conversion Paul had become a man of more worth to the interests of the world than all the armies of Rome, or than the colleges of the Grecian islands, or than even all the synagogues and councils of Judea. As a mere scholar, he could never have exerted influence beyond the scholar's sphere, while now, that he had become a genuine convert, he had risen from being a merchant of words and of other men's ideas, into a competent instrument in the hands of Providence for revolutionizing the whole body of human thinking, and of training up thousands of souls to a house in the skies, who, but for Paul's conversion, might never even have heard of the true God. This apostle was just such a man as Christianity then wanted among its preachers; one of a catholic soul, whom no barriers of sept could control, erudite in the Jewish laws and in their mode of thinking, well read in Gentile literature, affable, courageous, and bold, eloquent to address mobs, acute to separate errors from the truths which they resembled, accessible to the lowest, sympathetic towards all, the firm friend of civil government, and the earnest advocate of individual freedom, and it was by his conversion alone that Paul was fitted for the vacant sphere, and nothing but this change could thus have qualified him for his work.

Look also at the relation of Paul through his conversion to the real Church of Christ, and to the symbolic and historic Church of the Jews, for by this change he stood in a proper and a beneficial relation to both. The Jewish Church, Paul knew, was destined to speedy extinction; but he was no rude iconoclast to break in upon her archives, and violently to precipitate her end: he would rather have acted the part of an affectionate, sympathetic son, who, having outlived the vigour of his parent's faculties, would tenderly watch over his decrepitude. Good men always honour things that have been good, even after the age of infirmity has supervened; and Paul himself, who could never forget that he was a Jew, nor what illustrious predecessors had in darker times worshipped and laid their bones in that church, and in his view even the ruins of that once fine institution were to be tenderly

respected. To this temper was Paul brought by his conversion, which also enabled him to assume a proper relation to the new church, which was then in an unorganized, and in Judea, in an odious position. Prior to his conversion his name was a dread to all the Christians; and even after it had occurred, Ananias said to Christ, 'Lord, I have *heard by many* of this man, how much evil he hath done to thy saints at Jerusalem, and here he hath authority from the chief priests to bind all that call on thy name.' But the Lord said to him, 'Go thy way, for he is a chosen vessel unto me, to bear my name before the Gentiles and kings and the children of Israel; for I will show him what great things he must suffer for my name's sake.' Hitherto Paul had only put this new church on its vigilance, had probably often shortened its meetings and quelled its songs; but now since his own conversion he was to trim the timid lamp of this young society, call its members to duty or to suffering, boldly proclaim the new method of salvation by the death of Christ from its altar, and in time take precedence among its illustrious teachers. As a scholar, a patriot, a philosopher, a general, a poet, or a gentleman, the apostle could have done nothing for that young community of Christian men; but by himself becoming a real convert he became one of its most useful members. He could now either be sent on a mission to the scattered portions of the Hebrew race in the East, or be despatched on a more important embassy to the principal cities of the Gentile world; meet in the synagogues and dispute with the Grecians, or with the native Jews, or with the apostles themselves, to debate about the settlement of any of those catholic questions that had then arisen between the Hebrew and the Gentile believers. It was the conversion of Paul alone that thus qualified him for universal service in the church.

Still another glance must we afford to Paul's regeneration in its bearings on the world.

Mere literature, or scholarship, could not, at that period, have made any Jew of vast importance to civil society, as no amount of book or intellectual discipline could elevate such a person now to the eminent places of social life. Even could we imagine the eloquence of Cicero united with the poetry and taste of Virgil, the skill of Apelles, the generalship of Hannibal, and the mathematical science of Euclid, to be all resident in one person, even these qualities would not have made their owner of so great importance to the human race as the knowledge of the gospel of Christ did to Paul. The doctrines which he propagated formed the basaltic basement of a new and a more original civilization, which, while it afforded higher guarantees to property and just laws, rendered more sacred the connexion of man with woman, of child and parent, and of servant to master, proclaimed to the whole Gentile world a higher rule of commercial and domestic life, all resulting from the love and sacrifice of Christ for the human family. Look at the relation of this converted man to future ages in comparison with the names of any men then eminent and well known. What are the names of Alexander or of Julius Cæsar, of Homer or of Archimedes, to England now, in comparison of that of Paul? They

may, in former times, have stimulated our poets, orators, and philosophers, and have helped our forefathers to purge off some of the asperity of their manners; but, except among schoolboys, their tutors or pedants, their names are now on the decline every year. What relation do Xenophon or Epicurus bear to the millennium or to the ultimate perfection of the world? They have no relation to such events, or only very obscure and remote bearings on the subjects, scarcely more than the races of the now extinct antediluvian animals. But with each of these glorious events Paul's name stands in close and indissoluble relation. Take away his writings from the New Testament, or nullify their authority, and you again cover the future with a darkness little less portentous than that in which Christ at first found the world. No great teacher can arise who shall supersede the authority of this devoted apostle of the Gentiles. The grace that made Paul what he was, has given him a moral rank higher than the kings of the world. And look what conversion did to bring Paul into a true relation with the invisible world. He was but one man, it is true, and that a poor one; but what thousands, yea millions, are now in that circle of bliss, who owe their footing there to the conversion of the apostle! And vast as the number is now, how insignificant is it to what shall yet become the aggregate number of the redeemed! Young men, conscious of intellectual vigour, remember that intellect must be born from above, before it will acquire its right position. Sceptic, of whatever type, look again at real history, and say which of your great patriarchs in the cause of unbelief ever achieved a thousandth part of the service of Paul for mankind? Oh, this conversion, so often the topic of the pulpit, and so frequently met with in books and on the tongues of half-religious men, what unfathomable depths are still contained in it unexplored, and what a different race of preachers we require before that term will be adequately defined and enforced.

Z.

Missions to Patagonia.*

Our readers will remember that about seven years ago Captain Gardiner sailed from Liverpool in company with six others to commence a mission in the cold, dreary, and sparsely peopled land of Patagonia; and fresher still in their memories will be the ghastly fate of all by starvation, and how, amidst the most fearful of all deaths,

* 'A Two Years' Cruise off Tierra del Fuego, the Falkland Islands, Patagonia, and the River Plate. A Narrative of Life in the Southern Seas. By W. Parker Snow, late Commander of the Mission Yacht "Allen Gardiner;" Author of Voyage of the "Prince Albert" in Search of Sir John Franklin.' With charts and illustrations. In 2 vols. London: Longman, Brown, Green, Longman, Longmans and Roberts.

they sank one by one, consoled by the faiths and hopes they had mistakenly endeavoured to transplant to the wild and giant savages of Terra del Fuego.

Nothing daunted by past misfortune, and little benefited by past experience, some pious and enthusiastic persons at Bristol resolved on a second attempt to turn that part of the world upside down, by a scheme the most impracticable and Quixotic we ever remember to have read. But for the consummate prudence and manly piety of Captain Snow, combined with the nautical skill and rare presence of mind displayed on all occasions, and of which it is impossible to speak too highly, the 'Mission Yacht, Allen Gardiner,' of only eighty-eight tons burthen, would have gone to the bottom in some fearful gale off the Horn, or have been hopelessly stranded on the bleak and barren Falklands, and a second mission party have been sacrificed to the old womanish folly of a self-constituted and self-righteous missionary board at Bristol. We can say nothing too strongly in reprobation of the cold, pharisaic, comfortableness of the 'gentlemen who sat at home at ease,' and sent Captain Snow on a most perilous mission, with a crew of dolts (a few excepted), who were chosen not because they could work a vessel, but because they 'were all professedly religious men;' and who, making capital out of, and trying to collect cash for, the heathenism of Patagonia, were weak and wicked enough (and, as Arnold says, 'weakness always leads to wickedness'), to write to this noble captain, whose soul abominated cant, in this wise: 'One graphic and well-written account from you, of a visit to the natives, would do more to raise the society up than anything else.' (P. 273, vol. i.) Nor can we speak too highly of the books themselves, nor of Captain Snow. He is a sailor, and a very godly one. His piety is of a manly, cheerful cast; of its truth and depth no one can doubt who reads these volumes. There is in him, as in all true sailors, a womanly tenderness, that is to a landsman paradoxical in men of bronzed cheeks, tarry hands, and sleepless nights. In that brave little yacht is the captain's wife, (all honour to the woman that dared the vexed Horn with her husband on a mission of love); and he, and she, and a crew, amongst whom is a catechist, who is ordered by the society to serve as '*third mate!*' leave Bristol October 24th, 1854, to attempt the re-establishment of the Patagonian Mission by settling on Keppel Island, and by hook or crook getting the Fuegians to leave the continent and settle on the island. A mad scheme, fraught with folly, and jeopardizing the lives of all who took part in it.

By dint of exertion and skill the 'Allen Gardiner' reached the Falkland Islands; was knocked about by fearful winds; was sucked up nearly and whirled about quite in horrid whirlpools; was kept afloat by the lead sounding every few minutes; and at last, after leaving a portion of the mission party on Keppel Island, possibly to starve, Captain Snow reached Stanley Harbour, a place we never heard of before, the metropolis of the east Falkland Island, where there is 'an excellency,' and justices of the peace, and pensioners, and a West End, and a chaplain, and a little of flunkey English life, altogether mixed

up with odd colonial types, 'the acting Government Secretary being ship-master, post-master, and several other things, besides being a J. P.;' a place of such awfully still life that the 'Colonial Surveyor General came outside the harbour to meet the 'Allen Gardiner' to get relief from the insufferable *ennui* that falls upon men who have nothing to do.'

Hence Captain Snow took the mail to Monte Video, in the hope of getting instructions from home; returned to Stanley Harbour; having trouble perpetually with his crew, who were too pious to reef a topsail in a storm because it was Sunday; too conscientious to mind the helm at family worship; and did their best, only Providence overruled their senseless presumption, to sink the little yacht to the bottom of the sea, and to break their gallant captain's heart.

After endless difficulties, surmounted by the highest nautical skill, Captain Snow, who had previously discovered and identified some of the remains of Franklin's party, discovered in 'Spaniards' Harbour, on Starvation Beach,' more relics of the misguided party that had perished there in a pious but mistaken crusade to evangelize Patagonia. Tender, most tender, is the description of the scene on that beach. The prayer, the hymn, the tears, the inability to eat even after long fast, and then the buckling to ago, and the brave work of a brave man who stopped to weep and went on to work. We make no extracts, because we simply want our readers to go and get the book for themselves; it is one of the best practical refutations of maudlin cant we have ever read, and ought to be read by all those of whom Captain Snow says that 'in trying to make themselves very godly they make themselves very ungodlike.'

But our readers must go to these books for themselves. The meeting with Jemmy Button, brought home by Captain Fitzroy, introduced to royalty, developed under English influences to a full grown, dandified swell, and sent home to civilize his countrymen, is full of strange interest. He came on board nude, but had so much refinement left that he would not meet Mrs. Snow in 'undress.' After all his toils and experiences, his successful navigation in the most difficult seas in the world, Captain Snow, and his actual establishment of the mission, he was turned adrift at Stanley, and left to pay his own passage home in a strange ship and at a great sacrifice. We can more than forgive the bitterness with which he concludes: 'Such is a Patagonian missionary work! yet if the word "missionary" be expunged, I am certain that the Patagonian himself would have shown more mercy than this Christian society did.'

We earnestly hope that Captain Snow's books will by their sale make some amends 'for his being suddenly at one blow reduced next to beggary, and turned on shore eight thousand miles from England, without food or means to get any, or reach his native home!'

Freytag's 'Debit and Credit.'

Since Goethe's 'Werther' and 'Wilhelm Meister' our literature has been enriched with but few first-class specimens of the German school of fiction. Hence the appearance amongst us of a new work of the sort is an event of some significance in the world of letters. Herr Freytag's romance is fairly entitled, from the reception it has met with in his own country, to the welcome which Englishmen are always ready to accord to a 'distinguished foreigner.' His countrymen have purchased six editions of it within less than two years, which for a five thaler (15*s.*) book of the kind is, in Prussia, considered a remarkable success. He is introduced to the reading public here in the most unexceptionable form, if not by the actual representative of his sovereign at the court of Her Britannic Majesty, at least by one who recently filled that eminent post, and one who, without any disparagement to his successor, may be said to know far more of us than the present Prussian Minister. No less a person than the Chevalier Bunsen has written a commendatory preface to the work in most laudatory terms. He styles it 'the most popular German novel of the day'—meaning, we presume, amongst the well-to-do portion of society, the middle classes, to whose sympathies and tastes it especially appeals. That with its anti-democratic, although not reactionary tone, it could ever be a favourite with the masses it is impossible to believe, even did not its price place it beyond the reach of the poorly fed and clad, but not illiterate, German operatives. It is emphatically a book for the *mesocracy*—if we may employ a word newly coined, and not before it was wanted, to denote that stratum of society which lies between the granite rock of the working-classes and the alluvial aristocratic deposits. Gustav Freytag himself belongs by political creed to the Prussian Constitutional party, which looks to the rising commercial class of the nation as the agency destined ultimately to realize its hopes—a gradual development of the germs of liberty still inherent in the parliamentary form of government in which the king cloaks his absolutism, and, in the wider sphere, a United Germany, both objects to be steadily pursued in an orderly way, and not by the revolutionary path. The programme of the party is summed up by the Chevalier, who is himself one of its chiefs, in these three propositions,—

'1st, The fusion of the educated classes, and the total abolition of bureaucracy, and all social barriers between the ancient nobility and the educated classes in the nation, especially the industrial and mercantile population.

2nd, The just and Christian bearing of this united body towards the working-classes, especially in towns.

3rd, The recognition of the mighty fact, that the educated middle classes of all nations, but especially those of Germany, are perfectly aware that even the present, but still more the near future, is their own, if they advance along the legal path to a perfect constitutional

monarchy, resisting all temptations to the right hand or to the left, not with embittered feelings, but in the cheerful temper of a moral self-confidence.'

The reader, however, is not to gather from these remarks on the party relations of the author, that the work is a *political* manifesto like Mr. Disraeli's 'Coningsby' and 'Sibyl.' Were it so, its reproduction here would have been a grave mistake. It is a picture of *social*, especially *middle-class* life in Prussia, and we have referred to its popularity amongst those belonging to that class, because this fact is a valuable guarantee for the fidelity of the portraiture. As to the general purpose of the fiction, we cannot state it better than in the words of the Chevalier's Preface, which furnishes an indispensable clue to the understanding of the book. 'To come more closely to the point, however, what is that reality which is exhibited in the story of our novel? We should very inadequately describe it, were we to say—the nobility of labour, and the duties of property, particularly those of the proprietor of land. This is certainly the key-note of the whole conservative-social, or Dickens school, to which the novel belongs. It is not, however, the conflict between rich and poor, between labour and capital in general, and between manufacturers and their people in particular, whose natural course is here detailed. And this is a point which an English reader must above all keep clearly in view. He will otherwise altogether fail to understand the author's purpose. For it is just here that the entirely different blending of the social masses in England and in Germany is displayed. We have here the conflict between the feudal system and that class of industrial and wealthy persons, together with the majority of the educated public functionaries, who constitute in Germany the citizen-class. . . . . Even before the struggles of 1848, down to which period the story of our novel reaches, the classes of the more polished nobility and citizens, instead of fusing into one band of *gentry*, and thus forming the basis of a landed aristocracy, had assumed an unfriendly attitude [towards each other], in consequence of a stagnation in the growth of a national lower nobility as the head of the wealthy and cultivated *bourgeoisie*, resulting from an unhappy reaction which then took place in Prussia. The feudal proprietor was meanwhile becoming continually poorer, because he lived beyond his income. Falling into embarrassments of every sort, he has recourse for aid to the provincial banks. His habits of life, however, often prevent him from employing those loans on the improvement of his property, and he seldom makes farming the steady occupation and business of his life. But he allows himself readily to become involved in the establishment of factories—whether for the manufacture of brandy or for the production of beet-root sugar—which promise a larger and speedier return, besides the enhancement of the value of the land. But in order to success in such undertakings, he wants the requisite capital and experience. He manifests even less prudence in the conduct of these speculations than in the cultivation of his ancestral acres, and the inevitable result ensues, that an ever-increasing debt at length necessitates the sale of his estate. Such estates are ever more and more

frequently becoming the property of the merchant and manufacturer from the town, or perhaps of the neighbouring proprietor of the same inferior rank, who has lately settled in the country, and become entitled to the exercise of equal rights with the hereditary owner. There is no essential difference in social culture between the two classes, but there is a mighty difference between the habits of their lives. The mercantile class of citizens is in Germany more refined than in any other country, and has more political ambition than the corresponding class in England has yet exhibited. The families of public functionaries constitute the other half of the cultivated citizen-class; and as the former have the superiority in point of wealth, so these bear the palm in respect of intellectual culture and administrative talent. Almost all authors, since the days of Luther, have belonged to this class. . . . Instead of desiring landed property, and perhaps a patent of nobility for his children, and an alliance with some noble country family, the rich citizen rather sticks to his business, and prefers a young man in his own rank, or perhaps a clergyman, or professor, or some municipal officer, as a suitor to his daughter, to the elegant officer or man of noble blood; for the richest and most refined citizen, though the wife or daughter of a noble official, is not entitled to appear at Court with her husband or her father.'

The scene of the story is laid in Silesia and in the bordering province of Posen, stolen by Prussia from Poland. The author's Prussian *animus* against the injured Poles—we may remark in passing—is very disagreeably marked. It may be true that they are the Irish of the continent, the Orientals in the heart of Europe, as they are here described, but the blame lies with those who crushed out their national life, and scattered that unfortunate country's bravest, best, and freest sons all over the world. It was not just, and still less was it generous, in Herr Freytag, to make all his villains—and they are pretty numerous,—either Poles or Jews. The aggrieved parties, however, may perhaps enjoy their revenge in the character of the hero, Anton, who is a thorough German, and, through many chapters at least, as great a milksop as their malice could desire. That one's interest in him grows as the thread of his destiny is unwound, may be granted; but we defy any reader heartily to admire him. As to the young ladies, they will one and all scout a hero who falls in love, or rather submits to be fallen in love with, by the *differential calculus*, as he does. There is not one of them—however correctly brought up—who will not infinitely prefer the dashing Herr Von Fink, the reformed rake, and American adventurer; and who will not feel it a relief, rather than a disappointment, that, after all Anton's bright imaginings about the brilliant Lenore, she becomes the bride of his friend, leaving him to be kidnapped by the beautiful and excellent, but somewhat Quakerish Sabine.

The ground-plan of the tale is slight enough. The young hero, Anton Wohlfahrt, goes up to the Silesian capital to seek employment in the mercantile house of T. O. Schröter, to whom his father had, a few days before his death, given him a letter of recommendation,

having formerly rendered an important service to the principal, who is described as a shrewd, hard, man of business, not altogether without heart, of strict integrity, proud of his order, and cherishing not a little contempt for the thriftless aristocracy of the country. The fair and gentle Sabine is the merchant's sister, and exerts much influence in softening his asperities. On the way to the city we have a pretty little idyllic scene, foreshadowing much that is to come, and introducing us to others of the leading characters of the narrative. Anton strays into a by-path which leads him within view of the Baron von Rothsattel's castle, the sight of which fires his youthful fancy with admiration.

'For some time he sat, and looked in perfect stillness: at last, the picture shifted. A lovely lady came out on the balcony, clad in light summer attire, with white lace sleeves, and stood there like a statue. When a gay paroquet flew out of the room and alighted on her hand, Anton's admiration went on increasing. But when a young girl followed the bird, and wound her arms round the lovely lady's neck, and the paroquet kept wheeling about them, and perching now on the shoulders of one, and then on that of the other, his feeling of veneration became such that he blushed deeply, and drew back further into the lilac tree's shadow.

'Then with his imagination filled by what he had seen, he went with elastic step along the broad walk, hoping to find a way of exit.

'Soon he heard a horse's feet behind him, and saw the younger of the two ladies come riding after him, mounted upon a black pony, and using her parasol as a whip.... He stood still, and bowed reverentially. The young girl acknowledged his homage by a gracious nod, pulled up her horse, and asked whether he wished to speak to her father.

'"I crave your pardon," replied Anton, with the deepest respect; "probably I am in a path not open to strangers. I came across the meadow, and saw no gate and no hedge."

'"The gate is on the bridge; it is open by day," said the young lady, with great benignity; for reverence was not the sentiment her fourteen years often inspired, and she was the more pleased therewith. "But since you are in the garden," continued she, "will you not look around? We shall be very glad if it give you pleasure."

'"I have already taken that liberty," replied Anton, with another bow. "I have been on the lawn before the castle; it is magnificent."

'"Yes," said the young lady, reining her pony; "the gardener laid it out under mamma's own direction."

'"Then, the lady who stood with you on the balcony was your mother?" timidly inquired Anton.

'"What! you have been watching us, then? Do you know that that was wrong?"

'"Forgive me," was the humble reply; "I retreated at once, but it was such a lovely sight—the two ladies, the roses in full blossom, the framework of vine leaves.—I shall never forget it."

'"He is charming," thought the young girl. "Since you have already seen the garden," said she, condescendingly, "you must go to the point from which we have the best view. I am on my way thither now, if you like to follow."'

'Anton followed, lost in delight. The lady bade her horse walk slowly, and played the cicerone. At last she dismounted and led the pony, whereupon Anton ventured to stroke his neck—an attention which the little fellow took in good part, and returned by sniffing his coat-pockets. "He trusts you," said the young lady, "he is a sagacious beast." She then tied the bridle round his neck, told him to go home, and turning to Anton, added, "We are going into the flower-garden where he must not come, and so you see he trots back to his stable."

'"This pony is a perfect wonder," cried Anton.

'"He is very fond of me; he does all I tell him," was the reply.

'Anton thought that the most natural thing in the world.

'"I think you are of good family," said the little lady, decidedly, looking at Anton with a discriminating air."

'"No," replied he, sadly. "My father died last month, my dear mother a year ago; I am alone, and on my way to the capital." His lips quivered as he spoke.

'The lady looked at him with the utmost sympathy, and in some embarrassment. "Oh, poor, poor you!" cried she. "But come quickly, I have something to show you. These are the beds of early strawberries; there are still a few. Do pray take them. No guest must leave my father's house without partaking of the best each season brings. Pray, pray eat them."

'Anton looked at her with tearful eyes.

'"I am going to share with you," said she, taking two strawberries. Upon that the youth obediently followed her example.

'"And now I will take you across the garden," leading him to a little lake where the old swans and young were swimming about.

'"They are coming hither," cried Anton, in delight.

'"They know that I have something for them," said his companion, loosening the while the chain of a small boat. "Now, sir, jump in, and I will row you across, for yonder lies our way."

'"I cannot think of troubling you."

'"No opposition!" said she, imperatively, and they set off.

'Anton was entranced. Behind, the rich green trees; beneath, the clear water rippling, round the prow; opposite him, the slender figure of his companion, and the swans, her snowy subjects, following in her train; it was a dream, such as is only granted to youth.

'The boat grounded, Anton leaped out, and involuntarily offered his hand, which the little lady touched with the tips of her fingers, as she wished him good bye. He sprang up the hill and looked down. Through the opening in the wood he saw the castle with its flag floating, and its vines and roses shining in the sun.

'"How noble! how magnificent!" said he, aloud.

'"If you were to count out to that Baron a hundred thousand dollars, he would not sell you the property he inherited from his father," said a sharp voice behind him. He angrily turned, the dream was gone; he stood on the dusty highway, and saw a meanly-dressed youth with a great bundle under his arm, looking at him with cool familiarity.

'"Is it you, Veitel Itzig?" cried Anton, without showing much pleasure at the meeting. Indeed, young Itzig was by no means a pleasant apparition; pale, haggard, red-haired, and shabbily clothed as he was. He came from Ostrau, Anton's native town, and had been a schoolfellow of his. Anton had once fought a battle on his behalf, and had stood between the young Jew and the general ill-will of the other boys. But of late they had seldom met, just often enough to give Itzig an opportunity of keeping up in some measure their old school days' familiarity.

'"They say you are going to the great city to learn business," added Veitel; "to be taught how to twist up paper-bags and sell treacle to old women. I am going there, too, but *I* mean to make my fortune."

'To this, Anton replied, dryly enough, "Go, then, and make it, and do not let me detain you."

'"There's no need to hurry," said the other, carelessly, "I will walk on with you, if you are not ashamed of my dress." This appeal to our hero's humanity was successful, and casting a last look at the castle, he went on his way, his unwelcome companion a foot or so behind him. At length he turned, and inquired who the proprietor was.

'Itzig displayed wonderful familiarity with the subject. "The Baron," said he, "had only two children, large flocks, and a clear estate. His son was at a military school." Finally, observing Anton's interest, he remarked, "If you wish for the property, I will buy it for you."

'"Thanks," was the cold reply. "You have just told me he was not disposed to sell."

'"When a man is not disposed to sell, he must be forced to do so."

'"You are the very person to force him, I suppose?" replied Anton, thoroughly out of patience.

'"Whether I am or not, does not signify; there is a receipt for making any man sell."

'"What! can they be bewitched, or given some magic potion?" asked Anton, contemptuously.

'"A hundred thousand dollars is a potion that can work wonders; but a man must get hold of a secret to accomplish his ends. Now, I am on my way to town to get at the knowledge of this secret."'

The *naive* little Venus with the swans—a forward young minx, all proper people will set her down—is Lenore, the second heroine of the tale. The two lads start in life together; Anton in Schröter's counting-house, and Itzig under the congenial auspices of a heartless usurer of his own faith, named Ehrenthal, whose pretty daughter, Rosalie, he soon aspires to marry, and whose conscientious and noble-hearted son Bernhard is the marplot of his deep-laid and villanous schemes. Anton ingratiates himself with his employer by his steady devotion to his interests, especially on one occasion, when he accompanies the principal on a perilous journey across the frontier to rescue a large consignment of goods endangered by an insurrection of the Poles. With the clerks of the establishment, too, he gets on very well, save that he fancies himself slighted by Herr von Fink, a wild young scapegrace, of aristocratic descent, who has been placed with the firm, with the hope of his acquiring something like business habits, by his friends in America—viz., his father and a rich old uncle, from whom he has great expectations. At length, stung by a fancied insult, Anton challenges his tormentor, who, however, good-humouredly salves over his young friend's wounded honour, becomes his fast friend, and introduces him to fashionable society, where he again meets Lenore, and falls under her spell. For meanwhile the baron has been lured from the peaceful retirement of the castle into the whirl of town life. Nay, worse still, the crafty Ehrenthal has wormed himself into his confidence, and by entangling him in business speculations, for which he is utterly unfitted, has gained a tight hold on his estate. Deeper and deeper into the mire the helpless nobleman sinks, and already Veitel Itzig, who, after rising to be Ehrenthal's confidential clerk, and, through the instructions of a broken-down, drunken barrister, Hippus, gaining even a deeper insight than his master into the fatal secret of forcing improvident proprietors to sell their lands, has quarrelled with that worthy, is on the steps of his door to present a mature bill of exchange for money lent to keep a beet-root sugar factory going. On his admission to the baron's presence,

'Veitel bowed low, as he said,

'"Will your lordship pardon my coming at this hour? But I have a communication from Herr Pinkus to receive money for a bill.

'"Who are you?' asked the baron, haughtily.

'"My name is Veitel Itzig, at your lordship's service."

'The baron shuddered as he heard the name. Then this was the man of whom he had been warned—the powerful, the pitiless; and yet, when he looked at the strange figure and ludicrous face, the idea of his being an enemy against whom he need stand upon his guard seemed too absurd to give him serious concern.

'"Until lately," continued Veitel, humbly, "I have been Herr Ehrenthal's book-keeper, but now, having inherited a little fortune, which Pinkus is kind enough to use for me, I am thinking of establishing myself in business."

'"You cannot receive the money just now," interrupted the baron, more calmly. This helpless figure could scarcely be a dangerous opponent.

'"Very good," said Veitel, "I will wait your honour's convenience; and he drew out a large silver watch. "I can wait until the evening; and, that I may not disturb your honour's servants by calling again, I will gladly stay upon your stairs. Your honour need not concern yourself about me in the least." And, with many grimaces, Veitel began backing himself out of the room like a crab.

'Again a vague terror possessed the baron, and the warning recurred to his mind. "Stay!" he called out, "can you inform me how I can give you security for this sum for a few days, a week or two at the furthest?"

'Veitel's eyes sparkled like an eagle's, but he shook his head and shrugged his shoulders for some time. At last he said, "There is a method, and as your lordship asks me, you will excuse my suggesting it. There is a mortgage for twenty thousand thalers on your estate at Ehrenthal's office. If you will come with me to a notary's, and assign it to my friend, he will not only allow you to retain the ten thousand thalers, but will add ten thousand more."

'"Probably you are unaware," answered the baron, sharply, "that I have already assigned that instrument to Ehrenthal."

'"Pardon me, my lord, not legally."

'"But he has my written promise—my word of honour," said the baron, angrily.

'Veitel shrugged his shoulders. "I am sorry for it. If you could give him another mortgage, or satisfy him in any other way, all would be well, and in a few weeks, by the sale of this Polish estate, you might repay us all; and until then you can leave the deed in his hands, and no one will know that you have assigned it to us."

'"You propose an impossibility—can you think of no other means?"

'"No, my lord. But it is only noon yet; I can wait until five o'clock;" and again he backed himself towards the door. There he stopped. "Consider, my lord. I offer you another loan—two thousand now, and the remainder when you hand me that mortgage. With your factory you will need it. You shake your head. Then I have one more request. Your lordship will not mention this to Herr Ehrenthal; he is a hard man, and would never forgive me." And he left the baron's presence.

'The baron paced up and down the room in great agitation. What Itzig proposed would save him from many coming embarrassments, but he could never consent to it—that was impossible. And still he found himself calculating all its advantages. The document might remain with Ehrenthal until the baron received the money from the Polish estate, when he would redeem it, and transfer it to Itzig. Thus no one would know of this new arrangement; and if Ehrenthal should hear of it, he could give him a second mortgage upon his estate. He would have ten thousand more thalers at his command at a time when the possession of money was all-important. And still he banished the thought from his mind with contempt, only to find it return again and again.

'It struck one o'clock; it struck two; and he rang the bell and ordered his carriage. He would make one more appeal to Ehrenthal. On his way down he passed Veitel Itzig, who bowed low.

'The clock had struck four when he returned, a dejected, jaded, and broken man. A haggard figure, with keen, sleepless eyes, glared at him from the foot of the stairs as he staggered past.

'He threw himself upon the sofa, and stared into the future, dark and hopeless. He heard the quarters strike, one after the other, in quick succession. The time seemed to fly. The last stroke of five had scarcely ceased to vibrate in the air when the door slowly opened, and Veitel made his appearance—in his hand two slips of paper. He held out one to the baron.

'"I cannot pay," he said, in a thick, hoarse voice.

'He quickly exchanged it for the other. "Here, then, is the copy of a writ."

'The baron started up with a terrible expression on his face. "Come with me to a notary."'

The serpent Itzig has now folded the luckless baron within his hideous coils. Still he does not deem himself sure of his victim without gaining possession of the mortgage-deed prepared, although not yet assigned, in favour of Ehrenthal, and the notes of hand held by him as security for the fulfilment of the promise. Accordingly, by means of his *ame damnée*, Hippus, he actually steals the document from his old master's house whilst the latter is waiting for the last breath of his dying son, Bernhard. This scene is very powerfully described. Bernhard Ehranthal is a noble character, and it is while he is urging restitution upon his father, with all the energy of one just about to stand before the Eternal Judge, that the theft is perpetrated. The usurer descends to fetch the papers, leaving the baron and the wily Itzig in the room with his gasping boy, who is only waiting to see this act of justice done that he may depart in peace. He returns without them; and the shock, together with the loss of his son, who expires amidst the confusion caused by the discovery, renders him an imbecile during the remainder of his days. The ruined nobleman, on reaching his home, attempts suicide; but the pistol is arrested by the arm of his wife, and he escapes with the loss of his eyesight.

In this crisis of the affairs of the Rothsattel family, Anton is called in by the baroness to render his friendly aid. Not without reluctance he quits the counting-house of the merchant, who warns him of the thankless and hopeless task he is about to undertake. Our hero finds before long this warning verified. The baron, soured by misfortune, treats him from the first with aristocratic hauteur, and at length worries him with studied insults, for which the uniform kindness of his lady, and the fascinations of the bewitching, but, as he ultimately concludes, too flighty and masculine Lenore, afford him only a partial compensation. The hereditary acres have to be abandoned, and they go to reside on the Polish estate, itself heavily encumbered. This Anton does his best to improve, and manfully fights his battle with nature and with man in the endeavour to make the tumble-down mansion habitable, and the long-neglected fields and pastures productive. In the midst of his labours the Polish insurrection of 1848 intervenes to complicate his hard task, and here it is that Herr von Fink again appears upon the arena. His uncle having died, he had returned to America to take possession of his property, after having in vain besought Sabine to share his lot. But now, disgusted with transatlantic land-swindles, in which this property had involved him, he has come to seek a quiet and honest home among his German friends. He has sown his wild oats, and, without losing any of his native energy and spirit, has become a wiser and a better man. When the mansion is besieged by the insurgent Poles, he heads the defence with Anton, or, perhaps, we should say, Lenore, for his lieutenant, and the raging waves of revolt are driven back. He ends by becoming first the baron's tenant, and then his son-in-law; while Anton, feel-

ing himself now released from his false position, which has by this time become intolerable, receives from the dying baroness her last injunctions to do his utmost to recover the stolen papers, and returns to the Schröters. As the fruit of his vigorous investigation of the mystery, we soon have the murder of the drunken Hippus by his grateful pupil, and then the suicide of the murderer through remorse—both described in a manner worthy of Dickens. The story now closes, and we must wind up our notice of it with the following passage :—

'In a few cordial lines, Fink announced to his friend Anton his own betrothal, and the death of the baroness. He enclosed a sealed letter for Sabine, which Anton, after a few minutes carried to the front part of the house.

'He found the merchant in his study, and gave him the letter. The merchant called Sabine in. "Fink is married," he said. "Here is a note for you."

'Sabine clapped her hands with delight, and opened her letter. It was very short, but it was satisfactory, for although she tried hard to look serious, she could not suppress a smile.

'"You will spend the rest of the evening with us, my dear Wohlfart?" said the merchant.

'"I was going to ask you to favour me with a few minutes' conversation. I shall not keep you long." He glanced uneasily at Sabine.

'"Let us hear. Stay, Sabine; you are good friends. Herr Wohlfart will not mind your presence. Speak, my friend."

'Anton pressed his lips together, and looked again at the beloved one who leant against the door-post, and looked down before her. "May I ask," he said, at last, "if you have found the situation which, in your kindness, you undertook to seek for me?"

'Sabine moved restlessly; even the merchant seemed astonished.

'"I believe I can offer you something; but is there so much haste, my dear Wohlfart?"

'"Yes—yes," said Anton, with agitation. "I have no time to lose—not a day. I long for rest, for regular occupation, in a strange place, away from here, where nothing will remind me of the past."

'"And can you not find rest with us?"

'"No," replied Anton; but his voice was scarcely audible. "I ought to take my leave of you to-day."

'"Take leave!" exclaimed the merchant, in astonishment. "I do not understand this haste. You are surely not uncomfortable here. I fear the ladies have not studied your wants enough. Sabine! Wohlfart complains of you; he looks pale and ill. You and your aunt should not allow this."

'"Oh, Herr Schröter—hush!—hush! I must leave you. I have closed my account with the past. The future is a sad one, but it is my fault. I have made it so. But I must begin it at once, and far away from all I love. I must keep away from you for years—years. Every day I stay here my strength fails me, and the parting grows more difficult." His voice trembled, but his manner still was calm. He stepped to Sabine and took her hand. "I may tell you now, in your brother's presence, what you may hear, for you have long known it. It is the parting from you that wrings my heart. But farewell." His emotion unmanned him; he turned away hastily to the window.

'After a pause, the merchant continued: "Your wish to leave us so hastily may inconvenience my sister. She has long wished to ask you a favour, which a merchant's sister may fairly ask of you. I, too, trust that you will not refuse her request; it is to look over a few accounts, and see how her interests have profited in my hands. It is no great labour."

'Anton bowed, and the merchant continued: "First, you must know that since our father's death Sabine has been a partner of the firm. Her advice and opinion have often determined matters in which you were unconsciously interested. She

has been your chief, too, Wohlfart." He took his sister's hand, held it for a few minutes with a fond look, and left the room.

'Anton gazed with astonishment at his chief in the bright, dazzling dress, and braided hair. Blushingly she approached him. "Yes, Wohlfart, I too have had some claim upon your life. And how proud I have been of it! I knew of the Christmas-box that was sent to Ostrau. I saw your father when he came to beg a situation for you, and I decided Traugott to accept you, for he feared you were too old to learn with the rest. It was I who promised your father to take charge of you; I was a mere child myself, and Traugott called you my apprentice; and when I saw how pleased he was with you, I, too, was proud of my apprentice."

'Anton buried his head in his hands; he dared not look the speaker in the face, as she continued: "It was I who begged my brother to take you with him; and, Wohlfart, on that fearful night when you struggled for the waggons, they were my goods, too, you helped to save. And therefore, my friend, for these, and many other reasons, I ask you to look through these accounts for me."

'"I will, Fraülein," said Anton, still turning from her, "but not in this hour."

'Sabine went to the table, and fetched two books bound in green leather. Then, taking Anton's hand, she said, "Come, look at these ledgers." She opened the first, and amid many flourishes were the words, "With God. Private Journal of T. D. Schröter."

'Anton fell back. "This must be a mistake."

'"Nay, I wish you to examine it; it is no mistake."

'"Pardon me, Fraülein; you must have misunderstood your brother's wish. No eye should see the contents of that book, except the master of the business. These pages can be for no other eye than his."

'Sabine held his hand firmly. "Still look, Wohlfart, look! At any rate, see the title-page." She threw the cover back again. "See here; this is T. D. Schröter." Hastily she turned over the leaves. "You see this book closes with the old year." She took the second book, and opened the cover. "And this book," she said, "is for the future; but look here—here is another firm."

'And Anton leant over and read, "With God. Private Journal of T. D. Schröter and Company."

'Sabine pressed his hand again, and said softly, beseechingly, "And you, you will be the new partner, Anton."

'Anton stood motionless, but his heart throbbed violently, and the blood rushed to his cheeks. Sabine still held his hand closely, he saw her beautiful face close to his, and felt her breath like a warm kiss upon his lips. He threw his arm round the beloved one, and pressed her to his heart in one long, silent embrace.

'The door opened. The merchant stood upon the threshold.

'"Hold him fast, Sabine," he exclaimed; "hold the fugitive fast. Ah, Anton, for years I have longed for this hour; ever since you knelt by my side, and bathed my wounded arm, I have wished to unite your life to ours. And now we have you, rover."

'"You have chosen a poor partner."

'"No, my brother. Sabine has acted as a prudent merchant should. You bring us enterprise and energy, without which mere capital is useless. Welcome to our home and our hearts."

'And, radiant with joy, Sabine held the hands of her brother and lover. "I could scarce have borne it much longer," she said; "you looked so pale and ill. I thought long ago I must have told you you belonged to us for ever. Blind one! you did not notice what was passing in my heart; and yet Lenore's bridegroom did."

'"Fink! I never mentioned your name to him."

'"Look here," and she held out his letter; it contained but five words, "Fraülein Wohlfart—my dear sister."

'Decorate yourself, old house—rejoice, busy aunt—dance, happy house-spirits! The dreams which the boy Anton in his father's home indulged in, were honourable. They are accomplished. Whatever has disturbed and tempted him, he has conquered with manly courage. The old account of his life is at an end—no one heeds the balance. And on a new page of Time he begins a new "Debtor and Creditor" account—"With God."'

Wishes for the Common Birth-day.

'O Thou, who in the garden's shade
Didst wake thy weary ones again,
Who slumbered at that fearful hour,
Forgetful of thy pain,
Bend o'er us now, as over them,
And set our sleep-bound spirits free,
Nor leave us slumbering in the watch
Our souls should keep with thee!'

WHITTIER.

NEW YEAR'S DAY is everybody's birthday, and will soon be here. Will you accept a string of birth-day wishes? Give me leave to WISH, for you, this next birth-day,

I. *That you may have grown in Christly stature.* Not that I would imply, as the necessary alternative, that you must have gone back if you have not gone forward. It is commonly said, that there is no standing still in moral and spiritual life; but this is surely very gratuitous. There is, perhaps, no absolute stillness anywhere but in the I AM, in whom past, present, and to come, being and doing, and all the lines of division in human thought, meet and lose themselves. All, perhaps, is oscillation, and for ever will be so, save in God himself. But it seems quite arbitrary to say, that the human soul cannot keep the same arc of oscillation for a given period. Practically, it is a common—the *commonest* case, in the Christian life. Year after year, a friend here and a friend there will appear to occupy about the same ground. You can *see* that the arc of oscillation is pretty much the same. The conscience seems to have rested in a warfare purely defensive, instead of going out to conquer fresh country from the enemy. Two causes suggest themselves, as very commonly tending to this inactivity of soul. One is, the considering Christianity almost exclusively as a *scheme* for 'my' salvation, with a prohibitory code attached; instead of regarding it as a *life*, starting from the point of personal salvation, but ever tending to dispense with prohibitions in proportion as its original force increases. To be always thinking of my own escape from condemnation, and what I must *not* do, is just living under the law. Some sense of being compacted into Christ I *must* win, if I would not stand still; and I can only win that by giving my soul breathing-time from cark and care, not only for communion, but still more for Christ-work of some kind. And this suggests the other cause; a perpetual trying to escape from circumstances, and promising one's self better things when this or that is remedied. The breathing-time spoken of is not to be found by any such attempts to escape from my lot, with all its little accidents; but it is to be won, and must be won, in spite of my lot. Indeed, I can hardly fail to observe, after a short struggle with the impossible, that what I call trying to alter my circumstances (after which I hope for indefinite improvement), is neither more nor less than *trying to run away from myself.* It should not seem

a hard saying that the elements of growth in the divine life are very simple. My difficulties lie between me and God; and not till I can see that shall I be able to make short work of them, and grow. But my wish is that you and I may have actually grown during the past year —taken up and assimilated *all* that has befallen us, and woven it into the texture of lives more and more after the Divine pattern. I would wish, in detail,

II. *That you may have grown in strength and trust.* Not, pray notice, that you may have become more callous to things without. 'Years,' you know, 'bring the philosophic mind,' and I think I have seen Christians who flattered themselves that they grew strong in the Lord and in the power of his might, when they only got more indifferent and thick-skinned, with the lapse of time, and the hurried heaping of experience on experience. Consider then—supposing you can bear more and do more, and apprehend less—if you have not also parted with something you ought to have kept? Any of your first love for truth, tenderness, and beauty? Any of your respect for (even mistaken) enthusiasms? Any of your willingness to comply when compliance is innocent? Any of your readiness to give, which is more blessed than to receive? I have seen a man who had lately rebuked another for unmanly weakness, go into a waiting-room for public conveyances, and hurry to the warmest seat by the fire, and never after to resign it when a delicate-looking girl with a child came in. Was it not easy, think you, for such an one to fancy he was 'strong?' Yet, it is well heartily to relish a good fire, and, indeed, I would further wish,

III. *That you may more and more thoroughly enjoy your life.* It is not enough to say, 'religion never was designed to make our pleasures less;' indeed, the expression so easily takes a mercenary sense, that I sometimes wish it out of the hymn-book. Yet, religion inevitably makes all that is good for us, better still. It is a rectification, not a cancelling of human nature. This may seem trite, but let me ask you, did you ever make this distinct reflection, that spiritual laws are as invariable as material laws, though we cannot, perhaps, so readily trace their action; and that to live in Him who made the world and life, and stamped upon them His laws of moderation and purity, *must* be happiness? If we believe this, let us put it on the shelf among the settled things, and know our path henceforward. But we do *not* believe it, unless we find increasing enjoyment in whatever is honourably enjoyable in our lives. For instance, in good society, good books, good scenery, good men, and their good deeds, the love of father, mother, brother, sister, friend, child, husband, or wife. To each one, according to his idiocyncrasy, the rule applies; let each honestly mark out his own margin, and then say, 'If I love God better, I shall better love all his works and ways, and especially rejoice in his thinking creatures, with whom I can give and take delight, with perpetual increase to the common capital of pleasure.' Nothing is farther from my thoughts than any abandonment to sensation (pleasant or unpleasant), for, in the very next place, I shall wish,

IV. *That the Spirit of order may have sunk deeper and deeper into*

your being. I think the *method* of life is somewhat relaxed in a good many of us. A little too much Coleridge, a little too much Carlyle, a little too much Thackeray, a little too much Kingsley, a little too much excitement from society, and where are you,—you, my friend, of the delicate brain and nervous system? I am afraid you are a little dishevelled in your procedure. 'O, the problem of the three bodies is not to be solved, you know.' Yes, I do know, but I hope the knowledge of it has not done much towards paralyzing your will, and puzzling your sense of right. If it has, let me pray you to re-methodize your daily life according to some strict, old-fashioned model, and, when you feel a change, be thankful for it. But, this is lecturing, not wishing. Let me, therefore, very specially include myself in the next wish—

V. *That you may have become more truly charitable of heart.* This will have been the case precisely in proportion as you have thought less of your own creed and conduct *in relation to your own 'safety.'* Pray, note that. Once get away from the idea of compulsion, and the grace that never faileth comes natural to you. Uncharitableness to others in matters of faith and conduct, is, mostly, the reflection of one's own self-regarding alarms. The best recipe for acquiring more charity is, undoubtedly, to live to God, and not to opinion or to personal 'assurance.' Read Galatians vi. verses 1 to 5, and see if you cannot, in the light of this idea, reconcile the apparent contradiction between verse 2 and verse 5. And this quotation reminds me to wish,

VI. *That you may see your way through your Bible better than you did a year ago.* Is that a quaint wish? Consider how hackneyed the matter of the Bible becomes before we are of years to understand it at all; how it is mauled about in misquotations and adaptations, in hymns, prayers, sermons, speeches, and books, so that there is scarcely a strong text without some warping association attached to it; then, consider what a book it is, what enormous ground it covers, and the amount of criticism its mere letter has gathered around it, and you will own, that to see one's way through the Bible is no light thing, and no common thing. If you have been, as I have hoped for you, a cheerful Christian this year, you have made some progress in understanding it, I know; for a heavy heart is a great darkener of the mind, and smiling eyes see best. I will be bound, too, that you have to attribute much of your progress in mastering the connexion and drift of the book to your adopting the hint given by Locke, when he entitled one of his essays, 'An Essay towards the Right Understanding of Saint Paul's Epistles,' *by consulting St. Paul himself.* But I will not prolong this string of wishes. I will only add the homely hope—

VII. *That you have improved this year in command of your temper.* I have known few persons to whom such a wish would not come appropriately. Startling it is to look back and see how little we have done towards curing our bad humours for years and years. How long have I called myself a Christian, and how much difference is

there between me and the most reckless liver I know, in this matter of temper? Lord of all power and might, have patience, have much patience with us, for, lo! what slow learners we are! And we weary and sink if we try to measure ourselves against our task. It must not be, this incessant falling short. Stretch out Thy hand, and encounter us with thy pitiful eye, every hour of our lives, for we stumble in the very daylight, and our foolish, feeble vows scarce reach Thy throne, before the complaint of our falling is on their track!

The Cross and Crosses.

EVERY man who is true to himself has often felt that the discharge of the minor duties, or the endurance of the minor trials, of life requires a vast amount of heroism. In fact, little things try the man of '*what sort he is*,' quite as much, if not more, than those great, but rare occasions, when the whole of a man's virtue is called to the rescue. Many a traveller has braved the desert, or bearded the lion in his den, without the thought of fear, who has grown waspish and irritable with musquitoe bites in his waggon. So, too, have we known many excellent of the earth, who would have calmly gone to the stake or the scaffold at the bidding of conscience, but who have broken down under an accumulation of petty anxieties, or the servitude of domestic duties. Even Paul, who was 'willing to be offered,' and 'counted not his life dear unto him,' was sadly 'put about' and tried, because Titus did not come to him from Corinth just when he expected. He was 'cast down,' because something had detained his companion. At Troas he waited a long time, but no Titus came. He recrossed the Adriatic to look for him,* re-entered Macedonia, and then 'God, who comforteth them that are cast down, comforted Paul,' not by any great truth or new view of duty, but '*by the coming of Titus.*' Yea, more, and what to some would seem very wicked, Paul could not preach because of the absence of Titus. 'A door was opened to him of the Lord,' but it was no use. He had no 'rest in his spirit.' He was a man—every inch a man; and with a soul afflicted and desolate, he couldn't preach without the sympathy, friendship, and brotherly love of this tried friend. Yes, a man who has truly taken up *the* cross, may not always be equal to his crosses; evidently Paul is a proof of this, and we ourselves have too often displayed the same inconsistency.

These thoughts are suggested by a visit I lately paid to an intimate friend. He and I had been thrown together under almost every possible variety of circumstances for the last quarter of a century. As young men we had left England together, and remained abroad, mostly in the tropics, some fourteen years. The experiences then gained from

* Compare 2 Cor. ii. 13, with 2 Cor. vii. 5, 6.

an extensive knowledge of human nature, as seen in Africans, Chinese, Maltese, Hindoos, and our own countrymen, had long since taught us to 'call no man common or unclean.' Under the dregs we had often discovered noble natures. And believing in humanity we learned to believe more firmly in God and Christ, so that the mighty power and wondrous fitness of that gospel which reveals a Saviour who 'is not ashamed to call all men his brethren,' became to us a significant reality, and not a mere external dogma. We were made better men by knowing more of men than of books; not that we despised books, but not being able to get many, we had to study apart from our libraries.

The purposes of our foreign sojourn having been accomplished, we returned to England together; I resumed my vocation as a Nonconformist minister, and my friend, with other engagements, settled in my neighbourhood, and became one of my constant companions, as well as a member of my congregation. I should not mention this, but as an illustration of what is sometimes deemed impossible; namely, the close intimacy of two ardent and rather impulsive minds; their being associated under circumstances favourable and sometimes unfavourable to the manifestation or growth of true piety; their thorough knowledge of each other, both in 'dress and undress;' their friendly and unreserved converse in the week, and their united worship on the Sunday; and with all this the preservation of the highest and most honourable estimation of each other's true and earnest godliness. In fact, genuine men need not disguise their *inner* selves one from the other, and surely they need not distinguish their *outer* selves by typical cravats or clerical whiskers. Happily for some of us, the more we know of each other, the truer is our esteem, and the profounder our love. Ah! have we not had our weaknesses, our petty follies, our mutual irritations, our temporary suspicions, our angry vexations? But, what of all these! they were only Jonah's gourds, 'they grew up in a night and withered in a night;' next morning, 'the place that knew them knew them no more.' We grasped each other's hands, acknowledged our foolishness, and were faster friends than ever. We were not

> 'Like ships that have gone down at sea,
> When all has been tranquillity.'

But to go back to my visit. In one sense it *was*, and in another it was *not* a 'pastoral visit.' These pastoral visits are very difficult to manage with any satisfactory conviction of reality to yourself, or consciousness of doing good to others. Like all other products of religious life, religious conversation must *come*, it can't be forced. We know some ministers who can have an hour's religious conversation with any one, at any time, under any circumstances, and on any possible topic. They appear to keep their conversation, choice sayings, &c., as in drawers, duly labelled; and before a visit, go to these drawers, as the apothecary does to his, and take out 'consolation,' 'warning,' 'instruction,' 'gentle hints,' 'more liberal spirit wanted,' &c., &c., as occasion may require, after which, they return home to the newspaper

and the pipe. To this condition of ministerial life we hope never to attain.

Our friend was in great trouble. Since his return to England, a large family had sprung up, whose necessities of clothing, board, and education, were vigorous and costly. Possibly, life in a foreign land had not been the best school in which to learn habits of English economy. Be that as it may, my friend Hooper was overwhelmed at times with one anxious thought, 'how to make both ends meet.' Grandly upright, truly Christian, and yet of moderate and limited means, he had to unite two seeming impossibilities: to 'provide things honest in the sight of all men;' *and*, 'to provide for his own household,' or be 'worse than an infidel.' How little do the many, the great ones, the well-to-do, ever dream of the canker-worm, the gnawing, aching sense of poverty, the proud self-will that rebels, and the Christian heroism that subdues it, that exists in the wearied hearts of many with whom on Christ's sacred day they have worshipped, and in whose blest name they have often eaten of the same bread, and drank of the same cup:—

'If every heart's internal care
Were written on its brow;
How many would our pity share
That raise our envy now.'

Well, Hooper just at this time was bowed down. Unreserved, as long acquaintance had made us, I had no sooner entered the house than he showed me a school bill, a butcher's bill, a baker's bill, &c., and asked me how in the name of goodness these things were to be met? or how he should live if these things were to continue? He was chafed by circumstances, and though a man of heroic mould, was just now overcome by a host of Lilliputian antagonists. To minister to a mind diseased requires tact, rather than talent, but, after waiting a moment in silence, I said, '"The Captain of our salvation was made perfect through suffering;" even "Christ learned obedience through the things that he suffered."'

'Yes—yes,' he hastily replied, 'but I am not being made perfect; I am being made rebellious; nor am I learning obedience, I am only learning dumb, unresisting submission to any masterful will that may overpower me.'

'Well, when we were boys at school, we didn't learn all our lessons at once, and very few of these easily; and to learn obedience, and to be made perfect, must be for us, as it was for Christ, not only a painful, but a tedious process. "In all things he was made like unto his brethren;" step by step, here a little, and there a little, did he feel the full influences of those processes of his education, through which it behoved him to pass; no sudden, supernatural power wrought out his perfection; by suffering, not by miracle, he learned to obey; doubts, agonies, fears, struggles, tormenting perplexities, temptations to do wrong, temptations to distrust God, temptations to depart from duty, in order to avoid suffering, all were his, because in all points he was tempted like as we are, and you are just now in the same school,

learning the same lessons, abiding the same issues, and serving the same Heavenly Father.'

'True, Martin,' said Hooper, 'all true in theory; but I want to *feel* it, and of my own consciousness to endorse all this as the strength and gladness of my heart even now. But, you remember those words of Dr. Arnold we read together the other night:—"There are whole days in which all the feelings, or principles of belief, or of religion altogether, are in utter abeyance; when one goes on very comfortably, pleased with external and worldly comforts, and yet would find it difficult, if told to inquire, to find a particle of Christian principle in one's whole mind. It seems all moved out bodily, and one retains no consciousness of belief in any one religious truth, but is living a life of virtual atheism;" now I am not going on "comfortably," nor have I many "external and worldly comforts," but all my religiousness seems to have moved out bodily, and I am drifting—drifting to lee-ward, and, perhaps, will never be able to make up my lee-way.'

'Not so fast, my friend. I must go back to your first sentence, "All true in *theory;*" yes, but it was all true in *fact* also; he who was God over all, crossed the whole "diameter of existence," prompted thereto by unutterable love, and, as a *man*, a real "partaker of our flesh and blood," through the long process of silent suffering, was made in all things like unto his brethren, that we with confidingness might ever come to him in our seasons of need and sorrow. True it is, that consciousness of religious life seems to leave us at times, but our perception of its departure, or *apparent* departure, is matter for congratulation, rather than for morbid sorrow, such as I think yours is now.'

'Well, Martin, I would not mind going through yellow fever a second time; or enduring the hardships we once had in common; "passing through our perils by sea, and perils by land" again; but these corroding cares wear one's life out, and I seem to do well to be angry.'

'Troubles have led you to sophisticate yourself, and you are involved in a tangled web of false syllogisms; you are scarcely in a condition to take tonics, and so I cannot give you consolation from the highest sources; but I think I might suggest a few minor topics of help and hope, that would make you look at your crosses in another light.'

'Pray do; the smallest contributions will be thankfully received that may extricate me from my present state of mental depression. My feet are in a horrible pit, and in the miry clay.'

'Well, Hooper, neither you nor I are in the right creaturely position, when we once begin to think we could arrange the circumstances of our lot better than God. Some old writer says, "God's children never carve for themselves but they cut their fingers;" and very true it is. I believe that, in the place where God has put us, and amidst the actual scenes through which our life is drawn, we are to find the true invisible cross which cannot be exchanged nor altered; the cross whose pains are now filling you with the feverish throes of ex-

pected, but long delayed help; but once at school together, did we not say,

> "Per varios casus, per tot discriminina rerum,
> Tendimus in Latium;"

so, with a higher meaning, look on your present troubles; and, as Aubrey de Vere finely urges,—

> "Count each affliction, whether light or grave,
> God's messenger sent down to thee. Do thou
> With courtesy receive him: rise and bow,
> And ere his shadow pass thy threshold, crave
> Permission first his heavenly feet to lave.
> Then lay before him all thou hast: allow
> No cloud of passion to usurp thy brow,
> Or mar thy hospitality: no wave
> Of mortal tumult to obliterate
> The soul's marmoreal calmness. Grief should be,
> Like joy, majestic, equable, sedate;
> Confining, cleansing, raising, making free;
> Strong to consume small troubles; to commend
> Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts lasting to the end."'

'Thank you, Martin, for that noble sonnet: I think I never heard it before; your words of calm trust already make me feel better; but still I do not see my way to what you call subordinate sources of consolation.'

Just at that moment his youngest daughter, Rhoda, a round-faced, chubby, curly-headed child, about four years old, came bouncing into the room without any reserve; for Hooper had wisely thought that, if his children loved him, they would be sure to obey; and so he had gone on kindly and lovingly with them, never expecting from them what God did not expect from him—prompt, perfect, and implicit obedience. With a bound springing upon his knee, after certain prefatory kisses, she at once began, 'Oh! papa, do let me go for a walk with you; the sun is so bright, and the flowers are so pretty, and I want to see everything, and do nothing but be happy. Come, pa, do.'

'But, Rhoda, love, don't you see a gentleman here; do you want me to leave him alone. If he should go with me, perhaps he won't like such a little girl as you to go also.'

'Papa, the gentleman can go, or can stay till you come back; but I should like us all to go; I am sure it will make you feel so happy. Why did God make the sun shine, and the lark sing, and the pretty flowers peep out of the ground, and all the trees look so green, but that we should go and look at all these things, and come home glad that there is so good and kind a God? Oh! I am not a bit afraid—when I go to bed at night and it gets quite dark, I say to myself—Well, 'tis dark for the birds and 'tis dark for me, but God will take care of us both. You ask that gentleman if I ain't right.'

Aside to Hooper I whispered, 'And of such is the kingdom of

heaven; would to God that, like such, we might have grace given us to be equally trustful and unquestioning.'

'Run, and get dressed,' said papa; and away the little ministering angel skipped, little thinking of her commentary on Paul's being comforted by the coming of Titus.

As she left the room, I said to Hooper, 'It must be a terrible sorrow that the faces of children cannot lighten; their touch is very potent, I often think miraculous; when they come and lean against me, and look up into my face with such blank wonderment, and yet such perfect trust, all my senses seem re-opened to perceive new love everywhere, and new mercy mingled with every sorrow.'

'Right, Martin; God be thanked for little children; I sometimes wish I could keep them always little, but that would be both abnormal and expensive; that child Rhoda has brushed away a lot of cobwebs, and really I begin understand your doctrine of subordinate comforts.'

'Yes; but, Hooper, as we have got on this topic, I should like, while that little Rhoda is being dressed, to say a word or two more on this same subject. Much has been said and sung about afflictions and troubles that has discouraged and hindered the piety of many. Some people fancy they ought to welcome affliction, and they stand up and sing—

"Let cares like a wild deluge come,"

and so on, and the next morning, if a letter comes announcing some unexpected disappointment, they are put out for the day. The fact is—

'"We cannot wind ourselves so high
For mortal man beneath the sky"

and it is well we cannot, or we should forget Rhoda, and other such sheet-anchors in times of peculiar sorrow?'

'Do I understand you that mere submission—calm, quiet submission—to the will of God, is all that I should strive after.'

'So I think most strongly. So I repeatedly say when I try, with such broken words as I can put together, to console those who are in trouble. "Thy will be done," was the highest development of Christ's manhood, and that was attained only after "strong crying and tears." "Thy will be done!" quiet, intelligent, and unmurmuring submission to our Father's will, is the truest form of Christian heroism.'

'True! but there is an element in my sorrow, that I cannot and ought not to conceal from you, or from myself—much of my present anxiety is the result of my own want of discretion, or prudence; and with this conviction I often hesitate to apply such truths as these to my own case; I fancy it would be wicked, antinominian, or what not.'

'My dear fellow, Rhoda will be dressed long before we can discuss this topic; but God gives to no man perfect wisdom, and the result is, we learn by our own experience—oftentimes a very painful experience—how weak we are, and how good and wise is our God! Your inexperience, or unwisdom, or whatever you may call it, is nothing to

be ashamed of, much less to be frightened at. Nothing in the past ought to make us ashamed, except our reluctance to come and tell our heavenly Father all its burden, and then, sheltering our human weakness in the light and love of the cross, the regretted past of our lives takes its place among the all things that work together for good.'

A.

TO THE READER.

SEVEN years ago—aye, seven years ago, dear reader—and we were conning over the self-imposed Articles of our apprenticeship as an Editor. With somewhat of the nervousness usually accompanying such a position, we were considering, one by one, the tasks we had undertaken, and the rewards which, in the fresh bloom of our imagination, were annexed to them. It will be hardly necessary to observe that we were, at that time, of a decidedly hopeful and sanguine disposition. Any one who, without a guarantee from at least seven highly respectable parties, commences, at his own risk, an unsectarian religious periodical, with the expectation of its ever paying him for his labour, or returning him any portion of his capital, must, as all the world will acknowledge, be possessed of an unusually ardent temperament. Such a temperament—(we are not egotistical, dear reader, for every atom, with its attendant shadow, of our former individual self has long ago departed)—such a temperament did the notion of the CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR, as it was to be, and has been, strike. Some preliminaries having been adjusted, and friends of a similar disposition having expressed their approval, we drew up our Articles, and now have pleasure, at the end of our apprenticeship, in favouring the reader with the heads of the undertaking:—

Art. I. PREMIUM. Originally fixed at 250*l.*, increased within the year to nearly double, and now, with additions and compound interest to an indefinite sum; of which, in these 'hard times,' the least said and thought the better.

II. WORK.—At first vaguely specified. New apprentices usually undertake, and are expected to make, themselves 'generally useful,' and we laid our account accordingly. There was, however, what is called an 'understanding,' which ran somewhat as follows:—Editor to do all the cobbling and mending; all lengthening, stretching, and short-

ening; all toning and colouring; to be always ready to write, at a post's notice, when nobody else could, would, or should write, in any quantity, every style, and on every subject; conscientiously to read every MS. sent by every student and young lady in the kingdom (*Mem.*, especial attention to be paid to 'Verses' and 'Sonnets'); taking care to return the same, if 'reluctantly' declined, with the grace of a Crichton, and, by way of mitigating disappointment, to be careful to pay the postage out of his own pocket; to read proofs with an infallibility second only to that of the Expurgator of the Inquisition, or even the Pope himself. Various other duties, which need not be mentioned, were added. They may be understood by the general principle—'the Editor's business is to do everything that nobody else will do.'

III. TIME. Fifteen evenings a month, less or more, as the urgency of the case might require.

IV. LIMITATIONS. Whether the work, as a commercial enterprise, should pay or not, to ask for no gratuitous matter. To keep it on foot so long, and no longer, as it might answer the main purposes for which it was established, or as it could be maintained consistently with honesty and a due regard to family and individual claims, or as long as it did not hinder or obstruct a better enterprise.

V. RECOMPENSE as follows:—

1. PECUNIARY.—ALL the profits. We won't state 'the figure' at which they were calculated; we *can't* state the figure which they have realized.
2. MORAL.—Contributing generally towards sincerity of conviction; spirituality of life; honesty of demeanour; liberty of thought and expression; candour and singleness of purpose, and especially the INDEPENDENCE of Dissent FROM the DOMINATION of all and every of its CLIQUES.

Well, our seven years' service have passed. We need not recount their history: with ourselves it has been as varied as perhaps the history of any seven years in the life of man could well be; on this journal the years have, perhaps, told with as little effect as so many years could tell. We cannot say whether to our readers it looks at all the rustier for wear; whether it has lost any of its first freshness; whether it shows any signs of vital decay; but to us it doesn't seem a month older than it did in January, 1851. In fact, it is a curious idiosyn-

crasy in journals, that you can't judge of their age from their appearance. There are exceptions, of course. Anybody, for instance, could tell that the 'Post' was born in Beau Brummel's time, and people *do* say that Beau Brummel's ghost edits it to this day. The ''Tizer,' again—you could fix to a minute when it passed the grand climacteric—namely, when the Speaker's hour-glass was turned for the Division of 1829: the poor old lady has been wheezing ever since. So the 'Assemblée Nationale' tells its birthday in its name. But, as a rule, a journal has no business with time past. Like the sun, it should be new every day—as new to-day as it was on the first morning of its creation, and now, as then, as ready to do its full appointed work

But even SOL is expected to give some account of himself. Whereever, day after day, has he run his course? Has he tempered the winter, brought forth the spring; lit the flowers 'stars of the earth;' ripened the fruits? Wherefore? It is the question of existence—that unanswered leaves man 'as the brutes that perish,' and nature but an unwritten book. We will strive, in few but serious words, to answer it for the course the CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR has run since we last addressed 'the reader:'—

1. We trust this Journal has done something to bring a wanderer or two out of 'Midnight' into 'Dawn.' That we have Doubters amongst those who look over our pages, we know, and we rejoice to know it. Are we saying too much in expressing an opinion that this Journal is the only religious periodical which a doubter would read without offence, with assurance of intended sympathy, and therefore with confidence of help and profit? For without sympathy—aye, and a wiser and tenderer sympathy than is very common to pastors and deacons of Dissenting churches, the doubter can never be helped on his painful way to a loving conviction and knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus.

2. We have not hesitated to lay bare, though, we trust, it has been with no rough hand, some both of the graver and lighter defects in the inner life of Dissent. The experience of 'John Paul Churchless' is the experience of thousands, to whom the Almighty has given a God-created intellect, as well as a Christ-loving heart, and who can find in the ordinary teachings of the pulpit nothing on which its fires can feed. Is not 'pulpit plagiarism' the natural result of such a condition? Are not 'Fancy Fairs' signs of our vitiated life? 'Modern Fables'—have they told no sad truths? For which do we now most care, the 'Church' or the 'Cause,' 'Prayer or Prayer-meetings,' Religion, or the 'Religious Societies?'

3. Nor have we wilfully neglected one of the most specific functions of the Christian Journalist, to trace 'Religion in History,' 'the progress of Theology,' to vindicate the slandered reputations of great teachers, whether dead, like the author of the 'Moral Philosophy' and the 'Horæ Paulinæ,' or living, as the late professor of Biblical Literature in Manchester College; to show the relations of vigorous and healthy life in 'Work and Play,' and to tell of lights in Dark Ages, and in less remote, down to the light of Cambridge and the light of Africa.

4. The broader paths of literature we have sought rather than avoided, and have found them often to yield a freer air than the cloisters can ever boast. Here we have scented of 'Flowers,' gazed on 'Pictures' and 'Sun Pictures,' have gambolled and *lived* with 'Children;' read all the 'Poetry of the New Year,' and pondered well the 'Wisdom of the Poets.' The names of 'John Halifax,' 'Richard Baxter,' and 'John Sterling,' with an 'Invalid's Winter' and the 'Fêtes of Boulogne,' will remind the reader of other wanderings.

What shall we say more? Have we vindicated our right to existence? Have we put forward a valid plea for continued life? and shall we be considered ungracious if we remind our readers that we have now got our 'Articles' back, and—ahem! that if we are worth any wages, we should be very happy to know what they propose to offer us for the future? Or shall we say nothing about it, but trust to their generosity? We stand before you, gentle reader, and humbly wait your reply! Will ye, or nil ye, having laboured for you these many years, we proffer you our continued love, confidence, and service.

Record of Christian Missions.

We recollect, some time ago, writing a very few words in disparagement of the Anti-Slavery Society and its work, or rather its idleness. Having nothing to do, and leaning on the credit of its old reputation, it managed to absorb some portion of the sympathies of men, but could never carry those sympathies further than itself. They were not brought to bear either on society or on the State. The association had become a mere absorbent of benevolent feeling, which, but for it, might find a channel of real practical usefulness. This, we think, was the substance of our remarks at that time, and we have now a grave case against the society. The slave-trade and slavery, under the most specious form in which they have been presented to the world, are threatened with an extension which bids fair to balance the greater part of the sacrifices we have made for their extirpation. The rench

Government has put forth what it calls a scheme of African emigration. It proposes to invite the blacks, under special contracts for life service, to leave their own countries, and settle in various parts of the West Indies, and other places where inferior cheap labour is in request. The 'Daily News' had done something to expose this nefarious proposal; the Anti-Slavery Society, as far as we can learn, has done nothing. A scheme fraught with more danger to the personal liberty of the black races than any that has been proposed since the slave-trade was abolished—a scheme that, if carried into operation, will intensify, under the most hypocritical pretences, every horror of the old slave-trade, fails to receive the least notice at its hands.

Looking through the missionary journals this month, we are glad to find that what the Anti-Slavery Society has neglected, one Missionary Society, at least, has taken in hand with a highly commendable spirit of philanthropic enterprise. On hearing of the proposed French scheme, the Rev. Dr. Hoole, corresponding Secretary to the Wesleyan Missionary Society, addressed special inquiries to the missionaries of all stations in the North and West African coasts. We have some of the replies in the current number of the 'Notes.' The majority of the writers appear to have heard little or nothing of the proposal, but give some valuable information regarding the movements of the French Government in those quarters. It is not a little gratifying to find that its efforts have almost entirely failed. Thus Mr. Weatherstone writes from Sierra Leone, under date of August 20th, that in May a French vessel touched at Fernando Po, with between three and four hundred 'emigrants' on board. A French bark had also called at Sierra Leone, offering to take people to the West Indies, but only about twenty-five could be induced to go. In another letter, of later date, the same writer states that the subsequent attempts of the French Government to obtain native emigrants had been a failure. Nothing is communicated from Freetown, but from the Gold Coast, Mr. West, Wesleyan missionary, writes as follows:—'It is evident that the scheme itself can only be regarded as mischievous and calamitous, so far as Africa itself is concerned. By whatever name it may be called, it is, in fact, nothing less than a scheme to legalize the slave-trade, with all the bloodshed and misery connected with that abominable traffic; while its effect on the legitimate commerce, which at present promises so fair to be a blessing to, and a powerful means of promoting the civilisation of, the oppressed millions of this ill-fated land, must be either to cripple or destroy it. To call the French scheme a scheme of emigration, is to trifle with language. It is well known to all who know the coast, that, from Liberia to Calabar, it would be difficult, if not impossible, to find a free man who would emigrate to the West Indies; and to talk of the slave of an African chief, or of a captive whom he may have taken in war, *emigrating*, is simply ridiculous. It must be a case of bargain and sale, to all intents and purposes, at least the owners of the poor unfortunate creatures will regard it in no other light.'

It is with deep regret that we learn from the letters of the same missionaries of the open and very extensive revival of the old slave-trade. Two slavers had recently been captured; one of them—the *Abbot Devereux*—Mr. Weatherstone visited. The following is his narrative of what he saw:—

'On her arrival here, I went on board to see these poor unfortunate people; and such a disgusting sight I never saw, and never wish to see again. The men

were quite naked, and so were the boys and girls; and the women had nothing but a piece of canvass, which the English sailors had given them, to put round their loins. I went down into the hold, and tried to pass from the main to the fore-hatchway, but could not, the slaves being packed so closely together, and the height between decks being only *thirty-three inches*. Report says she was destined to take four hundred; but, being alarmed by her Majesty's steamer *Teazer* she crowded all sail, cut across her bulwarks on either side down to the deck, to give her speed, and threw everything overboard, to lighten her; all to no purpose. How four hundred human beings could be packed in a vessel of such small dimensions, cannot even be imagined; it must certainly have led to the death of many during the middle passage.'

Mr. Weatherstone adds:—'The facilities the foreigners have of obtaining slaves at a low figure from the native chiefs, have actually revived, to a very serious extent, the accursed traffic which is now carried on so profitably with Cuba. Then, on the other hand, there is the trade carried on in canoes from the Sherbro to the north of this colony.'

Mr. Teal, of Freetown, visited the same ship, and conversed with some of the slaves, one of whom told him that 'the king of Dahomi had plenty more slaves in the barracoons, ready to ship when they came away; and that he had ordered them all to be cleared out, and a fresh lot to be procured.' So that this accursed traffic, with all its horrors, and all the barriers it erects to the spread of the gospel, bids fair to spring again into life. Between the Christian emperor and the heathen king, the one being as ready to buy as the other to sell—who shall determine the moral difference?

We take the line laid down for the voyage of the emigrants, and pass from West Africa to the West Indies. We have from one place in this usually pestilential quarter, a place which Englishmen will ever regard with interest, viz., Demerara, two communications. The first is from Mr. Brown, of the Wesleyan Mission. He reports a gratifying, and indeed, as far as outward appearances go, a splendid success of the gospel, but we remember that 'unstable as water' is the West Indian character, and must, therefore, reluctantly take much from the apparent effect of the intelligence he describes:—'Nearly every week accessions are made to the church, of hopeful members, most of them from among the young. We have, indeed, sometimes to mourn over the apostasy of those who joined the church during the prevalence of cholera, and who were probably influenced, in the step they took, more by terror than any higher motive. We have also lost a considerable number by that fearful pestilence. At Friendship, out of a society of about four hundred, we have lost between fifty and sixty; and at Mahaica eighteen or twenty have been cut down by the destroyer, among whom are three of our leaders. At Victoria and Golden Grove, too, a considerable number have been removed by the same fearful malady. But the loss sustained by these causes has been more than made up by the addition of others from the world. At Mahaica we have had, during the past three months, upwards of sixty added to us, and at most of the other places there has been an increase.'

This is gratifying, but Mr. Brown cautiously adds:—'The class among whom we labour in these colonies generally are, to a far greater extent than our people at home, creatures of impulse,—often easily excited by religious truth, but, alas! also

easily diverted from it; so that they require a more diligent pastoral oversight than would be needful for the same number of persons at home, placed under similar circumstances.'

The other communication is from Mr. Wallbridge, of the London Missionary Society, and appears in the 'Chronicle,' enclosing 30*l.* from members of his congregation, and others, in aid of Dr. Livingstone's new mission to Central South Africa. He states that his own station would, 'in all probability, by the close of the present year, realize the position of entire self-support.' We quote this with unusual pleasure, not on account of any relief it may give to the present Society, but for the indication which it affords of the gradually strengthening character of Christian operations in one of the most difficult fields of labour to be found in any quarter of the globe.

Having referred to Dr. Livingstone, we may take advantage of the connexion of his name in this place to direct attention to a letter, recently received from Mr. Moffat by the directors of the London Missionary Society. It appears in the current number of the 'Chronicle,' and we dare say will be new to most of our readers. We, therefore, quote it almost *in extenso*. It is dated, 'Kuruman, July 15th:'—

'With regard to your proposal that I should accompany my son John and another young brother, and devote about a twelvemonth of my time and experience in assisting them to establish a mission among the Matabele, I am *perfectly willing*. No duty can appear plainer. As to Mrs. Moffat, it would be out of the question for her to accompany me at all—her strength being now quite unequal to such an undertaking; she, however, most cordially approves of the measure proposed in the Resolutions, and will consider no sacrifice too great for the accomplishment of an object of such vast importance to the interior tribes. Thus, in the event of the directors succeeding in raising funds (and who can doubt it?), they may, if I am spared, fully rely on the vigorous exercise of all my faculties, mental and physical. As to my present state, it is such as any one might expect from the nature of the work in which I have been engaged—a head jaded with study and a heart often palpitating with irregularity from much anxiety in labouring to give a correct translation of the sacred volume in the Sechuana language, a work which has involved an amount of application for which I was not prepared. The incurable buzzing in my head still continues, but I have got accustomed to it. I have had exercise and manual labour too, sometimes more than I could have wished, while the translation was in hand, and probably, but for that, I might have broken down altogether before the work was completed. As before stated, I have received important assistance from Mr. Ashton, my colleague, whilst revising the manuscript. The last sheet will be turned off this week, and I think I can say with all my heart, "Bless the Lord, O my soul!" My mind having been kept for such a time on something like a rack, I feel thankful that another spirit-stirring subject will now occupy my fervent thoughts and prayers. I felt a kind of nervous dread of cessation, and, but for what is about to follow, would have devoted all the time spared from public duties to a revision of the New Testament. I had long promised to our native teachers and Sechele that I should visit them. I had intended to leave this day for that purpose, but, after much deliberation and prayer for

counsel from above, occasioned by the receipt of your letter, I have resolved on deferring another week to get ready, and extend my journey at once to Moselekatse. I persuade myself that the reasons which I give will approve themselves to the directors.

'During my former sojourn with Moselekatse, I did not fail to set forth the value of Divine knowledge, and what Christianity had done for the wisest and greatest of nations. When I was wont to tell him how happy I should feel if he had teachers, his answer invariably was, "You must come; I love you; you are my father," &c., &c. Could a trusty messenger be sent to prepare his mind, I might be spared the journey; though even then, it would be difficult to find out the real state of his mind on the subject, or his answer might be something like that of the oracle of Delphos. Almost every other tribe would receive missionaries, come from where they might. Not so with the Matabelian monarch; he has acquired sufficient knowledge from what he has heard from my lips, to understand that if the doctrines of the Word of God are to prevail among the Matabele *his* godship will be inevitably overthrown, and his name cease to vibrate in accents of dread to the farthest corner of his dominions. Human nature loves power, and it is difficult to give you a correct idea how overwhelming is his influence over his adorers. For all that, there was something in the gospel which he could not help admiring. Feeling the dread which tyrants generally feel, he said, "If all would think and act as that book teaches," pointing to the Bible, "how sweetly could I sleep!" There is another reason. Moselekatse, who was frail, may be dead, and Manguane in his room, and that event it may be difficult to find out. I may not discover it till I reach head-quarters, when his non-appearance would tell that he was no more; for who among the Matabele would dare to think that Moselekatse could die? From all I could learn of the heir to power, I am convinced that if Moselekatse chastised his people with whips, his son Manguane will do so with scorpions. I did not see much of him, for he was not allowed to come where his father was. For all that, he would pay stealthy visits by night, and assure me that he regretted he could not be with me as others of his father's nobles. His mind, therefore, could not be expected to have such liberal views as his father, who has had such a lengthened acquaintance with me, and he has therefore to be won.

'From all these considerations, I think, you will see that the present undertaking is anything but unimportant; much may be gained, and nothing lost. I shall take care that the journey cost the Society very little, if anything, though I wish it to be understood that I *never* barter on these excursions, except it be for curiosities, or food to supply the wants of my attendants. It is considered by us who have lived long in the country to be very impolitic to be under pecuniary obligation to natives; and on that account my only regret on the present occasion is, that I have not a handsome waggon to take to him, as an acknowledgment for the handsome present which he forced upon me on my last visit. However, I hope to be better prepared by the time the young brethren come. I might add, that I know of nothing so likely to establish my health as the contemplated journey; and it may easily be conceived that, after going direct to the country with the project in my mind, I shall be much better fitted for making arrangements for that Mission, and especially in reference to a suitable and healthy locality for the site of

the Mission. I remember Moselekatse being very much struck with my pointing out parts of his country which we traversed as being unhealthy, of which he was aware, but ignorant of the cause. There is one thing which I think ought not to be lost sight of; that is, an intermediate station as a connecting link between this and Moselekatse. Seven hundred miles is a long stretch in an ox-waggon. This station, moreover, ought to be sufficiently strong to allow one missionary to itinerate on a large scale, that is, so as to enable him to go and remain two months at one, and then at another or more interior station.

'I need scarcely add, that we have been highly gratified with the richly-merited reception with which Livingstone met from all parties in England. The Divine protection afforded to him in all his wanderings, dangers, and "deaths oft," is surely calculated to call forth the liveliest gratitude from the Church of God. His endurance and perseverance are well worthy the imitation of the young men of the present age.'

There is more intelligence from Africa, which we have it in our hearts to quote, but are painfully reminded of that word which, just now, is making itself felt all the world over—'want of room.' In the *Mission Field* of the Propagation Society, we have a letter from the bishop of Natal, Dr. Colenso, narrating the circumstances of a native baptism at Natal. A boy, fourteen years of age, having expressed a wish to be baptized, the bishop instructed him to write to his father for permission, and Ndiane forthwith pens a communication, which the bishop translates literally, as follows:—

'I write a letter to you, my father. I wish that you would tell me whether you wish or not that I should confess the name of the LORD on High, GOD, Unkulunkulu, whom we people call by the name of Umvelingange. As for me, this day I desire to confess, to be baptized, to confess that a man should leave things evil and unbecoming, which are at variance with belief. Yes! it is good to confess the name of the LORD. It is good that all we people should confess our sins, and forsake everything which fights with the law of GOD! O men! it is entirely good to do so, and that we should forsake it wholly. Look you, now! We are sitting quite still! we are doing nothing at all!

'But do not thou say that I have neglected thee. I have not neglected thee at all. I trust that you are, then, my father, Zatshuke (is) his name. But let us leave altogether to worship snakes, let us not do it at all, to worship lizards and chameleons. I have said the truth. Do not laugh at me; for I am fixed in my purpose. Let us not trust in Satan, let us trust in Unkulunkulu, the God of all men in the whole earth. They are His—God's. There is no one who can make men but God, Unkulunkulu, the Father of us all. So, look you! listen! hear all of you these words! lift up your ears! But I do not say *ears* truly—I say, *hearts*. Ears mean hearts: do not suppose that I say ears merely. But look you! our body is merely dust of the ground; but the Spirit of God is with us at all times. But Satan is merely a thing of the ground: he is nothing at all—a thing merely, that destroys us, that makes us go in evil ways and deceit. But we do not wish to remain with Satan within us. We wish to appear to be people that are taught; and even, if not taught, it is good to be taught. However, let us walk, having intercourse with one another at all times; yes! it is good to have such intercourse. But let us leave off to do things which destroy our body.

'Well, my father! I tell these words only to thee, because I have said within me, It is good that I tell my father. There! that is enough: it is good that thou answer these words.'

And the father answered by giving his consent.

There is a communication concerning the Propagation Society's mission to the Ojibways in the same journal. The general character of the mission, which is described by the writer, we cannot give. We give in its place an illustration of its results:—

'Two deaths occurred lately; one of a little girl at the Little Current, and the other of a young woman who had only married last fall. Both died of consumption, a disease which is very prevalent among the Indians, and which carries off numbers of them every year. The young woman referred to was the daughter of one of the chiefs at this place. Last fall, at her marriage, she looked quite healthy and strong. Who would have thought then that she would so soon suffer from sickness, and that seven months after her body would be consigned to the cold grave? At first I visited her once a week, and latterly I went to see her every day. On such occasions I read portions of Scripture to her, and spoke about the salvation of her soul, directing her to Christ, and encouraging her to make him her hope and her portion. From the conversation I had with her, I gathered that she daily prayed to God, asking forgiveness for her sins and grace to help, and that she had faith and confidence in the Redeemer. The last two or three days of her illness she was unable to speak, from the pains in her throat. A few minutes before she died she extended her right hand to her little brothers, and shook hands with them; she then lifted up her hands towards heaven; a moment more, her arms dropped, and she fell asleep, we trust, sweetly in Jesus. The parents grieved her loss very much, she being their last daughter, and the eighth child they had now lost. The funeral took place the same day of her death; nearly all the people of the place were present, the whites as well as the Indians.'

So, wide as the dominion of the God of all nature is also that of the God of all spirits. Not a nation that doth not yield him homage. Not a tribe that doth not send of its men and women to the footstool of the Heavenly King.

Monthly Retrospect.

If it might be permitted in us to assume that the reader is quite as well acquainted as ourselves with all that has taken place in India since we last wrote—that down to the last despatch of the 24th November, stating the arrival of reinforcements at Lucknow, and the favourable effect upon the native population of the news of the fall of Delhi—we could tell him nothing which he has not read over and over again, and seen commented upon in every variety of style, from the 'Star's' up to the 'Times', it would relieve our pages of what our judgment informs us would be totally superfluous matter. In place of Indian news, therefore, we will take up

this month one of the more important aspects of the Indian question. The Ecclesiastical has been forced upon our notice by almost every party into which the Christian church in England is now divided. The Evangelical party, which has found an official channel for the publication of its views through the Minute of the Church Missionary Society, openly and boldly advocates an extension of the Church Establishment as the *sine qua non* of Indian reform. It matters nothing that this scheme has been found to have failed all through Christendom—failed to such an extent that one may safely predicate what is the moral and religious condition of a people by inverse comparison with the rigour, austerity, and completeness of its Church Establishment system; it matters nothing that all the colonies of the British empire are slowly casting off the chains which have hitherto bound them to a practical, though reluctant recognition of the principle, your true Evangelical Churchmen can see no hope of regeneration, excepting through a regularly constituted Episcopal system, and a regularly ordained army of bishops, presbyters, and deacons. They are answering the Indian problem by the easy, simple injunction, Send out more bishops! So three more at least are about to be sent. India, as our readers know, is now Mahommedan and Hindu; these three bishops are all that is necessary to Christianize them. Wonderful talisman! that is to be so marvellously effective at the tropics, but of so little use in these northern climes! Is it to act like the loadstone in 'Sinbad the Sailor,' so that by mere presence it may draw out all that is corrupt in the native Mahommedan heart? Is every knee to bow at sight of a bishop? Is a bishop to exorcise sin from the whole people? As soon as the natives catch sight of the wig and the lawn sleeves, are they expected to clothe themselves in sackcloth and ashes? If not, what is a bishop to do? Simply to gain moral influence over the natives by a humble and virtuous exhibition of the graces of Christianity? Any Christian pastor could do that—at least Henry Martyn and Adoniram Judson could do it, and Livingstone can do it in a worse case than India presents. Or, like Paul, is he to go as a pioneer of the gospel, bearing contempt, contumely, and scorn, for the Master's sake? Alas! bishops are appointed only to places where the way has already been cleared for them. They go, indeed, to reap where they have not sown, and to gather where they have not strawed; neither to preach the gospel to sinners, excepting by deputy, nor to illustrate aught of its higher and truer power. If we would sum up the Evangelical creed with regard to religious prospects in India it would simply be—Believe in three more bishops, and thou shalt be saved!

The High Church party, represented by the bishop of Oxford and Mr. Gladstone, have a different, and we must add, a nobler faith. They seem disposed to deal openly and honestly with all the difficulties of the case, and seeing that no progress is likely to be made without a surrender of State influence, unhesitatingly avow, as the bishop of Oxford avowed at Reading, that the Church of Christ 'only' must undertake the work of evangelization, and that if it be a true Church it will and must undertake it.

The Evangelical Alliance has pronounced an uncertain verdict. It was to be expected, from its Protestant and orthodox character, that it would very strongly and emphatically protest against the support of Mahom-

medan teaching; but it went further than mere negativism. It passed a resolution declaratory of our cowardice with regard to our profession of the Christian faith in the East, and another resolution, which no power we suppose could have compelled it to pass, if England had been concerned, that the Government, 'if' it interfere with the subject of education at all, ought never to institute, continue, nor contribute to any school or system of public instruction whatever from which the inspired Word of God is excluded. The weekly organ of the Alliance has backed up this resolution by an appeal to all denominations for aid and support of a system of thoroughly Christian instruction, should the present Government patronage of native schools be compelled to be withdrawn.

But the Religious Liberation Society has also, through the press and on the platform, taken this subject in hand. Having wisely allowed the feverish excitement, caused by the battle for supremacy, to arrive at its height, and begin to cool, so that people would naturally now ask, 'What next?' it has published a 'minute,' exhibiting the bearings of the pure principle of JUSTICE upon the whole Indian case. The document covers so fully the only ground that Christians and Nonconformists can consent to occupy, grasps every important point so firmly, is so thoroughly consistent both with itself and the aim of the Society that has published it, and so amply sets forth the relative rights and duties of the governors and the governed, that we make no apology for quoting it at length. A thorough mastery of its several points would put the worst informed reader in possession of all the leading principles which should regulate the future government of India:—

'It is undoubtedly a matter to be earnestly desired, that the Government of the British possessions in India should be framed and conducted upon an acknowledgment that such possessions are held in trust for the highest benefit of the inhabitants, for the faithful discharge of which this nation is responsible to Almighty God. A due regard to that trust will recognise the spiritual as well as temporal interests of the people, and will seek—by personal example on the part of those who are placed in authority—by the principle upon which the civil laws of the country are based, and by the spirit in which law is carried into effect—to place the Christian religion in as favourable a light in the eyes of the natives as its divine origin and intrinsic excellence deserve.

'2. The committee consider it to be the duty of the Government, keeping in view the high object it is bound to subserve, to give the fullest protection to Christian missionary enterprise—to shield from all wrong to their persons, or their property, those who are engaged in the attempt to evangelize the population—to secure from all injury, by wilful mischief, the churches, chapels, colleges, schools, and other effects, necessary to the prosecution of religious objects—and to allow of no impediment to the free action of Christian zeal being thrown in the way by misuse of authority, on the part of its subordinate officers. But the Government, having thus cleared the stage for the unrestricted pursuit, by Christian societies of every denomination, of their spiritual purposes, should carefully abstain from officially identifying itself with any of them—and, neither by contributions from public funds, by grants of public land, by appointment to ecclesiastical office, nor by the establishment of ecclesiastical law, should it give countenance to the idea, that to convert the natives to the Christian religion, or to control the efforts of those who within the proper limits of law seek their conversion, is any part of the business of the State.

'3. It will equally devolve upon the Government to guarantee the fullest liberty of worship, teaching, religious celebration, and moral efforts to proselytize to the natives of British India, whatever faith they may profess—to protect the inhabitants from all insult and injury, on account of their religious tenets—to

guard their temples from wanton desecration, and to abstain from offering to them any civil or official advantage as an inducement to abandon the faith of their forefathers. But, on the other hand, no consideration for the religious prejudices of the natives, nor apprehension of exciting amongst them a mutinous or rebellious spirit, ought to prevail upon the British Government in India, to cast a deliberate slur upon Christianity, or sanction by official acts, whether in the department of civil, military, or judicial rule, the idolatrous, impure, or persecuting tenets held, or rites practised, by the various races in the country.

'4. As it is incumbent on the governing authority to abstain most scrupulously from the exercise of the power committed to it in the direct support of any of the forms of religion professed by European residents in, and native populations of, the British possessions in India, that being no part of its duty, so, in the administration of justice between man and man, the specific and appropriate function of civil government, no plea of conscience should be permitted to override the plain course of law and equity. The right, grounded on religious pretexts, to annoy, injure, despoil, or destroy others, either in their liberty, their persons, or their property, should not be recognised by any judicial court. Without doubt, the determination of the mode in which this principle may be most safely and effectually reduced to practice, inasmuch as it will come into conflict with the ancient and inveterate prejudices of a large part of the population, will require the utmost wisdom, but it ought to be clearly understood that such is to be the steady aim and policy of the Government.'

These are the cardinal points:—Moral responsibility, full protection, strict justice, perfect liberty. If there be any panacea for the cure of the woes of this great empire, surely these will furnish it. But shall we ever adopt them this side of the Eternal good?

The agitation for the new Reform Bill has commenced. The Chartists threaten a meeting, and the prevailing commercial distress is so likely to excite the discontent of the working classes with things as they are, that it will be hardly possible for even Palmerston, with all his disposition to shirk the question, to avoid, at least, a resolution of the House of Commons upon it. But for him to take a Reform Bill of any kind in hand, would only be to spoil it of every element of progress. It is our sincere hope that it will not be forced upon him—that the Radicals will prefer to bide any time, rather than that a bill framed by the Palmerstonian Cabinet should be allowed the chance of being carried through the House. With such a Cabinet in power, one of the provisions laid down in the Reform manifesto would be rejected without consideration. A rate-payer's suffrage, ten pound county franchise, a readjustment of the representation, vote by ballot, the abolition of property qualification, and triennial Parliaments—Downing-street and Whitehall would sooner emigrate to the Tuilleries or the Winter Palace, than live under such a constitution. For what are they without red tape, and what *would* become of tape in the ballot box?

The commercial crisis pretty faithfully illustrates the old picture of Starvation in the very midst of Wealth. The horn of plenty has poured out all its treasures upon us; there is scarcely a class, excepting perhaps that of ill-rewarded curates and Dissenting ministers, that cannot afford to be luxurious. Yet ruin, like a death's head, stares every tradesman and merchant in the face. It is useless writing articles about it, and it is mockery to tell a man to read them. They may be very correct in theory; as profound in prices as Tooke or Newmarch, and as easy to understand as Mrs. Marcey's Conversations, but not one that we have read could answer